



# The Catholic Register.

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

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## Register of the Week.

Sir Charles Russell, the great English lawyer, paid a visit to Rome lately which was cut off suddenly by him being recalled to London. In an interview which he had with the Holy Father, the chances of Home Rule were dwelt upon with deep interest by the Sovereign Pontiff, who expressed great joy that Sir Charles was so full of hope for the settlement of the long standing difference between England and Ireland.

Italy presents a very sad picture. Not only Sicily but Rome itself has been the scene of frequent riots. From Milan to Naples nearly every town is thronged with mobs whose cries are: "Life to Socialism, Down with the army, Down with the Government." Liberals blame the Vatican, blame France, England, every one provided they can make foreigners believe that these disorders are not the fruit whose seed was planted by Cavour and Garibaldi.

Against France the Liberal press is especially bitter and foolish. One report was that 1,000 kilogrammes of dynamite were about to enter Sicily from France; another that a French vessel was on the point of landing several men under cover; and another that France is making preparations to invade Italy from the north. Such is the hatred at present against France that a single canon shot would cause war.

Writing upon the present situation in Europe, the London *Spectator* says: "The Courts and the great financiers are far less confident than they were that the great war can be avoided for many years, or even for another twelvemonth. The German Court in particular, with its habitual disposition towards precaution, is believed to be silently adding all the gold it can easily obtain to the reserve treasure always kept in 'the War Chest' so as to be well provided when the first explosion occurs, and before it can arrange with the great financing houses. That statement, if it be true—and it seems to be the only explanation of the Berlin gold market—points to a definite apprehension on the part of the Emperor and the German staff that the war may come this year and break out any day. The Italian Court again is uneasy, and the Italian statesmen are willing to attribute to France designs of fostering a Republican movement in Sicily and the old Neapolitan kingdom."

Signor Crispi is preparing a Land Reform Bill for Italy and Sicily on the lines adopted by Mr. Gladstone in his Irish Land Bill. It is proposed to regulate the relations between land-

lord and tenants, and will give the latter facilities for purchase.

The Anglican Bishop of Winchester having prohibited a clergyman of his diocese from delivering a discourse at a Presbyterian Church, the clergyman wrote to the Bishop: "It is sad to find that your Lordship can so promptly interfere with my Christian liberty, and that you have not merely allowed Mass for the Dead to be set up in this town, but you have also publicly patronized the promoters of this deadly delusion, which, in common with myself, you have sworn to be blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit." With all due respect, I cannot understand the equity of such proceedings."

Cardinal Moran on his return to Sydney was given a magnificent reception which bespeaks the loyalty of his people and the respect in which his Eminence is held. In his reply to an address the Cardinal dwelt upon the religious and educational progress of Ireland to which his attention was directed during his three months of convalescence in his native land. "I do not think," says his Eminence, "that I exaggerate when I say there are few countries of Europe which during the past decade of years can point to a more successful and more brilliant development of educational and religious institutions than that of which Ireland may be justly proud."

Lord Salisbury in a speech recently said: "There is one sound principle which you should relentlessly enforce against all the conveniences and expediences of official men, and that is, that a parent, unless he has forfeited the right by criminal acts, has the inalienable right to determine the teaching which his child should receive upon the holiest and most momentous of subjects."

The latest sensation issuing from the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a report on the 31st ult., that Mr. Gladstone had decided to resign almost immediately. This assertion it repeated the following day in a somewhat qualified form. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* characterizes it as a cruel, cowardly canard, without any foundation and needing no contradiction.

An exciting scene presented itself in the House of Representatives on the 1st inst., when the Wilson Bill was brought up for final discussion. In closing the debate Mr. Wilson, the author of the Bill said: "We are trying an experiment whether in God's name we can establish a country where every man born into it will be born with the possibility that he can raise himself to a degree of ease and comfort and not be compelled to live a life of degrading toil for the mere

necessities of existence. That is the feeling which animates all who through danger and defeat have steadily labored for tariff reform. We wish to make this a country where no man shall be taxed for the private benefit of another man, but where all the blessings of free government, of education, of the influences of the church and of the school shall be the common, untaxed heritage of all the people, adding to the comfort of all, adding to the culture of all, and adding to the happiness of all."

At the conclusion of this speech the House became wild with enthusiasm. One member embraced the Speaker, others carried Mr. Wilson out on their shoulders in triumph. After about ten minutes the House was cleared of visitors, and a vote was taken which stood 204 for the Bill and 110 against it. It now goes to the Senate.

At a banquet given by the colored Catholics of St. Paul, under the auspices of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, Archbishop Ireland made a speech, which displayed his true love of liberty and equality as taught by the Divine Master while on earth. He said: "I wish to see the Catholic negroes first in all movements for the advancement of the race. The Catholic Church exists not alone for the world to come, but for the world that is. She wishes her children to do all they can for social virtue, social happiness, and social elevation. In becoming Catholics, negroes, far from losing interest in their race, feel that interest intensified. Let them do all they can as members of the Sodality and Church organizations, but let them unite also with their fellow-negroes, who do not belong to the race."

Archbishop Janssens of New Orleans has written a very able article in a recent issue of the *Independent*, on "Religion in Education." It appears the official report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States speaks of the systems of Education in some of the European countries, and wishing to avoid religious conflicts advocates the exclusion of religious instruction in the schools. This system is branded by its opponents as "Godless." Archbishop Janssens closes by saying: "Parents who pay taxes and who are aware of the great responsibility they owe to God for the religious training of their children, have a right to demand that denominational schools be recognized and salaried by the State."

The citizens of Boston gave Edward Blake, M.P., a very warm and hearty reception on his arrival in that city. The committee escorted Mr. Blake to the Tremont House where a large party awaited him. A reception was

given him under the auspices of the municipal council of the Irish National Federation. Mr. Blake after expressing regret at not being able to have had more time to be with his friends said: "Nothing could more firmly enlist one or bind one more strongly to the cause in which I have had the honor to take part than the extraordinary evidences of devotion to Ireland which are found everywhere. I happened to be in Montreal yesterday, and some of those with whom I talked of Irish affairs were moved almost to tears. That is the sort of devotion to the cause upon which the cause has to depend. We know the struggle has been long and weary; so its vicissitudes have been great, and for a long time it seemed so hopeless and so desperate that it was not expected but that some should fall by the way or become weary."

The following evening Mr. Blake addressed an audience of 3,000 in the Music Hall, Boston. Mayor Mathews presided, and some of Boston's most prominent citizens were on the stage. In answer to Mr. Blake's appeal for funds to enable his party to carry on their work \$5,000 was subscribed. Resolutions of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone in his endeavors to free Ireland were adopted, and the following cablegram was sent to Justin McCarthy: "Enthusiastic reception accorded Hon. Edward Blake; \$5,000 result of meeting. Friends in Massachusetts will do their duty." Mr. Blake dwelt on the struggles of the Home Rule party for the past few years, but predicted its success at no distant period. He referred to the reports cabled across the Atlantic of Mr. Gladstone's resignation, but he believed there was no truth in them. He said the defeat of the Bill by the House of Lords was expected, and that their party was not at all disheartened at it.

Mr. Blake sails from New York for England February 10th.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh was up in Barrie on Sunday, where he dedicated the new Separate School. The building, a fine brick structure, consists of four large rooms, capable of accommodating 200 pupils.

Vaillant, the Anarchist who threw the bomb in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, was executed on Monday. He died as he had lived, with the cry of "Long live Anarchy" upon his lips.

The valuable relics, so carefully guarded for hundreds of years in the Vatican, and loaned by the Pope for the World's Fair, will not return to Rome, but will remain in the States for some time. They are under the care of Archbishop Ireland, and when the Columbus Museum opens in Chicago they will again be placed on exhibition.

## BLESSED GERARD MAJELLA.

Lay Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

As we had occasion to speak of the Triduum celebrated in honor of blessed Gerard in a recent number, a hasty glance at the life of this holy brother will not, it is hoped, be uninteresting to the reader.

Blessed Gerard Majella may be said to be one of the grandest phenomena of the Church of the eighteenth century. He is in fact one of the purest and most cultivated flowers of Catholic mysticism; one of those great, incomprehensible souls whose deeds—miracles—and whose life constitute an uninterrupted intercourse with heaven. He is one of those brilliant stars that appear from time to time in the firmament of the Church and usually exercise a powerful influence over men whom the night of infidelity threatens to overtake.

In Basilicate, a province of the kingdom of Naples, on the slope of the Appennines, in a most charming spot, lies the little town of Muro. In the course of centuries there came forth from this pretty little town many able men, who shed lustre on their native place by the splendour of their piety, their reputation for learning, and even by the laurels which they had gathered on the battle field. Perhaps never in Muro was there born a child that was destined in so extraordinary a manner by sanctity and power of miracles to become the joy of its native place as the child known later on as Brother Gerard Majella. This child was born on the 6th of April, 1726. Gerard's parents were poor in this world's goods, and were obliged by the work of their hands to support their children. Of the four surviving children Gerard was by far the most pious; and his perfect innocence, united to a lively faith, merited for him many heavenly favors. Gerard was hardly five years old when, kneeling one day before a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a small solitary church dedicated to our Blessed Lady of Capotignagno, he sees the Infant Jesus leaving the arms of His mother, and after having engaged with him for some time in child-like play, gave him a small, dazzling white loaf of bread. When he was seven years old, his heart longed to receive his Jesus in Holy Communion. One morning, assisting at Mass, he presented himself at the altar railing to receive his Jesus with the rest of the faithful. But on account of his tender age he was refused. The following night, however, his patron, St. Michael, gave him the Divine Blood which the priest had refused him the day before.

The first decade of Gerard's life had passed away, and with it the purely paradisiacal period came to an end. Side by side with all the graces and favors of heaven, that which played in his after life the principal part is—the Cross. About this time death took away his good father. He was apprenticed to a tailor, that he might learn the trade of his father and become the support of his family. Gerard sees himself maltreated by the foreman of the workshop, a brutal, unprincipled man, but he bears up with invincible patience. A little later on he enters the service of a man of very churlish disposition, and here again the principal virtue he had to practice was patience. So ill-tempered and harsh was this man towards his servants, that hardly any one was found willing to enter his service. Gerard, however, joyfully embraced this opportunity to practice self-denial, and served this repulsive man for three years with great cheerfulness.

When his master died the thought of forsaking the world and entering a more perfect state of life took possession of his soul. Meanwhile the time was approaching when Gerard should see his most ardent wish fulfilled, and

should reach the haven of the religious state. The religious society for which God had destined him as one of its first and brightest ornaments was the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. In 1748 the Redemptorists gave a mission in his native place. Gerard was not long in recognizing the excellent spirit which animated these missionaries, and he held them in such esteem that he begged to be admitted as a lay brother to their order. The Superior, however, perceiving his emaciated countenance and wasted figure, and considering him unable to sustain the onerous duties required by the Institute, refused to receive him. But what avails human prudence against the bold and inventive love of the Saints? Gerard repeatedly asks to be admitted as a lay brother. His poor mother undertook to combat Gerard's heart with the weapons of maternal tenderness, and begged him several times, with tears in her eyes, not to abandon her who was his mother. Yet as much as he loved his mother; he loved still more the Beloved of his Soul. Bidding a last farewell to his father's house he begs once more to be received. At last his request is acceded to, and he is received into the religious order. Thus, in the year 1749, Gerard began his religious life.

Gerard lived but five years after he became a Redemptorist; but what years! One is filled with wonder to read in his life all that he did in such a short space of time. To speak in the language of Rome: "From his infancy Gerard was united to Jesus Christ, the true spiritual vine. In his youth he was still more intimately united to Him, but as a religious he united himself perfectly to the Divine Lover of souls." Henceforth, to use our Lord's own words, "this fruitful branch bore abundant fruit"—fruits of virtue.

The virtues most necessary for a lay brother, said St. Alphonsus, are humility, obedience and patience. Gerard was a model of these virtues. Behold this humble lay brother how he works without complaining in the different houses of the order; anything is good enough for him; the most menial labors, cast off garments, acts of obedience the most unheard of. He was obliged to submit to many a reprimand, not that he deserved them, but God, wishing him to become a perfect disciple in the School of the Cross, sent many severe trials. Is he compelled to walk on the thorny road of mortification—he is happy. Does obedience bid him leave the solitude of the cloister to mix with the noisy world—he does it most cheerfully. Are his inclinations contradicted—he recalls to mind his humble origin in the midst of the favors God showers upon him. He is the first to humble himself; he seeks humiliations and they come to him; but not a murmur, not a complaint escapes his lips, for he is happy in the midst of all.

His obedience was great because it was blind. His superiors had to be careful in giving him commands, for he carried them out to the very letter. He creeps into the oven of a baker's shop when he is told in a jocular manner "Va Finforma!" "Go, and creep into the oven." A lady hears of this and laughs at what she calls a foolish and extravagant act, but it was not long before she had to have recourse to this poor fool's (as she called him) intercession. His virtue is often put to the test by a very strict Superior, but his humility is only equalled by his obedience. In a word, any one may give him a command, and he obeys immediately.

Patience is another virtue which he practised in an heroic manner. Gerard was not always closed up in the convent. He is appointed to be a gatherer of alms; he occasionally acts as peace-maker between families; he goes from door to door collecting for his convent.

Surely he has opportunities enough in these various avocations to practice this virtue—to bear up with injuries.

One day he was brutally beaten by a farmer. But Gerard's meekness disarms the ruffian. He asked him to place him on his horse and accompany him home. When both arrive at the convent, he begs the Superior to reward the man for his kindness, whilst he himself lavishes on him all manner of kindness, though he had broken the poor brother's ribs with the butt end of his musket. Later on in life a more terrible trial awaits him. The venomous tooth of calumny attacks his honor, for a terrible accusation is brought against him. He can easily justify himself, but he does not. When his innocence became manifest, St. Alphonsus asked him why he remained silent under the calumny. He merely answered: "My Father, I have sworn to keep my rule, and that rule forbids me to excuse myself." One can easily understand why St. Alphonsus said later on: "Gerard was a prodigy of regular observance."

The love of God produces love of men. Who is a saint if it be not he who loves God with his whole heart, and his neighbor as himself? Blessed Gerard showed his for God and for his neighbor by the wonderful conversions he wrought, the reconciliations of enemies he brought about, and the wonderful cures he performed. His renown as a miracle worker was so great that it preceded him wherever he went, and crowds flocked from all sides to seek his aid.

The poor, however, were the especial objects of his love. For them he worked the most stupendous miracles. Fishermen's boats were miraculously saved. In distributing bread to the poor it multiplied in his hand, armed with the Sign of the Cross: little children, and mothers in cases of difficult confinements, are the special object of his care. Even now a days at Foggia, and wherever he is best known, pregnant women have a picture of him, and invoke his name with devotion. Who can tell how many poor sinners he converted from their evil ways? What scandals did he not prevent? Justly has he merited the title of Apostle—a title which he received even during life.

This is but a very meagre sketch of a life that was short in years, but full of merit before God. Gerard was only 29 years 6 months and 7 days when he was summoned to his reward. Well may we apply to him the words of Holy Writ: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

## A Feathered Freak.

A strange bird which has attracted the attention of hundreds of people, is on exhibition on the farm of John Rodabaugh, a farmer living six miles east of St. Mary's, Ohio. The bird resembles an owl very much in form, has a head shaped like a heart, the face of a monkey, a snowy white fur adorning its face, while the feathers are of a beautiful and delicate yellowish gray, with the tail of a turkey. The bird was caught a few weeks ago while the family were returning home from church, and not until it had received a load of shot did it allow itself to be taken captive, and then its captor was fearfully lacerated in the fight that ensued. It utters a noise similar to that of a pig, and it feeds wholly on small birds, which it takes into its beak alive, throwing out the bones and feathers afterwards.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

## The Year 1893.

The year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three will rank as one of the most notable in the cycle of the nineteenth century. No man of commanding genius—military, literary or artistic—has risen on the horizon and shone among his fellows to mark its annals. Such there may be among us, but as yet we know him not. No great war has devastated any country in Europe, Asia, Africa, or the New World. The volatile republics of South America have kept the revolutionary irons in the fire all the time, it is true, *we ourselves have had a little war in Africa, not altogether to our liking, while our French neighbors have had some trouble in Siam.* But these events were partly accidental and evanescent, and are not to be regarded as of historical importance. What then is to mark out 1893 from the ninety-two years that have preceded it in this country? We should say it is the fact of the giant of democracy being awakened from his slumbers in this year of grace. He is just now rubbing his eyes; the beginning of the next century will surely find them fully opened. Although this new force in social and industrial life has a giant's strength, it is not going to use it, as in the French Revolution, with a giant's perversity. There is now a wider and more perfect recognition of the rights of all classes. At the same time in the numerous strikes that have occurred during the course of the year there was apparent one element of supreme danger—a tendency to class selfishness. The men who labor with their hands do their part, but only their part, of the world's work. The engineer in his study, the chemist in his laboratory the inventor among his models, and even the capitalist in his counting-house, negotiating those bills which make international commerce possible, also do their share, and their work deserves grateful recognition. Selfishness on the part of labor is as detrimental to the best interests of mankind as the selfishness of capital. In fact, there is no difference between them.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

## A Deserted Capital.

In the course of his tour in Upper Burma the Viceroy of India visited Pagan, the capital of other days, which stands on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, its colossal temples and pagodas telling of the glory of former centuries. A thousand buildings, still imposing in their immensity, extend for six or eight miles along the river front, with a breadth of from two to three miles. The city is deserted, its only occupants being jackals and wild dogs, and presents a spectacle of desolation and decay which is almost appalling. Some of the chief pagodas are kept in repair by wealthy Buddhists, but most of them are crumbling to ruin. The Viceroy ascended a lofty pagoda, from which he obtained a view up and down the broad Irrawaddy, with its picturesque and indented banks.

## A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions.

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

Let our old age be childlike, and our childhood like old age; that we may be wise without being proud, and humble without being ignorant.—*St. Augustine*

Grease may be taken out of carpet by covering the spot with powdered French chalk, laying soft brown paper over the spot, and covering with a warm iron.

Mr. Thomas Power, of Parade House, Kilkenny, has been sworn in as High Sheriff of the city; and, subsequently, Mr. Alloc. J. McCreery was re-sworn as Undersheriff.

If one wishes to cool a hot dish in a hurry, it will be found that if the dish be placed in a vessel full of cold salt water, it will cool more rapidly than if it stood in water free from salt.



## AN UNWILLING VISIT.

"I had better go, and get done with it." This elegant peroration, muttered one crisp October morning, is the outcome of various qualms of conscience. A promise made in a rash moment "Unter den Linden," in the city of the Kaisers, and shamefully broken, because fulfilling the same seemed an unmitigated bore.

While in a virtuous mood I strike the iron; hurrying down to breakfast, I announce my intention to the astonishment of my respected family. The approval of my mother—always the soul of honour and politeness—the unquenchable banter of the boys, the fear and trepidation of my inward self all jostle through my brain, leading me here and there every three minutes. To save myself from an outburst I dash from the room, wave goodbyes from the door and betake myself to the railway station. I catch the train for a wonder, ensconce myself comfortably, cultivate a mild interest in the people hastening in with bags, books and children, gaze pensively out of the window fearing some promiscuous acquaintance may see me and draw me into conversation and grow pathetic as the spires and chimney stacks of my beloved Toronto, vanish into space; the train rushes busily forward and I am launched, irrevocably on the stern path of duty and civility. The silvery mists rise, break and fade away. The sun late from his slumbers, makes up for lost time, by a fiery onslaught on the vapoury world, flinging himself upon the maples and young oaks, and reflecting his golden magnificence on their radiant foliage. What is it in the soft, languid beauty of our Indian summers, that steals pathetically over us, haunting us with memories of the past, of the dead and dying, and yet wooing us, winning us, entwining itself into our day dreams, and fading from us with a wail of November blasts, smothered by golden showers of the leaves, it has dyed in its own unrivalled colours.

The train rushes along by field, forest and farmhouse, and I prepare for a good read, my eyes fix themselves on the print, but my unruly thoughts will fly across the Atlantic; resting tranquilly on the gentle motherly face of my dear old German Baroness—a perfect picture, her crown of snowy hair, her irresistible smile, our pleasant talks and walks in the twilight, and that last day together, when she spoke of her child far off amid the wilds of Canada. The youngest and dearest of her large family, going forth from the old scholars in her teens, to the cloister, joining the great Order of the Sacred Heart, of which I heard so much abroad, and her offering herself to the Canadian mission. It was then I made that rash promise of bearing messages from the mother, to the child, on my return homewards. The story interested me greatly, as told by the Mother, but it is only after months, that I have brought myself to the disagreeable task. Nuns and convents, have always been utter strangers to me; I have never had anything to do with them, and never had the slightest desire to. Clanking chains under ground passages, vaults, and all the other doleful objects, are all my knowledge of abbays and abesses, and now to be on the way, to see a regular all round nun, is something thrilling! On, and on we go, every mile dragging one nearer the dreaded encounter. Over, and over again I assure myself she will not strangle me; after all she is only a woman like myself, and I am considered able to hold my own with my sex, but some how or other, I feel woefully in the condition of Bob Acres.

In the midst of my agitated feelings the train slackens to a mild joggle, and we steam into the "Forest City." I order the Jehu to drive as slowly as

he can, with the apparent object of seeing "London Town" but the truth is, to hold off, until the very last moment. Surprise and admiration are my first emotions, as we wind under the tinted maples; such luxuriance, such wealth of colouring, handsome balconies, pleasant homes, blaze from their thatch of Virginia creeper in all its autumn gorgeousness. All along the way, brightness, and beauty, distract my thoughts, until a sudden jerk, reminds me the horses are turning in a gate, then up a short carriage drive, and oh! here we are. I step forth slowly and cautiously, the man smiles affably as I pay him, and is gone, leaving me to my fate!

I pull the bell timidly, and have scarcely touched it, when the door flies back and a smile, pleasant and honest is the first thing I see, and hereupon—strange as it may appear—I take heart, respond with a natural friendly bow, step inside, and talk!

The portress seems a poetic figure in her nun's garb. The snowy white cap frames a cheery, pure young face, the long veil falling away in graceful folds over the severe black gown. Her voice is full of welcome to the bashful stranger, and charmed unwillingly, I tell her my mission. Her face lights up when she hears I have actually seen the mother of one of her veiled Sisters, evidently those nuns share all joys and sorrows. She brings me into a reception room, chatting gayly, and leaves me to tell the Superior of my arrival. I hear her light feet echo down the long waxed corridor, and while she is gone, have time to look around. The room is large with long windows opening on the lawn, flower beds and sunshine—no bars and things here! Polished floors, tinted walls, bright, fresh, and home-like, with a charming atmosphere of peace and purity. The door opens and another nun comes cordially towards me, with outstretched hand and welcomes me with a voice of exquisite refinement. She is so motherly, and gracious, this little woman, speaking as one having authority, and who I at once surmise is the Superior, and yet her simplicity, and unobtrusiveness are little in accordance with one's preconceived idea of the ruler, and guide of this large family of sisters, and children. "We have been expecting you for some time, your name is very familiar to me, through the letters of Baroness von W.; she seems so fond of you, and was anxious her daughter should meet you. Were you afraid of us?" with a merry little laugh. "The Baroness did not think you were willingly anxious to make our acquaintance." I smile feebly, then seeing how ridiculous all my alarms and fears have been, go off in a hearty peal. I have the honesty to pour forth all my diabolical ideas, of the horrors of my visit, and we both make merry at my expense. This serves to unlock my tongue, and away it goes. My new friend is a charming conversationalist, a delightful listener. She knows every thing; the last picture, the newest books, bacteria, electricity, airplanes, comets, canals, 'isms and 'ologies, discussed in a sprightly, sensible way that is refreshingly original in these hum-drum, days, of flat, feminine, would-be-blue-stockings.

My back to the door, I am dilating on a visit I once paid to Ober-Ammergau when a soft step comes behind my chair, a hand is laid on my shoulder, and a face bends towards me. I look up suddenly, and meet the eyes of my dear old friend in Berlin, only with the fire of youth, and beauty, in their blue depths. And I forget everything, but my affection, and memories, and jumping up I gave this tall, German nun a hearty embrace. What has the world come to?—I in a convent, holding high parley, with a Superior, and greeting one of her Sisters with the enthusiasm of a life-long friend.

They tease me unmercifully, those two, cruel, unkind nuns, and the trouble is that I cannot get angry, their shafts are so barbed, their points so keen, their words so happy, that I am overwhelmingly crushed and choked with merriment.

"Now," I exclaim at last indignantly, "you know, you can laugh at me, as you may, but I shall not believe in your protestations against clanking, chains, and underground passages, if I cannot see for myself," and my mouth twitches with an intense effort to be solemn.

"Come then," smiles the Superior, "let us go in a body"—and we do.

Down the long, handsome corridors opening on class-rooms, study-hall, and library; we go into each, and I am amazed. I had no idea that nuns could be so broad minded. No sham, or vincer here. The study hall is lofty, attractive and my especial hobby—well ventilated. At the time of my visit it is empty, but gay voices, and shouts through the open windows, tell where the usual occupants are. The desks are ranged round the room, the chairs tucked away underneath, and everything exquisitely neat. At one end is a large coloured figure of the Saviour, to remind the girls, that the eyes of the Master are always on them, and that their studies should be done for Him. The class rooms are small editions of the Study Hall, bright and pleasant, the windows opening on the play ground, bordered by fine old trees.

We linger longest in the library, a most inviting spot for a literary treat; here the girls come to read with every opportunity for culture, and converse with the finest minds of ancient and modern times—the latest works in fiction, history, biography and science, well into the hundreds; while all the old familiar names look down on us from the well lined shelves. We find the Librarian, an old French nun, busy arranging a new collection, and we enter into an animated conversation on her treasures. Her English is remarkably good for a Parisian, but from her criticism on some late books, I see that she not only speaks but reads, our mother tongue fluently. Her accent is beautiful, and modestly I air my Montreal French just for the pleasure of hearing her exquisite modulations and idioms, that it seems no one but the cultured Parisian can manage. I envy the young people whom she trains, no need of a year's polish abroad I assure you. The Republican system of government of the Sacred Heart is, I think, one great reason of its success as an educational Order. The head centre is in Paris; all the other houses over the world are divided into Vicariates; the nuns under strict obedience to be sent hither and thither at a moment's notice. The Superior of to-day may be the Portress to-morrow, and so on, as the person best suits the office. Should a Mistress be required for any special study, and none to be had here at home, a telegram to Paris brings back the desired subject by the next steamer from the old world. This is how a Sacred Heart convent is so cosmopolitan, and consequently peculiarly enlightened. Here to-day, away to-morrow; no regiment of dragoons is so well drilled in discipline, obedience and respect for authority.

"As yet no horrors," I whisper to my German friend, as we leave the library, "now may we see the girls." Their screams of delight, or excitement have been distractingly inviting for some time. I like to see children enjoy their games, it shows they are children and not young ladies as now, alas! we too often find them.

Down steep steps, through a gravel alley by an open gateway smothered in vines and we are in the park. The girls are in three separate companies; the little ones, middle aged and the grown girls. One party are holding

high revel at base ball; I wish I could sketch a few of those young women as I saw them. Full of life and mischief, flushed and triumphant, their small legs active enough to break a record. A cricket match of absorbing interest holds the older enchained—how I long for the boy athletes to see them. They play splendidly, bowling good and capital form. Our English sisters could not boast of their athletic prowess, nor sneer at our degenerate sluggishness were they here now.

I clap impulsively at a fine bat just now that made five runs, and am disconsolate when one of the players drops the ball, seizes a bell and rings with all her might.

The unwelcome knell causes instantaneous cessation. All is stopped; they fall into line, two and two; the nuns in charge gives the signal, and in silence they walk to the house.

They are gone, those wild merry spirits, and the park seems lost without them; we follow, back through the corridor, and peeping wistfully through the open door I see them solemnly at their desks like small soldiers on duty—not a sound down the long hall, you could hear the inevitable "pin drop." That large band of women in embryo are a lesson, and I marvel at the system that can maintain such discipline and authority.

On our way back to the parlour, we pass a short flight of oak steps, and turning to me the Superior says: "Perhaps you would like to see this? We mount the stair and enter the chapel.

A flood of sunshine falls with loving touch on the high altar of glistening white marble almost dazzling at the first view contrasted with the rich crimson velvet cloth falling gracefully at either end. The carving is delicate and artistic. Far above are painted cherubs, blue sky and soft fleecy clouds, the walls below blending in harmony.

We steal away from the quiet sanctuary where one can so easily commune with the Creator, lost to the noise, din, and rush of the busy world beyond the cloister.

Time that dragged me here so remorselessly, now as reluctantly forces me away. To my amazement it is with no little pain I make my farewells which my German friend changes to au revoir.

A last regretful look as the horses dash out the gate under the maples, and my life-long prejudice and ignorance die for ever. DIANA GROSVENOR.

## Jesuit and Convert.

We have to record with deep regret the death of a distinguished Jesuit and convert, whose demise severs another link with the Tractarian movement which led so many eminent men into the true fold. Father John Walford, S. J. who died at Roehampton on Tuesday morning, was an intimate friend of the great leader of thought, John Henry Newman, whose writings showed that "kindly light" which showed the way Rome-wards to many who accompanied or followed him into the Church. Father Walford's mother and sister also died Catholics, his brother, the late Rev. Henry Walford, a zealous supporter of Home Rule, and who was presented by Mr. Gladstone in 1883 to the rectory of Ewelme, near Oxford, being the only one of six Anglican brothers who died Protestants.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

## Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

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

On December 30th, a gentleman caught a butterfly in the vicinity of the Limerick Railway Terminal. The fact of butterflies being on the wing in December is evidence of the remarkable mildness of the season.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

Interviewed on the Ballot Question.

A Toronto daily having stated that Hon C. F. Fraser would resign if the separate schools were interfered with by the Government, that W. Hartly, M.P.P., had interviewed Archbishop Cleary regarding the ballot for separate school supporters, and that he had declined to speak on the matter, a representative of the "Hog" was furnished with the following interview by his Grace on Feb. 1st:

"Mr. Hartly," said his Grace, "has not interviewed me at any time on the matter, I have not met him for several months, and to the best of my recollection I have never had any conversation with him regarding separate school matters."

"Would your Grace express an opinion as to the introduction of the ballot into separate school elections?"

"I will speak clearly. We regard as aggressive and unjust the efforts made by men who have openly declared themselves our enemies to enforce the privilege of the ballot upon us in the election of our school trustees. I use the word privilege purposely. Under confederation the elections for trustees, both for public and separate schools, for municipal councillors and for the Local and Federal Parliaments, were conducted by open and public voting. It was only when the constituents petitioned Parliament to substitute the ballot for public voting that it was granted to the Legislatures. Afterwards the municipalities, and finally, on a similar petition presented from public school supporters in the province, legislation was passed giving them the option of voting by ballot. It is a rule of parliamentary action fully recognized in Great Britain, and I believe in the Federal and Local Legislatures of Canada, that the status quo, or established methods of organized action of any body or action of persons in the community, is not to be disturbed by new legislation or any one's petition, unless the measure be called for by those directly concerned. I have seen numerous instances of this in the reports of the British House of Commons. Wherefore I regard it as an effort to impose on us exceptional treatment when outsiders, who ought not to interfere in our purely domestic affairs, clamor for the imposition of a new rule on us in the form of a privilege which we do not want and have never asked for. The sources from which this clamor proceeds on the eve of every election are such as to let us on our guard and make us cherish more fully the right we enjoy under the constitution to have our elections of school trustees, who are in reality the elected representatives of the Roman Catholic parents of the separate school sections, conducted in an open and responsible manner. At all events it is our right, and we are not willing to concede it in compliance with the demands issuing from parties professedly hostile to our schools, even if we had not antecedently plain obvious reasons for upholding this constitutional right. The separate efforts of our enemies to take it from us would suffice to make us cling to it with greater tenacity. I will add that the privilege granted by the Provincial Legislature to the public school supporters to substitute the ballot for open and responsible voting in the election of trustees has not been accepted by all nor by any large majority of the public school supporters of the province. Fully one-half of the constituencies declined to accept the privilege and still cling to the open voting system. Furthermore, many of those who heretofore accepted the ballot system have signified their desire to return to the open and responsible system of voting. The sentiment of the great mass of the Roman Catholics of Ontario has been manifested by recent occurrences. Five years ago eight or nine of the separate school trustees in the city of Toronto joined with the Meredith party in asking for the ballot for separate school trustee elections. This clique were extremely noisy and persisted in giving trouble at every meeting of the Separate School Board, and took care to have their little speeches and bitter words published in the daily journals in the hope of spreading their disaffection among the separate school trustees all over the province. It is remarkable that not one board of trustees from end to end of Ontario sympathized with that little faction in the city of Toronto. Not a word was heard anywhere to signify any desire to alter the existing order of open and responsible voting. Again, as soon as the term of these trustees' offices expired, earnest efforts were made by them and their partisans to make their ideas prevail at the ensuing elections. There were contests for the office of trustees in all the wards represented by those gentlemen, and it is very significant that each and every one of them was defeated by overwhelming majorities at the polls, and honest Catholics substituted for them, to maintain the right we had under the constitution to select our separate school trustee in sight of all the world.

"The foregoing are some what may be called the intrinsic arguments for maintaining what we believe to be our constitutional rights. There are besides various arguments derived from the examination of the case in itself. Every reason that exists for requiring our members on the Federal and Local Legislatures and in our municipal

councils to give votes open and publicly will apply with equal force to public voting in the separate school elections. To those who may ask why do not we conform to the ways of the public school supporters in this matter, a little reflection on our position suggests sufficient reasons for our adherence to the existing system. We are a small minority in the province, we are very much at the mercy of the local press in the towns and villages; we are with frequent and persistent violence, attacked in all our rights by political demagogues of one party or the other. Our schools are made the object of special hostility. Under these circumstances we have good reason to apprehend that were the election of trustees to be made by secret voting the noisy politicians who desire to undermine and gradually destroy our school system would employ all their resources for division amongst Catholics on occasions of such elections, and try to make our School Board representatives not so much of religion, which is the primary and distinctive object of our separate school system, as of the governing influence of one political party or the other. Then our schools would, in reality, become secularized by degrees under the management of political trustees, and their main purpose frustrated. Were the political demagogues to relinquish their persistent attacks upon us and our schools, we would not be so tenacious of this right. In a word, when they cease to attack we will cease to defend."

The reporter suggested that people might say that open voting was desired for the purposes of interference, and he added:

"Does your Grace exercise any powerful influence in the selection and election of separate school trustees?"

"I have been 14 years bishop of Kingston," was the reply, "and I have never interfered directly or indirectly, by act or by word, to control or in any wise influence the election of any person as a separate school trustee. I never nominated, or suggested the nomination of any one. Yes, I am satisfied in this manner. As a rule, the bishops act everywhere, and will most probably continue to act, unless perchance the enemies of the church should make a special effort to disturb the Catholic mind and force some one upon the board, by means of their political influence, whom the bishop might know to be an unworthy candidate, more likely to injure than benefit the schools. The duty of a bishop, as the guardian of his people's rights, would in such a case perhaps determine him to take steps to exclude a man of that kind from an office so closely connected with the spiritual and moral rearing of our children."

Home Rule Meeting at Ottawa.

Considering the shortness of the notice and the numerous other calls upon the people of the Capital, Ottawa's response to the appeal made by the Hon. Edward Blake on behalf of the Irish cause does it great credit. The thoroughly representative character of his audience at the Opera House in that city on the 25th ultimo, may be seen from the subscription list published in these columns, embracing as it does, the various elements of the community. The subject selected by Mr. Blake, "The Irish Question," is a broad one, comprehending not only what Home Rule for Ireland means, but also its significance in an Imperial sense. In an address lasting a little over an hour, the history of the movement was rapidly but clearly sketched; effects were traced back to their causes; the leading provisions of the Home Rule Bill explained and the need of the present moment shown. The peroration, elevated in thought and noble in diction, will be long remembered for the high ground upon which the speaker rested his appeal for material and moral aid. This linked with the fine personality of the man and the knowledge of the immense sacrifices he has made for Ireland, has produced an impression in favor of her cause which cannot readily be effaced. It is no wonder, therefore, that Ottawa has made such a generous response.

NOTE.—Owing to want of space the Ottawa list of subscriptions will appear in next week's issue.

De La Salle Institute.

The following are the testimonials for the month of January:

- Form I.—Excellent—J. Hayes, F. Foley, J. O'Connor, J. O'Connell, M. Mallon, J. Flanagan, L. Deo. Gool—F. Donovan, A. Flynn, J. Bigley, J. Collaton, J. Bradley, A. McGinn, J. Rahelly.
Form II.—Excellent—J. Kennedy, A. Travers, J. Lysaght, L. Doherty, F. McDonald, W. Vesle, F. Wallace, L. Lunley, W. Christie, C. Meehan, T. O'iver Good—F. Larkin, J. Koster.
Form III.—Excellent—M. O'Connor, J. Colgan, J. Thomson, C. Hanrahan, J. Muldoon, D. Simons, J. Cashman, Good—H. McKenna, J. Moriarty, C. Ghvin, M. McDonald, G. Bland, J. Shea.
Form IV.—Excellent—J. Jordan, E. Costello. Good—A. Conlin.

You can drive nails into hard wood without bending them if you first dip them in lard.

Dinner to the Hon. Edward Blake.

A private dinner in honor of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P. for South Longford in the Imperial Parliament, was held last evening at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Hugh Ryan, No. 10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale. Many of the guests were prominent in Canadian politics, but the gathering was entirely devoid of political complexion, members of both parties in the Dominion having accepted the invitation and the opportunity of testifying their respect for the distinguished gentleman, who has devoted himself so energetically to the cause which all had at heart. The chair was occupied by Mr. Hugh Ryan, and on his right and left respectively were the Hon. Edward Blake, and Archbishop Walsh. The others present were: Hon. Frank Smith, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. Chancellor Boyd, Dr. Hoskin, Mr. H. S. Howland, Father Tooley, Mr. Robert Jaffray, Mr. Foy, Mr. P. Hughes, Dean Harris, Mr. Wm. Ryan, Mr. M. J. Haney, Mr. Ed. Murphy, Hon. S. C. Wood, Mr. R. M. Wells, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., Mr. Geo. Klely, Mr. T. Long, Father Ryan, Mr. Z. Leah, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. W. D. Mathews, Mr. E. O'Keefe, Mr. John Long, Father Walsh and Mr. C. H. Greene. The toast of the evening was "Home Rule," which was proposed by the Chairman and responded to in his happiest vein by the distinguished gentleman in whose honor the dinner was held.—Globe of Wednesday.

Concert at Mimico Asylum.

On the evening of Wednesday, 31st January, a concert was given by St. Basil's Choir at the Mimico Asylum for the entertainment of the inmates. The number rendered by the Choir included the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and Lambillote's "Adoro Te." The duet in the latter was sung by Miss Kate Moylan and Miss Teresa Kormann. Solos were contributed by Miss Fletcher, Messrs. J. T. Kirk, George Forbes, Peter and Michael Costello, and Henry Macnamara, Mr. Kirk receiving a well-merited encore for his rendering of "Father O'Flynn." A duet by Messrs. Kirk and Wario, a piano solo by Miss Annie Johnston, and several quartets complete the programme. Those taking part in the quartets were Messrs. Kirk, Wario, Kelly and Cosgrave, and Messrs. Croake, Shaw, Fullerton, and Costello.

The concert was under the direction of the Rev. Father Murray, and the accompanist Mr. F. A. Moore. Mr. Ed. Croake acted as chairman. After the concert the members of the Choir were entertained at supper by Dr. Murphy, Superintendent of the Asylum, who, in a few words, thanked them for the pleasure their concert had given to the patients under his charge.

Musical Vespers.

Sacred Heart Court 201 of the Catholic Order of Foresters held their annual religious re-union in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Sunday evening last. A large number of friends of the Court was present. The services consisted of musical Vespers by the choir of the church under the able direction of Mrs. McKinnon, the organist.

Previous to the Benediction the Rev. Father Lamarche in his usual pleasing manner referred to the benefits derived from being a member of the above association, and advised those Catholics who had not as yet become members to do so without further delay.

During the Benediction "Dona Meus" a duet, was very well rendered by Mrs. McKinnon and C. Rechercheau de Sabliere. Gounod's "Ave Maria" was sung with great feeling by Mr. Jos. Mercier, Mrs. Blagden and Mr. O. Basonetto then followed with a duet of Mendelssohn which they executed in a most happy way. "Tantum Ergo" by the choir brought to a close one of the most beautiful services held in the city for some time.

St. Alphonsus Club.

The members of the St. Alphonsus Club treated their male friends to a progressive euchre party last Wednesday evening, the 31st ult, and to say that the affair was a success would be to put it very mildly. Great credit is due to the energetic committee having the matter in charge, as nothing was wanting to make the enjoyment of those taking part complete. Tables were placed in the drawing room, card room and billiard room, and when the signal to begin play was given, one hundred of the "boys" drew their chairs closer, and with a just-watch-me-win look in their eyes, settled down for play. A time limit was fixed, and on the stroke of the gong the game ceased, and whichever side had the more points was the winner, the lucky ones thereupon "progressing" to the next table. The best of good nature prevailed through the evening, and those whose feelings were apt to be ruffled by defeat had their spirits soothed by the soft strains from the orchestra which was stationed in the Library. Thirteen games were played and the vicissitudes of those taking part formed the subject of much mirth and friendly badgering. After the playing finished, an adjournment was

made to the refreshment room, where, in the solace of good cheer there presented, the losers forgot their ill-fortune, and the winners recounted with the vividness of a Washington Irving the manner in which they had trounced this one and that, a good many "ifs" evidently having to play a strong part in the narrative.

The Committee in the meantime had been making up the scores and Vice-President O'Donoghue, looking delightfully contented, (whether on account of the lunch or on general principles we can't say), stepped up and presented the winner, Mr. John J. Smythe, with the prize, a fine "smoker," he having won 11 games and lost only 2. In making the presentation, Mr. O'Donoghue expressed the pleasure he felt on seeing so many of the friends of St. Alphonsus Club present. He trusted they had enjoyed themselves and on behalf of the Club he thanked them for their attendance, and said that he hoped that the Club would again have the pleasure of their company in a very short while. Mr. "Jack" Smythe was received with applause and cries of "speech," "speech," "song," but with becoming modesty he intimated that he had not come prepared for speech making, as he had not the faintest idea he would win first prize, and singing was exactly his forte, so he would merely thank the committee for the handsome and appropriate present. The party dispersed at a very reasonable hour, everybody highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

A full report of the debate and concert last Tuesday evening, the 5th instant, will appear in next week's issue.

Bishop Dowling and Dr. Burns.

At a recent charitable meeting at Hamilton Bishop Dowling, speaking of Dr. Burns of the Wesleyan Female College, said: One year ago I was on the Atlantic. I was bearing a message to the Holy Father of love and affection, and nothing pleased me more than this, that when I left Hamilton among those who were kind enough to be at the station to wish me godspeed was a Protestant clergyman, and when I said to him: 'And what message shall I carry to His Holiness from you?' he replied, 'Give him my kind regards and wish him long life, health and happiness.' That was Dr. Burns. (Applause.) And when I returned I brought back the Holy Father's blessing to all citizens of Hamilton and particularly to Dr. Burns."

In reply Dr. Burns said: "There is one word I want to say about religious technicalities and it is that the Lord will not allow any technicality to come in the way when He says, 'I was hungry and ye gave me bread, sick and ye visited me, imprisoned and ye came unto me, and inasmuch as ye did it unto these ye did it unto me.' (Applause.) I have a hand and a heart and a dollar for any man or set of men who are working in the line of Jesus Christ in trying to make the world a little brighter and better."

Blake Home Rule Fund.

The following has been received by the Editor of the REGISTER from Port Hope.

DEAR SIR Enclosed please find Money Order for thirty two dollars which you will be good enough to forward to the Hon. Edward Blake for "Ireland's Cause." The following are the names of the subscribers.

- Rev. Father Lynch ..... \$10 00
M. E. Kelly ..... 5 00
John Ryan ..... 5 00
John McPoland ..... 3 00
John Harrigan ..... 2 00
Mrs. Christopher ..... 2 00
A Friend ..... 2 00
D. Wrightson ..... 1 00
James Dunfee ..... 1 00
John Curran ..... 1 00

Total ..... \$32 00
Port Hope, Feb. 5th, 1894.

Timely Assistance.

The annual meeting of the "Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust" was held at St. John's Grove on Friday last 2nd instant, His Grace the Archbishop presiding. After the usual business had been disposed of it was resolved that the sum of \$500.00 be set aside from the funds of the Trust for distribution among the charities; and that the treasurer, Mr. M. O'Connor, be requested to apportion the same as follows:

- Hou of Providence ..... \$200 00
St. Michael's Hospital ..... 200 00
St. Nicholas Institute ..... 100 00
Orphanage at Sunnyside ..... 100 00
Monastery of Our Lady ..... 100 00
House of Industry ..... 100 00

Total ..... \$500 00

The Forty Hours.

This Devotion will be opened at St. Mary's Church, Sunday next after the High Mass by his Grace the Archbishop.

On January 4th, two men named David Young and Adam McWilliams fell off the smack Water Lily in Donaguadeo Harbor and were drowned.



# North American Life Assurance Co

The Annual Report Shows a Year of Unexampled Prosperity.

The annual meeting of this company was held at its head office, Toronto, on Thursday, January 25, 1894. John L. Blaikie, Esq., president, was appointed chairman, and Wm. McCabe, secretary, when the following report was submitted:

**Report.**

In presenting their 13th annual report of the business of the company, the directors congratulate the policy-holders and guarantors upon the continuance of the progress and marked prosperity of the company during the past year.

Applications for new insurances amounting to \$2,730,350 were received, upon which were issued policies for \$2,601,330; which added to the policies revived, make the addition for the year \$2,605,802—a handsome increase over the business of any former year.

The company had again the unusual experience in life insurance of its cash interest receipts for the year being more than sufficient to meet all death and endowment claims under its policies.

It made the unexcelled addition to its reserve and surplus funds (being the amount put by for the year) of over 58 per cent of its income, after having met all expenses and payments to its policy holders, thereby greatly strengthening the already unsurpassed financial position of the company, and increasing its well established ability to meet all obligations promptly as they mature—an essential requisite of safe and provident management. The addition made to its net surplus exceeds that of any former year, and now aggregates the relatively large sum of \$297,002.20—a fact which, it is believed, will be very gratifying to its policy-holders.

One of the best tests an intending insurer can apply in selecting a company is the relative yearly percentage of surplus made upon its mean assets. In this important particular the North American Life compares favorably with its chief competitors, and excels most of them.

It is important to note that the amount of terminated insurance comparatively favorable was less than in the previous year, showing increasing stability in the business placed on the company's books.

The allocation of surplus to investment policies maturing in 1894 was approved as made by the company's consulting actuary, and such surplus is again in excess of the estimated results contained in the company's authorized book of tables in use by its agents.

The books of the company were closed promptly on the last business day of the year, and, as heretofore, the preliminary and full Government reports were then completed and mailed to the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa, together with full details of all its assets.

The auditor made a complete audit of the company's affairs monthly, and at the close of the year verified the cash on hand and in banks, and examined each mortgage and every other security held by the company.

The services of the company's staff of officers, inspectors and agents again deserve special commendation.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, President.

**Summary of the Full Financial Statement and Balance Sheet for the Financial Year Ending December 30th, 1893.**

Cash Income	\$ 482,514 03
Expenditure (including death claims, endowments, profits and all payments to policy-holders)	216,792 45
Assets	1,703,453 30
Reserve Fund	1,319,510 00
Net Surplus for policy-holders	297,002 26

Audited and found correct.

JAMES CARLYLE, M.D., Auditor.

WILLIAM MCCABE, Managing Director.

**To the President and Directors of the North American Life Assurance Company.**

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith list showing amount of surplus that may be apportioned to each investment policy maturing in 1894. The surplus added to the reserve constitutes the total cash value. This surplus exhibit is a very gratifying one, exceeding the estimates that you are placing before the insuring public, and therefore forcibly demonstrating that your tables are based upon justifiable assumptions that answer to rigid test of actual accomplishment.

In former reports to you I have seen good cause to commend the discretion exercised and the good judgment manifested by your management in encouraging the preference for so admirable a plan of insurance as the 20 year investment plan. Knowing the advantage that must accrue to the company, and the satisfaction that such a plan gives to the policy-holder, I am very glad to see that your business shows a still larger preponderance on this particular form of policy. This fact alone gives a stronger probability of the continued profitability of the investment element of your policies than any other single feature could do.

This has not been an easy year in which to write life insurance, and your field force must be exceedingly well organized to enable

them to accomplish the gain which you show over the handsome record of last year. If you had achieved this by extravagant outlay it would not have been surprising, but that you have succeeded in the difficult task of achieving it at a moderate cost is a matter for sincere congratulation.

To be able to show a constantly increasing surplus, even while paying a number of your investment policies, is proof to me of the excellent condition of your business and of your financial management. It is an augury of future strength based upon a business that appears to me to be eminently satisfactory in every detail and requirement. Such elements, in such an unusual degree, are not generally enjoyed.

Having watched the conduct of your business for some years, it is a great pleasure to me to testify my appreciation of your plans and business methods, and to know that they are producing the most favorable results.

W. M. T. STANDEN, Consulting Actuary.

Mr. John L. Blaikie, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

GENTLEMEN,—The year 1893 will ever be memorable as one of unprecedented financial disturbance in many countries and of what has almost amounted to a complete paralysis of the great industries of the neighboring Republic. Such a condition of affairs could not exist without Canada suffering more or less, and when we hear from nearly all quarters complaints of a falling off of business and of diminished profits it is most satisfactory and cheering to turn from such a picture and look at the annual report for 1893 of the North American Life Assurance Company; in that there is no sign whatever of falling off. Before touching upon a few of the salient points in the report, permit me to make a comparison of the company's record five years ago with its record of today:

	Assets	Per Insurance	Per
	cent. in force	cent.	cent.
Dec. 30, 1893	\$1,703,453 30	\$13,250,192 00	
Dec. 31, 1888	677,974 19	7,027,604 00	
Increase	\$1,025,479 11	\$6,222,588 00	67

	Surplus	Per	Cash	Per
	cent.	Income	Income	cent.
Dec. 30, 1893	\$297,002 25	\$132,614 93		
Dec. 31, 1888	51,000 30	275,161 23		
Increase	\$246,002 00	481	\$207,453 83	75

That, gentlemen, shows wonderful growth, substantial progress. We neither require to cross the line to the south of us nor to cross the Atlantic to find good life insurance companies in which to insure with profit and safety. We have as good ones in Canada as anywhere, and we may be proud of our country, of some of its life insurance companies, of its banking and monetary institutions and of its vigorous, intelligent and law-abiding people, loyal subjects of our Most Gracious Queen, whom God bless and preserve long to reign over us.

Let us now glance briefly at a few of the most interesting facts revealed by the statements before you. Comparing results at the closing of 1893 and 1892 we find an increase for the year:

In cash incomes of	\$ 36,039 03
In assets	231,471 59
In reserve fund	203,604 00
In insurance in force of	1,160,112 00

Then we find two important decreases:

Expenditures of	\$29,633 51
And in death claims of	27,008 10

It will thus be seen that the death claims are exceedingly favorable, which reflects great credit upon the skill and vigilance of our most esteemed medical director, Dr. Thorburn, especially when we consider that there is an increase of over a million dollars in force. That the interest receipts have more than sufficed to meet all death claims, matured endowments, and sums paid to annuitants, is a most gratifying fact and speaks well for the soundness of the investments of the company. Upon these points, however, I shall not dwell, but refer you to the report of our Consulting Actuary. To have the hearty endorsement of so eminent an authority on all life insurance matters, affords good ground for encouragement and satisfaction.

Allow me to draw very special attention to a matter of the greatest interest and importance, either to existing policy-holders or those who may yet become so, viz, the fact that the company has in no case come short of what is held out as expected profits on its investment policies. The contrary has been the case with certain of the largest companies in the world: companies with many millions of assets and doing an enormously large business.

A most striking article appeared some weeks ago in that great British financial authority, the London Economist, contrasting the difference, in the case of one of the leading American companies, between promise and fulfillment. Investment policy-holders did not realize in that company one-half of what they had been led to expect. Why, it may be asked, can the North American Life Company do much better for its policy-holders than a gigantic corporation such as the one alluded to? It is because the North American Life does not go into so many extravagant expenditures, is not subject to such climatic and other hazardous risks, because it is thus enabled to lay aside year after year a larger relative actual surplus than the other.

It is to the surplus policy-holders have to look—upon that to keep a keen eye all the

time, as that is the only source from which they can draw profits; hence the company that can only lay past a small surplus cannot, from an investment standpoint, do well for policyholders, whereas the company accumulating a surplus—large when compared to its liabilities—can do so, and is, therefore, the one to insure in. Apply this test to the North American Life, and how does it stand?

I have before me, gentlemen, a carefully prepared statement showing the Put-by or the amount of the year's income added to Reserve and Surplus funds for the year ending 31st of December, 1892, as per last obtainable official reports. I shall not trouble you with all the details, but will give you the percentages. The Equitable Life of New York put by 45 per cent of the year's income; The Mutual Life of New York 37 per cent; The New York Life 30 per cent; The Aetna Life 18 per cent, while the average for all American companies was 37 per cent. Then look to some of the Canadian companies. The Canada Life put by 41 per cent of the year's income; The Confederation 40 per cent; The Ontario Mutual 48 per cent; The Sun Life 42 per cent; The Manufacturers 41 per cent; average of all Canadian companies 43 per cent. The North American Life's Put-by for 1892 was over 48 per cent of the year's income, being as high as the best of those named, while the percentage for 1893 was 58.

This showing of the North American Life is unexampled, and greatly strengthened the already unsurpassed financial position of the company.

Another matter is worthy of very special notice and is all important.

It is, whether the company is so constituted and is working upon such sound principles that it will be able to meet all its obligations.

It is the more important to closely scrutinize this point, because we hear so much in these days about cheap insurance, and promises are made by mushroom companies pushing themselves into notice to pay endowment policies at maturity without making adequate provision for them. The holders of such policies are doomed to certain disappointment. They will be like men building houses on sand—when the flood of maturing policies comes in, they will be swept away in utter wreck, chagrin and absolute failure.

On the other hand the North American bases all its calculations upon well established experience and mathematical principles.

Guided thus by certain knowledge, it acts upon rates in carrying on its business that ensure the fulfillment of all its obligations, and of all its investment policies at their maturity, with absolute safety and equity to the insured, whose interests are built solidly on the rock and not on merely shifting sand.

In connection with this, I may remark that many people, looking at our figures and the large additions made to our Reserve and Surplus Funds, conclude that we are taking more from our policy-holders than we require, that the large addition to reserve and surplus for the year is so much clear profit.

While the death claims the past year have been small, in the future they must certainly increase, then the investment or endowment policies to mature in 10, 15, or 20 years must be provided for, and the American Life prudently looks ahead, and makes ample provision to meet every possible claim against it; besides which the terms of these policies require the suspension of the surplus belonging to them till the expiration of their investment periods.

Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without a few words about the last paragraph in the report.

From daily intercourse with, and observation of the officers of the company, I am able to bear testimony to their diligence, efficiency and fidelity in the discharge of their respective duties; especially to our managing director, Mr. McCabe, and to our secretary, Mr. Gozman, who are indebted for the unwearying efforts they put forth to promote the interests of the company.

But these efforts would not have accomplished the splendid results set forth in the report had they not been ably seconded by an excellent staff of inspectors and agents, whose services deserve all praise. To these gentlemen I take the liberty of saying, go forth upon the work of this new year full of hope and energy. The report and accompanying statements before us will be effective weapons in your skillful hands in convincing proposing insurers that the North American Life is the company for them, and that to be dilatory in so important a matter as providing for wife and children by insuring for their benefit is in many cases criminal negligence. By tact, perseverance and diligence you will accomplish great things in the way of new business; every policy issued will benefit you, but still more the person insured, so that the more business you secure the more you are entitled to be called public benefactors.

The Vice-President, Hon. G. W. Allan, seconding the resolution, said: It is now some 14 years ago, I think, since the late Hon. George Brown and some other friends called on me at my office and stated that it was their intention to establish another life insurance company in Toronto, and that the object they had in view was to endeavor to retain in Canada much of the money that was being taken out of the country for life

premlums by foreign companies. The outcome of this interview was the establishment of this company. I cannot imagine anything more cruel than what happened over and over again with some of the companies of the character to which the president has alluded, where men have continued for years to pay in their savings for the object of making provision for their families, and that object has been defeated by the disastrous failure of such companies. I think you must all feel convinced from the explanations that Mr. Blaikie has given in the report which he has read, and from the figures in the financial statement, that the North American Life has attained a leading position among insurance and financial institutions in the country. I feel very proud indeed that we have succeeded in building up such a company as the North American Life Insurance Company. It will be remembered that our late lamented president, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, although of late years in feeble health, freely gave the company the benefit of his great ability and excellent judgment, ever evincing the greatest interest in the success of the company. The directors and all friends of the company always felt the deepest gratitude for his sound judgment and careful attention to the company's affairs to the very close of life. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that I thoroughly agree with everything that has been said in the report as to the great ability of the managing director, Mr. McCabe, and our indebtedness to him, and from what I know of the very large amount of attention our president, Mr. Blaikie, gives to the affairs of the company, and the ability he has brought to bear in filling that important position, I feel that you will all agree with me that he has proved himself a very worthy successor to our late and much-esteemed president, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. The motion was unanimously carried.

On motion of J. K. Kerr, Q. C., Second Vice-President, seconded by William Lount, Q. C., the bylaw for the distribution of the company's surplus on investment policies maturing in 1894, as adopted by the Company's Consulting Actuary, was adopted.

Mr. James Scott said in respect to the Company's investments:

1. Mortgages—The amount loaned consists of first mortgages or real estate, and with one or two exceptions the properties are located in the most desirable parts of the city of Toronto. The value of the property covered by our mortgages, as appraised by Mr. Galley, is about double the amount loaned thereon. From a personal examination of the Company's mortgage register, which contains a detailed account of every mortgage loan made by the Company, and is required to be so reported to the Government each year, I found that the interest was remarkably well paid during the past year and that a very moderate amount remains due and in arrears. Perhaps one reason for this is that the Company has been very conservative in making loans, being careful to limit its operations to the most desirable parts of the city, hence, so far as I can judge, the Company has no bad or doubtful loans or any likely to result in loss. In these times of uncertain values this will be exceedingly gratifying news to you. The interest due at the end of the year was \$11,951.75, as you will see on reference to the Balance Sheet in your hands. A considerable portion of this has since been paid. Taking the cash invested assets of the Company, the amount of interest overdue at the close of the year is about three quarters of one per cent., which is a small amount and will bear favorable comparison with any other financial institution. The real estate consists of central and well-located first class properties. These properties are valued by Mr. Galley as now worth \$130,652, and are sure to increase in value and will, therefore, prove one of the most profitable of the company's investments.

2. Reversions—Consist of purchased endowment policies in other first-class life companies on the lives of persons who have insured in the North American Life. During the last two or three years some of these endowment policies have been paid with results entirely satisfactory.

3. Loans on policies—This item consists of advances made by the Company on its own policies to its policy-holders, and in these times it has proved of great advantage to many people who were thus able without any expense or trouble to obtain an advance on their policies in this company and in strong contrast with some of the largest companies in the United States, which, in reply to an inquiry for a loan, will tell the holders of their policies that they do not make advances on the same. This is one of the very best securities a company can hold, as the amount loaned, \$57,131.30, is represented by security of about \$121,000, held by the Company in its Assurance Fund as a liability.

4. The other items of investment are all so clearly set forth in the balance sheet that they do not appear to me to need any further explanation.

Heartly votes of thanks were tendered the board, officers and agents of the Company, and at a subsequent meeting of the newly elected board Mr. John L. Blaikie was unanimously re-elected President, and Hon. G. W. Allan and J. K. Kerr, Q. C., Vice-Presidents.

## The Church of God.

By AUGREY DE VERE.

Who is she that stands triumphant,  
 Rock in strength upon the rock,  
 Like some city crowned with towers  
 Heaving storm and earthquake shock?  
 Who is she her arms extending,  
 Blessing thus a world restored,  
 All the anthems of creation  
 Lifting to her throne the Lord?  
 Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre,  
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet!  
 Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom,  
 Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

As the moon its splendor borrows  
 From a sun unseen all night,  
 So from Christ the Son of Justice  
 Draws His church the sacred light,  
 Touched by His, her hands have healing,  
 Bread of life, absolving key.  
 Christ incarnate is her bridegroom,  
 The Spirit here, His temple she—  
 Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre,  
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet!  
 Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom,  
 Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Empires rise and sink like billows,  
 Vanish and are seen no more,  
 Glorious as the star of morning  
 She o'erlooks their wild uproar.  
 Hers the household all-embracing,  
 Hers the vine that shadows earth;  
 Nest thy children, mighty mother,  
 Safe the stranger at thy hearth.  
 Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre,  
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet.  
 Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom,  
 Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Like her Bridegroom, heavenly, human,  
 Crowned and militant in one,  
 Chanting nature's great assumption  
 And the abasement of the Son,  
 Her Magnificat, her dirges,  
 Harmonize the faring years,  
 Hands that fling to heaven the censor  
 Wipe away the orphan's tears  
 Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre,  
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet!  
 Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom,  
 Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

## THE VOICE OF CHARITY.

At St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, Sunday night, 28th Jan., there was a great congregation assembled to listen to an eloquent charity sermon, delivered by Rev. Father Teefy, Principal of St. Michael's College, Toronto, on the subject of charity, under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul Society.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor occupied a seat in the Sanctuary, and Vespers were sung by the Rev. Father Kelly.

Rev. Father Teefy took his text from the second epistle of St. Peter, chap. I, verse 10.

The speaker began by saying that the cause of the poor needed no special introduction, it was always an eloquent one. Christianity was defined as the religion of poverty, in the higher sense. Man was by nature, hungry and naked and needed to be clothed with God's righteousness. Christ came to save man, yet much remained to be done to revolutionize society which was done by Christ's coming who came with the Gospel to the poor, and established a two-fold Gospel of charity—love to God and love to His neighbour. Unselfishness was to be the law. His disciples had to deny themselves—give their goods to the poor. This was the foundation of Christian society. Christianity was to spring from the eternal source of all sanctity and carry the light to all parts of the earth. Christ's mission was to the poor man—He raised him up and placed him upon the throne of the princes of the earth. Religion was not contented with merely dealing out alms to the poor; it ennobled, honoured and elevated them. No man could be raised except by arousing his self-respect. When Christ crowned and sceptred poverty, He did it by sanctifying the state of poverty by becoming poor, that, through His poverty, we might become rich. Lowliness marked all the natural life of Christ—in the manger, the carpenter shop, Calvary's death scene and the stranger's grave. Christ raised poverty from the grave, where four thousand years of selfishness and self-seeking had buried it.

Our blessed Lord also showed His love to poverty by preaching a special Gospel to the poor—His message to John the Baptist was that the poor had the Gospel preached to them; as it was then, so it is now. It was not in pomp, power or great deeds, but in the hospital, the lazar house and the home of the poor that you would see the Christ of God. Christ in his sermon on the mount said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." This message grated on the ears of selfishness and pride in these days as it did in Christ's days. Christ laid it down that unless we entered into the spirit of the poor we could have no share in His kingdom. The rich man was condemned, not for unrighteous riches, but because he closed his door and his ears to Lazarus and refused him bread. Christ again dignified poverty by making the poor his representatives, by doing good in His name—"As often as ye do it to the least of one of these, ye have done it unto Me." How would we have felt delighted and honored if we had lived in these days, if we could have opened our homes to Christ who had not where to lay his head, but we had the consolation of knowing that as often as we did a kindness to the least of Christ's poor, we did him a personal service. Our refusal to give needed alms affected not the poor alone, but Christ Himself. What consolation was it that by giving to the poor we might do service to the Great Master Himself. In doing good to the poor as Christ and the Church taught, we were serving Christ. This accounted for the devotion of pious men and women to the cause of the poor. In all ages Christianity went forth without purse or scrip to preach the gospel of poverty. Young men and maidens in the first flush of their youth had consecrated themselves to the service of the poor. The Church had always been teaching the rich to give and the poor to be patient. She sent forth sisterhoods and brotherhoods of every kind to minister to the poor. The Church's religious and charitable societies were her glory, and of these that of St. Vincent de Paul was one of the greatest. This society was organized in Paris in 1833, with a membership of only eight, and now the society had spread all over the world. The audience were present to show their sympathy to the society by giving alms, which would be distributed among the poor in a manner which the givers were not in a position to do themselves. When the St. Vincent de Paul members went forth with faith, which bore both alms and words of comfort, they were doing Christ's works and deeds. The harder the times the more generous the rich should be, because hard times that bore lightly on the wealthy crushed the poor.

The musical portion of the service was excellent. The Magnificat was Rossi's, in which Messrs. R. J. Hiller and Geo. Ball took the solos with good effect. During the offertory the duet, "O Sponse Mi"—Lambillotte—was well sung by Mrs. Geo. Ball and Mr. Hiller. At the Benediction Miss Minnie Hurley sang, with fine effect, Concone's "O Salutaris," and the choir sang Lambillotte's "Tantum Ergo." The recessional organ voluntary by Miss Kate Hurley was worthy of special mention.

A collection was taken which amounted to between \$85 and \$90, to be added to the funds of the society.—*Examiner.*

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Dr. Richard Cronin, of Carraghmore Lodge, Slane, has been appointed a magistrate for the county Meath.

## Friendship.

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between friendship, pure, unadulterated and unselfish, and that sentimentalism which we are apt to mistake for friendship, but which is only a flimsy imitation of the real feeling. The poet has said:

"Disguise so near the truth doth seem to run,  
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek or whom to shun;  
 Nor when to spare nor when to strike,  
 Our friends and foes they seem so much alike."

How forcibly have we at times realized the truth of this, and what a bitter shock it has caused us to learn that he whom we regarded as a true friend, in whom we trusted so implicitly, to whom we confided our inmost thoughts, our secret longings and our ambitions, was unworthy the name of friend—had only feigned regard for us so long as his own interests might be served thereby, and who hesitated not, when it suited his purpose, to betray that trust which we had reposed in him. It is said that "no one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know who his friend is until he is unhappy."

Friendship enters the abode of sorrow and wretchedness, and causes happiness and peace. It knocks at the lonely and disconsolate heart and speaks words of encouragement and joy. Its allpowerful influence hovers over contending armies and unites deadly foes in the closest bonds of sympathy and kindness. Its eternal and universal fragrance dispels every poisoned thought of envy, and purifies the mind with a holy and priceless contentment which all the pomp and power of earth cannot bestow.

It does not require great effort to make or retain a friend.

"A little word in kindness spoken,  
 A motion or a tear,  
 Has often healed a heart that's broken,  
 And made a friend sincere."

We may be members of the same church, we may belong to this or that society, yet remember this one thing: "True friendship can only be found to bloom in the soil of a noble and self-sacrificing heart."

Friendship is one of the greatest boons that God can bestow on man. It is the union of our finest feelings, a sympathy between two hearts. It is an undefinable trust which we reposit in another—a constant communication between two minds—an unrelenting anxiety for each other's souls. What, then, is the root and cause of friendship? Sympathy. Sympathy conceives friendship. Friendship—love. Love is friendship. The tree that bears love also bears Friendship.

Lastly, note this thought: Friendship is immortal—the friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those whom we behold no more appear and more sacred when we behold them through the shades of the sepulchre; or as we think of them beyond the stars, with smiles of joy upon their faces waiting and waiting for their friends to meet them where friendship will be complete and love will be perfect.

Members of the choir of the Church of Our Lady and their friends were entertained to a drive to Preston on Monday evening, Jan. 29th, on the invitation of Rev. Father Kenny, S. J. Three cariole loads left the city about seven o'clock. Owing to the very slippery condition of the roads the journey down was slow and rather dangerous. One of the conveyances upset and a young lady received a painful but not serious wound on the head. A few hours were spent in the parlors of the Del Monte, Preston, in a very enjoyable manner and the party arrived home the following morning after another rather wearisome ride, tired but well pleased with the annual outing.—*M. T. R., Guelph.*

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**REV. FATHER CASEY.**

Addresses and Presentations by his Flock.

At eight o'clock Mass, Sunday, 26th January, the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, presented the Rev. Father Casey with the following address, accompanied by a purse of \$100:

To the Venerable Archdeacon Casey, P.P., Campbellford.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—We, on behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, on this, the eve of your departure from our Parish, desire to express our sincere regret that you have been called from amongst us to another sphere of duty; but while it is a source of sorrow that you should leave us, it is a source of gratification to know that you are promoted to a higher position in the diocese, and given a larger field for the exercise of those qualities which have brought you so much success in the past.

For the last fifteen years that you have exercised your priestly ministrations among us you have endeared yourself to all by the faithful and zealous manner in which you have fulfilled the duties of your sacred office.

Whether offering up the Holy Sacrifice, or ministering to the sick and dying, or performing the many other duties of your calling, you have always displayed the zeal and devotion characteristic of the faithful Priest.

When first you came to us our parish was weak in numbers and material resources; but now, in great measure on account of the prudent and fostering care exercised by you in relation to all matters affecting our welfare, we are much stronger financially and numerically, and as evidence of this we can point with pardonable pride to the property secured to the Church since your advent here, to the Presbytery built by you, and to the many improvements made in the Church.

In the Christian education of the children of the Parish you have ever evinced a laudable zeal, and in season and out of season have striven to inculcate the truths of our Holy Religion in the minds of the young.

That a feeling of good-will and harmony exists between all classes and creeds in this community is due in no small degree to your prudent efforts in all matters pertaining to the public welfare, and we sincerely trust that like results will attend your work in the parish of Peterborough.

As a token of the love and esteem in which you are held by us all, we herewith present you with the accompanying purse, and trust that you will be spared many years of usefulness in your sacred ministry.

Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, the 23th day of January, A.D., 1894.

JOHN McGRATH, MATHEW GALVIN,  
THOMAS CALLAGHAN, D. J. LYNOCH,  
THOMAS BLUTE, JAMES GILSON,  
CORNELIUS O'SULLIVAN, DUNCAN KERR,  
DANIEL BLACK.

**FATHER CASEY'S REPLY.**

In reply Father Casey said that he thanked the congregation of St. Mary's from his heart for their kind address and the accompanying purse. It was but another expression of their unceasing kindness and generosity towards him. It was true when he came here that the Catholics of Campbellford were few; and if to-day they are numerically and financially stronger, it is due to their own efforts. The property acquired, the Presbytery, and the improvements made, are the result of the voluntary offerings of a generous people. His greatest pleasure was in the lambs of his flock, the children of the congregation. In their innocent and candid faces he always saw their love and respect for him. In seeking the Christian Education of the children he always bore in mind that the children of this generation will be the men and women of the future generation; that the lessons of truth and piety which they received was a source of edification and sanctification to their parents and others. As a trustee of the school he must say that on all occasions his wishes were respected and everything done to secure harmony and avoid contentions.

In speaking of the kindly feeling that has existed among all classes and creeds, he said that it was due to themselves—that they put into practice the Commandment of our Lord: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." As we should love God first, before and above all, for His own sake, so should we love our fellow-men without distinction for His sake. It is the practice of this precept that has preserved the harmony that has always existed in this community.

It was for him a consolation to know that their good wishes and prayers would follow him to his new mission. He himself would never forget the years spent in Campbellford, nor its good people. While asking their prayers, he promised to always make a memento of them when offering up the Holy Sacrifice.

**WARKWORTH'S ADDRESS.**

At half-past ten o'clock Mass on the same day the Congregation of St. Jerome's Church, Warkworth, presented Father Casey with the follow-

ing address, together with a purse of \$16.00:

REV. DEAR FATHER—It is with feelings of unfeigned regret that circumstances call upon us this day to present you with this humble address, couched as it is in very humble language, but it is the language of the heart, the greatest of all languages.

We assure you, dear Father, that while highly pleased to hear of your well-merited promotion, it was a most sudden and unwelcome surprise to hear the announcement made us a short time ago that you were so soon to be taken from us and assigned to another field of duty.

The fifteen years we have been together as priest and people have been marked by the most cordial and amicable relations that could possibly exist, not the slightest ripple of misunderstanding having ever occurred during that long period; and we will ever cherish in loving remembrance the happy years we have spent together as pastor and flock.

By your kindness of heart, and liberal, Christian spirit, you have not only endeared yourself to your own people, but also to our Christian friends of other denominations, some of whom are present here to-day to join with us in manifesting how highly we all appreciate your nobleness of character in recognizing so fully the brotherhood of mankind—a trait of character which we should all try to emulate.

Rev. dear Father, it grieves us to know that this is our last meeting as pastor and people; but knowing that our loss in this instance is the gain of the Church elsewhere, and recognizing that it is the will of God, from whom proceeds all authority, like dutiful children of the Church, we humbly bow in obedience.

Accept then, dear Father, this humble donation from your loving children here as a parting token of the love and esteem in which you are held by them. We ask you to accept it, not so much for its worldly value, which is little, but for the spirit in which it is given, which cannot be measured by dollars and cents.

We assure you, dear Father, that you will have our prayers and good wishes wherever duty may call you in the future; and we humbly ask to be remembered in your prayers, and now reluctantly bid you a loving farewell.

Signed on behalf of St. Jerome's Congregation of Warkworth.

THOS. O'REILLY, P. GALLAGHER,  
M. LONERGAN, THOS. ROURKE,  
JOHN SIRVANT, P. BURNS.

**REPLY.**

In reply, Father Casey said that their beautiful and most feeling address was indeed a consolation to him, now that the ties which as pastor and people had so long united them were about to be sundered. He would always have a fond place in his heart for the good people of Warkworth. The true "brotherhood of men" was the fulfilling of the Commandment of our Blessed Redeemer: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It was grateful to his heart that they had put into practice his teaching. He hoped the same harmony might always exist among them. He thanked them again for their feeling, kind and sympathetic address and for their generous purse, coming so soon after their very generous offering at Christmas, and asked God to bless them and their families.

**ADDRESS OF THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.**

In the evening after Vespera the Ladies of the League of the Sacred Heart, Campbellford, presented Father Casey with an address, and also a gold-headed cane and purse. The address reads as follows:

To the Venerable Archdeacon Casey, P.P.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—There is about us to-night a strange feeling of sadness—a something we can not find words to express—and dear Father, the chosen one in whom devolves the honored, yet sad task of opening to you the hearts of your devoted children, "The League of the Sacred Heart," your charge, your hope, your staff, for so many happy by gone hours, must to night bid farewell to the pastor, whose heart, burning with love from that radiant Heart on high, has kindled deep the fire of divine charity; and from this furnace has gone forth the flame throughout the length and breadth of this parish, uniting all as one in the lovely devotion, it has been your aim to advance. Circling years will pass; from youth's pursuits must we turn; but ever as we glance, the memory of your noble work will meet us, and our fond hearts will see adown the aisles of time, wherever it may be your chance to roam, hoping, trusting that God's work, so well begun in our midst, may be continued in faire fields and more fruitful soil.

Then to-night a staff we bring—of gold. Nay: brilliant the lustre and cheering its sheen—but more lasting support must you have; so from nature's rugged wood have we carried her staff—strong as the bands of love and gratitude in your cherished "League." As the "Sacred Heart" sustains your soul,

so may it support your steps into the portal of heaven.

Then "God speed" our loving pastor and all his ways be graced in the earnest prayer, we wish you, in the name of the associates, begging ever to have a share in your prayers and good works, for prayer makes friendship lasting.

Signed on behalf of the "League of the Sacred Heart."

Mrs. J. O'SULLIVAN, Mrs. J. CONLON,  
Mrs. J. GILSON, Mrs. T. BLUTE,  
Miss. A. GANNON, Miss. E. BOLAND.  
Campbellford, Jan. 23, 1894.

**REPLY.**

In response to the address from the ladies of the League of the Sacred Heart, Father Casey said he was indeed grateful to them for their flattering address; and the beautiful cane would no doubt be for him a support in many ways, for whenever he held it in his hand it would remind him that their prayers would be his greatest assistance in all the trials he may meet with in after life. He prayed them to continue the practice of this devotion, for it was the highest. It always kept before them the remembrance of the love of Jesus Christ for men, and their duty to make a return of love in the perfect fulfillment of the Commandments and the frequent reception of the sacrament.

**Rosa D'Erina.**

The Kingston Freeman of Jan. 24th says: On Friday evening last a concert was given at Perth under the auspices of the Pastor of St. John's Church, Rev. Father Duffus. Although a number of first-class entertainments had been given in the hall during the same week, on Friday night standing room was at a premium.

Rosa D'Erina, Ireland's renowned prima donna, assisted ably by Prof. Vantom, gave the audience two hours of unalloyed enjoyment. Rosa D'Erina's rendition of French, Italian, Spanish, as well as Scotch, English and Irish selections especially called forth well merited applause. Her voice is wonder fully pure and of great depth and range. Her piano and organ recitals were grand and carried the audience by storm. Prof. Vantom possesses a very fine tenor voice of much richness and the audience were agreeably surprised by all his well chosen selections.

His humorous pieces brought well merited encores. The professor is sure to be a favorite in the future, with a Perth audience while Rosa D'Erina has greatly increased her former popularity. Rev. Father Duffus is to be congratulated on the success of his concert, the proceeds exceeding those of any others held in the hall for many years.

The professor and madame remained over Sunday in Perth and at 10:30 a.m. St. John's was crowded to the doors almost as many Protestants as Catholics being present. On the occasion the prima donna gave several selections, the equal of which has never before been heard in Perth. Many who have heard most of the celebrated organists of Europe and America, say that they never heard her equal, while her voice from the excellent acoustic properties of the church sounded to much better advantage than in the hall. For two hours she kept the congregation almost spellbound by her beautiful music. The parishioners never really appreciated their fine organ till they heard what it could be made to produce under the magnetic touch of this great musician. The professor here also sang some beautiful selections, perhaps the finest of which was an "O Salutaris" of his own composition. They were both ably assisted by the regular choir, of whom madame was high in her praise of many of their fine voices. Before benediction Rev. Father Duffus preached an eloquent sermon on the attitude of the Church in relation to the fine arts. He dwelt strongly on the fact that the Church ever encouraged and fostered everything which developed the better side of man's nature. And speaking more particularly of the beautiful art of music, which, as the preacher so eloquently said, brings us so near to God; he showed how in every age the Church has acted as the friend and supporter of the most famous musicians of their time, and that they in return gave back, to the best of their ability, the brightest products of their genius for the glory of God. A very liberal collection was taken up and both pastor and people congratulated themselves on the success of their venture in bringing Rosa D'Erina and Prof. Vantom to Perth.

How to Cure Headache—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parrole's Vegetable Pills, containing Maudrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parrole's Pills a first class article for Billous Headache."

On January 1st, Mr. John Malone, coroner, Cookstown, held an inquest at Coalisland on the body of a woman named Susan Dalley, of Brackville, who had been missing since the 17th of November last. The jury found that deceased came to her death through accidental drowning.

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# The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1891.

## Calendar for the Week.

Feb. 8—S. John de Matha, Confessor.  
9—The Crown of Thorns of Our  
Blessed Lord  
10—S. Scholastica, Virgin.  
11—First Sunday of Lent  
12—S. Telesphore, Pope and Martyr.  
13—Ember Day, S. Gregory II., Pope  
and Confessor.  
14—S. Agathe, Pope and Confessor.

## Mr. Madill's Interview.

No severer commentary upon our educational system could be given than the interview between the new President of the Protestant Persecuting Association and a *Globe* reporter. Here is a man with a fair amount of learning—even making allowances for his failure at Knox College—with the title of reverend to his name, striking out right and left with the folly of a madman and the weakness of an imbecile. Were he satisfied with insulting Catholics by the ordinary mud-throwing we would not lay the blame on the schools, we would attribute it to something earlier in his life. But when he tramples our feelings under foot; when he blatantly threatens us; when he does not mind his own business; when to his little learning—that dangerous thing—he adds insolence; and to his insolence, vanity; and to his vanity, hypocrisy, he shows to the world that neither his education nor his religion has taught him the first principles of justice, right, duty or social virtue. He is a disgrace to both his religion and education. With the former we have nothing to do. Our concern is with the latter. Are the schools of the country, about which so much is boasted, teaching men to hate one another? Are they raising generations of bigots who have no respect for the feelings of others, no principle save selfishness, no patriotism save intestine war? What was the character of a school in which a demagogue of Mr. Madill's stamp was trained? What must be the state of the schools over which his lurid light now shines? Yet they ask us to go in with them, close our Separate Schools, and send our children to associate with companions like him, who will ridicule them, and teachers who will sneer at them, for what they hold most sacred. Even if no principle was at stake, self-respect would teach us to keep away. But we are not dealing with the principle of the Separate Schools; our contention just now is that we would do anything rather than have our children associate with Mr. M.'s young disciples. As for abolishing Separate Schools they might as well talk of preventing us from breathing the free air of heaven. We turn to the interview.

In the first place the doughty President tells us: "The P. P. A. is en-

tirely a religious movement." A new Crusade! Mr. Madill, and of course Margaret L. Shophard, the crusaders! Shades of the mighty dead! A religious movement! Why, man, it is neither religious nor movement; it is the greatest outrage on the God of charity, and the direst stagnation in the foul mire of bigotry and prejudice. A religious movement, forsooth!

Listen to this sage on Dominion politics: "There are Sir John Thompson and Mr. Laurier. Both parties are led by Roman Catholics. We want that changed." Just imagine the ir-Reverend Mr. M. going to the Earl of Aberdeen upon a change of Government, and saying that the P. P. A. cannot allow Mr. L. to form a Government, as the poor, unfortunate man happens to be a Catholic. What will his Excellency say? We think Mr. M. will feel nearly as mean as he must have felt when he used to try the Knox College examinations, and ended in trying. His little game in politics will have the same ridiculous finale. Let the cobbler stick to his last.

"What we want," he tells the reporter, "is to meet the solid Catholic vote, in which the old parties stand in such dread, with a solid Protestant vote, which will be able to uphold the politicians who withstand the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, and punish those who bow before it." A solid Catholic vote! And the leaders of the two parties Catholic! Why does not Sir John Thompson call Mr. Laurier into the Government, or Mr. Laurier take Sir John from the evil influence of Clarke Wallace? Solid Catholic vote! What impudence! Just as if the Catholics of this country were not as well able to judge a political question as men of Mr. Madill's calibre! Let them stop their aggression, their agitation, their attacks upon our institutions, their insults, and then it is time to talk. We deny the solidarity of our people, but if any thing will drive them into one camp rather than another it is the lash of a cowardly whip in the hands of an ignorant, insolent bigot like Mr. Madill.

"Government inspection of convents," asked the reporter, "and religious institutions is one of the planks of your platform?" "Yes," was the laconic reply. Had he been polite he would have added, Sir; and had he been truthful he would have added: "And a rotten old plank it is." We do so, however, without saying by your leave. It is the plank which the lily-white Margaret L. brought to the platform. The P. P. A., bound by a strong oath of secrecy, asks the Government to inspect our institutions, that are as open as any homes in the country. Nothing can equal that for cheek. Let the lodge-rooms of this new Association be thrown open, its books and signs. But, with a dark lantern in your hand, with a mask upon your face, you demand inspection of convents, etc. Such conduct is more of the highwayman than the patriot. Because Mr. Madill's religion begins and ends with himself; because it does not urge him to care for the poor, the orphans and the abandoned, then he is going to wage guerilla warfare against those who give their very lives for the little ones

of Christ. Back, ruffian. You are not worthy.

In both Dominion and Provincial topics the demands of the P. P. A., as announced by their President, are equalled in number only by the impudence of their nature. Look at those in regard to the schools:

"You are opposed to Separate Schools?" I asked, coming to Provincial topics. "Yes, we are working for their abolition. Of course they say the system is constitutional, but so was slavery. Meanwhile we want some changes in the school laws. We want the people all put upon the same footing. The Roman Catholics should be given the ballot, the Separate Schools should have the same text-books as the Public Schools, they should be taught by certificated teachers and be under the same system of inspection as Public Schools."

Long before that programme is carried out its originators will have been cast out as unprofitable servants. Why all this war on Separate Schools? Supposing they were done away with where would Mr. Madill stand? He would stand then where he stands now—on the narrow footing of his unjustifiable persecution. Hands off! Our convents, schools, charitable institutions are built upon the strong rock of religion and the broad ground of charity. The rains of bigotry and the winds of Reverend Bombasts may beat, but they cannot overturn them. They are defended by the Constitution of this country, and we Catholics still have confidence in the administration of justice and the execution of laws, in the Constitution under which we live, despite the loud talk and insults of unprincipled demagogues. But who has constituted Mr. M. champion of the Separate Schools? Unless he is totally ignorant he ought to mind his own business. He wishes our teachers to be examined. What consummate effrontery for a man who could not pass an examination himself, and who would not have a pulpit to-day if any intellectual test had been required. This man a guardian of education! It is too absurd to treat seriously. We dismiss him; half-educated, noisy, self-conceited, he has done more to disgrace the schools that brought him up than generations can undo, by the ignorance he displays and the unprincipled, arrogant attitude he takes towards his fellow citizens. Nor is he a true friend to the secret Association that nourished him into notoriety; for he talks when he should be silent, and betrays where he should defend. If a living example is needed which goes to prove the necessity of Separate Schools and religion in education, it is Mr. Madill and his interview with the *Globe*.

## Mr. Blake and His Tory Friends.

The enemies of Ireland's peace and freedom, both in England and Canada, are unscrupulous in their efforts to depreciate the great work and recognized talents of the Hon. Edward Blake in his advocacy of aid and sympathy for the cause of Home Rule. The spiteful and bigoted comments of the Balfour and Salisbury journals are eagerly seized and transferred to the columns of the *Empire*, *Spectator*, *London Free Press*, and other Tory sheets. It would seem as though a combine of malicious misrepresentation exists among all Conservative organs at home and abroad. The highly-gifted member for South Long-

ford, who has been invited to lecture in all the great cities of England, is set down as a failure and a disappointment. While invitations to speak in public halls from Boston to Washington, from Ottawa to Manchester, are crowding on him the malevolent Balfourian organs declare him to be no orator, and that his place is in Canada.

We have no doubt that while being a source and a means of delightful recreation, and a most enjoyable break in the monotony of forensic life, his experience of British legislation, his intimate acquaintance with Ireland's whole-souled representatives, and his ready admittance to a knowledge of the secret springs and power by which his great Empire is moved must prove of incalculable value to one already distinguished as a constitutional barrister and a statesman. Whether the Hon. Edward Blake limits his time and occupation to the narrow confines of Provincial legislation, or wishes to extend the sphere of his legal and constitutional experience to the wider and more important fields of Imperial diplomacy, it is quite certain that he will not consult the *Empire* or take advice from the Balfourian sheets that would fain minimize his work and his mission in the cause of Home Rule for Ireland.

In order, if possible, to bring discredit on the self-sacrificing efforts of Mr. Blake to raise funds wherewith to secure proper representation in the House of Commons, the Tory press has of late resorted to the infamy of associating his name and work with the secret associations and dynamiters who, in the United States, are said to trade on the credulity of ignorant labourers and servant girls. No good result has ever come from skirmishing funds, or money raised for armed cruisers to sweep the seas of British commerce. When England is inclined to make friends with the Irish people and grant some compensation for the wrongs of the past, it is very inopportune, not to say suicidal and atrocious, to threaten war and annihilation on her very existence as a nation. That the Hon. Edward Blake would lend countenance to such folly is possible of conception or expression only by the most desperate of Ireland's implacable enemies.

In the *St. Thomas Times* of Thursday Jan. 25 we find the following choice selection:

Mr. Blake's efforts to raise funds in Canada for the Irish agitators are being slyly associated in the United States. The tactics pursued there differ considerably from those used here, but they doubtless suit those with whom they are employed. The American contribution will be the result of an appeal such as this, of which the President of the Irish National League of America is the author:—"Men of the Irish race join in one grand combination that will overthrow the British Empire. Sink all your differences and swear by all that is sacred to you that never again will an unbrotherly word be spoken, never again a wrong step be taken, till the British Empire hauls down the flag, and the green, white and orange of the Irish republic is waving over Dublin. If you do this you can strike the British Empire in every quarter of the globe and send her tottering to her place among the dead empires of the past." If that fails to draw money in the United States the cause of Ireland is doomed.

Mr. Gannon, President of the Irish National League of America, never penned a line of the above bellicose address. We are really in doubt if the League be still in existence. Of one thing we are very certain: that if

any money be raised by such foolish appeals, not one cent of it shall ever reach the coffers of the Irish Federation, of which Mr. Justin McCarthy is the leader, and of which Mr. Blake is the eloquent and powerful exponent.

The Home Rule party, now battling for Ireland's independence, have two great opponents to contend with, viz: The Unionists, who charge it with dismemberment of the Empire; and the Extremists, who may be well intentioned, but who, in every move they make and every word they utter, are playing into the hands of the Coercionists, and retarding the progress of the great cause that very soon must decide the fate of Ireland for this next century.

The cause itself is now so far advanced that no power the Unionists may employ can destroy it. It can be wrecked only by disunion among the Irish themselves; and the extremists, who listen to no reason and bow to no majority, help every day to maintain and to widen that fatal disunion.

### The Ballot in Separate Schools.

In another column will be found an interview with Archbishop Cleary upon the ballot. The opinion of the Archbishop of Kingston commands attention not only by reason of his official capacity but also on account of his deep learning and the clear insight he has in questions ecclesiastical, social and political. It would be out of place for us to comment upon an opinion emanating from such a distinguished source. Nor have we any desire to keep up a discussion upon a subject, which if not already settled, ought to be by the able pronouncement of Dr. Cleary. Our purpose is merely to refer to the *Globe's* comments. In its issue of Saturday last our esteemed contemporary remarked: "But for the unfortunate intrusion of theology the matter would be settled very easily." Why that is just it. What use would there be for Separate Schools, Churches, and a number of other things if it were not for "the intrusion of theology?" It is because theology intrudes upon our daily conduct; because it teaches that we have not here an abiding city; that it is not man's highest aim in life to build up a State—it is on account of these things that social problems are rendered somewhat more complex. Admit Christian theology at all, and the State must yield in matters of religion, education and charity. It thereupon becomes an intrusion of the State. But is this so-called intrusion of theology unfortunate? Far from it—and one has only to turn his eyes towards Europe's gathering storm to see that the only protection for society is in the sanctuary which theology has intruded upon the civilized world.

So far as the Separate Schools go their administrators are the divinely appointed guardians of faith, viz., the Hierarchy. Between them and the Parents and the State there need be no quarrel, and would be none if there was no demagogic interference. It is with great pride we refer to the earnest Lenten pastoral of his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, which was published

in our last issue to show the solicitude of the prelates—*ad unum discimus omnes*—upon the efficiency of these important institutions of elementary education.

### A Good Point.

In an article of last week entitled "How Tigers are Tamed," the *Catholic Record* makes an excellent point in touching upon the *Mail's* claim that Archbishop Cleary's threat was altogether unnecessary. We quote one paragraph which caught us by its vigor, its kindly allusion to the memory of Archbishop Lynch, and its wish for the zealous Dr. Cleary's continued strength in the sacred cause of truth and liberty—a wish we most cordially echo:

The editor's third and last pleading is put in these extremely modest words: "The announcement by the Archbishop that he will take action against the *Mail*, should any more libels be issued against him in its columns, is an unnecessary warning." Oh! yes, wholly unnecessary. Doesn't the world know that the *Mail's* journalistic morality repudiates and abhors the use of the press for purposes of detraction or calumny? Far be it from the editor's honorable mind to allow any desperate ex-priest or ex-nun or secret society man to pour out the venom of a self-degraded and vindictive spirit upon the pages of his immaculate journal. But, jokes apart, was there ever since the days when Voltaire used to publish his articles against Our Divine Lord Jesus Christ, denouncing Him as an "infamous wretch," a more bare-faced system of calumny of the highest and best and most respected members of society, than has been practised by the *Mail* for the past eight years? One, two, or three of his daily issues every week abound in it. Ostentatious, indeed, he guards against the penalties of the law by the vulgar artifice of slandering the Catholic Church in general, or the Hierarchy in general, or the priesthood in general, these being, it is supposed, barred from prosecuting him, because they are neither individuals nor legalised corporations. But very frequently he has forgotten to employ the stale artifice, and has filled his columns with the most atrocious and revolting fabrications against the best and most useful members of the community. It was enough to stimulate his malice, that they were consecrated dignitaries of the Church of God, honored and loved by all classes of society for their sanctity and usefulness of life. It was deemed quite safe to publish most evil things against them, inasmuch as every one is aware of the extreme reluctance of high ecclesiastical dignitaries to make complaint in the courts of law. Their personal reputation, moreover needed no defence, and they did not want revenge. Shall the citizens of Toronto and of the Province of Ontario ever till their latest breath rid their minds and memories of the loathsome heaps of foulest reminiscence forced upon them by the *Mail's* unparalleled vituperation and repeated slanders against the late Archbishop Lynch? And are they not edified by the tradition of the saintly example of the venerable prelate's patience and piety when the day before his death (about a week after the *Mail's* latest outrage upon him) he made public declaration of his thankfulness to God for having kept him innocent of those horrid charges of the *Mail*, and then, added a profession of his whole-hearted forgiveness of his calumniators, in imitation of Jesus Christ on the cross and St. Stephen while being stoned to death. We might adduce other and more recent instances of equally base and even more wicked defamation of those whom Catholics revere and love the most as pastors, fathers, friends. But our profound respect for the feelings of the living restrain us here. We will only say of them, in the language of Swift, "The worst people are the most abused by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at." The Archbishop of Kingston's legal admonition to the *Mail* man was not, therefore, "unnecessary," but rather of a supreme necessity; and, furthermore, was, as we declared last week, most opportune, and is sure to be effective. This is why all the Catholics of Ontario, from end to end of the Province, are so delighted in his action—just the right thing at the right time. May His Grace never fail to take a foremost place in meeting the onslaughts of the enemies of the Catholic people, and bravely defending our civil and religious liberties?

The Congregation of the Oblates has suffered a heavy loss by the death of Father P. J. Corne, Superior of the "Grand Seminaire" of Frejus in France.

### Dr. McCully's Letter.

A letter appeared in a late number of the *Globe* from the pen of S. E. McCully, M.D. Forget not that S. E. is (an appendage) of the name McCully. It may serve as a key to the labyrinth of wholesale slaughter to which the Catholic religion is subjected. Indeed when we read a few sentences, grasped their tone, and, scanning the article, saw the name McCully, M.D., attached, we naturally thought that it was an advertisement of Pink or Yellow Pills. It was not such, however, directly. Indirectly, perhaps, it served that purpose. The whole epistle is a cauldron of wrathful bigotry, seething with intolerance and foaming with hatred towards everything Catholic.

The Doctor takes up the cudgel against Mr. Laurier, who lately so eloquently defended his position as a Catholic and a citizen before his constituents. The Doctor expresses his respect for Mr. Laurier. At least he says there is no one inside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church for whom he entertains such respect. The Lord deliver the rest of us from his respect! We are not going to refute Dr. McCully's statements. It would occupy too much useful space to deal with so irate an opponent. The whole article is replete with wild insinuations and glaring ignorance of Catholic doctrines. A child of fifteen years could easily correct him.

The *Globe* sizes the M.D. up in a mild editorial breathing of solemn contempt. It begins thus: "We are really at a loss to know what fault is found with the Liberal leader by Dr. McCully." He can find but one fault, and that he labors in agony to express—Mr. Laurier is a Catholic.

Dr. McCully's style of argument in handling the great Liberal leader is best expressed by giving an example from his letter:

"Political pyrotechnics, no matter how magnificent the display, may for a moment light up the dense mental darkness of the average French-Canadian. Such oratorical fireworks may, like the magnificent displays of the aurora borealis, light up in brilliant rainbow colors, in massive rhythms of fatuous fantastic colors the zenith; but when in a moment they dissolve and melt into nothingness they leave to the observer the chilly blue, eternal depths of ether beyond, dotted by the cold, twinkling wanderers, whose pathway, guided by infinite wisdom and power, will continue through eternity the same. Will this class of oratory cure the ills of our constitution of Canada, or the dissensions of its religious sects?"

"Oratorical fireworks!" Why, here is a live volcano, with all its sulphuric stenches—an irruption of bad rhetoric and empty bosh.

The Doctor considers it a national humiliation to think that the brightest minds of our country "are forced to submit to the pretensions" of the Catholic Church. This should be a pointer for you, Doctor, for not only the brightest minds of this country, but also the brightest minds of other countries submit, but are not "forced to submit," to this Church—F. S. Newman, Manning, Windthorst, &c., &c.

It is useless to follow the line of misstatements when the Doctor undertakes "to prove." He but shows his ignorance of the first principles of Catholic teachings when he quotes encyclicals or Catholic authors. Again Dr. McCully's idea of Papal infallibility is mental aberration.

If we were to deal with the Doctor's letter more seriously we would refer our readers to the last sentence of the *Globe's* editorial, mentioned above, viz: "We ask any candid man to read his (Mr. Laurier's) noble address side by side with Dr. McCully's letter and judge for himself." But cannot the letter be interpreted in another light? S. E. McCully is a professional

man. Now, a profession may be boomed, or something more profitable may be taken up. The bigotry cry is an "Upon Sesame" to certain communities at the present time. Perhaps the Doctor reads the times correctly, has found an opening for latent talent, and is determined to profit thereby. Who would have heard of "Jumbo" Campbell were it not for his talent for oratory (?) in the Queen's Park? And who, perchance, would have heard (outside his own narrow circle) did he not come out in print on this popular subject? But, *o mores!* *o tempora!*

### Miss Golding.

In these days of rescued nuns and ex-priests it is well to keep track of them as far as possible; for we cannot tell when their history will be useful. Concerning the latest who has figured to her own disadvantage in England, reports reach us of an official investigation. Father Cooney, S. J., puts the truth before the public in the *Bournemouth Observer*, which in substance is as follows:

Miss Golding had stated that she saw many nuns die of poisoning in the ten Convents named by her, in which she said she actually lived. Upon investigation it was found that no nuns had died in any of the Convents in which she was during her actual residence, except St. Omer, where two died. Miss Golding became more careful afterwards in her statement. She now puts it that "she did not see nuns die, but she saw them in a state of dying, and, in her opinion, from a slow poison."

A few names of places were given by Miss Golding where there were convents in which she had resided, and in which ladies were poisoned and died from the effects while she was there. Of these Dunes and Hesdin are two. Dunes does not exist, and she never was at Hesdin. When challenged with the fact that she never was at Dunes, she said it was an error. "The name of one of the Convents by some means (perhaps I spoke indistinctly at the time) was spelled 'Dunes' instead of 'Dour.'" She means, therefore, that she had been residing at Dour. Now, she never was at Dour either. And the Superior-General of the Convent certifies that only one nun died at Dour, viz. in 1880. Thus we could pursue this subject, which can only be of interest to many of our readers from the prospect of a visit from Miss Golding. When her little game of deceit and belying of distant convents is over in England she will no doubt wing her flight to our land of religious liberty, where the P. P. A. and its patroness, Margaret L., will gladly welcome her.

### Libel in Indiana.

The *American Eagle* is a newspaper published at Fort Wayne, Indiana. In one of its issues lately there appeared an outrageous imputation upon an orphan asylum which is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, imputing crime to the spiritual directors. Alarm was felt, even in the ranks of the rash A.P.A.; the article was taken out, and as many copies as possible in which it had appeared were bought up. It was too late. A copy of the first edition was brought to Bishop Rademacher, who took prompt action. An affidavit was executed charging the Editor with criminal libel, and a warrant immediately issued for his arrest. In fact, as the slander applied to the Superior of the Asylum, to the Bishop as overseer of the whole diocese, and to the Priest attending the Institution, the Editor, a Mr. Bidwell, was threatened with several criminal suits. It was also intended to enter a civil suit for \$10,000, not with the idea of recovering damages, but for the purpose of finding out the informant.

Weekly Retrospect.

We often hear it said, the world is wide, and it would seem, there should be plenty of room for everybody. So there is, and if it were not for the selfishness of its inmates, we would not see such things recorded in our dailies as "Starved to Death." Fancy! in the great city of New York, where several individuals are the owners of millions, that a poor human being should drop down on the street, and die from starvation. He had been a canvas man in Barnum's circus, and was waiting for the season to begin, doing odd jobs in the meantime, had eaten nothing for two days, and had just been given a ticket for a meal at the soup kitchen of one of the charitable institutions, by the mission and lodging house in the Bowery. If he was honest and industrious, imagine the tramping up and down begging a little work here and there, perhaps not believed when he said he was hungry, he may not have said it in words, but surely it was expressed in his emaciated form. How is it, we think so little of our poor fellow-creatures, we who have plenty? Such a state of things should not be so, there must surely be some remedy for it, but it is not for us in this column to dictate to governments of cities and countries what to do, but it is heart-rending to think of fellow-beings in want of the common necessities of life.

Pleasure so eagerly sought after is not always attainable in the mad rush of the age. Society makes a vain effort to cast a glamour of would be happiness, and perhaps the debutante, dazzled by the glare of the bright ball-room and the dreamy notes of Strauss may in her imagination think herself really happy. "Happiness is not to be bought," says Mrs. Lynn Linton in an essay on "Unpurchasable" in a recent number of the Queen. "Misfortune is not to be exorcised by gold; and that exquisite flower which, by the way, those find soonest who seek least, hangs high above the reach of both buyer and seller in the marketplace where so much else has its price. Can we buy? Hardly. We can buy attentions, and the flattering servility of those who gather round for crumbs and hold up glycerined glasses for the safe catch of such bits of gold leaf as may be floating about off the main pillars. The fewer things are purchasable, and the more there are which neither gold nor love can buy from the hand of honor and the safe-keeping of justice, the grander the nation and the nobler the time."

Writing books and book making seem to be the fashionable fad among the leisured class. We see that the Duchess of Buckingham and Ohandos is publishing selections from letters written by her to friends, while on a tour recently in America, Australia and New Zealand. It would be rather amusing to read the first impressions a country has made on an English Duchess.

Miss Marie Correlli's new work Barabbas is now being translated into Hindustani. Her "Romance of Two Worlds," is now in the hands of her publishers and will appear in Lucknow this month in that language.

Now that the Lenten season has commenced we must no longer give descriptions of evening gowns, but we could not resist this one, even if it be too late for the festivities of Society. "A gown of palest sea-green brocade, the full corsage being moulded to the figure by lines of silver passementerie, forming a narrow corset; there are /squares and sleeves of moss green velvet, shown beneath a frill of *ccru* lace." This pretty dress was worn by one of the charming young Dublin beauties, at a farewell At-Home, given by the retiring lady-Mayoress at the Mansion House in that city.

Another pretty gown seen there was a "primrose satin with tablier and bertha of pale blue satin with delicately embroidered design."

A Great Breakwater.

Progress is being rapidly made on the construction of the Point Judith breakwater, which has been termed the most difficult piece of engineering ever attempted on the New England coast. Up to the 10th of October 12,546 tons of stone had been placed in position. The stone is being taken from the Hazard quarry on the west side of Narragansett Bay, where the supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. More than one hundred men are engaged in getting the stone out after the blasts, of which there are from two to six each day. As no stone which does not exceed a certain minimum weight is accepted by the inspector for the work, care has to be exercised in the selection of the blocks. The stone is carried to the site of the work, on the breakwater—which is a mile and a half west by north of Point Judith—on scows that are towed down the bay for twelve miles by a powerful steel tug. The discharge of the blocks is attended with great difficulty on account of the ground swells which seem to prevail off the point at all seasons of the year. The particular part of the breakwater just now under construction is at the southerly end of Squid Ledge, at what are called the east and west wings, and where the structure makes a curve to the east on a line with the old buoy set to mark the reef. The present plan, adopted by both the inspector and superintendent is to finish as nearly as possible each portion of the wall of the breakwater before proceeding to another part of the work, and so well and thoroughly has this idea been carried out that the results of their labor are already apparent at low water, where in one or two places the wall of the new breakwater is distinctly visible.

"May God Forgive Your Cook."

Cardinal Manning, who was, as we all know, as thin and emaciated as "Spaight of Limerick," when in Liverpool was visiting a convent where an Irishwoman was cook. She begged and prayed for the blessing of the Cardinal. The Mother Superior presented the request to him, with which he kindly complied. The cook was brought in, knelt down before him, and received his blessing; whereupon she looked up at him and said, "May the Lord preserve your Eminence; and oh, may God forgive your cook!"

Wit and Humor.

"Have you read that article on 'How to tell a bad egg?'"

"No, I haven't, but my advice would be: If you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why, break it gently."

Some good stories are told of provincial mayors and their wives. Here is one: The Queen and Princess Beatrice had opened an exhibition, and then in the visitors' book they appended their royal names—"Victoria" and "Beatrice." Next came the turn of the mayoress, who in a flowing hand wrote "Jane."

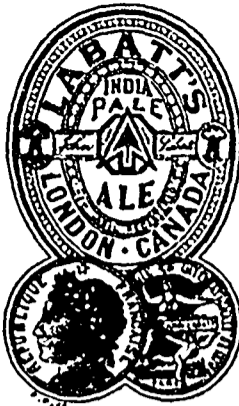
Office Boy—Mr. Gayman sent me to tell you not to keep dinner waitin' for 'im this evenin'. He's got to go to the lodge on important business.

Mrs. Gayman—To the lodge? Oh, yes. He is going to "ride the goat," I suppose.

Office Boy—No, I don't think it's a goat. I heard him tellin' Mr. Quickstep he was going out on a little lark.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness, and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

The numerous friends of the Most Rev. Dr. Gilhooly will be glad to learn that he has completely recovered from his recent severe indisposition. He celebrated Mass on Jan. 7th, as usual, and is now transacting his customary business.



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The most wholesome of beverages. Always the same, sound and palatable. ASK FOR THEM.

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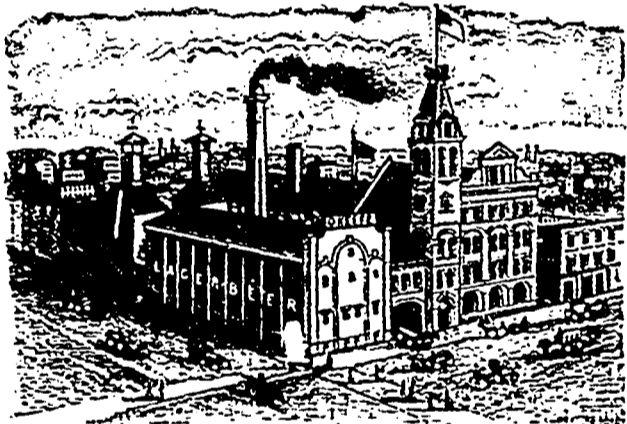
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Toronto Savings & Loan Co. 10 KING ST. WEST. Subscribed Capital, \$1,000,000. Paid up Capital, 600,000. Reserve Fund, 100,000. FOUR PER CENT. Interest allowed on deposits from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more. Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks. ROBERT JAFFRAY, President. A. E. AMES, Manager.



**SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.**

**Austria.**

On Sunday, Jan. 7th, another great fire broke out in Belfast, in the White street Steam Saw Mills, owned by Mr. Wm. McGee. The fire brigade reached the spot in the course of a few minutes, and soon five jets were playing on the burning premises, which consisted principally of a range of wooden sheds, surrounded by palls which had been thickly coated with tar. A large quantity of the wood was completely destroyed, but the books and a number of horses were saved. The roofs were burned off the sheds, and the shafting was completely twisted by the intense heat. The origin of the conflagration is not known. The place is a complete wreck, and about twenty men have been thrown out of employment. The mill, which was formerly owned by Sir Daniel Dixon, was uninsured.

**Armagh.**

The friends of the Rev. John Quinn, C.C., of Armagh, recently took opportunity to pay the Rev. gentleman a marked compliment. The circumstances under which legal proceedings were taken against Father Quinn, a short time ago, in the name of a certain Matthew Lennon,—who subsequently withdrew and publicly apologized for the action,—were such as to cause considerable annoyance and expense to Father Quinn; and his friends in Armagh took advantage of the occasion to testify their regret at the trouble which had been caused him. This took the shape of a testimonial covering all the expense to which Father Quinn had been put. Not the least pleasing part of the business was that until the deputation waited on him to make the presentation the Rev. gentleman was not aware that anything of the kind was contemplated.

**Carlow.**

The severity of the frost in Carlow, during the first week of January was on a par with what has been reported from other quarters of the country. Carriage to Dublin by the Canal was entirely stopped, and a couple of miles upwards, towards Athy, a boat of Messrs. Kelly, Dublin, was imprisoned in the ice. On Sunday, January 7th, two young ladies—Miss Donnelly and Miss Farrelly—residing at Montgomery street, Carlow, had a very narrow escape from drowning. They went to slide on the Barrow ice, opposite the gas house, and had only commenced their amusement when the ice broke and they went through within a few yards of the bank, and would certainly have lost their lives but for the prompt action of Mr. Paul A. Brown, solicitor, who immediately threw off his coat, and plunged in. Mr. Brown finding bottom close to where the young ladies had disappeared, was enabled to seize them, and bring them to the bank. They were in an exhausted state when rescued, but were quickly carried home, and the good care they received soon restored them.

**Clare.**

The obsequies of the late James Walsh, P.P., of Doora, took place on January 9th, at the solemn Office and High Mass being celebrated at 11 o'clock in Doora church. Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, presided. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. M. Carey, Adm., Eunis; deacon, Rev. J. Cunningham, C.C., Clare Castle; sub-deacon, Rev. P. Hogan, C.C., Ruan; master-of-ceremonies, Rev. P. O'Connell, Diocesan College, Ennis. In the choir were a large number of the clergy of the diocese, and the church was filled with the parishioners of the deceased priest.

**Cork.**

Colonel E. H. Holloy, R.A., has been selected for the command of the Royal Artillery in the Cork District, in the place of Colonel Gorham, R.A., who retired under the "ago" rules.

On Jan. 5th, the Rev. Canon Warren, Protestant Dean of Cork, died after a long illness. Canon Warren was appointed Dean of Cork about three years ago, on the death of Dean Madden. His death is deeply regretted by the Protestant community there.

The British Postmaster-General, replying to a letter of inquiry from Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., says there is no intention of terminating the present arrangement by which Queenstown is made the port of departure for the British American mails.

**Donnegal.**

On the morning of Jan. 4th, as Dr. T. C. Gilmour was proceeding from Malin to Culladuff, at about a mile from the latter place, he discovered the dead body of a man lying on the roadside. He at once informed the Culladuff police, who identified the deceased as being the Alexander Long, of Donnegal, who had been at the adjourned Road Sessions in Carrdonough on the previous day, and it is presumed had so far proceeded on his way home, his own house being hardly two miles distant from where he was found. Deceased was about seventy years of age, of a strong, robust constitution.

**Down.**

In Newry on Jan. 5th, Mr. John F. Small, Coroner, Armagh, held an inquest on the body of Mr. John Kelly, a printer. The deceased had been out of employment for the past twelve months, owing partially to delicate health. On Jan. 5th he left his house

to go down town. About twelve o'clock he was conveyed home unconscious. It appears that when in Water street he fell from a stroke of paralysis, and from then until his death he was insensible. He expired on the evening of Jan. 7th. Dr. Crossle deposed that the deceased died from paralysis, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

**Dublin.**

From statistics published for the year just closed it appears that the number of cattle exported from Ireland showed an increase of 52,830 over the year 1892; the number of sheep shows a decrease of 67,111, swine of 105,572, and horses of 8,361. This result is largely ascribed to the competition from the Colonies and foreign countries and the protracted strike in England.

From a report issued by the British Board of Trade it appears that 584 persons emigrated from Ireland during last December, as against 932 in the corresponding month of 1892. The total number of Irish emigrants in 1893 was 52,155, as compared with 52,902 in the previous year. Of last year's emigrants 49,139 came to the United States, 1,309 went to British North America, 938 to Australia, 94 to South Africa, and 625 to other places.

**Galway.**

On Jan. 6th, the Archdiocese of Tuam lost an excellent priest by the death of Very Rev. Canon Geraghty, the much beloved pastor of Bekan, Ballyhaunis. Though being of delicate health for some years past, the end came unexpectedly, and has occasioned widespread sorrow and regret. Canon Geraghty lived to the advanced age of 83 years, 58 of which he devoted to the Church. He was born in Moylough, county Galway, and belonged to a family which for generations had given priests and nuns to the Church. He was educated in the Seminary of St. Jarlath's, and read his theological course at Maynooth. During the famine years of '46, '47, his zeal was tested amongst the cholera-stricken patients of Castlebar, where he is remembered to this day as the "Kind Father Peter." When leaving Castlebar he was presented by the people with an address and testimonial expressive of their sorrow and regret. Nearly forty years of his life were spent in the parish of Bekan, where a neat church and many schools bear testimony to his zeal for the spiritual and temporal interests of the people. His funeral took place on the 8th, and the cortege, notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, was large, attended both by priests and people. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at eleven o'clock, Rev. Michael J. McHugh, Adm., Bekan, being celebrant; Rev. John P. Caning, P.P., Armagh, deacon; Rev. James Ryan, C.C., Bekan, sub-deacon; and Rev. Michael Burke, C.C., Armagh, master of ceremonies. In the choir were a large number of priests. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Rev. M. J. McHugh, preached a short eulogium of the deceased pastor; after which, the grave having been consecrated and the burial service read, the remains were lowered to their last resting place in front of the high altar.

**Kerry.**

Head Constable J. Hennessy, R.I.C., Castleisland, has retired on a pension of £85 per annum. Sergeant J. H. Harris has been transferred from Tralee to Cordal (temporarily); Sergeant I. B. Vaughan, from Tralee to Doolag; Acting-Sergeant Murphy, from Doolag to Castleisland; Sergeant Michael Costelloe, from Tralee to Mvuntcol hut; Sergeant T. Gaffney, from Mvuntcol to Killarney; Sergeant Sam Lockhart, from Ahabeg to Tralee; vice Acting-Sergeant T. Callahan, from Tralee to Ahabeg; Sergeant Edward Seery, from Castleisland to Knockrower; Acting-Sergeant J. Connolly, from Cappanagown to Gortalea; Acting-Sergeant M. O'Mahony, from Gortalea to Tralee.

**Millenary.**

The death of Mrs. Catharine Quinn, of Parkgrove, Ballyragget, took place on January 4th, at the residence of Mrs. McCormack, Killarney street, Castletomer. The deceased lady was 70 years of age, and came to reside in Castletomer about a year ago, where her son, Mr. John Quinn, and family, and daughter, Mrs. Mary McCormack, lived. The funeral left Castletomer on the 6th, for Lisdowney, her burial place, and was largely attended by the people of the town and many people from other parishes.

**Young Women.**

Who have overtaxed their strength and men of mature years who have drawn too heavily on the resources of youth, and persons whose occupations strain their mental powers, or of business cares and of a sedentary life, will find a sure restorative in the Almoxia Wine for which Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, are the sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

**LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY,**  
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E. C. LEMAITRE.

**"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.**

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using

**COTTOLENE**

instead of lard. None but the purest, healthiest and cleanest ingredients go to make up Cottolene. Lard isn't healthy, and is not always clean. Those who use Cottolene will be healthier and wealthier than those who use lard—Healthier because they will get "shorter" bread; wealthier because they will get "shorter" grocery bills—for Cottolene costs no more than lard and goes twice as far—so is but half as expensive.

Dyspeptics delight in it!  
Physicians endorse it!  
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All live Grocers sell it!

Made only by  
**N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,**  
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MONTREAL.

**HOME RULE!**

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

**ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.**

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

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The Candles are symmetrical and burn with a bright, steady flame, while our Ornamented Candles cannot be excelled for beauty. Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb. Neatly packed in 6 lb. paper boxes, and 50 lb. wooden boxes.

Moulded Beeswax Candles. Second Quality. Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb. Wax Snuffers. Unbleached.

Twelve to the lb. Fifteen to the lb. Stearic Acid Wax Candles. Made of pure Stearic Wax only and exceed all others in hardness, whiteness, beauty of finish and brilliancy of light.

Four to the lb. - 13 inches long. Six to the lb. - 10 1/2 inches long. Paraffine Wax Candles. Six to the lb. - 9 inches long. Large Candles, 20 inches long. Sanctuary Oil.

Quality guaranteed. Incense for Churches. Extra Fine Incense. Incense, 75 cents. Artificial Charcoal. For Censers.

Great saving of time and trouble. This charcoal is lighted at the four ends. It ignites as easily as punk and never extinguishes unless completely shut off from the air. Keep dry. Box containing 50 Tablets Gas Lighters, Flasks, etc.

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**NOTICE.**

FRIDAY, the 23rd day of February next, will be the last day for presenting petitions for Private Bills.

FRIDAY, the 2nd day of March next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

THURSDAY, the 15th day of March next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.

**CHARLES CLARKE,**  
Clerk Legislative Assembly.

Toronto, 1<sup>st</sup> Jan., 1894.

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Manufacture a Superior Grade of Church, Chime, and School Bells.

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

"VITALIZED AIR"

## Desert Rain.

'Tis well when a rush of anguished tears  
Hears down on a pride-parched soul!  
'Tis well when the first full rain appears  
On the blinding sands of the sun scorched years,  
Till the proud old passions fall!  
'Tis well when the pride-walled heart doth weep  
With the anguish born of pain,  
'Tis well when the grim, grey storm doth sweep  
With a sudden crash on the soul's dead sleep,  
Then the desert blooms again.

## Selected Receipts.

**SOFT JUMBLE CAKES.**—One cup sugar, two cups flour, one half cup of butter, one half cup milk, two eggs, two even teaspoons baking powder; flavor with vanilla. Bake in a square tin. When baked wet the top with milk and sift powdered sugar over.

**BISCUIT PUDDING.**—Two cold biscuits grated, one cup sugar, one pint milk, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon of vanilla or lemon extract, two eggs. Beat butter, eggs and sugar well, then beat in the biscuits, put in the milk and flavoring and bake very quickly—not over five minutes if the stove is very hot.

**OUR FAVORITE PUDDING.**—Bake a plain sponge cake in a 1-yr pan. When ready for use cut into pieces and split and butter each piece; place in a dish. Make a custard of four eggs to a quart of milk; flavor with vanilla, pour over the cake, and bake about one-half hour. A half cup of sherry added to the custard improves it. Sweeten custard to taste; one cup of sugar is enough.

**TIPSEY CAKE.**—One sponge or savory cake, enough sweet wine or sherry to soak it, six tablespoons of brandy, two ounces of sweet almonds, and one pint of rich custard. Procure a cake that is three or four days old, cut the bottom level to make it stand firm in the dish. Make a small hole in the centre of the cake, and pour in and over it the wine mixed with the brandy. When the cake is well soaked, blanch and cut the almonds into strips, stick them all over the cake and pour around it the custard while warm but not too hot.

## How to Dress and Ship Poultry.

Poultry should be kept without food twenty-four hours before killing; full crops injure the appearance and are liable to sour, and when this occurs, correspondingly lower prices must be accepted than obtainable for choice stock. Never kill poultry by wringing their neck. The demands of various markets vary a little, and in preparing poultry for market the custom of the market to which one is to ship should be followed.

Before packing and shipping, poultry should be thoroughly dry and cold, but not frozen; the animal heat should be entirely out of the body; pack snugly in boxes or barrels; boxes holding 100 to 200 pounds are preferable; straighten out the body and legs, so that they will not arrive very much bent and twisted out of shape; fill the packages as full as possible to prevent moving about on the way; barrels answer better for chickens and ducks than for turkeys or geese; when convenient, avoid putting more than one kind in a package; mark kind and weight of each description on the package and mark shipping directions plainly on the cover.

## The Tomb of St. Anne.

The Rev. Father Ore, of the White Fathers of our Lady of Africa, publishes an interesting account in the *Revue Biblique* of the discovery of the tomb of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin. General opinion had placed the tomb under the Church of the Assumption at Jerusalem, but Father Ore, who serves the sanctuary of St. Anne at Jerusalem was convinced there was an error. The White Fathers then

determined on a subterranean search of the basilica of St. Anne, and after much patience and effort they were rewarded with success. Yards of rock and masonry had to be pierced before they discovered the chamber, which documentary evidence and inscriptions pointed out indubitably as the veritable tomb of St. Anne. The vault, however, was empty, the relics having been taken away by the Benedictine monks of St. Anne on their expulsion by Saladin. The exact locality of the tomb had been lost sight of since the year 1666.

## Innisfallen's Ruins.

The ancient monastic ruins on the island of Innisfallen—the "Island of Saints"—are in process of restoration under the direction of the Irish board of works. A body of workmen have been busy for weeks past in clearing the walls of the ancient abbey of the masses of shrubs and ivy under which they were gradually becoming buried, and in restoring to its place the fallen masonry.

Several ancient inscriptions have been cleared of their mossy obliterations, and in the course of his examination of the ancient monuments, Mr. Abbott has deciphered some interesting records, of which there is no mention in any of the histories of the island. The little chapel perched on a rock at the extremity of the island has been cunningly restored with the original stones, which are now held together by a cement made to imitate the mortar originally used in the construction of the building.

## The Change of Time.

A Protestant paper says: "The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who has hitherto adhered to the black gown in the pulpit, has announced his intention of adopting the surplice in the future. "Twenty years ago," he remarks, "the surplice of the pulpit was the badge of Popery, and the black gown of orthodoxy. Now the black gown is the badge of Nonconformity and the surplice is the sign of orthodoxy." This seems to mean that what was Popery twenty years ago is orthodoxy now in the Church of England. In other words, that Church has abjured Protestantism, which is now branded as Nonconformity, and gone in for Catholicism as far as the law allows."

## Selfishness a Bar to Happiness.

All we can do is to take life as it is, and, if we are lazy and selfish, it is a very easy matter to avoid contemplation of the unpleasant association with the disagreeable. We can go through life smoothly and easily as a knife through cheese, caring solely for self, reckless as to consequences to any one else, but that's not manhood, that's not honesty, and I don't believe it is satisfactory to those who try it. Selfish men and selfish women are never happy. They are jealous, and therefore out of sorts even with their petty selves.

With pure, vigorous blood coursing through the veins and animating every fibre of the body, cold weather is not only endurable but pleasant and agreeable. No other blood medicine is so certain in its results as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. What it does for others it will do for you.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Dr. J. Ringwood, of Kells, to the Commission of the Peace for the County Meath.

Mr. Thomas Galvin, J.P., Tralee, has been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant a Governor of the Lunatic Asylum, Killarney. Mr. John Taaffe, of Louth, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Louth.

The Evicted Tenants' Fund is steadily mounting up the list of subscriptions acknowledged on January 6th, amounted to £354. This sum includes £300 from Cork, £10 from the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Cloyne; £10 12s 6d from Annaduff parish, County Leitrim; and £31 16s from the united parishes of Dcnohill and Annacarty County Tipperary.



## Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

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Cherry Pectoral**  
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their purity and strength-giving  
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Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International  
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General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention,  
Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

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Catholic News.

Mgr. Satolli has informed the Purcell creditors that the congregation of the Propaganda can do nothing for them. Pope Leo has honored a student of the American College, Rome, the Rev. Edmund Shanhan, by creating him a doctor and giving him special advice to follow St. Thomas' theology and in accordance with the interpretations by Mgr. Satolli, which was beyond doubt a great compliment paid to the delegate by His Holiness in the United States.

It is stated that Dom Felix Faure, who has been for some years an inmate of the monastery of the Grand Chateau, is about to be raised to the priesthood, at the advanced age of seventy-four. Dom Felix is the son of a peer of France, who was president of the Court of Grenoble in Louis Philippe's time. He himself has been a man of affairs having held the office of "Maitre de Requetes" to the council of state. He also has written several books.

The congregation of the Oblates has suffered a heavy loss by the death of Father P. J. Corne Superior of the "Grand Seminaire" of Frjus in France. This learned Oblate had begun the publication of a very important and useful work entitled "The mystery of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Le mystere de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ). Two volumes have already been issued, and three others were to follow them. The late father was the first superior of the house of the Oblates in Madrid in Spain.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the Catholic Summer School of America, held last week at the Catholic Club, New York City, it was resolved to begin the session of 1894 on July 14th at Plattsburg. The session will last four weeks, this being an extension of one week. A special course of instruction for teachers will be given. It was determined to issue bonds to the amount of \$50,000, by the sale of which it is hoped to secure the ready money necessary to begin at once operations for the development of the property. Brother Justin, provincial of the Christian Brothers, was elected a trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Brother Azarias.

We learn from the N. W. Review, that Rev. Father O. Cahill, O.M.I., has started on his round of visits to the Indian missions of Lake Winnipeg. He will travel with dogs most of the time. Rev. Father Cahill has the care of over 3,000 Indians about Fort Francis and Rat Portage. He has but one companion, Rev. Father Vales, O.M.I., who is learning the Solteaux language. Very Rev. Father Allard, whose failing health would not allow such heavy work had to be replaced this year in the distant missions along Red River and Lake Winnipeg.

Address to Rev. Father Kelly.

We clip the following from the Peterborough Examiner: A pleasing event took place at the Presbytery of Peterborough last evening, when the altar boys of St. Peter's Cathedral waited upon Rev. Father Kelly, of the Cathedral clergy and made him the unexpected recipient of a grateful and appreciatively worded address, accompanied by the presentation of a beautiful and costly shaving set. Rev. Father Kelly, who has so ably and successfully fulfilled the position and discharged the duties of curate of St. Peter's cathedral and the pastorate of the Lakeside mission for the past number of months leaves to-morrow morning for North Bay, where according to the recent diocesan changes he goes as assistant to Rev. Father Bloem, parish priest. Last evening on behalf of the altar boys, Mr. F. Sullivan read the address and Mr. T. Dincken made the presentation. The reverend father acknowledged the evidence of sincere love and well wishes shown him by his young friends in a few and appropriate and happy remarks. Following is the address which speaks for itself:—

To Reverend A. F. Kelly:

DEAR FATHER—It is with sentiments of profoundest regret, that we, the altar boys of St. Peter's Cathedral, heard of your sudden departure from amongst us to labour in

another portion of the Lord's vineyard, and that the bond of affection which has so closely and intimately united us together in working for the prosperity and spread of our most holy religion, is about to be severed. We cannot permit you to take your departure from our midst without expressing to you the deep and lasting obligations which we are under for the noble watchfulness, unceasing care and solicitude, which you have displayed for the welfare, both spiritual and temporal, of not only the altar boys and Catholics of this town, but especially those of the parish of Lakeside, whose affections you have won by your uniform kindness, your zealous efforts in the cause of religion, and your self-devotedness in ministering to their spiritual wants.

In going from us you carry with you our most sincere and hearty wishes for your future welfare, both spiritual and temporal; and also the assurance that our prayers will continually ascend to the throne of the Most High, to grant that your future may be crowned with the same success that has attended your labours since your advent to the parish.

Requesting a continuance of your intercession in our behalf, particularly while offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and your acceptance of the accompanying gift, we bid you, dear Father, an affectionate farewell. Signed,

T. CROWLEY, K. DOLAN,  
F. SULLIVAN, J. ANOLESY,  
T. DINEEN, W. O'BRIEN.

St. Michael's School.

The following is the number of marks obtained by the pupils in 4th Class during January:

SEN. IV.—Mary Feeny, 576; Polly Stoneham, 523; Maud Kelly, 498; Lucy Liston, 460; Carrie Senior, 435; Annie McCarthy, 435; May Swallow, 415; Alice Kinsella, 400; Mary Millar, 381; Mary Brady, 245.  
JUN. IV.—Lulu Geary, 539; Maggie O'Connor, 489; Kate Doyle, 485; Mary Wilson, 481; Nora Byrne, 465; Annie Lee, 441; Alice Byrne, 433; Katie Jordan, 432; Katie Martin, 410; Olive Giroux, 409; Lizzie Ferris, 322.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, 31st January, 1894, by the Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie, Thom. Arthur McCarthy, Chicago, second son of Alexander McCarthy, late chief railway mail clerk of the Barrie postal division, to Lizzie Maria, only daughter of the late Thomas Cundie, Esq., Barrie.

MUCH BETTER,  
Thank You!

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

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—Of Lime and Soda.—  
IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.  
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Test this statement a trial will convince you that K. D. C. brings immediate relief to the dyspeptic, and if followed according to directions, a complete cure.

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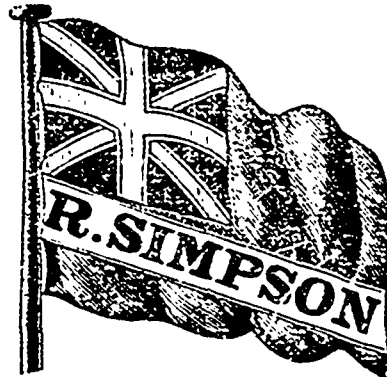
The Workman's Risk.

Very many men work hard all day, perspire freely, and then pass into an atmosphere many degrees below freezing point. It is therefore not surprising that such a class of laborers suffer from asthma, chronic bronchitis, quinsy, bronchial catarrh and the many other affections incident to such a cause; nor is it any wonder that in the homes of these men Hallam's Expectorant is always a favorite, as for the troubles just mentioned it has ever proved itself marvellously effective in restorative influence. It is undoubtedly the best cough mixture in use and is sold everywhere by druggists in 25 cent bottles only.



A LONG TRAIN —of diseases follows bad blood and inactive liver. Every one knows when his blood is impure and liver sluggish; pimples and boils appear, or he feels drowsy, weak, tired and thick-headed.

We want to teach you how to fight it. Begin in time. Plenty of fresh air, exercise, and Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will bring you out of danger. The reason? "Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood and renders the liver active. As the germs of disease enter the circulatory system through the liver, they can be resisted there and in the blood. In those scrofulous conditions of the blood which invite catarrh, bronchitis, and end in Consumption, you have the means of prevention and cure. You can save yourself from Grip, Malaria, or Fever by putting all the functions of the body in a healthy state, besides building up healthy flesh, by taking the "Discovery." Not the fat of Cod liver oil, but wholesome flesh. G. M. D. is guaranteed to benefit or cure all blood disorders, or money refunded.



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FOR THE MEN.

NO use in talking, we've the lead in Men's Furnishings stocks. It's not difficult for our young men and old men to keep themselves in tasty attire at the prices we charge for neckwear, shirts and other Men's Furnishings. SHIRTS.

Unlaundered, 45c. worth 60c.; 25c. worth 75c.; 75c. worth \$1.  
Laundried, a special line, 75c., were \$1.  
Full Dress Shirts, \$1.25.  
Grey or Blue Flannel Shirts, best quality, \$1.25.  
Heavy Top Shirts, 50c.

NIGHT ROBES.  
Heavy Twilled Cotton, our own make, 85c., worth \$1.25.  
Fancy Trimmed, \$1, worth \$1.25.  
Cardigan Jackets, 75c., \$1.25, \$1.75, extra value

UNDERWEAR.  
Heavy All-wool Shirts or Drawers, ribbed, 50c., worth 65c.; 60c., worth 75c.  
Scotch Lamb's Wool Underwear, 65c. worth 90c.; \$1.25, worth \$1.50; \$1.50, worth \$2.

MEN'S TIES.  
Knot Ties, 10c. worth 20c.; 20c. worth 35c.; 35c. and 45c.  
Four-in-Hand Ties, 15c. worth 25c.; 20c. worth 35c.; 25c. 35c. and 45c.

Our business is very broad and comprehensive. We sell teas. Every family needs teas. Ours are the famous Indian Ceylon teas, which are supplanting all others. You buy here the finest Ceylon tea at 35c, where it would usually cost 50c.

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The North American.

In view of the financial stringency and disturbance which have prevailed for twelve months or more abroad, it is gratifying to notice that the monetary institutions of Canada have remained perfectly solvent, and some of them have, during the period of depression, shown marked progress. Among the latter may be mentioned the North American Life Assurance Company. Its report is published in our columns to-day and we heartily recommend our readers to give it careful perusal, especially the excellent address of the President, Mr. J. L. Blaikie, and also the remarks of the other Directors. Mr. Blaikie, from his extensive financial experience, extending over 35 years in this city, and as president of leading financial institutions, is well qualified to speak with authority on all matters pertaining to finance. In speaking of the North American Life he demonstrates beyond a doubt the phenomenal progress the Company has made, and shows that it now ranks second to none. The new business last year was the largest in the history of the Company, and what must be gratifying to the policy-holders is that this business was secured without any increase in the expenses of the Company, thus fully demonstrating the claim made, that the Company is managed with skill and in the interests of the policy-holders. This claim is further established by the large surplus accumulated for the policy holders, now aggregating the large sum of \$300,000—the ratio of such surplus to the liabilities being ahead of any of the other leading companies. This is a proud boast to be made for a Canadian Company and fully confirms the statement of its President, that the North American can do as well for its policy-holders as any other Company, whether it be large or small. The Vice-President, Hon. G. W. Allan—undoubted authority in financial matters—fully endorsed all the President had said as to the progress and prosperity of the North American.

The kind reference to the late President, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, were appropriate on this occasion, and will be much appreciated by all those who know the great interest the dead statesman took in this Company, and will remember the confidence he had in its certain success, which has already been attained even beyond his expectations.

The policy-holders and all those interested in the Company were fully justified in tendering a vote of thanks to Managing Director McCabe and his associate officers for the skill they had displayed in the management of the Company—not the least service, in this respect, being that rendered by the able and courteous Secretary, Mr. Goldman.

Ayor's Hair Vigor keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy. All the elements that nature requires, to make the hair abundant and beautiful, are supplied by this admirable preparation.

Dr. V. P. Dillon and Mr. James Neary, of Stokestown, have been sworn in as justices of the peace for the county Roscommon. Both gentlemen are very popular in Nationalist circles. Mr. Neary is county delegate for Roscommon on the Council of the National Federation.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, February 7, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 59
Barley, per bush.....	0 44	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 37	0 39
Peas, per bush.....	0 58	0 60
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 40	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 08	0 10
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 23
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 22	0 25
Paraley, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Radishes, per doz.....	0 20	0 25
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 20
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 53	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 60	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	3 25
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 50
Straw sheaf.....	7 50	8 50
Straw, loose.....	6 00	6 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Feb. 6.—The market was dull, there being no demand for anything but the best cattle, which sold readily at from 3½ to 3¾ per pound.

Lambs were steadier, at from \$2.50 to \$4 per cwt. Sheep were not wanted. Good calves are in demand at from \$6 to \$8 each.

Long lean hogs sold firm at from \$5 to \$5.25 per cwt.; fat sold at \$4.50 to \$4.75; stores at \$4.60 to \$5 per cwt. All grades are wanted.



## THE GLADIATORS:

## A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

EROS.

CHAPTER VIII.  
THE JEW.

The man who entered the apartment with the air of one to whom every nook and corner was familiar, must have been fully three-score years of age, yet his dark eye still glittered with the fire of youth, his thick curling beard and hair were but slightly sprinkled with grey, and the muscles of his square powerful frame seemed but to have acquired solidity and consistency with age. His appearance was that of a warrior, toughened, and, as it were, forged into iron, by years of strife, hardship, and unremitting toil.

If something in the line of his aquiline features resembled Calchas, no two faces could have been more different in their character and expression than those of Eleazar and his brother. The latter was all gentleness, kindness, and peace; on the former, fiery passions, deep schemes, continual peril, and contention, had set their indelible marks. The one was that of the spectator, who is seated securely on the cliff, and marks the seething waters below with interest, indeed, and sympathy, but with feelings neither of agitation nor alarm; the other was the strong swimmer, breasting the waves fiercely, and battling with their might, striving for his life inch by inch, and stroke by stroke, conscious of his peril, confident in his strength, and never despairing for an instant of the result.

At times, indeed, the influence of opposite feelings, softening the one and kindling the other, would bring out the family likeness clear and apparent upon each; but in repose no two faces could be more dissimilar, no two types of character more utterly at variance, than those of the Christian and the Jew.

As Eleazar's warlike figure came into the light, Esca could not but remark with what a glance of mistrust his quick eye took in the presence of a stranger, how the strong fingers closed instinctively round the staff he was in the act of laying down, and the whole form seemed to gather itself in an instant as though ready for the promptest measures of resistance or attack. Such trifling gestures spoke volumes of the character and the habits of the man.

Nevertheless Calchas rapidly explained to his brother the cause of this addition to their supper-party; and Miramne, who seemed in considerable awe of her father, busied herself in placing food and wine before him, with even more alacrity than she had shown when serving their guest.

The Jew thanked his new friend for the kindness he had rendered his daughter, with a few brief cordial words, as one brave man expresses his gratitude to another, then fell to on the meat and drink *provi*... with a voracity that argued well for his physical powers, and denoted a strong constitution and a long fast.

As he took breath after a deep draught of wine in which, though he pledged him not, he challenged his guest to join, Calchas asked his brother how he had sped in the affairs that kept him from home all day.

"Ill," answered the other, shooting from under his thick eyebrows a penetrating glance at the Briton. "Ill and slowly, yet, not so ill but that something has been gained, another step taken in the direction at which I aim. Yet I have been to-day in high places, have seen those bloated gluttons and drunkards who are the ministers of Cæsar's will, have spoken with that spotted panther, Vespasian's scheming agent forsooth! who thinks he had the

cunning, as he can doubtless boast of the treachery and the gaudy colours, of the beast of prey. Let him take care! Weaker hands than mine have ere this strangled a fiercer animal for the worth of his shining skin. Let him beware! Eleazar, Ben-Manahem is a match, and more than a match, for Julius Placidus the Tribune!"

Esca glanced quickly at the speaker, as his ear caught the familiar name. The look was not lost upon his host.

"You know him?" said he, with a fierce smile that showed the strong white teeth gleaming through his bushy beard. "Then you know as cool and well-taught a soldier as ever buckled on a sword. I wish I had a few like him to officer the *Sicarii* at home. But you know, also, a man who would not scruple to slay his own father for the worth of the clasp that fastens his gown. I have seen him in the field, and I have seen him in the council. He is bold, skilful, and he can be treacherous in both! Where met you him last?" he added, with a searching glance at Esca, while at the same time he desired Miramne to fill the stranger's cup and his own.

The latter proceeding engrossed the Briton's whole attention. It was with the utmost carelessness that he replied to the question, by relating his interview, that very morning, with the Tribune at Valeria's door. He scarcely marked how precisely the father noted down the name in his tablets, for the daughter's white arm was reaching over his shoulder, so close that it almost touched his cheek.

It was indeed well worth Eleazar's while to obtain information, from whatever source, of any influence that might affect those in authority with whom he was in daily contact at Rome. His position was one which called for courage, tact, skill, and even cunning, to a great extent. Charged by the Supreme Council at Jerusalem, then in the large stage of perplexity and sorely beset by Vespasian and his legions, with a private mission to Vitellius, who much mistrusted the successful general, he represented the hopes and fears, the temporal and political prosperity, nay, the very existence of the Chosen People. Nor to all appearance could a better instrument have been selected for the purpose. Eleazar, though a bigoted and fanatical Jew of the strictest sect, was a man of keen and powerful intellect, whose obstinacy was open to no conviction, whose perseverance was to be deterred by no obstacle. A distinguished and fearless soldier, he possessed the confidence of the large and fighting portion of the nation, who looked on Roman supremacy with abhorrence, and who clung dearly to the notion of earthly dominion, wrested from the heathen with the sword. His rigid observance of its fasts, its duties, and its ceremonials, had gained him the affections of the priesthood, and the more enthusiastic followers of that religion in which outward forms were so strictly enjoined and so faithfully observed; while a certain force, defiant, and unbending demeanour towards all classes of men, had won for him a character of frankness which did him good service in the schemes of intrigue and dissimulation with which he was continually engaged.

Yet perhaps the man was honest too, as far as his own convictions went. He esteemed all means lawful for the furtherance of a lawful object. He was one of those who deem it the most contemptible of weakness to shrink from doing evil that good may come. Like Jephthah he would sacrifice his daughter unflinchingly in performance of a vow; nay, had Miramne stood between him and the attainment of his ambition, or even the accomplishment of his revenge, he would have walked rathlessly over the body of his child.

Versed in the traditions of his family and the history of his nation, he was steeped to the lips in that pride of

pedigree which was so essential a feature of the Jewish character; he was convinced that the ultimate destiny of his people was to lord it over the whole earth. He possessed more than his share of that haughty self-sufficiency which bade the Pharisee hold aloof from those of lower pretensions and humbler demeanor than himself; while he had all the fierce courage and energy of the Lion of Judah, so terrible when roused, so difficult to be appeased when victorious. In his secret heart he anticipated the time when Jerusalem should again become a sovereign city, when the Roman eagles should be scared away from Syria, and a hierarchy established once more as the government of the people chosen by Heaven. That he should be a second Judas Maccabeus, a chief commander of the armies of the faithful in the new order of things, was an ambition naturally enough entertained by the bold and skilful soldier; but, to do Eleazar justice, individual aggrandisement had but little share in his schemes, and personal interest never crossed those visions for the future, on which his dark and dangerous enthusiasm so loved to dwell.

It was a delicate matter to intrigue with Vitellius in Rome against the very general who held supreme authority, at least ostensibly, from the Emperor. It was playing a hazardous game, to receive power and instructions from the Council at Jerusalem, and to use or suppress them according to the bearer's own political views and future intentions.

It was no easy task to hold his own against such men as Placidus, in the contest of *finesse*, subtlety, and double-dealing; yet the Jew entered upon his perilous career with a strenuous energy, a cool calculating audacity, that was engraved in the very character of the man.

Another draught of the rich Lebanon wine served to improve their acquaintance, and Eleazar, with considerable tact, drew from the Briton all the information he could obtain as to the habits and movements of his antagonist the Tribune, while he seemed but to be carrying on the courteous conversation of a host with his guest. Esca's answers, notwithstanding that thoughts and eyes wandered frequently towards Miramne, were frank and open like his disposition. He, too, entertained no very cordial liking for Placidus, and experienced towards the Tribune that unconscious antipathy which the honest man so often feels for the knave.

Calchas, meanwhile, had returned to the perusal of his scroll, on which his brother cast occasional glances of unfeigned contempt, notwithstanding that the reader was the person whom he most loved and respected on earth. Miramne, moving about the apartment, looked covertly on the fair face and stately form of her preserver, approving much of what she saw; once their eyes met, and the Jewess blushed to her temples for very shame. So the time passed quickly; the night stole on, the Lebanon was nearly finished, and Esca rose to bid his entertainers farewell.

"You have done me a rare service," said Eleazar, feeling in his breast while he spoke, and producing, from under his course garment, a jewel of considerable value, "a service neither thanks nor guerdon can requite; yet, I pray you, keep this trinket in remembrance of the Jew and the Jew's daughter, who come of a people that forgive not an injury, and forget not a benefit.

The colour mounted to Esca's forehead, and an expression of pain, almost of anger, came into his face, while he replied:

"I have done nothing to merit either thanks or reward. It is no such matter to put a fat eunuch on his back, or to defend an unprotected woman in a town like this. Take back your jewel,

I pray you. Any other man would have done as much."

"It is not every man who could have interposed so effectually, replied Eleazar, with a glance of hearty approval at the thows and sinows of his friend, replacing the jewel meanwhile in his vestment, without the least sign of displeasure at its being declined. He would have bestowed it freely, no doubt, but if Esca did not want it, it would serve some other purpose: precious stones and gold would always fetch their value at Rome. "At least you will let me give you a safe-conduct home," he added; "the night is far advanced, and I should be loth that you should suffer wrong for your interposition in our behalf."

Esca burst out laughing now. In the pride of his strength, it seemed so impossible that he should require protection or assistance from any one. He squared his large shoulders and drew himself to his full height.

"I should wish no better pastime," said he, "than a bout with a dozen of them! I, too, was brought up a warrior, in a land you have never heard of, many a long mile from Rome; a land fairer far than this, of green valleys and wooded hills, and noble rivers winding calmly towards the sea; a land where the oaks are lofty and the flowers are sweet, where the men are strong and the women fair. I have followed the chase afoot from sunrise to sunset through many a summer's day. I have fronted the invader, sword in hand, ever since my arm was long enough to draw blade from sheath, or I had not been here now. You too are a soldier, I see it in your eye—you can believe that my limbs grow stiff, my spirits droop for martial exercise. In faith, it seems to me that even a vulgar broil in the street makes my blood dance in my veins once more!"

Miramne was listening with parted lips and shining eyes. She drank in all he said of his distant home with its woodland scenery, its forest trees, its fragrant flowers, and, above all, its lovely women. She felt so kindly towards this bold young stranger, exiled from his and country, she attributed her interest to pity and gratitude, nor could she help wondering to find these sentiments so strong.

Calchas looked up from his studies. "Fare thee well!" said he. "Take an old man's warning, and strike not unless it be in self-defence. Mark well the turning from the main street to the Tiber, so shalt thou find thy way to our poor home again."

Esca promised faithfully to return, and fully intended to redeem his promise.

"Another cup of wine," said Eleazar, emptying the leathern bottle into a golden vessel; "the sun of Italy cannot ripen such a vintage as this."

But the rich produce of the Lebanon was all too cloying for the healthy palate and the thirst of youth. Esca prayed for a draught of fair water, and Miramne brought him the pitcher and gave him to drink with her own hand.

For the second time to-night their eyes met, and although they were instantly averted, the Briton felt that he was drinking from a cup more intoxicating than all the wine-presses of Syria could produce,—a cup that made him unconscious of the past as of the future, and only too keenly sensible of the present by its joy. He forgot that he was barbarian, he forgot that he was a slave. He forgot everything but Miramne and her dark imploring trustful eyes.

CHAPTER IX.  
THE ROMAN.

It is time to give some account of Esca's anomalous position in the capital of the world—to explain how the young British noble (for that was indeed the rank he held in his own county) found himself a slave in the streets of Rome. In order to do so it is necessary to take a glimpse at the interior of a patrician's house about the hour of supper; per-

haps also to intrude upon the reflections of its owner, as he paces up and down the colonnade in the cool air of sunset, absorbed in his own thoughts, and deep in the memories of the past.

His mansion is of stately proportion, and large size, but all its ornaments and accessories are chastened by a severe simplicity of taste. An observer might identify the man by the very nature of the objects that surround him. In his vestibule the columns are of the Ionic order, and their elaborate capitals have been wrought into the utmost degree of finish which that style will allow. In the smaller entrance-hall or lobby, which leads to the principal apartments, and which is guarded by an image of a dog, let into the pavement in mosaic, there are no florid sculptures nor carvings, nor any attempt at decoration beyond the actual beauty of the stone work and the scrupulous care with which it is kept clean. The doors themselves are of bronze, so well burnished as to need no mixture of gold or silver inlaid to enhance its brightness; whilst in the principal hall itself, the room in which friends are welcomed, clients received, and business transacted, the walls, instead of frescoes and such gaudy ornaments, are simply overlaid with entablatures of white and polished marble. The dome is very lofty, rising majestically towards the circular opening at the top, through which the sky is visible; and round the fountain or cistern immediately below this are ranged four colossal statues, representing the elements. These, with the busts of a long line of illustrious ancestors, are the only efforts of the sculptor's art throughout the apartment.

A large banqueting hall, somewhat more luxuriously furnished, opens from one side of the central room, and as much as can be seen of it displays considerable attention to convenience and personal comfort. Frescoes, representing scenes of military life, adorn the walls, and at one end stands a trophy, composed of deadly weapons and defensive armour, arranged so as to form a glittering and conspicuous ornament. Large flagons and chalices of burnished gold, some of them adorned with valuable jewels, are ranged upon a side-board; but it is evident that no guests are expected to-night, for near the couch against the wall has been drawn a small table, laid for one person only, with a clean napkin, and a cup and platter of plain silver thereon. That person is none other than the master of the house, bodily pacing up and down his own colonnade in Rome, mentally gazing on a fair expanse of wood and vale and shining river, drinking in the cool breezes, the fragrant odours, and the wild luxuriant beauty of distant Britain.

Five-and-twenty years! and yet it seems but yesterday. The brow wrinkles, the hair turns grey, strength wastes, energy fails, the brain gets torpid, and the senses dull, but the heart never grows old. Business, ambition, pleasure, dangers, duties, difficulties, and successes have filled that quarter of a century, and passed away like a dream; but the touch of a hand, the memory of a face, have outlived them all. Caius Lucius Lucinius, Roman patrician, General, Praetor, Consul, and Procurator of the Empire, is the young commander of a legion once more, with the world before him, and the woman he loves by his side. This is what he sees now, as he has seen it so often in his dreams by night, and his waking visions by day.

An old oak-tree, a mossy sward soft and level as velvet, delicate fern bending and whispering in the summer breeze, fleecy clouds drifting across the blue sky, and a graceful form, in its white robes, coming slyly up the glade, with faltering step, and sidelong glance, and timid gesture, to keep her trust with her Roman lover. She is in his arms now. The rich brown curls are scattered over his breastplate, and the

blue eyes are looking up into his own, liquid with the love-light that thrills to a man's heart but from one pair of eyes in a life-time.

She is, indeed, no contemptible prize, in the glory of her beauty and the pride of her blooming womanhood. With the rounded form, the noble features, and the dazzling colour of her nation, she possesses the courage and constancy of a high-born race, and a wifery half imperious, half playful, peculiarly their own. There are women who find their way to the core of a man's heart, who pervade it all, and saturate it, so to speak, with their influence.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu—*  
(You may break, you may see. If you will but the scent of the roses will hang round it still.)  
The vessel that once held this rich and rare liquid is ever after impregnated with its fragrance, and even when it has been spilt every drop, and a fresh infusion poured in, the new wine smacks strangely and wildly of the old. She is one of them; he knows it too well.

They should have nothing in common, these two, the British chieftain's daughter and the Roman conqueror. But there is a truce between the nations; a truce in which the elements of discord are nevertheless smouldering, ready to blaze out afresh at the first opportunity, and they have seen each other accidentally, and been thrown together by circumstances, till curiosity has become interest, and interest grown into liking, and liking ripened into love. The British maiden might not be won lightly, and many a tear she wept in secret, and sore she strove against her own heart; but when it conquered her at last she gave it, as such women will, wholly and unreservedly. She would have lived for him, died for him, followed him to the end of the world.

And Lucinius worshipped her as a man worships the one woman who is the destiny of his life. Most men have at some time or another experienced this folly, infatuation, madness, call it what you will. They are not likely to forget it. Possibly—alas! probably—the bud they then watched opening has never expanded into bloom, at least for them. The worm may have destroyed it, or the cold wind cut it to the earth, or another's hand may have born it away in triumph to glad den another's breast; but there is something in the May mornings that reminds them of the sweet flower still, and they wander round the fairest gardens of earth rather drearily to-day, because of the memory that has never faded, and the blank where she is not.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

On New Year's Day, Alderman Wm. McCammond, J. P., was installed as Lord Mayor of Belfast for the year 1894.  
An Ennis correspondent writes that Mr. Frank Cahill, Assistant Clerk of the local Union, had been missing for some days after Christmas and it was feared he had met with a sad death by drowning.  
A brief announcement in United Ireland states that, from the commencement of the New Year, Mr. Leamy retires from the editorship of that journal, which in future will be edited and conducted by Mr. T. Harrington, M. P.

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M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to a shingles. My sufferings were extreme, my leg from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. E. Sullivan; Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. F. S. Murdoch. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGea, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guelph, Rev. J. C. Heman, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

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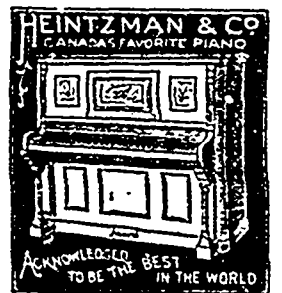
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I refer to J. J. CALLOW.

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Friday, Jan. 10, 1894.

The weather has remained mild during the week, but the influenza microbe is still abroad in the land, and in some quarters is playing havoc. The sad death of Viscount Somerton in Dorset yesterday is only one out of several cases. The Lord Chancellor does not appear to have been hit very hard by the epidemic, but it is characteristic of the influenza that those afflicted with it very often recover from it only to be stricken down by what may be regarded as its concomitants or sequel. People, too, of delicate constitution often recover far more completely and far sooner than those whose health is normally robust. The Speaker looks anything but a strong man, but he has vanquished the bacillus with comparative ease. The Princess of Wales is known to be very delicate; yet, despite alarmist rumours to the contrary, she is now, it is understood, quite herself once more.

News comes from Paris this morning that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the well known proprietor of the New York Herald, whose life was almost despaired of after his coaching accident, is very much better again and is taking walking exercise once more. Another American newspaper proprietor, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, is also in France. The proprietor of the World has an elegant villa at Nice. He is one of the most interesting personalities in the journalistic tribe. He is so blind that he can no longer see to read. His lungs are so weak that the slightest breath of cold wind affects them. His affliction from dyspepsia makes him almost a daily martyr. Yet does every day more than most of his confreres do in a week. From his European residence he conducts the policy of his paper, and does it so well that the World is regarded as, perhaps, the most vigorous and enterprising of all the New York journals. He sends off his daily telegram. He dictates a most complete correspondence. Frequently he gives his amanuensis a leader to be wired and is as untiring as though he had eyes to see, lungs to breathe freely, and the appetite of a German Prince.

The news of the death of M. Waddington has been received in England with surprise and regret. He was not looked upon as a foreigner in this country during his ten years' residence as the French Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Himself English by descent and education, he came here no stranger to the people and country, and so popular did he become that he was regarded rather as a public man interested in all English affairs than as a foreign diplomatist. Frenchmen, therefore, will not feel his loss more keenly than will Englishmen who last year bade him adieu when he departed for France. Only the other day the people of this country were attentively watching his contest at Laon for a seat in the Senate, and it was with disappointment that they learned of his defeat. No one then imagined that death had cast its shadow over him, although it had been known for some time that he was in delicate health. By his death France has lost a statesman whose patriotism has never been called in question by those who know him.

An interesting account was given in the Westminster Gazette this week of the circumstances which led Mr. Cecil Rhodes, of South African fame, to contribute £10,000 to the funds of the Irish Parliamentary party. It appears that in 1887 Mr. Swift MacNeill met Mr. Rhodes when voyaging to the Cape in search of health, and as a result of their consultation the Cape Premier offered the above amount as a contribution to the party funds on condition that, under the next Home Rule Bill, a clause should be inserted

to retain the Irish representatives at Westminster. In the following summer the money was handed to Mr. Parnell, together with £1,000 from Mr. J. Morrogh, who was then residing at Kimberley in South Africa.

It will be remembered that in the following year, when Alderman Hooper retired from the representation of South-East Cork, Mr. Morrogh was selected by Mr. Parnell to fill the vacancy. This nomination was considered to be an acknowledgment of that gentleman's generosity. In the Parnell crisis Mr. Morrogh threw in his lot with the majority, but a few months back he retired from Parliament, ostensibly on account of his business connection in Africa. He is a director of the De Beers Consolidated mines.

Enemies of "superstition, ignorance and humbug," to quote the words used by the chairman, Mr. Harry Furniss, foregathered on Saturday evening in Room No. 13 of the Holborn Restaurant, to celebrate the New Year's dinner of the London Thirteen Club in a manner calculated to inspire all superstitious folk with hedgehog horror. To begin with, in order to be true to their principles, the members so far forgot aesthetic taste as to appear in "swallowtails" and bright green ties—a combination that should make an orthodox aesthete positively shudder. Then, to reach the dining apartment, they had to pass under a ladder, but before this ominous journey was accomplished, a large mirror resting on an easel was smashed to "smithereens." Thirteen tables, with thirteen guests at each, were laid, and on them were placed such cheerful ornaments as Japanese plaster, skeletons, cross-bones, skulls, knives crossed and coffin-shaped salt-cellars with grave-diggers' shovels and headstones bearing the inscription, "To the memory of many senseless superstitions killed by the London Thirteen Club, 1894." In place of buttonholes the company wore miniature skeletons and peacock's feathers; while, in order to be "thorough," the fraternity had secured the services of a certain number of cross-eyed waiters, who, if they failed to add to the picturesqueness of the scene, certainly contributed to its completeness. It may be mentioned that aved by preliminary rumors, a few gentlemen "cried off" at the last moment, but this was attributed to the persuasion of their wives. The chairman proposed the "Houses of Parliament," and said Mr. Gladstone was by no means superstitious, for the Home Rule Bill was introduced on February 13th, read a first time on a Friday, and was thrown out by the Lords on a Friday. Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote a characteristic letter refusing an invitation. He said: "I love superstitions. They are the colour element of thought and imagination. They are the opponents of common sense. Common sense is the enemy of romance. The arm of your Society seems to be dreadful. Leave us some unreality. Do not make us too offensively sane. I love dining out but with a Society with so wicked an object as yours I cannot dine. I regret it. I am sure you will all be charming, but I could not come, though thirteen is a lucky number."

To show your readers the idea formed by our neighbours across the channel regarding certain English institutions, I translate the following from a French paper: "The English are very fond of the game of billiards, and a letter has been discovered in the British museum which gives the origin of the national sport. It was invented by a London pawnbroker, whose name was William Kew. Kew not only lent money, but he sold cloth, and for the latter purpose had a yard measure with which he used to complete the accounts. One day to distract himself he took the three round balls, which are emblems of the trade, and placing

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them on his counter began to hit them about with his yard measure. He found it made a pretty game. He got a kind of skill in making one ball glance off the other; and his friends, who saw him thus employed, called the game Ball's yard. It was shortened into billiards. But the yard was the instrument with which the balls were knocked about, and the difficulty arose what to call it. They called it after the name of the pawnbroker—a Kew."

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A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.



## TENDERS.

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 19th March, 1894, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1895, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars, may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Assistant Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.

HAYTER REED,  
Deputy of the Superintendent-General  
of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,  
Ottawa, January, 1894.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## NOTICE To Creditors of Patrick Kearney, Wagon Maker, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario 1887, Chapter 110, that all creditors of and other persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Kearney, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, Wagon Maker, who died on or about the tenth day of September 1893, are hereby required to deliver or send by post prepaid to Foy and Kelly, Number 80 Church Street in the City of Toronto, Solicitors for the Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, on or before the 24th day of February 1894, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that immediately after the said 24th day of February 1894, the said Administratrix will distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the said Administratrix shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been given as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

Foy & KELLY,  
80 Church Street Toronto.  
Solicitors for the Administratrix.  
Dated at Toronto this 26th  
day of January, A. D. 1894.

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

	CLOSE	DUE		
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.20	7.15	10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	3.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.20	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.80
C. V. R.	7.00	3.00	12.15pm	8.50
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	noon	9.00	2.00	2.00
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.20
		10.00		
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00 n	9.00	5.45
		4.00	10.30	11pm
U.S. West'n States		10.00		
	6.15	12 n.	9.00	8.20
		10.30		

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for February: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27.

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

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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