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The Catholic Register.

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

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

Last week, so far as Toronto was concerned, was largely devoted to the reception of our new Governor General, who paid the city his first visit on his return from Chicago. The welcome was cordial and enthusiastic, and worthy of the Queen City and the many institutions honoured by the Earl of Aberdeen and the Countess. On Tuesday, the evening of their Excellencies' arrival, his Honor the Lieutenant Governor entertained them at dinner, to which the leading representatives of the city were invited. His Grace the Archbishop, who was to have been there, but who, from ill health, could not attend, had his place taken by Vicar-General McCann. During the evening a reception was held in the rooms of Government House to a more extensive list of invited guests.

The next day's reception in the Pavilion, when the City presented an address of welcome, was a most popular demonstration of the esteem and confidence in which the Earl of Aberdeen is held, and showed not only respect for the authority with which he is vested, but also admiration for the high minded and justice loving nobleman himself, whose reputation had long preceded him. His Worship Mayor Fleming read the address, which, after expressing the loyalty of its citizens, glanced at the growth and prosperity of the city. Its last few paragraphs deserve repetition:

Your Excellency being possessed of real property within the Dominion will doubtless take a warm interest in matters appertaining to agriculture, an interest which we fervently hope may result beneficially to the farming community of this country.

We deeply sympathize with the Countess of Aberdeen in the works of charity, benevolence and industry which she has so earnestly espoused, and for the promotion of which she has devoted so much time and energy, and in all of which she has been so successful, and we echo the desire of all our people when we pray that she may be long spared to be enabled to continue these good works, and that her exertions may be crowned with a lasting success.

We hope that during your Excellencies' sojourn in this city you will be able to obtain information of every thing pertaining to its progress and prosperity, and to witness the contentment manifested by its people, and that your visit will be marked with the fullest enjoyment and pleasure.

We also hope that your Excellency's administration may be blessed with success and result advantageously to the whole people of this Dominion, and that at its close an additional ray of lustre may be shed on the noble and distinguished house of Aberdeen.

In replying his Excellency thanked the Mayor and city for the address, congratulated the country upon the exhibit which Canada made at the Chicago Exposition, which cannot fail to influence the future commercial relations between the United States and Canada. "It is an object lesson, and one of many which, it is to be hoped, may be given to the world of Canada's progress and prosperity."

Then followed an address from the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, which called for special thanks from his Excellency for the kindly and gracious reference to the work done by the Countess of Aberdeen in the matter of Irish Industries. The idea was first formed during the brief period when Lord Aberdeen was Viceroy of Ireland; for then "Lady Aberdeen had an opportunity of seeing the scope for endeavoring to develop the Irish industries, through the skill in which many of the Irish peasants excel in that direction, and, having carefully waited for the development of the societies which she founded for that purpose, Lady Aberdeen has become more and more convinced of the usefulness of such a movement." The outcome of that association was the arrangement of an exhibit at the World's Fair, which was specially designed, and which has been successfully carried out "with a view to developing the demand of the market for the products of these industrious poor people."

Before closing, his Excellency touched upon the incident of the British flag at the Irish Village with a great spirit of fairness and justice. He said:

Well, you have no doubt, heard of that unfortunate incident which occurred in connection with this Irish Village, which has otherwise been so successful. I am sorry to say that, as might have been expected, it has been almost impossible for the representatives of the press, with all their activity and energy, in the midst of the vast crowds which have been thronging the exhibition, to get an accurate version of what occurred. For example, I noticed in one of our excellent journals that a vast crowd had been collected around the Irish Village, and that an attempt had been made to rescue one of the offenders. As it happens, I am informed that these parties were arrested for some other cause; in the confusion it was assumed it was in connection with the incident I have mentioned. Indeed, a friend of mine asked someone what the disturbance was, and he was told that somebody wanted to run off with the blarney stone. (Laughter.)

However, I merely allude to this incident in order that you may not feel that this enterprise, in which you evidently sympathize, viz., the promotion of home industries, has been in any way mixed up or responsible for an incident which we all deplore, and none more so, as I have the means of knowing, than the great body of Irishmen in Chicago. They deeply regret the incident, and they pointed out as earnestly as they could that it was due to some misguided, hot-headed people who had been led to suppose that the Irish Village was in some way intended as a demonstration against the political opinions which they held, whereas, of course, as I have explained, there was no political connection whatever. It is, I think, only due to you and to the Countess of Aberdeen that some explanation should be made regarding the real circumstances of this incident, as to which a wrong impression might easily be formed.

Other societies followed with addresses, which elicited eloquent and appropriate replies from the Governor-General, who expressed himself well pleased with all he saw and heard.

The rest of the week, with the exception of one day, when his Excellency visited Hamilton, was passed in calling at several of the educational and charitable institutions of Toronto.

The Roman correspondent of *The Irish Catholic* writes the House of

Savoy is devising a new plan in regard to the Patriarchate of Venice. All year Italy has claimed its right to the nomination by failing to grant to the new Patriarch and forty other Bishops the Royal *exequatur*. Failing to gain concessions from the unbending will of Leo XIII. they have devised a new plan. The Minister of Justice has deputed some one to write a book in defence of Italy's cause. The work, which has just appeared, instead of adding strength to the position, shows more clearly the bad faith of Italy's advocates. The main argument is derived from a Bull of Nicholas V., which he quoted to establish the fact that the See of Grado was transferred to that of Venice, whereas the Bull in question clearly says that the Patriarchate of Venice was established, not by transferring from Grado, but as a newly-instituted See made after the suppression of the See of Grado."

The Apostleship of Prayer made a pilgrimage to the Vatican to the number of 700, consisting principally of Italians, when the Director presented an address of congratulation to the Sovereign Pontiff. It concluded thus:

Holy Father, as your Episcopal Jubilee commenced under the auspices of the Heart of Jesus, we, to-day, prostrate at your feet, turn our prayers to that Sacred Heart that it may deign to watch over and long preserve your precious existence. Our prayer is the sublime expression taught us by Jesus Christ Himself in the Lord's Prayer *Adveniat regnum tuum*. Yes, *Thy kingdom come* is the prayer we address to God. *Thy kingdom come*—that is to say, may the kingdom of Satan be weakened; *Thy kingdom come*—that is to say, may the sects disappear from the world; *Thy kingdom come*—i. e., may peace flourish among Christians; *Thy kingdom come*—i. e., may the Faith ever be defended upon earth; may the Vicar and the Church of Jesus soon triumph, crowned with the splendour of His greatness. In a word, our prayer is, with that of our Master, *Ut unum fiat ovile et unus Pastor*. We are weak, we know, but, strengthened to-day by your blessing and by your words, we shall obtain new strength to enable us to confess our faith and to defend, as far as in us lies, the rights of the Holy See. Yes, Holy Father, bless our intentions, our hearts, our enterprises; bless us and our families, bless all the faithful in the world who are associated to the Apostleship of Prayer, and we will not cease to pray to the Sacred Heart for so noble an end, fully confident that *ea* shall be heard."

The Holy Father replied in touching terms as follows.

"The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is preordained (as was revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque) for the healing of the greatest wound of modern society, which is egoism—the idolatry of self, the worship of the sensual self and of the pride of self, the placing of self in the place of God, above the rest of humanity, so that to this self all things are referred, and usurping the rights of the Creator, of the Church, and of social and individual man, self stands as the opponent and enemy of religion and morality, authority and law, property and family. For the conquest of this egoism there is no power like that of charity in the Heart of Jesus, which did once fill with new and vigorous life the death-struck body of pagan society. The charity of Christ was the generative spirit of Christian civilization and will be its restoring spirit now. The salvation for which we look must be the result of a great effusion of Christian charity, which is the synthesis of the Gospel and the surest antidote to the egoism of the time. Let us

pray, then, to the Heart of Jesus, that human society may be led back to Him, for in great part it has strayed from Him. Let each one spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart in his own family and in his own country. The life of Christ was a life made up of sacrifices, as is His sacramental life still. Nothing for Himself, as a man, but all for mankind. Let us do likewise: nothing for ourselves, all things for Jesus. Thus our prayer, modelled on that of Christ and united with the practice of Christian virtues, will be of high efficacy in turning away the wrath of God and in obtaining the recall of erring human society to Him Who redeemed and sanctified it. We shall not cease to lift up our hands and our voice to implore the mercies of the Almighty for the whole of Christendom, and especially for this beloved country, so highly favored and so rich in glory. Our love is repaid with little indeed except contempt and ingratitude. But we must continue to do our duty in vindicating the rights of the Church and of the Holy See, nor shall we cease to pray, as did Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for His enemies, for our enemies, for the enemies of human society. May God, Who blest the nations, vouchsafe to hear our common prayers. May He have in store better days for our own Italy and for the world."

It is expected that the Holy Father will hold a Consistory early in January, when, in an allocution of some length, the Supreme Pontiff will express his thanks to the Catholic world for its proofs of devotion during his year of Jubilee. An Encyclical is looked for about the same time.

The chief topic in English politics is Redmond's position, who is taking a more and more pronounced stand of opposition to Gladstone. For whose benefit this is would be as hard to solve as the problem of the sphinx. Not for Ireland, not for Redmond, nor yet for England's peace and advantage. As Mr. McCarthy says, the Irish party will assist the Ministry in every way to fulfil their pledges towards the English electorate, knowing that such a course is for the ultimate triumph of Home Rule.

People were horror stricken to learn that Mayor Harrison of Chicago had been shot dead in his own residence on a Saturday evening. The man who committed this dreadful crime was named Prendergast, and his only reason was that the Mayor had promised to make him Corporation Counsel and had not kept his word. Calling at Mr. Harrison's house on South Ashland Boulevard he was admitted into the hall, and the Mayor, who had heard his name, stepped from his dining room, and Prendergast advanced towards him. Without saying a word he commenced firing, and every bullet struck the mark. One shattered Mr. Harrison's left hand, another passed into the right side of the abdomen; while the third entered the chest just above the heart. This was the shot that did the deed of death, casting gloom not over the immediate relations alone, but over the whole continent. The victim lived but a few moments, and shortly afterward flashed the news through the busy city, and men grew pale at the word that Mayor Harrison was shot by a crank.

The long protracted debate in the United States Senate was brought to a close on the 30th ult., and the unconditional repeal was passed by a vote of 48 yeas to 32 nays.

MR. JOHN BARRY, M.P.

Statement to His Constituents at Wexford.

Mr. John Barry rose to deliver his statement, and he was received with loud and prolonged applause. He said—Before proceeding to deal with the special business which brings us here to-day, I would like to say a few words upon the events, or at least upon the great event, of the past session, and after dealing at some length with the course of events during the past session, paying marked compliment to both Mr. Sexton and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, proceeded—Now, gentleman, having said so much upon the great measure of the past session, perhaps you will allow me to contradict some of the statements that appeared in the press immediately after my resignation was announced. It is understood that proceedings at meetings of the party are to be regarded as strictly private and confidential. I did not mention the fact of my resignation to anyone. After leaving the House I went to Manchester that night. You may, therefore, imagine my surprise when taking the newspaper next morning to find a long account of the matter, and the reason given was that I resigned as a protest against granting £8,000 to the evicted tenants out of the Parliamentary Fund. This statement was absolutely false (applause), and was calculated to prejudice me in the eyes of the evicted tenants and of the country. I have a good idea who it was started this calumny. As a matter of fact, I strongly supported the proposal to grant aid to the evicted tenants (applause). I held as a matter of honour and good faith we were pledged to stand by them to the end. It is true I hold a strong opinion on the policy which was pursued in certain parts of the country, notably at New Tipperary, a policy which drained our party resources and left so many people dependent on the country. The unfortunate people were not responsible, they acted with heroism and devotion (applause). I always felt and feel as strongly as ever at this moment that the party and the country are bound to stand by them until a satisfactory settlement is secured (applause). Then, again, it was widely circulated in the press that I resigned because I took a different view from the majority on the question of the Paris Funds. Now, as a matter of fact, there was no discussion on that question until after I had left the room, so my opinion was not expressed one way or the other. In this matter it is true I also hold strong opinions on the policy of secrecy and muddle connected with this unfortunate business, but to say that I resigned my seat in Parliament for that and for that alone is simply untrue (applause). As I will have something to say upon this question later, I will not dwell further upon it now. I have been actively connected with Irish politics for 31 years. During that period the National cause passed through trying and dangerous times. Innumerable personal controversies were fought out. During all that time I started no controversy. I made no personal attack on the platform or in the press (hear, hear). If differences arose with my colleagues I held my peace. I can point with a feeling of pardonable pride to that long record in which I never allowed any personal consideration to embarrass or endanger the National cause (applause). With this record behind me you will readily understand that I did not lightly and without pain take the course which I have taken in resigning my seat. After the bitter experience we had in Ireland of the evils and dangers which flow from placing unlimited authority in the hands of one man we should never allow a similar state of things to arise, and it is because I have witnessed the steady growth of that spirit of what I

will call, for the want of a better word, "Bossism," that I am here to-day to make the strongest protest in my power against it (applause). To make the situation quite clear to you, and to prove to you that I have not acted hastily nor without sufficient reason, it is necessary to recall certain events. You will remember when the Parnell crisis came upon the country in November, 1890, in what a fearful position the National cause was placed. Amongst our other difficulties we were without a paper in Dublin to voice the opinion of the country. The *Freeman* had joined the factionists, and poured forth its stream of deadly venom every day, and *United Ireland* was forcibly seized by Mr. Parnell. Prompt action was necessary, the painful proceedings at Committee Room 15 came to an end on a Saturday night. Mr. Barry proceeded to describe the proceedings connected with the starting of the *National Press* and Mr. O'Brien's unexpected refusal to act on the Board of that paper, or to assist in its foundation, pointing out how likely this refusal seemed at the time to bring about the wrecking of the project. He went on—We intimated the fact of his refusal to the people who had subscribed, and, to their eternal honour, he it said, that only two persons who subscribed to the extent of £500 withdrew their names in consequence of Mr. O'Brien's refusal (cheers). Then followed the absurd Boulogne negotiations which so sorely tried the patience of the country. The party after a long and agonising discussion had deposed Mr. Parnell in the most solemn manner, but that, forsooth, was not enough for Mr. O'Brien. He ignored the decision of the party and must negotiate terms with Mr. Parnell himself. I don't remember exactly the terms which Mr. O'Brien was prepared to accept from Mr. Parnell, but in a letter which appeared on Saturday last from Father Humphreys he states—and I think he is correct—that the first condition was that the Irish Bishops should make an apology to Mr. Parnell for having issued their letter (laughter), and for having dealt so hardly with him. The second proposal was that Mr. Justin McCarthy should be at once put aside and somebody else elected in his place, and the third proposal was that Mr. Gladstone should withdraw his letter in the most unqualified manner. So far as my recollection serves me these were the conditions which Father Humphreys states so positively and so definitely in his letter last Saturday. I want to ask you as reasonable men, what was to be thought of the judgment of the men who would consider for a moment such conditions as these? These negotiations lasted a long time, and the country was left in a very distracted condition. It was thrown back into doubt and confusion. The negotiations failed, as every sensible man knew they would fail, and then Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon went into Galway jail. At that time the party was splendidly united, working together like one man. I challenge anyone to say there was the slightest friction or difference in our ranks. Its unity was maintained in the most perfect manner until Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon came out of jail. Then, I regret to say, in a short time all was changed. They found the National Party strong and united. Carlow and Sligo had endorsed the verdict of Kilkenny—(hear, hear). The *National Press*, conducted with courage and ability, had brought the *Freeman* to its knees (cheers). All danger was passed and the country was saved (cheers). From the first moment these gentlemen came amongst us they looked with ill-concealed displeasure upon all that had been done in their absence. They took up a position of veiled hostility to the *National Press*. They endeavored to shield the

Freeman from the just indignation of the people. You remember Mr. Dillon's attempt to carry out that policy at the convention here in Wexford—(A Voice—Quite well)—and you remember how it failed. They threatened to resign their seats if resolutions in favour of the *National Press* were carried at conventions. This and a great deal more of the same kind took place; but for the sake of peace all this was tolerated in silence. The *Freeman*, utterly beaten, utterly smashed and pulverised by the vigorous and well-maintained attacks of the *National Press* and by the steady patriotism of the people, then sued for peace, and the *National Press* could have arranged its own terms with the *Freeman* but for the ill-omened interference of Mr. Dillon. Again, for the sake of peace silence was maintained, and for the sake of unity Mr. Dillon, although he had not a single share in either paper, was invited to join the board. But this did not satisfy Mr. Dillon. He insisted that Mr. O'Brien, who did not own a penny in the papers, should also be a director. At that moment we—that is, the directors of the *National Press*—were engaged in difficult and delicate financial negotiations with the representatives of the Gray family on the *Freeman*. Three others and myself had guaranteed the payment of £20,000 within a certain limited time. It was at that critical hour that Mr. Dillon insisted upon introducing for the first time the question of the *Freeman* directorate into the Parliamentary party. I regarded this as a grievous error of judgment, and protested against it on the ground that it would lead to dissensions. I pointed out that this was a question of business, that this was a question to be settled by the shareholders, and that men who had no financial interest in the concern had nothing to do with it (hear, hear). And apart from that, I argued that it was unwise to get up as a permanent institution in the country a popular organ of opinion, controlled and directed by politicians and members of Parliament (hear, hear). I pointed out that we—the *National Press* directors—that every man of us was willing to retire. I was only too glad, speaking for myself, to retire, and I object now to the presence of politicians upon the board of a great national paper, for this reason, that one side or the other, if there is division in the board, will have the opportunity of preventing the expression of free opinion in its columns, and so freedom of speech in the country is practically throttled while you allow an institution of that kind to remain. My strongest reason above all other reasons for protesting was, that if the question was introduced into our party it would undoubtedly create a line of cleavage and lead possibly to permanent division and dissensions in the party. However, Mr. Dillon insisted, and a meeting of the party was called to consider the question. Unfortunately an accident detained Mr. Dillon in Dublin, and he was unable to be present at the meeting in London. But after a discussion lasting over ten hours it was unanimously agreed by the party that nothing further should be done in the *Freeman* matter until the important financial arrangements then in progress, and which I referred to just now, were successfully carried through. In defiance of this unanimous agreement of the party, Mr. Dillon on the following day rushed a long letter into the *Freeman* throwing the whole subject into the vortex of public discussion. Again, for the sake of peace, we were silent. I am not sure that we were wise in being silent when Mr. Dillon committed the glaring act of undisciplined, of defying the agreement of the party, rushing into the paper, and throwing the whole subject before the country. I will not follow Mr. Dillon in all his deplorable action in the

Freeman business, but this I will say, he forced that wretched quarrel to the front in a reckless spirit, and utterly regardless of the consequences to the country, just on the threshold of a general election. You all remember the heartbreaking display at the shareholders' meetings at the Imperial Hotel. All this action was prompted by the spirit of bossism; but once more, for the sake of peace, he was allowed to have his own way. I have said we were a really united and advancing party until these gentlemen appeared on the scene. Allow me to give you some proof of this assertion. They at once commenced a movement to oust Mr. Justin McCarthy from the chair. At the first meeting of the party in 1892 Mr. Sexton nominated Mr. McCarthy. Mr. O'Brien nominated Mr. Dillon in opposition. They were appealed not to press the matter to a division—the danger of starting a line of cleavage in the party was strongly urged—but in vain, they insisted upon going to a division, and Mr. Dillon got only 9 votes, and one of these was recorded by a mistake by a very good friend of ours, who afterwards said he gave his vote in error, so that practically he had only eight votes. With the exception of the Parnell incident in Room 15, this was the first division on a personal issue ever forced on the party. From that time the intrigue has gone on—lobbying, button-holding, private conclaves of all kinds, a kind of secret society within a party all of which I have observed for a long time with feelings of growing disgust. I am firmly convinced that the end and object of all this is to set up a kind of Brummagem Parnellism, but with twin bosses in stead of one. The proceedings at the recent election in Mayo should have opened the eyes of the country to the dangers of the boss system. In Mr. Parnell's time we had at least to deal with a man of cool judgment, but Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon, although possessing many excellent personal qualities, are, in my opinion, very deficient in judgment and common sense. After the displays they have made, the burdens that some of their unwise acts have placed upon the country—New Tipperary, for instance, cost £70,000—the bumptious Boulogne negotiations, their reckless grasping after power on the *Freeman* and in the party, they would, I firmly believe, in any country but generous Ireland be laughed out of serious and practical politics. I made some reference just now to the question of the Paris Funds. My knowledge on this subject dates very far back. In 1881, when there was apprehension that the National funds might be seized in Ireland or England, Mr. Parnell entrusted to me the forwarding of the first amount—£20,000, I believe it was—to Paris. Again in 1890, immediately after the Parnellite split—in fact, the day after the proceedings in Room 15 terminated, at my urgent appeal to Mr. Arthur O'Connor and Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien were despatched to Paris that day (Sunday) to prevent the withdrawal of all or any portion of the fund by Mr. Parnell. I provided £100 from my own pocket to meet any preliminary expenses. They were at the bank when the doors opened on Monday morning, and were just in time, because a demand had arrived that morning from Mr. Parnell withdrawing a large sum for his campaign. After much careful deliberations and many consultations with eminent French lawyers, proceedings were taken to recover the money, which the bankers declared they could not part with without a legal decision. The French lawyers further advised that a decision in the English courts declaring Mr. Justin McCarthy as the surviving trustee entitled to the money would be invaluable, but a difficulty arose about suing the Paris banker in the English courts. It was at that

moment, like a special Providence, that Messrs. Redmond, Harrington and Kenny, entered their action against Mr. Justin M'Carthy in London, and afforded an opportunity of getting the necessary and much-desired decision in the English courts. In London the case was placed in the hands of two highly capable lawyers, who at the same time were two of the most trusted members of the Irish Party—Mr. Arthur O'Connor and Mr. Vesoy Knox (applause). Several visits to Paris were made, and the closest and most assiduous attention was given to the case by these gentlemen. To their intense satisfaction they won the preliminary stages and were on the verge of the final trial, when, against the emphatic protests of the counsel engaged in the case or without in any way submitting to the matter to the Irish Party, a bargain was entered into with the Parnellites and the proceedings were stayed. As I said at the outset, I have all my life had a dread of the introduction of personal controversies into our national affairs, and I have always avoided anything of the kind. To-day I yield to an overwhelming sense of duty, and make a frank statement to you of the reasons which force me to place my resignation in your hands. From the course I have taken I believe no harm will result to the National cause. On the contrary, I believe much good will follow from it (hear, hear). I believe the country has had enough, and more than enough, of the degrading system of bossing (hear, hear). When the matter is clearly understood, I believe the democratic spirit of the country will not allow the vanity, ambition, and love of power of these gentlemen to control the National movement (cheers). If the county conventions are real conventions, and not wire-pulled from the centre, there is no fear of the National Party. If Parliamentary candidates are freely selected by the conventions, and not forced upon them, we will then have a sound and safe representation. We have had four conventions for the selection of candidates in Ireland this year. Mr. Dillon presided over two. Mr. O'Brien presided over another, and I forget who presided over the fourth. (A voice—Mr. Bodkin.) Unless the county delegates insist upon doing their own business unfettered and uncontrolled the scandal of the recent Mayo Convention will be repeated. I am sure Messrs. John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien have a deep and intense love for their country. We all know they have suffered much in her cause (hear, hear). If they would be satisfied with the influence and authority which rightly attaches to their character and ability there would be no dissension in our party to-day (hear, hear). But they are not content to serve; they must control the party and the country. It is because I believe their course is fraught with danger to the best interests of Ireland that I make the strongest protests in my power to-day. The policy which they have persistently followed since the Parnell crisis arose has brought no strength to the National cause. Events have proved they were wrong in every instance. They wanted to give the Redmondites fifteen members at the general election. If this policy had succeeded the Home Rule Bill would have been defeated (hear, hear). What has Ireland gained by Mr. Dillon's action on the Freeman? Ireland has not gained but lost enormously. Was the unity of the party maintained by the attempt to oust Mr. M'Carthy from the chair and force Mr. Dillon into his place? I say no, but on the contrary, a deadly blow was struck at the solidity of the party (hear, hear), and the foundations were laid for conspiracy and intrigue within the party. The National Federation is founded upon democratic principles. The present strength and future success of

the National cause depends upon the firm maintenance of those principles (cheers). I ask if these principles have been observed by the flagrant bossing of conventions such as Mr. Dillon's high-handed methods in Mayo? Whilst on this point allow me to give you another illustration of this kind of personal dictation. Mr. Wm. O'Brien at the last general election was elected for two constituencies—for the City of Cork and for his old constituency of North-East Cork. Mr. O'Brien elected to sit for the City of Cork, and in that way a vacancy occurred for North-East Cork. A meeting was held within the constituency, presided over by a well-known clergyman, Dean O'Regan, and the name which was received at that meeting as a probable candidate was the name of Mr. William Murphy, of Dublin (cheers), who had lost his seat to the Parnellites at the general election. Mr. Murphy's name was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Nothing definite was done because it was not a National convention. It was a preliminary meeting. The whole matter was reported in the papers. Dean O'Regan received from Mr. O'Brien a letter stating that he was astounded to see that Mr. Murphy's was a likely name to be selected, and that if he was selected he and Mr. Dillon would deem it their duty to go down to Cork and oppose him (cries of "Oh, oh"). I submit if action of that kind is to be tolerated you may possibly start an autocracy like the Russian autocracy in Ireland. You may get an autocrat to reign over the destinies of the country, but you must bid good-bye to all democratic methods (hear, hear). I will not detain you further with special instances such as I have given you. When I entered into Irish politics in the dark and dangerous time, thirty years ago, I had nothing to gain. I had everything to lose. I was one of the Irish in England, face to face with heavy odds and bitter prejudices. When I speak of those days my mind is filled with sad memories. Nearly all of those who entered then upon what seemed a desperate and forlorn hope have passed away. Some died on the scaffold, many died in prison—all gone, years of sacrifice and effort, to assert the national claims of Ireland. I claim this for them—my countrymen in Great Britain, and I know the generous spirit of Wexford will freely grant it—that but for their fidelity, devotion and persistent labors, the national cause would not be so near success to-day (applause). It will always be to me a glad recollection that I had the privilege of co-operating in that work. For years I carried my life and my liberty in my hands, as I went through the length and breadth of the country sowing the seeds of that movement, which, to-day, thank God, is strong enough to restore to Ireland the control of her own destinies (applause). It is with the utmost reluctance that I make any reference to my participation in this old struggle—it is the first time I have done so, and it will be the last. But to-day I am, in a sense, on my trial. I have been forced to take a course which is utterly repugnant and painful to me, and I am anxious above all things to make it clear to you that, after the best part of my life has been spent in helping the National movement to the best of my ability, I would have made any personal sacrifices to hold on to the end; but the position became intolerable through the personal action of two men grasping for power, one blinded with vanity, and the other singularly deficient in judgment and common sense. I foresee a long and squalid contest with these gentlemen. I have neither time nor inclination for a contest of that kind, so I concluded the only course open to me was to make a free and frank explanation of my reasons, and place my resignation in your hands. There

was no honour the world could confer upon me so great as the representation of my native county in Parliament. In future it will be always a matter of pride to myself and those who come after me that in Ireland's final and, thank God, successful struggle for freedom, I was deemed worthy to bear your banner in the fight. I strove to do my duty. I hope I succeeded; but that verdict, gentleman, is now in your hands (loud and prolonged cheering).

Death of a Religious.

Sister M. de Sales, a religious, who during the long years of her convent life had won the esteem and love of all, lately passed peacefully away at the Convent of Mercy, Gort. The cause of her death was apoplexy. The deceased Sister, who was daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Davy, of Curra, Loughrea, had entered the Order of Mercy at the early age of eighteen years, and had at the time of her death completed the thirty-fifth year of her profession. A Requiem Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel, which was thronged to its utmost capacity, many who wished attend being unable to gain admission. Among the relatives of the deceased Sister were the Misses Davy, Curra, Loughrea (sisters), Miss K. Davy, Woodberry (cousin), Mr. Thomas Davy, Curra, Loughrea (brother), and Mr. P. Davy, J.P., Woodberry (cousin). On the conclusion of the High Mass the funeral procession was formed. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the former pupils of the dead Sister, who thus testified their respect and gratitude to the deceased's memory. Following came the members of the community, and the children of the convent and National Schools, and there was a large gathering of the general public. The funeral procession presented a solemn and striking aspect, as it slowly wended its way through the beautiful grounds to the cemetery, which lies so peacefully at the foot of the hill. The absolutions were performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Fahy.

Government of Children.

It is scarcely too much to say that almost as many children are spoiled by too much government as by too little. As between the two courses, the child that is judiciously left alone is much better off than the one that is too much controlled. With naturally good impulses, the youngster, unless brought up in solitude and with selfish instincts and habits, is fairly likely to develop a not objectionable character. Continued contact with play—"lows of his own age and condition brings out the manly and independent characteristics. He goes out light of heart and free from annoyances, and all the world looks bright to him. But the child who goes from home with a mind warped and a temper soured by perpetual fault-finding and bickering is in a mood to make all things ill. He goes about with a metaphorical chip on his shoulder, and there is little wonder if he gets into all sorts of trouble. An experienced teacher used to say that he could tell the children who lived unhappily at home. They were much more troublesome at school, and were almost always on the alert for slights and offenses, and far more difficult to control than the children who came from happy and peaceable families.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

"Do you think, Schmidt, that your affection for Franlein is reciprocated?" "I really can't say. I'm loving her at present on credit."

"The Bard of Cavan."

Cornelius O'Reilly, better known in New York by his self-assumed title of "The Bard of Cavan," died on the 15th instant, in Bellevue Hospital. In his early days, some fifty years ago, in Bolturbet, County Cavan, he was looked upon as a wild youth, where he "got into trouble" on account of his supposed connection with the "Molly McGuire," but before the English authorities could act in his case he disappeared. His friends next heard of him in Cork, as a private in the Eighty-eighth Regiment, known to fame as the "Counaught Rangers." In those days the soldiers of the English garrison in Ireland were marched to church, on Sunday, headed by their band, but, after the Protestants of the different regiments had been with their officers, deposited at the Episcopal churches, the music ceased, and the Catholics had to go to Mass in silence. O'Reilly became aroused over this, and, one Sunday morning, stepping out of the ranks, he presented a pistol at the Bandmaster's head, commanding him, at the same time, to order his men to play up "St. Patrick's Day," on pain of instant death. The order was promptly obeyed, the band struck up the National air, and, for the first time since the Jacobite era Catholic soldiers in the service of the English crown marched to Mass headed by military bands. Private O'Reilly had been guilty of open mutiny, for less than which many a man had been summarily shot by drum-head court-martial. But, at that period, affairs in Europe were (as the diplomatists put it), in a ticklish position. The political atmosphere was charged at once with the elements of war and revolution; England herself was convulsed with domestic trade troubles, and the British authorities of the day recognized that their only safety lay in the loyalty of the regular army, over thirty per cent of which was then composed of Irish soldiers. Hence, O'Reilly's offence against the regulations was condoned; but the individual result to him was that he was made a marked man, for persecution and punishment in his regiment; and, as a consequence, he took advantage of the assignment to Cork of the detachment to which he belonged to take French leave of the Provost and Adjutant, and for a time there was a blank opposite his name in the roll of his company, which, at each muster, was filled in with the single words deserter—a term that means, to-day, more than it did then to the British military authorities, for their own official returns show that they are unable to keep up their military status, as the sum total of their annual loss by deaths, discharges and desertions far exceeds the number of their recruitments.

But, a man of O'Reilly's strong individuality could not long remain in concealment; and, in a short time after he revealed his identity to the police who were looking for him, by plunging into the swollen waters of the river Lee, and rescuing a child, who was one of a number of people who had been swept down by a freaket. He was recognized by an energetic policeman, on landing with the rescued child; and being brought before a court-martial, was sentenced to two months' penal confinement in a military prison, for the offence being "absent from his company without leave." The sentence excited so much public comment that O'Reilly, at the end of three weeks, was released; and being still in the hands of the civil authorities and having registered a vow that he would never again wear "the English Red," he was shipped, in disguise, on an American-bound ship, and safely reached New York, which, like so many of his co-patriots he subsequently made his abiding place, as a good citizen of the Great Republic.

A tip-top fellow often knows how to make things hum.

FATHER HAND'S LECTURE.

The following is a full report of the able address delivered by Rev. J. L. Hand in St. Paul's church on Sunday evening, Oct. 32nd:

MY DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN—His Grace the Archbishop has asked me to express to you this evening his very sincere regret at his inability to be present to address the members of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association. His Grace, for particular reasons, desired to be present this evening to address the members of his well-beloved organization, the C. M. B. A. He has been the friend and patron of the Society; through his personal influence this organization got a foothold in Canada—first in the Diocese of London, which may be called, even at the present time, the home and headquarters of the Society. It is, therefore, with considerable regret that a pressing duty calls him from the city to-day. What a pleasure it would be to him to speak to you upon the benefits of this great organization.

I have also to make another apology. Seeing that His Grace would be absent, another eloquent clergyman was asked to come and address the members of the C. M. B. A. in his stead this evening; but he was unable to fulfil the engagement, and consequently you shall have to stand a few remarks from your humble servant.

With regard to this organization, I must confess that in starting out I am in a somewhat similar position to an ancient pastor of St. Paul's (this has been handed down by tradition) upon a great occasion, an occasion that seemed great to him. He was invited to preach, and he started to prepare a very profound and eloquent discourse. This clergyman surrounded himself with his books for about a week, and after he had read the matter up and got a full collection of ideas placed them down on paper. The last operation then was to be performed; it was only a matter of a short time after he had his sermon written to commit the matter to memory. He left it to the last day, and on Saturday morning, after his Holy Mass, he came to commit his discourse for this special occasion. He could not discover his manuscript upon his desk; he examined the room, and failing to find it, rang the bell and called the servant and asked if she had seen the paper; who, after some hesitation, said that she had lit the fire with a soiled paper she found on his desk. His sermon went up in smoke.

That is not exactly my predicament, but it is this: Some time ago I had occasion to speak on behalf of the C. M. B. A.—some five or six years ago—and when the disappointment occurred this evening, I imagined that I would be able to fall back on my old manuscript and have something with which to address the members of this organization. Looking over the five or six years that are past, I find that anything that I might then have said would be entirely inapplicable to the C. M. B. A. now. Such has been its growth, so great has been its development, even here in this city of Toronto, that anything with regard to the results of the C. M. B. A. five years ago would dwindle into insignificance to-day. I thought then that it was a great thing to boast that the C. M. B. A. had paid \$1,500,000 to the heirs of deceased members. This evening, my dearly beloved brethren, we find a great change, and instead of \$1,500,000 the C. M. B. A. has paid out \$4,500,000 to the widows and orphans of the deceased members. Our Divine Master has declared that from their works you shall know them. Judging by this standard, we at once came to a knowledge of the nature of this organization.

First of all we may preface our remarks with a few words on Catholic organizations and societies. The

Church has always been the mother and protector of organizations. We see them spring up in her bosom from the very first ages of Christianity—societies and organizations adapted to the spirit and the wants of the time. We see the monasteries—the sanctuaries of holiness, piety and fervor—where men received the light of the Gospel, that they might go forth and proclaim the doctrine of Christ to the world. Her organizations have been working in every century. In the middle ages the organizations of the Church stood between the feudal lord and the peasant whom he feign would crush. Her guilds were societies of freemen. The Holy Father, who so gloriously reigns at present, has again and again expressed his approval and appreciation of Catholic societies.

Among Catholic societies the C. M. B. A. holds a prominent and distinguished part. It cannot boast indeed of antiquity; there is no romance connected with its institution, there may not be the heroism of St. Ignatius, or the burning and unconquerable fire of St. Vincent de Paul; but yet, the C. M. B. A. was brought forth in a manner suitable to our time, and for objects in keeping with the times in which we live. Some of you will be acquainted with the fact that in December, 1876, a few men were gathered together in Niagara Falls on the American side to form a committee for rendering assistance to the pastor in paying off a heavy debt upon the Church. Then for some years a heavy tax was imposed upon the members. The assessment system worked wonderfully well in clearing the church of debt; and when they had the last cent paid off they thought they should not disband, that they should merge into an organization suitable to the wants of the Catholic Church at large, and so, my dearly beloved brethren, they established the first branch of the C. M. B. A. Aided by their Pastor they submitted their project to the learned and distinguished Bishop of Buffalo, and he at once approved of the idea. And here we have the origin and the beginning of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association. It is only a short period since its organization, and yet what a world of good it has done. . . .

One of the first things laid down in the constitution is the qualification of membership. The constitution specifies that each member of its organization must be a good, sound, practical Catholic, and if there is any question about the Catholicity of any applicant or member of this organization it must be submitted to the Pastor of the Parish in which the branch exists with an appeal to the Bishop of the Diocese. This article placed in the constitution is rivetted there. The constitution makes it a first condition that its members shall be practical Catholics; and any member who is not, forfeits all benefits in the Association.

Another thing, my dearly beloved brethren—this society tends to Catholicity. Too long established, societies in this country were divided into national clans, according to race lines. The C. M. B. A. recognizes no nationality; it is built and based upon broad and extended Catholicity. There is no question of Irish or English or Scotch or German or French; the only qualification, apart from the prescribed age and healthy physique, is, that the person be a good, sound, practical Catholic.

The beneficiary article provides a two fold beneficiary for membership—one a beneficiary for \$2,000, and another for \$1,000. This may not be thoroughly understood by members of this congregation, because they have been in the dark for some time here with regard to the working of the C. M. B. A. It has been held by some that it is not profitable for a congregation to have a branch of the C. M. B. A.; on

the contrary, it is most beneficial. Taking up a little pamphlet that has been issued a short time ago by the Grand Council of Canada we discover the amount of money that has been paid out in the various towns in the province. We find that St. Catharines has benefitted to the extent of some \$30,000 from the C. M. B. A., since a branch was started there. Then we find that Stratford has benefitted still more, and that Windsor more than either Stratford or St. Catharines. The same way with St. Thomas, and we find that during the time the C. M. B. A. has been in existence here in Toronto \$82,000 have been paid to the heirs of deceased members; so that it is a benefit for the family, and it is also a benefit to have a society such as the C. M. B. A. in a parish.

Another point with regard to this organization is this—that it has never had a lawsuit upon the straight question of paying the beneficiaries of deceased members. It is now some seventeen years in existence, and it has paid out \$4,500,000; and it is something to boast of that never, upon the straight question of paying to the heirs of deceased members the beneficiary, was there a dispute with the C. M. B. A. As soon as the papers are sent and put before the organization the officers are prompt in remitting to the heirs of deceased members what is coming to them from the association.

From the age of 18 to 25, for a \$2,000 Beneficiary, \$1.00 each assessment. It may also interest you to learn that when the Grand Councils of the C. M. B. A. were connected with the States the average number of annual assessments was 10; but since the Canada Grand Council has had separation from the Supreme Officers we expect that the assessment will not go over 14 a year. Consequently the young man from the age of 18 to 25, insured for \$2,000, would only pay \$14 a year upon his policy. There cannot be obtained in a mere life insurance organization terms such as these. From the age of 25 to 30, the assessment would be \$1.10, &c., from the age of 18 to 50. Here then, my dearly beloved brethren, we have the system and the working of this organization. Further than this, in other societies there are many things in the constitution, many laws, many things written in their manuals that are not observed in the workings of them; but I can testify that, with regard to the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association, the constitution and its laws are thoroughly observed. Catholic as it is in constitution, it is more Catholic in practice. For eight years I have had experience in different branches of the C. M. B. A. in this city, and I can testify, not only to the direct carrying out of the constitution, but to the quality of the men that form and compose this organization in the city of Toronto. His Grace, my dearly beloved brethren, has an exalted idea of the C. M. B. A. It was a flattering memorial to the society when he said that he would be delighted to speak to the C. M. B. A. because he knew they formed the core of the Catholic heart in the chief city of the Diocese. And therefore it has the approval of the clergy, therefore it has the approval and the encouragement of your Grand Spiritual Advisers. We have a large number, in fact about one half the Priests of the Province of Ontario, belong to the C. M. B. A.; the other half are over age; and all the Bishops of the Province, with one exception, are not mere honorary but practical members, and pay their assessments regularly, the same as any member who belongs to the rank and file of the organization; consequently the Catholic influence of this society is assured.

It is not for the members themselves that this organization is beneficial. No member ever expected, nor

can he expect, to draw his beneficiary. The Society is upon the assessment plan. No money is kept in the hands of the Supreme or the Grand Officers. There is, indeed, a reserve fund, but it is deposited, drawing interest in chartered banks, and only under the control of the organization. Hence no member of this organization can expect to be paid from it while living, but it is a benefit for the widow and children. The applicant for admission is not moved by a mere selfish motive, he is not working exactly for a personal end, but he is thinking of those who are dependent upon him. Therefore I would appeal rather to the ladies of the congregation, rather to the wives and to the mothers in the congregation than to the men, because it will be for their benefit and to their interest, it will be for themselves and for their children, and not for the bread winner. It will be a consolation to him indeed to know that when he has passed away his little ones will not be left penniless, that they will have from this organization a sum sufficient to guarantee them against want, at least for a considerable time. It takes less than \$20 a year; and where is the housekeeper that cannot save a couple of dollars a month, who cannot save sufficient from week to week to pay the premiums upon a \$2,000 beneficiary? The woman that cannot do this should not have charge of a house. It ought not to be at all difficult, then, for every householder, for wives and for mothers, to save from the earnings of their husbands or their sons sufficient to pay cash assessments. I will therefore ask you to insist that your husbands become members of this organization. It is a duty that you owe your children to take all precaution to preserve them against the hard, cruel world of want. There is no better means of securing them than that of the C. M. B. A. The C. M. B. A. has weathered the storm; it has seen organizations that pre-existed it go down; it has seen organizations that thrived before it go to pieces, because they were not managed properly. But the C. M. B. A. still lives. It has passed through the crisis of the influenza and other diseases of the past years, it has suffered from internal discord; but all that is past, and it is now more firmly established than ever. To-day it has a membership of over forty thousand working together. No; there will be no question with regard to the stability of this organization, it has the blessing of the Church, it supplies a long-felt want, and it will see that every cent is paid to the heirs of deceased members.

I thank the gentlemen of the C. M. B. A. for coming from a distance here this evening, and I hope that their presence in such large numbers will have a good influence on the congregation of St. Paul's, that our St. Paul's Branch will increase rapidly, that we will have a large influx of members, and that the Society will continue to flourish in this direction, as it has done in every parish of the city.



Are you troubled with dizziness, flatulency, flushings, fulness, general distress? Take K. D. C.—the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you or money refunded. Free sample mailed to any address. E. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

TEACHER WANTED,

MALE OR FEMALE, 2nd or 3rd class, for R. C. S. S. No. 5, Normandy. Applications, stating salary and testimonials, received up to 1st of December. Address JOHN MURPHY.

Atyon P. O., Ont.

His Excellency at Loretto Abbey.

The visit of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen to Loretto Abbey on Saturday last, deserves more than a mere journalistic record. On the part of the good Sisters in charge and the young ladies who took part nothing was wanting. The entertainment was in perfect taste, both as to quantity and quality. Everything, down to the Gordon sash worn by the pupils, bespoke refinement and delicacy, which, as the Governor-General said himself, "went straight to the heart." A raised dais was placed in front of the stage, where his Grace the Archbishop presided, having on his right the Earl of Aberdeen and on his left the Countess. The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick also occupied a place upon the dais. As soon as all had taken their seats his Grace the Archbishop rose and in his most happy way welcomed their Excellencies to the Abbey, and explained to them the character of the education which the young people received in the institution—an education which, while it was primarily religious in its character, fitted them out for the social duties of life. At the conclusion of his Grace's remarks the following address was read by Miss Rainey of Memphis:

May it please your Excellency:—What joy quickens our hearts, what feelings animate us as we welcome to Loretto Abbey her Majesty's representative, the Earl of Aberdeen, and his gracious Countess.

The greetings extended to your Excellencies from all parts of the Dominion plainly illustrate that "heretofore fortune has showed herself more kind than is her wont."

The fame of your noble deeds has preceded your Excellency into every city, great and small, telling us of a father who would interest himself in his children, of a patron who would encourage young aspirants to laudable pursuits, or a guide who would lead us onward by example as well as precept, of a wise Governor, whose heart would be in his country. It whispered, also, of a generous patroness, whose innumerable deeds of mercy have won for her a place in the hearts of all.

Such harbingers as these fill us with joyful anticipations and render our welcome all the more cordial.

We greet you in the name of "Bonnie Scotland," in the sweet freedom of her heath covered mountains, for we love that land of song and minstrelsy.

We greet you in the name of that Emerald Isle, whose harp still pleads in plaintive tones the sacred cause of liberty.

And, lastly, we greet you in the name of our fair and vast Dominion, whose lakes expand and whose mighty cataracts leap into wild exultation of untrammelled joy.

We beg your Excellencies to accept our earnest wish that your sojourn amongst us may be fraught with boundless happiness to yourselves and untold blessings to the nation.

As loyal subjects and ardent admirers of your Excellencies, we claim the privilege of asking that among the pleasing reminiscences of your Canadian home may be your honored visit to

THE PUPILS OF LORETTO ABBEY.

His Excellency replied with feeling, and expressed how deeply touched he was by the very kind words of the address, which made him feel at home. He was glad to hear from his Grace of the great work which was being done within the Abbey walls in the matter of education, and more particularly in religious education, so necessary to every one. He concluded by saying that he and the Countess would have in the beautiful illustrated address a lasting souvenir of their visit, and he hoped that the pupils would also have a pleasing remembrance of it in the holiday which he was most happy to give them.

The following programme was rendered: Scotch song, by Miss Dodge, Recitation—"The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by Miss MacMahon of St. Catharines, Miss Shea of Hamilton and Miss Slavin of Orillia, Piano solo, by Miss Guttin of Owen Sound; and an Ode to St. Cecilia, in which the Soloists were Miss Hawley of Toronto and Miss Shea, and the chorus was made up of the pupils of

the school, led by Prof. Torrington and an orchestra.

At the conclusion his Excellency thanked the young ladies for the entertainment, and closed by promising to present a gold medal every year to the most proficient pupil of Loretto Abbey. The party thereupon visited the studio, where the pictures and the exquisite needle work were inspected, and attracted the admiration of the distinguished visitors. His Excellency's children, Lady Marjory and Hon. Archie Gordon, were interested spectators of all the proceedings.

Besides a number of the laity the following clergymen were present—Vicar General McCann, Fathers Ryan, Teefy, O.S.B., J. Walsh, Secretary, Grogan, O.S.S.R., Hogan, O.S.S.R., DuMouchel, O. S. B., Coyle and O'Malley.

Confirmation at St. Joseph's.

On Sunday last his Grace the Archbishop administered the sacred rite of Confirmation to eighty-six candidates at St. Joseph's Church. Immediately after High Mass, which was sung by Rev. Father Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College, the Rev. Father Ryan preached a very practical sermon upon the Gospel of the day. The eloquent preacher explaining the raising of Jairus' daughter and the withdrawal of the players applied it most appropriately to the care parents should have over their children, and that no resurrection can take place as long as evil companions and occasions of sin are near at hand. He exhorted the fathers and mothers to rejoice upon that day, which was a day of joy to them, to their children, their pastor, and especially their chief pastor, who was about to bestow upon them the Spirit of God.

After his Grace administered the Sacrament he addressed, in most earnest, paternal language, children and grown people, upon the grave duties all were under of serving and loving God, of living for the truth of Christ, of leading good and holy lives. Fidelity to God's laws and those of His Church, attendance at good Catholic schools, sobriety, industry—these alone can secure such results. The Archbishop closed by making the Confirmands promise to be faithful to prayer, and by administering the pledge to them all until they were twenty-one.

Now that St. Joseph's Church has gas, and some stained windows, it presents a very fine appearance. Both pastor and people are to be congratulated on the improvements made.

Father Ryan Scores Divorce.

The *Star* of Monday says: Continuing his course of learned lectures on social topics to a crowded audience in St. Michael's Cathedral, Father Ryan discoursed last evening on the subject of Divorce. He said, among other things:

Christian marriage is the social sacrament that sanctifies Christian society at its source. Divorce is the social danger of the day. It degrades marriage, destroys the home, and threatens to ruin modern society as it ruined ancient society in Greece and Rome.

Divorce is two-fold—partial and complete. Partial divorce is called by jurists separation "from bed and board," the marriage tie remaining in tact. Complete or absolute divorce is separation, a vinculo, a total severance of the marriage bond with freedom and implied legal permission to marry again. The Catholic church teaches that partial separation may be permitted and rendered legal, for grave and sufficient reasons, the marriage bond remaining in tact.

Complete or absolute divorce, the same church teaches, is never lawful nor valid. It is directly opposed to the perfection of marriage, and to the positive law of God. It is written: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The marriage contract, once complete and consummated, can never be dissolved, for any cause, by any human power. All laws granting absolute divorce are null and void, by whomsoever made; and all marriages contracted in virtue of such laws are only legalized concubinage. Even the advocates of divorce laws have to admit what the infidel Gibbon said of similar laws in pagan Rome, that they create the very evils they are

meant to cure, and increase those evils to the destruction of society.

A leading Protestant writer in the *Methodist Review* for April, says, "I bow it as we will, or apologize for it as we may, legal divorce is a shame of Government by which it deliberately allies itself with the infirmities, passions and vices of human nature for the destruction of the divine institution of the family. To destroy marriage (by divorce), is to sweep away the foundations of the State."

The Protestant writer, Von Mueller, says, "If the Popes of Rome could hold up no other merit than that which they gained by protecting the marriage bond against the brutal lusts of those in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats and persecution, that alone would render them immortal for all future ages."

The "Court of Honor" was one of the most beautiful buildings in the white city of Chicago, that is not so white, there is a building that is not beautiful. It is the court of dishonor, the court of social danger, the Divorce Court, where Christian marriage is degraded and family life destroyed.

Thank God there is no such court in this Canada of ours, where every Christian home conforming to nature's law and God's command should be a court of honor, preserved by piety, purity, fortitude, and temperance from even a partial severance of the marriage tie.

Rosa d'Erina at Alliston.

Under the auspices of the ladies of St. Paul's Choir, Alliston, Rosa d'Erina gave one of her delightful musical evenings last Thursday before a large and highly appreciative audience. The versatility displayed by this lady in her music illustrations of many lands stamps her as an artist of the first order; while her rendition of the songs of her native land are filled with the pathos and humor characteristic of the bards of Ireland. In the duet with Prof. Vontom, "Mira di Acerbe," she scored a great success, eliciting round after round of applause.

Though many years before the public Mme. Rosa d'Erina has a wonderfully preserved voice of great compass and rare sweetness. In her accompaniments, what she plays herself, as well as in her organ selection, she displays a magnificent technique and brilliancy of execution.

Prof. Vontom, who appears with Mme. Rosa, is a host in himself, possessed of a sweet, fresh tenor voice, which he controls to the best advantage, while as a humorist he is refined and highly amusing.—SOL. FA.

Mme. Rosa d'Erina also held an entertainment at Peterborough on Oct. 20th, where she was well received. Both the *Daily Examiner* and the *Evening Review* speak in very high terms of her vocal talent, which has not lost any of its power since her last appearance several years ago. The prima donna lectured upon the music of many lands; and each national reference is illustrated by a selection given either by herself or her husband, Prof. Vontom. The *Daily Examiner* says: "Her entire programme was sterling in its character, sparkling in its range and variety, and exquisite in its rendition."

We hope that when Mme. Rosa d'Erina appears in the Auditorium on Monday evening, Nov. 13th, she will receive the welcome and encouragement upon which her talent and reputation base their strong claim.

League of the Cross.

The regular weekly meeting of St. Paul's Sodality of the above League was held on Sunday afternoon last. The President, Mr. Geo. Duffy, occupied the chair; and as usual there was a full attendance of members, the hall being crowded to the doors.

The total abstinence pledge was administered to six young men by the Rev. Father Hand, who, though pressed for time owing to other duties, expressed his pleasure at seeing the constant accession of new members to the ranks of the Sodality, counselled the members on their duties, and urged them to continue in the good work.

The Rev. Dr. Tracy of St. Paul's also delivered an instructive address, explaining to the members the many causes of intemperance and the best way to draw men from the evil habit.

The members of the League will receive Holy Communion in a body at St. Paul's at 8 o'clock Mass on next Sunday morning, and in the evening, the quarterly Sermon to the League will be delivered at the same place, when the members who have joined during the last three months will be formally received into the Sodality and invested with their medals.

Inactivity of the Stomach.

Persons having impoverished blood or suffering from enervation of the vital functions, or of inactivity of the stomach, or of pallor and debility, should use Almoxia wine, which contains natural Salts of Iron. See analysis of Professor Heys. Giannelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

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—if you're a suffering woman. The messenger in this case is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Maidenhood, Womanhood, Wifehood, Motherhood,

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It's a tonic and nervine, a remedy prescribed by an eminent physician and specialist for all the peculiar ills and ailments of women.

Some dispositions are sunny even in pain. But, it was not meant that women should suffer so. She need not, while there's a remedy that regulates and promotes all the proper functions, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep and restores health and vigor. In the "complaints," weaknesses, and irregularities of womanhood, it's the *only guaranteed remedy.*

If it fails to benefit or cure, you get your money back.



is perfectly, permanently and positively cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer.

It's \$500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. By all dealers in medicines; 50 cents.

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.

P. MUNGOVEN.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Old Post Office Property, at Hamilton, will be received at this office until Wednesday, the 15th day of November, 1893 for the purchase of the old Post Office property, on James Street, Hamilton, Ont.

The property can be viewed on application to Mr. Hornby, caretaker of the new Post Office. The reserved price is \$14,000.00; no offer less than this will be considered.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works for \$1,000.00, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of good faith. The department does not bind itself to accept any tender.

By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 17th October, 1893. 45a

A. T. HERNON,

The well-known Church street BUTCHER, HAS REMOVED HIS BUSINESS to larger and more commodious premises where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

256 CHURCH STREET
Three doors north of Wilton Ave.

MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

By IDRIA, FOR THE REGISTER.

My home-leaving followed a sleepless night and a busy day, as home-leavings often do—and upon boarding a C. P. R. train some miles east of Winnipeg, to say the least of it I was in a somewhat confused state of mind and body. To add to the discomfort of the situation tears persisted in coming to the surface—very undignifying in a World's Fair postulant.

To court composure I seated myself opposite an old lady, and proceeded to cultivate her acquaintance: old ladies are invariably kind and matronly. Have seen an oil painting here, in the Holland Exhibit I think, that represents my case; it is entitled "A sore Heart;" but I did not succeed in getting into the old woman's arms. Her opening remark was "How could you be so bent upon pleasure as to leave your husband at home!" That was a terrible thrust; I sat corrected, and as Samantha would say "considerably riled" also. Fastening my eyes upon a be-jetted and glittering gown front that she wore, and rather out of place amid its quiet surroundings—very quiet and rather worn—I answered, "I am not a pleasure seeker in the ordinary sense of the word, and I despise such vanities as showy dress, but I hope I have a desirable thirst for beneficial knowledge, and the World's Fair is a grand school." My remark did not disturb the peace of her soul; she was all serenity, and I was conscience stricken. Then very complacently and in a rather low tone of voice she began telling me of her life, its history embracing that of the different members of her family. The motion and noise of the train induced drowsiness in me, and drowned the sound of her voice. I could not hear a word but nodded from time to time in self defence. There she sat making mouths at me—"I had left my husband for the pursuit of pleasure!" When she smiled it was a mocking grin expressing—"You are a fine woman to leave your dear husband at home! at times great eyes with stern expression meant "Oh, you wretch to leave your husband!" Then she would desert from making mouths and faces at me, fold her hands and glance in another direction, which said "But it is too late now! too late now! awful, awful things may happen before you return—because you have left your husband at home!"

At last exhausted nature kindly hustled old woman and ill-treated husbands out of my mind's ken, and I slept to awaken at Winnipeg. The early dawn of a fine September morning gave an added beauty to the level, airy, breezy streets and their many fine buildings gladdened my sight.

During the few hours I waited there I saw several familiar faces whose owners are not among my acquaintances; which reminded me that Winnipeg is a huge beehive made up of representative bees from every hive in Ontario and out of it too.

Leaving Winnipeg for St. Paul, by Northern Pacific R. R., the day's trip through Southern Manitoba and Northern Dakota was thoroughly delightful. One is awed by the vastness of those prairies; several countries with different nationalities could, on 'the European plan' find room there. But diversity would not improve what is wonderful because of its absence. I close my eyes now, and behold again the grassy stretches where Bryant's "Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase the sunny ridges," and the great wheat fields with grain garnered not within walls but under the shelter of the blue heavens in four-stack family clusters. Those family groups are very close; so great must be the harvest in those regions. Where fall plowing had been done the furrows were often apparently a mile in length.

I noticed that in the regulation frame houses of farm and village, throughout Southern Manitoba especially, there was frequently a pagoda style of roof; beginning at the apex was a straight, followed by a curved or concave slant. It had a pretty effect.

I was surprised at not seeing more and larger vegetable gardens, until we reached the neighbourhood of Bowesmont, gardening was not obtrusive. The Customs' Office was the only reminder that Manitoba and North Dakota were not one and the same.

Amongst other kine on the prairies were a good number of Galloways; and they are not only picturesque but historical, for we are told that James, "the Black Douglas" and his clansmen in the guise of Galloways successfully entered and captured a fortified castle. The wooded valleys of Forest River were approached, and the prairie boundless was left behind, although the country was found level until evening brought Grand Forks. There the vegetation seemed a compromise between grass and bush, rather rasping to both touch and sight.

St. Paul was reached next morning; leaving there at night, no view of passing landscape was possible until morning. When the sun again rose we were in Northern Illinois and Chicago was seen. The country through which we speeded wore a dried-up, dusty, scorched, and even burned look, for from time to time we passed over sections through which fire had run. Was informed that there had been no rain worth mentioning for three months. But the corn crop of Illinois seemed abundant judging by the piled-up stooks. Great herds of stock were also noticeable.

Upon expressing my weariness of more than one ornamental windmill on every farm—for the numerous windmills became more and more suggestive of the kites peculiar to David Copperfield's friend Mr. Dick—I was informed that they were not necessarily ornamental, but that they were useful and really necessary for drawing water from the prevailing deep wells.

This all merged into gusts of smoke, dust, extreme heat, clatter, screech, scream, whistle, and pandemonium generally, and Chicago gradually asserted itself, on Thursday, Sept. 14th, 1893, the hottest September day known by the city in 23 years.

When flying past homes on the prairies, and seeing little children disappearing as specks on the great expanse, never to be even caught by my eye again, I wished that I could collect the hidden darlings and bring them to the front. Again, when finding homes of the poor railroad men in the thickest smoke and dirt, and in the hideous din of the Chicago railroad centres, I was convinced with Goethe that "God intended man to live in the country." And when I saw their little children—poor little victims—I felt that theirs was a cruel fate, and wished that I could take them to the fresh air, sunshine and flowers enjoyed by the happy chicks in the prairie homes.

That p.m. I visited the Fair grounds but in an aimless way, for I was too weary to subject myself to method. But wonders arose on every side. Next morning I called at the Hotel Manitoba, and then visited the Manitoba exhibit.

Struck with its impressiveness, I exclaimed to an attendant, a mere lad, "Well, I hope you have learned that this splendid display should have been placed within the Exposition grounds!" He replied, "No! it is better here; we should not have been given the necessary space in the grounds."

And he was right as I was thoroughly convinced later when examining Canadian exhibits in the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts building. They were hopelessly crowded, and my sensibilities were shocked by the

heavy, musty odor exhaled by stuffed fur, leather and feathers.

Space and good ventilation are the prime necessities for the Manitoba exhibits and these essentials are best secured just where they are located. Within the grounds they would be seen at a great disadvantage, and the extra thousands who would visit them there, would pass them by indifferently.

At one door of the spacious, light and airy Manitoba Hall a mounted moose and elk keep imposing watch and ward, at another door apparently about to drive out, is an Indian with Red River cart and pony.

But the crowning glory is the contra-tower made of sheaves of wheat, oats, barley and grasses, in which birds and wild fowl nestle and poop out, and from which antlered heads look in ornamental dignity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Obituary.

Died at Ottawa on the 16th Sept. last, Mr. James McManus, at the advanced age of 78 years. Born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1816, the subject of this brief notice left his native home 87 years subsequently; and, joining the memorable exodus of our race which for some years previously had been swelling with a "vengeance," sought a home in the New World. Ottawa was ultimately decided upon, and here he had resided for the past 41 years.

Mr. McManus was a witness of many of the changes and vicissitudes which have marked the growth and development of the Dominion Capital from the position of a disorganized and straggling lumbering town until reaching its present orderly and magnificent proportions. He found the settlement of saloons, saw-mills and lumber-piles struggling with the name "By-town." The "Boys" of "Stoney Monday" were still present in full force; and, with undiminished zeal, were still ready to "fly" the granite rock in testimony of their devotion to the Crown and Constitution—both of which, at this period, stood in imminent peril. Of a most inoffensive nature, the subject of this brief memoir had a horror of the broils (frequently, alas, occurring amongst Irishmen) which disgraced this period, although justice obliges me to chronicle the fact that the name of the "Cavan Blazers" never parted with a son readier to defend the honor of faith and fatherland whenever either was assailed.

Mr. McManus lived the life of a most exemplary Catholic, of a law-abiding citizen, and of a sincerely patriotic Irishman. In the latter respect many years of close personal intercourse with our lamented friend enables me to bear public testimony to the measure of his love for his native land. Often have I heard him express the hope that he would never be called away until he had witnessed the triumph of Ireland's cause. Providence has willed that he should be disappointed, although as his eyes closed in death, it must be some consolation to realize that the clouds were then breaking in the old land, and that the dawn of a new era was lighting with its effulgence the hill-tops of that country.

Mr. McManus leaves a family of one son and five daughters. One of the latter, having chosen the better part, is now a nun of the Good Shepherd here, where, in the practice of deeds of mercy, her hours, her days and her years are spent.

His son, Hugh, for many years the well-known and popular proprietor of the City Hotel here, is still a respected resident of the Capital. May his soul rest in peace.

RAMBLER.

In connection with the ever-melancholy subject of death, about which I have been writing for the last half-hour, I cannot refrain from a brief reference to the death of Mr. Patrick

Masteron, also a native of the County of Cavan, Ireland, but for the last forty years a resident of the township of Alnwick, County of Northumberland, Ont., an announcement of which appeared in yours of Oct. 10. Patrick Masteron was amongst the first of my fellow-countrymen with whom I became acquainted in Canada, and the prospect of seeing him each year for many years subsequently made my labours lighter and pleasanter indeed. I will not mar the beauty of the notice which has already appeared in your paper by any addition of my own, but must content myself with tendering to the surviving members of his family the sincere assurance of my sympathy for their bereavement. Eternal rest to your soul, Patrick Masteron. R.

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ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.

It acts in perfect harmony with nature in removing all obstructions and impurities. It never irritates, never disappoints, and never produces reaction.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail,
60c. E. T. H. Warren, Pa.

Do Profundis.

(Written for the Register.)

Out of the depths do I cry to Thee
Out of the depths do I sigh to Thee.
Oh! in Thy mercy hear Thou me,
Stretch forth Thine arm to comfort me.

In these dread flames I am burning still
In these dread flames I am yearning still.
Yearning for peace, my soul to fill,
Sighing for rest, if 'tis Thy sweet will.

Do not, O Lord, all my failings mark,
But to my wail in Thy mercy hark.
Brighten those depths that are now so dark,
Deep thro' my soul send Thy love's sweet spark.

From morning's dawn, until darkness late
My soul hath sighed at Thy mercy's gate,
From evening's close, until noon did break
' have tried to Thee from this burning lake.

Mercy my God, some relief oh send,
And Thy justice with mercy blend
My tongue is parched. My heart doth rend.
Cancel my debt and my suffering end

At least you my friends, one and all,
The cooling dew of your prayer let fall,
That I from my faults be cleansed and rise,
Now plead for me. Offer sacrifice.

Out of these depths, do I cry to Thee.
Out of these depths do I sigh to Thee.
Oh! in Thy pity, hear Thou me,
Breathe one short prayer to comfort me.

Farrville, N. B. P. G. W.

Mere Marie Therese.

"In such a volume as that which lies before us," writes Cardinal Vaughan, "we shall be able to follow the genesis of a Catholic religious congregation in every state of its formation. We shall be brought into contact with the purity of thought, the fervor of feeling, the loftiness of aim, the generosity of self-immolation through which the Holy Ghost works out in sweet and loving co-operation with the human conscience and heart, the enlistment and enrolment of souls for some special purpose of which the world has need, and to which the pleading of his grace so wondrously wins them and directs them. A further and more personal interest will attach to this work from the fact that the Congregation of the daughters of the Cross, of which it is the history, has endeared itself to English-speaking Catholics by a record of long and faithful service in England and in India."

Joanno Haze, in religion Mere Marie Therese, was born in Liege, February 27, 1782. To her good and pious mother she owed, under God, the deep religious impressions that made her from infancy a child of grace. From early childhood she seems to have had yearnings for the religious life, awakened by her visits to the neighboring Benedictine Convent of Robermont. In her twelfth year, she saw her country invaded by the revolutionary armies of France, flushed with victory, and in the full tide of their sanguinary excesses. Flight alone saved her parents from the guillotine, as her father's uncompromising firmness and his post in the palace of the Prince-Bishop made him peculiarly obnoxious to the revolutionary authorities.

The Congregation of the Daughters of the Cross grow up from the simplest beginnings, and it would have needed the gift of prophecy to have foreseen from the outset the rapid and vigorous growth it was to attain. It was the old story of God's blessing turning into signal success what human foresight would have doomed to failure. The volume before us is as much the history of the Congregation as the biography of Mere Marie Therese. Its greatest development outside of Belgium has been in Germany, India, and England. The spirit of a religious body is no necessarily the spirit of its founder, and in the present instance the straightforward simplicity and quiet heroism of Mere Marie Therese have ever been the characteristics of the work of her children.

We have alluded to the great development of the Congregation in Germany, and among the most interesting portions of the volume are the narratives of the services of the Sisters in the two great wars waged on the soil

of the fatherland. We may here allow ourselves an extract, and shall choose one from the account of the war of 1866, omitting, for brevity, a sentence here and there:

"On July 1, about 8 p. m., the first detachment of Sisters, six in number, started from Dusseldorf, where they had assembled, to go to Bohemia to join the Prussian army. They were accompanied by the Count von Geyr, afterwards replaced by Baron Brauchnitz. The Sisters traveled rapidly over Minden, Magdeburg and Dresden without a vestige of the troops being seen, but when they reached Reichenau the face of things was changed, and they could already perceive signs of the terrible spectacle which they were about to behold. Here oak trees, the growth of centuries, were cut down, their houses demolished, cornfields and vineyards devastated. Further on ruins, still smoking, indicated that they were approaching the theatre of war—traces of blood, desolate wives and mothers, were unmistakable evidences that the end of their journey was not far distant. At Loosau, where they had to change their train, cries of distress, mingled with joyous exclamations, were heard. Hundreds of the wounded were lying helpless at the station waiting to be transported elsewhere. With cries and lamentations they stretched out their arms toward the Sisters, showing their bleeding limbs and conjuring them not to abandon them. But this not being the Sisters' destination, a delay of only five hours was granted them to dress the wounds, after which they continued their route and arrived about midnight on July 4 at Goerlitz, the general rendezvous of all the poor religious who had placed themselves at the service of the poor victims of the war. The Daughters of the Cross received their order for Supotka."

Passing from one scene of horror to another, fed on bread and water, exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and thirst, they arrived at Horzita.

"They were just about to retire to rest, when Count von Stolberg entered, hastily calling out: 'Quick, my sisters, quick, you are wanted!' They followed him quickly, animated by a spirit of faith, which gave them strength and courage to face the frightful scene they were about to witness.

"Never, they said, could human language describe the horrors of that fearful sight. The church had been converted into a hospital, hundreds of the wounded, the dying, and the dead, had been lying there for several days in a most shocking state. There were soldiers without arms, without legs, weltering in their gore, and not a drop of water to quench their burning thirst, without the help of a charitable hand to wipe away the blood which was pouring from their hideous wounds. This horrible scene was lighted up by the candles on the altar, and pitiful, clamorous cries of distress and suffering were to be heard, mingled with the death rattle and the imprecation of despair. The Daughters of the Cross did not allow themselves to succumb to feelings of sensibility or terror, by which they were assailed at the sight of such a butchery. They contrived to make a passage through scattered limbs and dead or dying men, and knelt on the pavement, covered with blood and filth, beside the poor wounded soldiers in order to alleviate their sufferings to the utmost of their power. Alas! they had nothing to offer them but a little fresh straw and some water. All night long they were occupied in these offices of charity, and at daybreak they received an order to hasten to Sadowa, where the sanguinary battle of July 3, 1866, had just been fought."

Here things were far worse, as the carnage had been immense. In the words of an Augsburg newspaper published at the time: "So great was the massacre that the dead bodies, pressed together by the immense numbers, re-

mained in a standing position, held up by the masses which surrounded them. Whole companies remained thus on the declivities of the hills where they had been killed. The plain of Sadowa offered a most appalling spectacle; heaps of horses, baggage-waggons, dead soldiers rolled down pell mell into the River Elbe, and were carried along by the stream."

With equal heroism the Sisters went through the horrors of the Franco-Prussian war; 43 received the cross of honor, and the Empress Augusta wrote a long letter of thanks and of praise, to Mere Marie Therese. Four years later the Daughters of the Cross were driven into exile by the laws of the infamous and stupid Kulturkampf. The harassing inspections made by idiotic government inspectors had their ludicrous side. Here is a sample:

"The Landrath arrived one day at the convent and subjected each Sister to a most scrutinizing examination. He had a large sheet of paper, to which he committed in writing the answers received; 'How old are you, Sister? What did you bring to the convent on entering?' He probably meant: What is the amount of your dowry? But the Sisters took the question in the most literal sense. One said: 'I had had a hundred thalers with me.' The other replied: 'Nothing, Herr Baron.'"

We have read but few historical sketches of modern religious congregations that can compete with the one before us for originality and lively interest.

The Heads of Great Men.

It is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads; but the theory, which Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was the first to suggest, is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the early paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but that is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Caesar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's work, receded dreadfully. Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small," as were those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici. Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus, among many others, are mentioned as instances. Some are lowbrowed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy;" Sir Thomas Browne and Albert Durer. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are represented with "ordinary, if not low brows." Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads—in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as good time as an eight-day clock.—*Journal of Science.*

Lambs may be fed in small pens, which will permit them to get at the food without allowing the sheep to enter. A mess of ground oats, given twice a day, is the best food for promoting rapid growth of the lambs, and they should also be kept dry at night.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1893

Calendar for the Week.

- Nov. 2—Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed.
3—Third Day within the Octave.
4—St. Charles, Bishop and Confessor.
5—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost.
6—Sixth Day within the Octave.
7—Seventh Day within the Octave.
8—Octave of All Saints.

Prayers for the Dead.

One of the most consoling doctrines of our holy Church is "the Communion of Saints," and one of the most consoling sections of this dogma is that on Purgatory and prayers for the dead. The falling leaf, the withered flower, the naked tree, are the dirge of nature over its departed glories. Fittingly, therefore, does the Church borrow from these voices and bring to her children's mind the all important lesson of death, and remind them of the obligation they are under of not forgetting those who have gone before them, and upon whom the finger of God still rests in severity.

The doctrine of Purgatory, or a middle state, is a most reasonable and scriptural dogma, based upon the sanctity of God on the one hand, and the weakness of man on the other. There are sins which are unto death, and there are sins which are not unto death. For every idle word we speak we shall render an account on the day of judgment. "It would be monstrous to assert that the telling of a jocose lie were equal in gravity to the horrible crime of parricide or the shameful sin of adultery, and that it deserves a like punishment." Hence St. Augustine says that, "for those daily, transient and venial offences, the daily prayers of the faithful satisfy." Again, when God pardons mortal sin He does not always remit certain temporal chastisements which remain to be expiated by the forgiven sinner. The Scriptures afford many examples: the expulsion of our first parents from Eden and their many years of penance; Moses, in not being permitted to enter the promised land; and David, to whom the prophet said: "The Lord hath taken away thy sin; thou shalt not die; nevertheless, because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme for this thing the child that is born to thee shall surely die. There remains, therefore, a temporal punishment due even to forgiven sin. Now, nothing defiled can enter heaven, and no punishment of sin can coexist with eternal beatitude, it follows that before the imperfect can enter heaven they must pay the debt of God's justice to the last farthing.

As to the teaching of Scripture upon the subject we read the inspired writer of the second book of the Maccabees telling that: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from

their sins." We hear our blessed Lord saying: "That he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost the sin shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor the world to come." The doctrine of Purgatory is the meaning which the holy Fathers, with a striking unanimity, attach to this text. Again, St. Paul writes to the Corinthians: "The day of the Lord shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's works abide, he shall receive a reward. If any man's works be burnt, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire."

As to tradition, we refer to the admirable treatise upon the subject by his Grace Archbishop Walsh while Bishop of London. His Lordship, in his pastoral, wrote: "The east and west, the north and south—in other words, the universal Church of Christ, from the earliest ages downwards, held and taught the doctrine of Purgatory and the farther and co-relative doctrine that the souls therein detained could be assisted, relieved and freed by prayers, alms-deeds and by the unbloody sacrifice of the altar." To quote again from this able Pastoral: "In the Catholic system the love or friendship and of charity is not killed or extinguished by death. It survives its awful ravages—it smiles above the wreck of mortality like the blessed light of hope upon a death-bed—like the rainbow of promise over the retiring waters of the deluge. Soul lives in blissful communion with soul—friend here with departed friend—and nor death nor the grave can part them. We find this belief and practice recorded on the damp walls of the tablet—on mural tablets in churches—on the tombs that affection or pride has raised to the memory of the departed. Oh, far more heart-reaching than Jeremiah's song of sorrow amid the ruins of his beloved city—far more touching and overflowing than the lamentations of Rachel for the lost children of Rama—are the sorrow-laden dirges of the Church when pleading to God for comfort and strength and patience for the living bereaved ones, and forgiveness and mercy for the departed dead. All the sighs and sorrows of broken hearts—all the crushing afflictions and griefs of widows and orphans—all the heart anguish and agony of bereaved mothers—all the fears and hopes of the living for the dead—are taken up and given voices in the liturgy of the Church; and, in union with the pleadings of the Precious Blood, ascend to Heaven, and in accents more tearful, more piteous and more touching than ever else pleaded for the remission of guilt or the alleviation of sorrow, cry out to God for comfort for the sorrows of the living, and for the mercy and pardon of the departed. O, dearest brethren, let us not fail to pray for the dead. Death has merely parted them from us as to their bodily presence; but He has not severed their immortal souls from communion with us, nor from the graces and mercies of Christ. 'The souls of the faithful departed,' says St. Augustine, 'are not separated from the Church, which is the Kingdom of Christ, for otherwise there would not be a commemoration made of them at the altar of God in the communion of the body of Christ.'"

A Malicious Falsehood.

The so-called Conservative journals in this Province are unscrupulous in their opposition to Home Rule for Ireland. After the example of the head and chief of Toryism in England, they are not guided by any consideration for truth or justice in their daily attempts to belittle and unpopularize the cause that so many millions of patriotic and good men are anxious to see triumph in Ireland. Last week an incident occurred at the World's Fair in Chicago that may serve as an illustration of this spirit of bigotry and unfairness. When the Union Jack was hoisted over the Irish Village in honour of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's visit some few inconsiderate, it may be subsidized, individuals supposed to be Irishmen, attempted to haul down the British ensign. The inmates and employees in the village interfered, however, and drove out the intruders. In speaking of this little episode the London *Free Press* added, no doubt on its own responsibility, "that several thousands of Irishmen aided in pulling down the British flag." This additional item of what occurred was advisedly inserted by the *Free Press* with a view to damage the cause of Home Rule, and prejudice Englishmen everywhere against the irreconcilable Irish, held up by Lord Salisbury as "the common foe."

The untruthful and malicious account of what occurred in Chicago appeared in the London *Free Press* on the morning of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's visit to the "Forest City." How indignantly their Excellencies denied the *Free Press* report—how anxious they were to contradict it, and undo what mischief it was likely to beget, appeared next morning in the columns of the London *Advertiser*, to the following effect:

Before the train started, the Countess sent for an *Advertiser* representative and said: "Please tell the people of London how very much pleased we have been to visit their beautiful city and to inspect some of their institutions of learning. We are charmed with your surroundings and hope to be able to return to London at some future time."

"Do you see a reporter of the *Free Press* on the platform?" asked her Excellency.

The *Advertiser* representative confessed that he did not.

"I am sorry," continued her Excellency, "because when I looked at the *Free Press* this morning I saw it stated there that several thousands of Irishmen aided in the pulling down of the British flag at the Irish village in the Chicago Exhibition on Saturday. The editor must surely have written under misapprehension to the facts. I was present, and I know that only a few roughs participated in the incident, and that there were the strongest of indications that the thousands—the great mass of the Irishmen present—had no sympathy whatsoever with the attempted outrage. Indeed, the President of the National Federation made an offer to me to prosecute the offenders to the utmost rigor of the law, at his own expense, and I saw many other evidences of the fact that the trouble was confined to a very few roughs. These facts I would like to have published as widely as possible, for I feel that much needless harm may arise from a misrepresentation of the actual occurrences."

The President of the National Federation represents the Nationalists of Ireland as distinguished from the faction presided over by Mr. John Redmond. It is their policy—as it was always the policy of the late Chief, Mr. O. S. Parnell—to conciliate the English masses, and make the cause of Home Rule popular all over the Empire. Pulling down the Union Jack, or insulting English sentiment under any form, would be the most

foolish and suicidal act of an Irishman anxious to help the cause of his country. Lady Aberdeen, who loves the Irish, and encourages their aspirations for self-Government, knows to what extent their hopes may be frustrated and their cause injured by such lying reports as appeared in the *Free Press*; therefore she said: "These facts I would like to have published as widely as possible, for I feel that much needless harm may arise from a misrepresentation of the actual occurrences."

The Archbishop of Ontario.

So her Majesty the Queen, as head of the English Church, has sent out the pallium to the Bishop of Ontario. We judge this to be the case from the following account of a confirmation service at North Gower in the County of Carleton, clipped from a local paper and sent us by an esteemed correspondent: "His Grace the Archbishop of Ontario and Metropolitan of Canada administered the solemn and apostolic right of confirmation to seventy-two persons in the parish church of North Gower on Tuesday. He delivered a most striking and instructive address. He afterwards celebrated the blessed sacrament of the altar, assisted by the Rev. C. P. Emery, rector of Kemptville, as deacon, and the Rev. C. Saddington, rector of Richmond, as sub-deacon and server. The church was crowded to the doors, and some hundred and thirty-five communicated. The newly confirmed received their first communion."

We would offer our congratulations to his Grace, the Metropolitan, if we were convinced that the whole thing was not a joke perpetrated upon him. How well the extract reads: like the real article. The simple faithful might imagine it to be the account of some good Catholic congregation that Archbishop Walsh had visited. Not at all—that is English Church work, and they never imitate us; their organs assure us they do not. After a little time we shall soon read of the Cardinal of Ontario; for the Cardinalate is now the only missing link in the English Church.

Death of Sir John Abbott.

Sir John Abbott, after an illness of over a year, died at his residence in Montreal on the 30th ult. Although he had long been in poor health it is only a short while ago that the fatal character of the disease was recognized. A cancer in the lower part of the intestines had gone so far that an operation was performed to give relief; but, as is often the case, the patient gradually grew weaker.

The Hon. John Joseph Caldwell Abbott was born in the County of Argenteuil in the Province of Quebec in 1821, and was the eldest son of an English Church clergyman. In due time J. J. O. Abbott went to McGill College, Montreal, to prosecute his university course, where he distinguished himself by his brilliancy, soundness and industry as a student. In 1847 he was called to the bar of Lower Canada, and soon established his reputation as an able counsel, especially in questions of commercial law. His entry to political life was in 1850, when he was elected to the

Canadian Assembly, where he held a seat until the establishment of the Dominion, when he was returned for the House of Commons. For several years he was in and out of Parliament; but in 1880, when he retired, Sir John Macdonald offered him the leadership of the Senate and a membership of the Privy Council. In 1891 he was President of the Council, and after Sir John A.'s death Mr. Abbott was called upon to form a Government. Ill health forced him to resign; but it was not accepted till October, 1892, when all hope of its restoration was abandoned. His political career was honorable, though not memorable. Whatever legacies of his talent he leaves his country are placed on the Statute book, the result of his great legal ability. The chief of these is the insolvent act of 1864, and his consolidation of the jury law of Lower Canada.

Catholic Socialism.

Two subjects are more important or interesting from a Catholic standpoint than that under which we are writing—interesting by reason of the very state of present society, and important because the Catholic Church never shirked a problem presented to her, and never shelved a question in which the interests of a human soul were involved. From the days of the Apostles, when the faithful brought their jewels and their gifts to the feet of Christ's bishops and held things in common, down to the middle ages, when the vows of poverty which the religious communities took made them loan companies for the monarchies of Europe, and from those days down to the present time, there has been more strength for society, more power for good, more wealth for mankind in the poverty and socialism of typical Christianity than can be found in the hoarded wealth of millionaires. Do we advocate socialism? Do we make war on property? God forbid. The one great question of the day is that of labour. It is brought home to us by the newspaper report, by depression of trade, destruction of property, strikes of unions, appeals of trades and encyclicals of the Holy Father—all of which bear the same burthen and the same dispute. In the crowded city and the abandoned country the poverty of the one and the desolation of the other offer the bitter contrast of the struggle when work cannot be had because the supply is too great, and because in the other case the demand is too small.

One of the most practical papers upon this subject was read lately by Abbot Snow, an English Benedictine, before the first annual conference of the Liverpool Branch of the Truth Society. The venerable writer of this paper points out several of the means used by the Socialists in advocating their opinions. A poor man cannot get work for a long time; and if only he could have the management of all property, capital, means of manufacture, mines and land, all would be right—poverty would end, distress be no more, and the future be as bright as the past was dark and disheartening. Vain and fallacious, yet captious and taking! Like the opium

smoker his dreams are bright, but his spiritual constitution is ruined. This Labour Question is too urgent to be evaded and too serious to be disregarded. What is the position of Catholics towards it?

In so far as questions of this kind—naturalization of land and capital of every class—are purely economical they do not affect Catholics as such. It is the principles underlying these doctrines which touch upon morality and ignore Christian life that are of vital importance to the Church. Abbot Snow rightly points out as one of the first and main sources of danger that Socialism, in its literature and teaching, is pronouncedly materialistic. What Agnosticism strives to do in scientific classes Socialism is doing in the laboring classes: both strive to ignore God. Ideas of God, of Providence, of the soul, of future life are utterly unheeded. The be all and the end all is material prosperity. The code of right and wrong is based upon the contract of states; and the ultimate appeal is not to conscience, but to expediency and the will of majorities. So marked is the negation of religion that Socialists either discard it altogether, or have started the idea of a Labour Church.

Such is the field—white unto harvest indeed—to which the Holy Father invites the reapers of his Encyclical upon the subject. It is a field which is most rich by reason of the numbers whose interests are at stake, and by reason that these are the poor and the little ones of earth, who are ready to fall to the first scythe presenting its edge. Two things are needed: to expose Socialistic fallacies and proclaim Catholic truths. The minds of Catholics sometimes waver about right and wrong; they are unable to distinguish between question of morality and economy. Teaching is needed to insist upon the necessity of religion, "to lay stress on the presence of an all-ruling Providence, to set forth the axioms of morality and the true foundations of Christian society, to explain the Christian virtues and family life with its responsibilities, to make clear that material prosperity is not happiness, and that the well-being and peace of a man is not a manufactured article dependent upon supply and demand, capital and labour, or secured by schemes of economy or science." But after the Christian moralist has laid down the lessons of truth for a labourer, he must turn round and insist upon the principles which underlie wealth, land and capital. If he has nothing to say to the capitalist it is cruel to put the heel upon the workman—it is useless. If the virtues of resignation and patience are to adorn one class, those of liberality, tenderness and sympathy are to be most earnestly inculcated into the other. To disseminate these saving truths and to refute the socialistic fallacies by cheap literature as well as by discourses, by discussions on platform as well as in private conversation, is the work devolving upon every lover of his Church and his fellow-man.

Turning our attention more closely to the Church in the West, have we no part in this task? Aye, that have we, else we are not true to our trust. Priests and laymen must take a share

in the struggle. If the workman is to be taught the principles which will outlast the ever changing theories of sceptic materialism and outshine the deceitful glare of false economy, we all must be up and doing; the future depends upon our earnest work. If we cannot induce all to choose the better part, we can instil charity into the rich and contentment into the poor—the first and best lesson of Christian social economy.

Bishop O'Connor's Return.

We were very much pleased to see his Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough last week on his way home from a lengthened pastoral visitation to the Northern parts of his extensive Diocese. The Bishop intends giving a lecture at Peterborough upon his tour which lasted three months, so that we hope to place before our readers a report of what will be very interesting matter. In the meantime we clip the following from the Peterborough Examiner:

"On Wednesday evening Oct. 25th, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor returned from an episcopal visit to the northern and western portions of his extended diocese which has a stretch in length of about 1,100 miles—from Trenton on the east to English river, in the vicinity of Rat Portage, and from the south at Arrow river, on the boundary between Canada and the United States, to far north of Lake Superior. The ground covered was on the C.P.R. chiefly from Sturgeon Falls west and north on the line of the new Sault railway. His Lordship finds a great improvement in the material and spiritual conditions of those parts of his diocese since his last visit some years ago. In the district first mentioned and east of Sudbury the increase in population has been about fifty per cent. and the increase in communicants and new chapels, etc., pretty well corresponds. Nearly all the new settlers are French Canadians from Quebec, though a few are re-patriated French Canadians, who, owing to the financial crisis in the New England States, have sought this region and become settlers. His Lordship noted the large number of neat and comfortable homes. This applies to all of his district, suitable for farming, which however is only a small proportion of the immense stretch of rock-ribbed landscape.

His Lordship returns in excellent health from his thirteen week's journey, although he had a great many hard and unusual experiences. He travelled altogether 3000 miles, by very diversified modes of conveyance, including railway trains, stages, steamers, fishing boat, canoes, and on foot. In one part of the Nipigon district, he had to journey 75 miles through an almost unbroken wilderness to reach the "next house," and in another portion 68 miles of similar untrodden wilderness had to be traversed before a human abode was reached. These journeys included long tramps over rocky stretches of barren country, camping out and other incidents, by flood and field, which would be well worth relating, but the Bishop reserves a detailed narrative of his recent tour till Sunday evening, November 5th, when he will, at the request of the ladies of the congregation, give a lecture in the Cathedral, recounting the incidents of his Episcopal tour.

Literary Notes.

The Dayspring from on High. In taking intellectual food the soul feels frequently the need of proper seasoning—the salt, pepper and other condiments which make reading more savory, and refreshen the mind. It is not so much variety of subjects, or different modes of treating the same subject, which we want as thoughts whose pure, exalting language bespeak their high birth and deep influence. What a fund of such thoughts is to be found in the Imitation of Christ or the Spirit of St. Francis of Sales. They linger with us like the odor of a fragrant flower. They are like the spring of fresh water in the desert. We may go with our cup at any time and quench our thirst with a draught

from their limpid stream. They are not what Cardinal Manning used to call five minute books, but rather half minute looks, meant to be snatched up, and a flower plucked from the garden—and we must be away to toil and duty. Amongst the latest, and we do not hesitate to say, the best, collections of such thoughts is a volume which we received the other day from Williamson & Co., of this city, bearing the title—*The Dayspring from on High*. The selections are made with great care and taste, and are culled from the richest gardens of sacred and other literature. Although not strictly intended as a Catholic book for Catholics, it is full of thoughts taken from our spiritual writers. The price is \$1.

The *Messenger* for November is to be had, and announces as the intention for the members of the League of the Sacred Heart The Catholic Missions in the far East. The fact that eight hundred millions still remain unconverted is what terrifies the missionary in those dark lands, and should rouse those who have been more favored by God to greater zeal.

Amongst the interesting articles of the number is a brief account of the Jesuit martyrs who suffered for the faith on July 15th, 1588, near Goa in Portuguese India, and who were beheaded in April of the present year.

Donahoe's Magazine. The November number of this periodical opens with an illustrated article on "One Afternoon in Ireland," by Slieve-na-mon. Many of our readers will remember a few weeks ago a very sweet poem written for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER on the Veil of Mary: it was the work of Slieve-na-mon, who shows in *Donahoe's Magazine* that he can draw as powerful a picture in prose as he can a delicate one in verse. The notes on the attempts of the Fenians are more historical and careful of Canadian readers than they were last month. The Future of the Catholic Church in America, by Rev. John Conway, is highly enough coloured to suit even the most hepeful of America's patriotic children. The other important contents are: Gold or Silver, or Both, by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin; Memories of Marshal McMahon, by Eugene Davis.

St. Paul's Church Calendar. This is a new monthly issued by the zealous pastor of St. Paul's, Father Hand, in the interests of the parish. A modest publication of thirty-two pages, it starts forth with the well expressed intention of setting before the people many local, liturgical and other matters which can be treated to advantage in a few pages of reading. To quote from one of the paragraphs of the Preface: "There are things of a complex nature, embracing the temporal and spiritual, which cannot be overlooked in the working of a parish. For the promotion of such objects we hail the issue of our little venture with no small pleasure." We also hail this little venture with unmingled pleasure, and offer our congratulations upon the first number with the sincere wish that it may increase in usefulness as it advances in age, and may fulfil the purposes for which it is issued. It is delivered free to the parishioners of St. Paul's, the advertisements paying for the publication, the cost of which, since it is from our own office, is exceedingly moderate.

Items for the Ladies.

The beautiful bright weather we've had the past October will make the winter seem very far off, but if we have a week of this sunshine, it does not make us grumble less when the first gloomy day comes. Toronto is always so bright this time of the year, and a ramble through its suburbs in the sunny afternoons will not only have an appetizing effect, but our spirits will feel the better of it. Then how delightful to rest oneself, among the fallen leaves, and calmly enjoy an apple—one of those rosy snows in the orchard opposite. And how much better they taste in the fresh open air, than at dessert! Our readers, no doubt, have read and taken pleasure in John Burroughs' little volume, "Winter Sunshine;" if not they would enjoy doing so this lovely autumn weather. He calls the apple "a masculine fruit," and goes on to say, "hence women are poor apple eaters. It belongs to the open air, and requires an open air taste and relish." Surely Mr. Burroughs could never have been in Canada, or he would change his idea; Canadian women, we can assure him, love the open air, and apples too.

The approach of winter makes us think of the many little things we should like to add to the coziness and comfort of our homes, but always the cry, I cannot afford it; still there are a great many of these, though not actually needed may be had by a ver little outlay. A late number of one of the ladies' journals gave an account of a "cozy corner," devised by some ladies in Dunedin, New Zealand. A Miss Gether did the carpentry work, while a pupil of hers, a Mrs. Downie Stewart, undertook the wood carving. Any corner where the chimney projects a little with a pretty grate, could be very neatly arranged and inexpensively too, now when art muslin and cretonne can be had at such moderate cost. A little home upholstering is always very interesting, and with a little pains the results are satisfactory. Pretty little affairs for the table, are rustic glasses; very few flowers are required for them; they are of indescribable shape to imitate twigs, and small branches. Two or three of these, with a piece of maiden hair in each, and some color, would add a freshness to the dinner or lunch table. Draped wicker chairs ornamented with two different kinds of fabrics and embroidery are very pretty for the small drawing-room; the cushion of striped tapestry, in which blue is the principal color, intermingled with red and yellow in narrow stripes divided by a fine line of black. On this an applique of coarse grey linen, outlined with stitches to represent cords in several soft shades of green and brown with touches of red, may be worked on the applique.

Dame fashion, who is always so fickle, still has affection for fronts, vests and loose bodices of all descriptions. The blouses, the most important, is very stylish for evening wear, made of crepe de Chine or chiffon, in any of the pale shades. The favorite trimming is an applique of black lace, and is most effective when used to trim a cape like collar or the frilled out basque which fits round the hips. The bodices are mostly worn outside the skirts, instead of being tucked beneath them. These dainty garments are not serviceable for the day wear, on account of their liability to being crushed, the sleeves being such a tremendous size and a jacket over them would be most disastrous. Sleeves keep up their huge proportions, and are sure to remain thus, for some little time at least. The jackets among the new models are all made with a seam round the waist and a gored basque, belts of jet, leather or braid are worn to hide the seam. A mantle described in one of this season's fashion books must be very handsome when made, it is of black moire trimmed with beaver, two small full

capas of black velvet edged with beaver. The lower cape, which reaches a little past the shoulder, has long stole ends, also bordered with the same fur.

Bulbs in Winter.

For hyacinths in glasses dark glasses are best. The base of the bulb should just touch the water, a portion of which will soon evaporate, so that the surface of the water will be a little below the base of the bulb. A little charcoal helps to keep the water sweet. Set them away in a cool, dark place, as recommended for hyacinths in pots. When the flower buds appear, sprinkling the leaves and buds will benefit them. All flowers do best if kept rather cool, never above 70°; if the air can be moistened, so much the better. Tulips are the greatest favorites everywhere, and very few flowers will make so attractive a show as a well grown bed of tulips. There are a great many different kinds, early double, late single, late double, Parrot Tulips and Peacock Tulips; striped, blotched or self colored; but all beautiful. In planting, care should be taken, that those of the same height are planted together. The general treatment of tulips is exactly the same as of hyacinths; therefore repetition is unnecessary. But this class of bulbs is never grown in water. The *Duc Van Thols* are the most satisfactory; they are all about six inches high.

Wit and Humor.

Some fellows are like popcorn; as long as they keep cool they can hide what is in them; but whenever they get excited they turn wrong side out.

"Are you talking to yourself or to the fish?" inquired a man on horseback, reining up. "To the fish," answered the sunburned man on the log, intently watching his cork. "I'm trying to draw them out."

"Ain't ye workin' now, Bob?" "Naw, I wanted de boss to gimme a day off to carry the flag in a grand parade of the unemployed, and he wouldn't do it. So I quit him. I ain't goin' to work for no tyrant."

"Life is full of ups and downs." Said the man who is airy and affable under all circumstances. "So I have heard." "Well I am at present in the full enjoyment of one of the ups." "I congratulate you." "Don't it's a case of 'hard-up.'"

"My mother-in-law is the most obliging woman," said Jarley. "She wanted to go to South Ferry the other day, but when the guard on the 'L' yelled 'Chatham Square, change for City Hall,' she got up and changed and went to City Hall, just to avoid a fuss, as she put it."

A lady told a party of friends that she had quarreled with her husband, and had planted a tree in memory of this their first falling-out. "What a splendid idea!" whispered another lady in her husband's ear, "if we had adopted that plan, we might have had by now a fine avenue of trees in our garden."

Mrs. Sapmind—"Good mornin', Mrs. Ripple! I didn't see you at the sewin' circle last night." Mrs. Ripple—"No, I couldn't possibly attend. I was detained at home by a fete champagne." Mrs. Sapmind—"How sad! It do appear to me as ef afflictions is sure to drop on us just when we've sot our hearts on some enjoyment or other."

He was a very young preacher, holding forth for the first time he had ever appeared in a large city. As he came down from Park Street pulpit, in Boston, Deacon Farnsworth grasped his hand, and thanked him for his good sermon. He flushed with pleasure, and modestly remarked: "I wish it had been better." "So do I," replied the Deacon.

She "A pretty time of the night for you to come home!" He—"A pretty time of the night for you to be awake!" She—"I've stayed awake for the last four hours waiting for you to come home." He—"And I have been keeping myself awake at the club for the last four hours waiting for you to go asleep."

Miss Millicent (aged forty, exultingly): "Do you know what Mr. Tutter said last night? He said he was making a careful study of me."

Miriam (who has an eye on Tutter for herself): "He always had a mathematical mind."

Miss Millicent—"What do you mean?" Miriam (scornfully surveying her rival's outline): "He takes a scientific interest in angles!"

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, Hammonston, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonston Missions.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it would cure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

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San Luis Rey Mission.

The mellow light of the twilight time
Is over the land and sea,
And the blessed sound of the mission chime
Comes gentle and soft to me.

I sit on the brow of a neighboring hill,
And gaze on the plains below,
And a thousand thoughts, like a rushing rill,
Over the surface of memory flow.

Afar beyond stood the mission old,
Around it the graveyard lies,
Above me rolled the clouds of gold
And silver along the skies.

There is peace in the air, there is peace in the scene,
I could gaze on the sight all day,
And list to the sound of the bells, I wren,
As it floated and died away.

Like a veteran worn by war's fierce fray,
Who watches life's ebb and flow,
The old church stood in its garments gray,
Grim relic of long ago.

The old stone walls are crumbling fast,
There are cruel rents in its side,
Where the sighing winds go moaning past
With a voice like the mournful tide.

In days of old, heroic time,
'Twas raised by monkish hands,
When stars with holy zeal sublime
Had taught the Indian bands.

Now thou art tottering to decay,
Old shrine of deeds sublime,
What though thou soon dost pass away,
Thy name shall outlive time.

Thou'rt part and parcel of the story
Of California's youth;
Not least in fame, not least in glory,
Thou art a monument to truth.
Los Angeles, Cal. JOSEPH NOONAN.

Selected Receipts.

Cabbage salad is made by cooking together a half cup of sugar, a teaspoon of mustard, one of salt, a half teaspoon of black pepper, three well-beaten eggs, a half cup of vinegar, six tablespoons of cream and three of butter. These should be cooked in a kettle of water as boiled custard is, and when cold the cabbage, chopped fine, should be added.

An excellent potato salad is made by boiling and cutting into dice six potatoes. Add three medium-sized onions, cut up, salt and pepper to taste, and serve with a dressing made of three well beaten eggs, three tablespoons of vinegar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, pepper and unmixed mustard. Put on the stove and stir constantly until it is the consistency of a thin custard.

RAGOUT OF VEAL.—For this the remains of a cold fricandeau or roast may be used, cut into pieces about one inch square. To every pint of these squares allow one-half pint of stock, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful Worcesterhire sauce, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, two tablespoonfuls of sherry, one tablespoonful onion juice, one blade of mace, six mushrooms, chopped fine.

DUTCHED LETTUCE.—Wash carefully two or three heads of lettuce, separate the leaves and tear each leaf in two or three pieces. Cut a quarter pound of ham or bacon into dice, and fry until brown; while hot add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat one egg until light, add to it two tablespoonfuls of sour cream then add it to the ham, stir over the fire one minute until it thickens, and pour boiling hot over the lettuce; mix carefully with a fork, and serve immediately.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Clean and cut the chicken the same as for fricasseo. Dredge each piece thickly with salt, pepper and flour. Put three tablespoonfuls of oil or lard in a frying-pan; and when very hot, put in the chicken, and fry slowly until it is done. If young, (as it should be) it will fry in three-quarters of an hour. Watch it carefully that it may not burn. When done arrange the pieces on a hot dish. Pour all the fat, but about one tablespoonful, from the frying-pan; then add a tablespoonful of flour, mix and add a half-pint of milk or cream stir, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the chicken.

SODA BISCUIT.—One quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half

pint of milk, one large spoonful of lard, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder or a half-teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Put the baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, and salt into the flour, and sift it again. Then rub into this the lard. Now see that the oven is very hot, 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Grease the pans and get the cutter and rolling pin. Have everything ready before you put in the milk, then add the milk and knead up quickly. Roll out on the board one inch thick; cut with a small round cutter, put quickly into the pans and then into the oven. Bake twenty minutes. Remember to have them a success handle as little and make us rapidly as possible.

Dairy Notes.

Do not hurry cows to and from the pasture. Dairy cows are sensitive and much disturbed by harsh treatment.

The "dairy belt" has suffered from one of the most protracted drouths on record. Farmers who have not done so before should put down wells to obtain an unlimited supply of water. It is a good time to do it.

The scrub cow is a poor cow, no matter what her breeding. The native cows of the country are not entitled to the name of scrub as a class. Properly selected and properly fed, the natives make good milkers. An excellent business dairy can be raised by selecting the best of the common cows and buying a well-bred bull of a dairy breed.

In no way can dairymen show good sense more admirably than in sheltering the cows from cold rains and raw winds of autumn. Chilling shocks the nerves, and shocking the nerves shuts off the milk secretion. Every mother knows this. Warmth and comfort are absolutely essential to free milk secretion. Don't jeopardize your pocket-book by foolishly leaving your cows exposed to the weather.

A soft bed is a luxury. A soft, warm bed means comfort. Provide it for the cows. The simplest way I have found to have nice fresh bedding right at hand is to put sheaf oats into the manger. Let the cows thresh them. It will please them and they in turn will please the owner at milking time. The straw from the manger will furnish the desired bedding and the absorbent material needed.

A Peculiar Clock.

The chamber of commerce of Rouen has erected a clock tower which gives the time on three sides and the height of the tide on the fourth, namely, that fronting the harbor. The tide indicator consists essentially of a float which, by means of a cord and counter-weight hung on a drum, actuates a series of shafts with bevel wheel gearing and moves a hand or pointer on a dial like that of a clock, marked with the necessary figures to show the level of the tide. The dials are of opal glass and are illuminated at night. The clock has an apparatus for distributing the time to other clocks in Rouen and also for unifying the time, after the method adopted in Paris.

Watering with manure water will not cause angle worms. The worms are injurious to potted plants and should be removed, either by picking them out if they can be seen, or by watering with lime water, which will drive them out of the soil, when they can be thrown out.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

The Groom—"I can't see that check your father placed among the wedding presents." The Bride—"Papa is so absent-minded. He lit his cigar with it."



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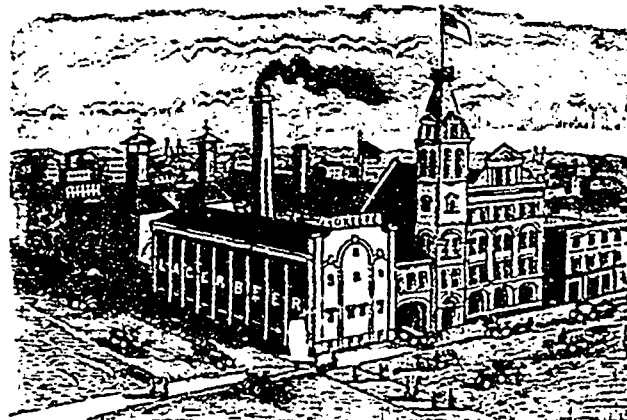
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Dr. Cumming, of Belfast, who has been offered and has accepted a Baronetcy from Mr. Gladstone, is married to a sister of the first wife of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and his daughter is married to a son of Sir Charles Russell. Dr. Cumming declined to accept a knighthood at the hands of the Tory Government; and he is the first Irish Nationalist who has for many years accepted a baronetcy from the English Government.

A circular has been issued by the Watch Committee of the Ulster Unionist Convention to the six hundred delegates who will attend the meeting of the "Ulster Parliament" in Belfast, on Monday the 6th of November. The circular states that "the attitude of the Ulster Unionists has under gone no change." The names of the Duke of Abercorn and Mr. Thomas Sinclair are mentioned for the Chairmanship of the so-called Parliament.

Cavan.

With deep regret we announce the death of the Rev. John Smith, P.P., which took place at his residence, Killinagh, Blacklion, on October 10th. The deceased, who was born at Tully in his 63d year, thirty-six of which were spent in sacred ministry His death was not unexpected, as he had been in failing health for some months past. His loss is keenly felt by his flock, and his memory will long be cherished among his friends and admirers, especially among his fellowpriests. Office and High Mass for the repose of his soul were celebrated on the 12th, after which his remains were laid in their last resting place, before the marble altar in the parish church he loved so well. In his will he did not forget the poor of the parish in which he had labored so long and so zealously, and to the religious institutions of the diocese, under the paternal care of his Bishop, he devoted whatever little means he died possessed of.—R.I.P.

Cork.

On October 9th, a man named John Ring was killed by falling from a tree, while cutting some branches, at Rathmaher, near Kanturk.

For the past three months large quantities of hay have been in Duhallow for the purpose of shipment to England, where there is a great scarcity of fodder. Since July last upwards of 1000 tons of hay have left Kanturk and Newmarket Railway Station for shipment to England.

October 10th being the anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew, a new Temperance Hall for the South Parish of the city, was opened in Friary lane, Cork, under very auspicious circumstances. A concert was held, and addresses on temperance were delivered by Very Rev. Canon Maguire, Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P., and Rev. Father O'Leary, C.C., St. Finbarr's, West.

Derry.

On the night of October 11th, on the arrival in Londonderry of the Great Northern Railway train, Miss Rutledge reported that when the train was 12 minutes from Strabane, and, as she judged, about St. Johnston, the Rev. James Cargin, Minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Londonderry, had fallen out of a second class compartment. He was on his way to Dublin. The lady was alone in the compartment with Mr. Cargin. She was dozing, until hearing Mr. Cargin lowering the window, she opened her eyes just in time to see him disappearing into the darkness. On search being made the poor gentleman was found lying in a perfectly helpless state against the side of the line. He had managed to drag himself nearly one hundred yards along from where he had fallen out. He was at once carried to his residence, where he lies seriously injured.

Down.

Mr. Edward McCreanor, of Newry, late Inspector of National Schools, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace.

Dublin.

Sir Thomas Brady, late Inspector of Irish Fisheries, did not succeed in his memorable encounter with the Government on the question of his compulsory retirement; but the Treasury has, at last, granted him £1,000 as a *solatium*. It is a pitiful offering to a man who, in his early career was one of the foremost Medical Practitioners in Great Britain, next a leading Member of the Tenant Right Party in the House of Commons, and who gave up his personal prospects to devote himself to the advancement of the Irish fisheries, which he championed with such earnestness that he was accorded the title of "the Fisherman's Friend," which he still holds. It was the last disgraceful "job" of the Salisbury Tory administration that, taking advantage of the "sixty years ago" rule, they "retired" Sir Thomas Brady, in order to make a berth for one of Balfour's English "chums," who does not know the difference between a deep-sea line and a bob-stay, and could not tell a chub from a salmon-fry.

Fermanagh

At the recent Revision Sessions, the Nationalists of Fermanagh gained 74 votes in the Northern, and 66 in the Southern Division. The result is that Mr. Danc, Tory, has a majority of 320 in North, and Mr. McGilligan, Nationalist, a majority of 560 in South Fermanagh. Mr. John F. Wray,

Solicitor, of Enniskillen, fought the battle on the Nationalist side with his usual persistence and ability.

Galway.

The general opinion of the late fair of Ballinasloe seems to be that the prices showed little, if any improvement on the ruinous prices that were obtained last year. The Banagher fair and the September fair of Ballinasloe have very considerably interfered with the success of the great October fair. At the September fair of Ballinasloe there were as many as 12,000 ewes offered, and that made a large deduction from the October supply. The season, too, has been somewhat late for ewes, since farmers took to lambing early, and stock raisers dispose of the greater number of their ewes at the earlier fairs. The wether fair, however, maintained something of its old character for size, and it is to the show of top-wethers that Ballinasloe has to look for its pre-eminence in the future. Prices varied considerably, and buyers and sellers gave different accounts of how the sheep went, according to the transactions with which they are identified. On one aspect of the fair, however, all are agreed, and that is that the prices were not up to the general expectation.

Kerry.

An old woman named Shea, stated to be 105 years of age, died at Keel, near Castlemain, on October 4th.

The Autumn mackerel fishing is being pursued with great success by the fishermen of Fenit. The takes per week have been very large, and the average sent by rail to the English markets has been close on twenty tons, while large consignments are sent by steamer. The herring fishing at the Spa has also been very successful.

Mildare.

The Naas Guardians agreed to the proposition of the Newbridge Dispensary District, to provide a residence and dispensary house for Dr. Murphy.

A preliminary meeting was held in Athy, on October 9th, for the purpose of taking steps to establish a literary and debating society in the town. It is intended that the society shall be one for the developing of those natural talents which are peculiarly inborn in the Celtic race.

C. M. B. A.

BRACKVILLE, Oct. 17, 1893.

To the Members of the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A. of Canada.

BROTHERS—In response to several inquiries I beg to advise the membership that Candidates for Representatives to Grand Council Convention must be Chancellors at the time of nomination and election, excepting in the case of branches having no regular Chancellor on the membership roll, in which case any elective officer is eligible.

Fraternally yours,
O. K. FRASER, Grand President.

Sunnyside Orphanage.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the collection which is to be taken up in the city churches next Sunday for the orphan children at Sunnyside. The cause itself has too many claims upon us to be overlooked. This year, however, it pleads with special force because there was no picnic last summer to help the good work done in this Home by the devoted Sisters of St. Joseph.

All charitably disposed persons having cast-off clothes will be doing a service to the Orphanage if they send them there. Frequently such articles can be used to great advantage for the benefit of the little ones.

Remember the orphans next Sunday.

The Johnson-Smiley Recital.

The Association Hall was filled on Tuesday evening, the 31st, to hear Miss E. Pauline Johnston and Mr. Owen A. Smiley, in recitations of their own composition. Miss Johnson, in her Indian poems, is most effective; one cannot help their sympathies going out to a people whom we have supplanted. Mr. Smiley was very entertaining in his humorous pieces, and held the audience spellbound in his tragic poem, "The Death Watch of the Bastille." Mr. Hewlett presided at the organ.

For the cure of headache, constipation, stomach and liver troubles, and all derangements of the digestive and assimilative organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, always reliable, and retain their virtues in any climate.

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Child's Dongola Kids, spring heel, button, Am. make, 75c.
Child's Oil Pebble, tip, spring heel, hand riveted, button, 75c.
Child's Polished Call Button Boot, with heel, 85c.
Girl's Oil Pebble, spring heel, hand made, tip, 85c.
Girl's Am. Kid Button Boot, with heel, 75c.
Girl's Polished Kids, button, spring heel, tip, \$1.
Girl's Dongola Kids, button, spring heel, \$1.15.
Misses' Polished buff, button, 75c.
Misses' Oil Pebble, tip, riveted, a good school boot, \$1.
Men's American Kids, button, with heel, 90c.
Ladies' Oil Pebble Boot, \$1.25.
Ladies' Am. Kids, button, pat tip, \$1.
Ladies' Dongola Kid, common sense, \$1.25.
Ladies' Dongola Kid, opera toe, pat tip, \$1.25.
Ladies' Dongola Kid, button, extension sole, \$1.50—wonderful value.
Men's Cordovan Bal., \$1.15.
Men's Cordovan, whole fox, sewed, bals or Congress, \$1.25.
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CATHOLIC NEWS.

As many as four thousand pilgrims from Lombardy were received by the Pope on the 19th inst.

The Redemptorists of the United States held a Provincial Chapter at Philadelphia recently to elect delegates for the General Chapter of the Order to be held in Rome on February 25, 1894.

The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Holy Cross College, Boston, is to be celebrated at the college itself Nov. 9th, at 3 p. m., and invitations have been sent out by the president and faculty, inviting the alumni and friends of the institution to a commemorative banquet on that day.

Rev. Father Hudon, Rector of St. Boniface College, Manitoba, celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus on Wednesday, Oct. 18th. A very pleasant musical and literary entertainment was held in the evening at the college, to which numerous friends of the Rev. Father were invited.

The Catholics in Prussia occupy a place inferior, if possible, to that held by Catholics in Ireland. There are eleven superior presidents in Prussia. All are Protestants. There are thirty-six district presidents. One only is a Catholic. There are 700 councillors of the government. About fifty are Catholics! Of the 3,000 judges of the kingdom only 150 are Catholics.

Under the title of "The New Pompeii," and over the signature "Helen Zimmern," an interesting article recently appeared in the Westminster Gazette descriptive of the new buildings which have risen up beside the ashes of ancient Pompeii.

A most sacrilegious outrage was perpetrated at the Brixton (England) Catholic Church on a recent Sunday. It is the custom of Father Van Doon, the head of the mission, to leave the church doors open throughout Sunday for the worshippers.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other."

St. Patrick's School.

The following boys received testimonials of merit for October: Form II.—Excellent—P. Flanagan, J. Costello, F. Elliott, J. Kirchner, G. O'Leary, W. Tobin, Good—D. O'Hara, J. O'Toole, G. O'Donoghue, E. Herbert, J. Dillon, D. O'Brien.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co., are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion.

THE MARKETS.

Table of market prices for various goods in Toronto, November 1, 1893. Includes items like Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Dressed hogs, Chickens, Butter, Eggs, etc.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Oct. 24.—There were 37 loads of offerings come into the Western cattle yards this morning, including 13 loads of cattle from Manitoba. Of these one load of 20, averaging 1,075 lbs., sold at \$30 each.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of November, 1893, mails close and are due as follows: Table with columns for City, G.T.R. East, G.T.R. West, N. and N.W., T.G. and B., Midland, C.V.R., U.S.N.Y., and U.S. West'n States.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon.

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WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

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Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

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The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED)

Two days had elapsed. Frau Hellwig's letter was probably wandering in some well-filled mail-bag through the green valleys of the Thuringian forests, and the old mam'selle had been committed to the earth, with no one who bore the name of Hellwig to follow her coffin.

Felicitas bore her deep grief silently, with the self-control inherent in strong natures. She did not know the weakness that seeks consolation for sorrow by speaking of it to others: from her earliest childhood she had been won't to struggle through every trouble alone, and to let her secret wounds bleed without permitting those around her even to suspect their existence. She had carefully shunned the sight of the dead body. The last conscious glance of the dying woman, that rested upon her, had been her farewell—she did not wish to remember that dear face unilluminated by the soul. But, on the afternoon of the day of the funeral, after Frau Hellwig had gone out, she took one of the keys that hung in the servants' room—it unlocked the passage leading to the old attic the reader had already visited. The considerable increase in corpulence which the last few years had bestowed on the mistress of the mansion, made her avoid ascending the stairs as much as possible, so the old cook had long had unimpeded access to the highest rooms.

Aunt Cordula must and should have some fresh flowers put on her grave, but only those she herself had planted. All the chambers under the roof, except the bed room, were sealed, and there was no way of getting to the hanging garden, which the officials' negligence had thus cut off from human care. After the lapse of nine years, Felicitas again stood at the attic window, gazing across at the flowers on the roof. How many events lay between that day, when the ill-treated child's soul had rebelled against God and man, and now! There she had had a home! There the lonely dweller in those rooms had taken the despised player's child to her noble, womanly heart, and warded off every deadly assault upon her soul with the weapons of her cultivated intellect. There the child had studied unweariedly, and through these studies found a new life opened to her. He who was now wandering through the magnificent Thuringian forests with a party of beautiful women, did not suspect that his plan of education, based upon narrow prejudices and gloomy bigotry, had been baffled by a few bold steps along the two slight gutters down below. And now this path must be trodden again. Felicitas climbed out of the window and walked boldly across the roofs: she moved with a light, swift step, and soon had the smooth floor of the balcony under her feet. The poor flowers, so innocently nodding their pretty heads in the light breeze, were far worse off than their neighbors, the lilies of the field. Held aloft in the air, as if by some magic spell, they knew nothing of the sweet, warm earth, the firm native soil, which takes to its heart alike the tiniest rootlet of the smallest flower and the massive, far-stretching roots of the largest tree, their weal or woe had depended on two little, withered white hands, now resting quietly beneath the ground, and moldering into dust. But they did not yet feel their orphanage, it had rained several times lately during the night, and they seemed to be vying with each other in bloom and fragrance.

Felicitas pressed her face against the panes of the glass doors and looked in. There stood the little round table, the knitting, with a needle half thrust into the work, lay beside the basket as if it had just been laid down to be taken up again directly. Across an

open book lay her spectacles; the young girl, deeply touched, read a few lines—the last intellectual pleasure the old mam'selle had enjoyed on earth had been Antony's speech in Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar." In the sitting-room stood the beloved piano, and beside it glittered the glass panes of the old cabinet, but the lower shelves were empty—the old piece of furniture had faithfully suffered its musical treasures to be wrested from it; they were now reduced to ashes, but it guarded the others more securely. Frau Hellwig had sought for the old silver in vain, and Felicitas started violently. The secret drawers in the cabinet contained not only jewels and silver; in one corner stood a little gray pasteboard box. "It must die before me," Aunt Cordula had said. Was it destroyed? It was on no account to pass into the hands of her heirs, yet the old mam'selle had always lacked the courage to destroy it herself. It was more than probable that it still remained there. If the will mentioned the plate where the silver was deposited, a secret might be revealed which Aunt Cordula had tried with all her strength to keep from the world—that must never be.

The glass door of the balcony was bolted within. Felicitas, with prompt decision, broke one of the panes, and felt for the bolt—it had not been slipped; the door had undoubtedly been locked inside and the key removed—a cheerless discovery.

Passionate indignation overpowered the young girl at the thought that fate always opposed any service she wished to render Aunt Cordula. Her grief for the dead was now mingled with apprehension of what the future might have in store. Had the little gray box contained proofs to refute all rumors of any crime committed by the old mam'selle? Or would its contents cast a still darker shadow upon her memory?

She hastily cut a beautiful bouquet, put two pots of auriculas—Aunt Cordula's favorite flowers—into her basket, and returned by the same way over the roofs with a heart far heavier than when she had come.

The young girl now had three graves in the large, quiet cemetery. Earth covered those who had been dearest to her, and to whom her warm heart fervently clung. She cast a look of unutterable bitterness towards heaven as she strewed the flowers on Aunt Cordula's now-made grave. No friend could now be taken from her! Her father had doubtless died long ago—his bones were moldering in some foreign clime; yonder, on a costly marble monument, gleamed in gilt letters the name of Friedrich Hellwig, and here—she went to her mother's grave, which, thanks to the old mam'selle's care, had been kept supplied every summer during the last nine years with exquisite flowers. Today the head-stone was lying beside the mound. Heinrich had said several days before that the inscription must be renewed; the letters were nearly obliterated; the stone had probably been taken up by his directions. It had formerly been sunk so low in the ground that only the name was visible; now the whole length could be seen. "Meta d'Orlowska," Felicitas read, with eyes dimmed by tears; but beneath this was another name which had previously been entirely covered by the earth. The letters here and there showed a faint trace of the black paint, but they had been cut into the sandstone, and there was no difficulty in deciphering the name *von Hirschsprung, of Kiel*.

Felicitas fell into a reverie. This was the name on the operetta by Bach, it had also belonged to the ancient Thuringian family whose crest still adorned the walls of the old mansion—the little silver seal Felicitas had found in the embroidered bag in her child hood also bore the same leaping stag—

it was a strange enigma! The haughty race, whose last descendants had been forced to use the plane and awl, had long since passed away. Heinrich had known the last scion—he had died unmarried while a student at Leipzig, and yet, fourteen years before, a young wife had come hither from the distant north, whose maiden name had been the same, and whose parents had used the same escutcheon. Had some branch of the old Thuringian stock been torn away and hurled to some distant land? Proud noble, whose image, carved in stone, remains perpetuated on the old Hellwig mansion, come forth from thy leaden coffin and wander through this grave-yard! Various stones bear thy name, and beneath them are resting men whose hands were hardened by toil, men who were forced to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows, though thou hadst bequeathed the sealed documents which were to forever secure the rights and privileges of thy descendants. Thou didst close thine eyes in the delusion that thine noble blood, the aristocratic hands of thy descendants should never be sullied by toil! Come to this grave which covers the dust of a daughter of thy house who journeyed hither from her distant home. The bread she eat was still more hardly won; her calling was despised, she was forced to appear before the public in the performance of juggling tricks, and one of these tricks destroyed her blooming life. Thou didst not remember the changes which, in the history of individual families as well as in that of the world, here display heights scaling the heavens and yonder open deep abysses, only to again level and equalize both extremes.

Were any of the relatives of Felicitas's mother still alive? The young girl answered this question for herself with a bitter smile: at any rate they did not exist for the daughter of Meta von Hirschsprung. Twice public appeals had been made to them, and they had maintained a persistent silence. Perhaps this branch of the ancient race had preserved its original purity up to the moment when a daughter of the house had given heart and hand to a juggler, and was forever expelled from the Eden of aristocratic luxury, and the circle of her relatives. One thing was certain, her child would never cross the threshold of those who publicly disowned all relationship to the juggler's wife.

CHAPTER XX.

After leaving the grave-yard Felicitas did not return to the house on the market-place. Rosa and Anna were expecting her in the garden, and Frau Hellwig was also coming there later to take tea with the child under the acacias. She had apparently recovered her external composure, but it was noticeable that she went out much more frequently than usual; it almost seemed as though she felt the need of some diversion in her life while awaiting her son's return.

She seemed to wish to ignore her meeting with Felicitas in the old mam'selle's rooms. She had evidently never thought of any previous acquaintance between the young girl and her old relative, and had attributed Felicitas's entrance to mere curiosity, which, under other circumstances, would certainly not have been suffered to pass without rebuke; but in view of the events occurring later in the afternoon, she doubtless considered it desirable to have the whole affair forgotten as soon as possible.

Felicitas had walked rapidly nearly the whole length of the little town, and now stopped before a garden gate. Drawing a long breath, she resolutely laid her hand upon the latch and opened it. It led into the adjoining garden, owned by the young lawyer's family. The young girl was now wholly dependent upon herself and her own plans. Spite of the grief that filled her soul, her secret sufferings had no effect upon a character steelled by

the conflicts she had undergone, her marvelously clear brain soon rallied from the hardest blows of fate to confront the inevitable; never had the mists of enthusiasm or sensibility been suffered to cloud her clear logical train of thought. The delicate, distinguished looking old lady in the white cap, who had addressed Felicitas a few days before, sat drawing in a shady arbor. She instantly recognized the young girl and beckoned to her to approach.

"Ah, here comes my young neighbor, and wants some good advice, doesn't she?" she asked, with winning kindness, inviting the young girl to take a seat by her side. Felicitas told her that at the end of three weeks she was to leave the Hellwigs, and was now in search of some employment.

"Will you tell me, my child, what you can do?" asked the lady, fixing her large, bright eyes, which vividly reminded Felicitas of her son's, upon the young girl's face, which flushed crimson. She must now speak of her hidden accomplishments, exhibit her attainments as a merchant displays his wares. It was an unspeakably painful necessity, yet the task must be accomplished.

"I think I am competent to teach French and German, geography and history," she answered in faltering tones. "I have also received instruction in drawing. I am not thoroughly trained in music, but I could teach singing correctly up to a certain point"—the lady's eyes dilated in astonishment—"then I can cook, wash, iron, and, if necessary, scrub."

The last acquirements fell much more rapidly from the young girl's lips than the first ones had done.

"I suppose you would not care to remain in our good little town of X—?" asked her listener, eagerly.

"I should not desire to stay for any length of time, but there are graves here which are very dear to me—I can not go at once."

"Then I will tell you something. My sister, who lives in Dresden, has a companion who is going to be married; her place will be vacant in about six months. I will secure it for you, and until then you shall stay with me. Do you consent?"

Felicitas, much surprised, gratefully kissed her hand, then rising, gazed earnestly at her: some wish was evidently hovering on her lips; her hostess instantly perceived it.

"You still have something on your mind, have you not? If we are to live together so long, we must be perfectly frank with each other, so speak freely," she said, cheerily.

"I should like to ask you to give me some fixed position in your family, even though it should be a most humble one and to be retained only a very short time," replied Felicitas, hastily, but firmly.

"Oh, I understand! you are tired of eating bread which is earned by hard toil, yet which—we will speak plainly—has been called the bread of charity."

Felicitas assented.

"Well, my dear, proud child, you shall occupy no such grievous position in my household. I engage you now to be my companion. You shall neither wash, scrub, nor iron, but you will doubtless often be called upon to take a general oversight of the kitchen, for my old Dora and I are both growing old and weary—will you?"

"Ah, how willingly!"

For the first time since Aunt Cordula's death, a faint smile fitted over the young girl's grave face.

A slender shaft of sunlight, that had been flickering on the shady vine-covered walk, suddenly vanished—evening had fallen. Felicitas remembered that she must be at her post before Frau Hellwig came, and therefore begged permission to retire. The old lady took leave of her with a warm clasp of the hand, and in a few minutes she stood in the next garden with little

Anna in her arms. Frederica arrived soon after; she carried a heavy basket of crockery and looked very much flushed.

"They came an hour ago!" she cried, panting for breath, and evidently much out of temper, as she set down her burden. "We certainly never were so upset before. My mistress, when she saw the carriage coming across the square, told me that supper was to be served in town. Just as I had everything ready, she came to me and said the professor insisted on coming out here, so I had to pack the whole meal and drag it along."

Then she rushed off to one of the beds to cut a few heads of lettuce.

"There has been such a time—such a shameful time!" she said, in a low tone, as Felicitas stood beside her, dressing the salad. "Frau Hellwig hardly waited to say 'How are you,' before she began to talk about the will. I tell you, Caroline, I never saw her so furious in all my life. But the young master talked like a fool; he said that the old aunt had been cast off by her relatives, that nobody in the family had cared about her, living or dying, and for his part he could see no reason why she would put money in the pockets of the people who had despised her—he had never thought of her property. And in the midst of the talk, whenever his mother stopped to take breath, he would ask whether everything in the household had gone on well during his absence. He seemed queer enough—and the young widow looked out of sorts too."

Felicitas, as usual, made no answer to the old cook's gossip. She took some sewing and sat down under the chestnut tree, while little Anna played about on the soft turf by her side. From her place, through a gap in the hedge, which stretched like a screen before her, she could see the garden gate. This gate, with its delicate cast-iron gratings, framed on both sides by blooming rose bushes, and opening into the garden from the superb avenue of dark-green linden-trees, had always possessed a mysterious charm for the young girl. She had seen many forms pass through it—kind, friendly faces, that she had bounded joyfully to meet, and others who had made her heart feel heavy, and behind whose retreating figures the gate had closed with a peculiar jarring creaking, to which the child had listened with a sigh of relief. But never had she been thrilled with terror so sudden, pain so sharp, as darted through her heart when the gate slowly swung inward and Frau Hellwig, leaning on her son's arm and followed by the councilor's widow, entered. Why should she fear these people? Frau Hellwig usually ignored her existence, and the man by her side had long since given up the task of converting the juggler's daughter to his views, according to which she was and would ever remain an out-cast, despised by all mankind.

Frederica had said that he "seemed queer," and Felicitas could not help perceiving that there was something unusual in his appearance. The idea of haste could scarcely be associated with his careless movements and air of indifference in every-day life, yet the young girl at this moment could have found no other word to describe his manner. He was evidently struggling to move onward rapidly—a thing utterly impossible to accomplish with Frau Hellwig's clumsy figure moving at a measured pace by his side—and, holding his head very high, was gazing around the garden—of course in search of his little patient.

Rosa came running along the gravelled path to get Anna, and Felicitas followed them behind the first cypress hedge to see the meeting between the mother and child. The councilor's widow, it is true, took her little girl in her arms and patted her cheeks, but all the while she was scolding Rosa for having taken the key of her rooms,

and thus obliged her to walk through the town in that "shocking dress." The airy travelling costume had in truth lost some of its delicate hue, and hung limp, tumbled, and soiled over the crinoline.

"Well, this whole expedition up to the very last moment, has been one of the most stupid excursions I ever undertook in all my life!" said the young widow, pettishly, pouting crossly as she drew a needle through a rent in the luckless gown. "I wished I had stayed at home with you, aunt, in your quiet room! We had a thousand vexatious incidents, I assure you; wherever we went we always had a shower of rain, and this bearish cousin of mine was in the worst possible humor. You have no idea, aunt, how rude and—delightful he was! He would have liked to turn round and come back the very first day. And we took so much trouble to bring a pleasant look to his gloomy face! Fraulein von Stornthal devoted herself so eagerly to the task that I expected her to make him an offer of marriage every instant. Now tell me yourself, John, wasn't she the very embodiment of amiability?"

Felicitas did not catch the professor's reply. She had returned to the chestnut-tree and was sewing busily, in the hope that she would not be noticed. The group looked excited and angry. The scarlet flush of violent agitation still glowed on Frau Hellwig's cheeks, and her son's ill-temper during the journey had evidently not been improved by his reception at home.

For a time it seemed as though the lonely seamstress under the nut-tree was to be left undisturbed in her seclusion, but once raising her eyes, she saw through a gap in the cypress hedge the figure of the professor. He was strolling quietly along, with his hands clasped behind his back, but the expression of his face contrasted strongly with the calm indifference of his manner; it was excited, eager, and his glance wandered restlessly down each path that ran between the closely clipped green hedges.

Felicitas sat motionless watching him; she had involuntarily pressed her right hand upon her throbbing heart; a strange emotion took possession of her—she dreaded the moment when his eyes must rest upon her. More and more slowly he advanced along the gravelled path that encircled the lawn. His head was bare—was it his strange, unfamiliar expression, or had his face grown paler?—Felicitas thought him changed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The farm land of the State of Kansas produced twice as much in value last year as all the gold and silver mines in the United States.

Experience has shown that fruit succeeds in nearly all parts of this country when accompanied by proper care. The greatest difficulties to overcome are neglect and inappreciation, allied to ignorance and lack of enterprise. Even at long distances from markets, good fruits will make a market for themselves.

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Oct. 17th, 1893.

This is the dull season. The traditional fog and rain is with us in all its characteristic dreariness and depression, redeemed only by the absence of the penetrating cold which usually accompanies it and makes it so much the more to be dreaded. The weather is mild; and raspberries and green peas, the condition of which is suggestive of July rather than October, are being freely retailed in the market.

For some time the political world has been as dull as the skies. The self-imposed silence of our leading politicians is ended, and we are to have a regular deluge of political oratory from now until Parliament meets. The irrepressible Lord Randolph Churchill is announced to address three meetings in the next fortnight, the most important of which will be at Yarmouth on October 25th. Lord Salisbury has promised to speak at two meetings in Lancashire next week, and Mr. Asquith is booked for four speeches before the end of the month.

The Unionists are just now making the most of rumoured dissensions in the Nationalist ranks. Mr. John Barry's resignation has been for them a sweet morsel. His seat at Wexford is perfectly safe for the Nationalists, but there is sure to be a struggle between the two factions as to whether the candidate should be a follower of Mr. Healy or Mr. Dillon. Strenuous efforts are being made to avoid an open conflict; but it is believed by some that the heather will soon be a blaze, and the Unionists are counting upon this possibility as an important element in the Parliamentary situation.

The report of the replacing of Justin McCarthy by Arthur O'Connor is of course a canard.

It is probable that Mr. Gladstone will not winter in England. He would like to do so; but his intimates, who know how much he is tried by the gloomy weather and indoor life of an English winter, are anxious that he should get away, even if it were but for a few days, to the south of France. His winter stay in South Italy was a new lease of life to him, and it is felt that even a fortnight of the light and air of Biarritz or Cannes would give him a splendid start for the tasks which the new session has in store for him.

The big coal strike is practically ended, and great has been the rejoicing over the success of the men. The demonstration in Hyde Park last Sunday was an enormous affair. The vast expanse of green sward between the Marble Arch and Achilles' statue literally swarmed with human beings, notwithstanding that the afternoon was extremely lowering and unpromising. Men, women, boys and girls carried huge money boxes, into which the benevolent public threw its coppers, and a goodly sum must have been collected. Those who carried the boxes eloquently pleaded on behalf of the miner's hungry wife and children by saying that every half-penny would make a meal for some little one, and this appeal had a magical effect upon many purse strings. Mr. T. O'Connor was among the speakers, and in a tone of triumph declared that what a few short weeks ago appeared to be a forlorn hope had now changed into a great and overwhelming victory.

The Russian fleet is being welcomed to France amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm. The French women frantically seized the Russian sailors in the streets and salute them with patriotic kisses; while the men row out in boats to seize the arms of Russian sailors protruded through the portholes of their vessels, and cover them with kisses and tears. For England this is not a pleasant spectacle: but, though a little anxious about her naval supremacy in the Mediterranean, her present position is one of absolute neutrality. Great Britain is still the great unknown quantity, and the fact that it remains so is a guarantee for peace.

It is an odd turn of fate that at a time when France is given over to tumultuous rejoicings death should have stricken down two of its most prominent and most beloved men. Only yesterday the death was announced of Marshal McMahon, the one man of rank whose fame was untarnished by all the disclosures which have convulsed Paris. To-day it is M. Gounod, the greatest of modern French composers. The distinguished soldier, whose death all France is mourning, was of the flower of the French nobility; and to him, aristocrat and Conservative though he was, France turned at a time of its greatest need. It was no reflection upon his courage or capacity in arms that he could not reverse the hopeless fortunes of his country in her furious struggle. He kept France stable at a time when vacillation or weakness would have been fatal, and his conservatism secured her an eminently safe Government during the perilous time he was her ruler.

Little could Gounod, in the poverty of his early years, have realized the fame which would ultimately be his. His genius was deeply affected by religious music, and it was only by a narrow chance that he did not give to the Church those abilities which he devoted to the lyric stage. He became a novice; and though he did not complete his

clerical training, his religious associations were too deeply imbedded for him to eradicate the religious spirit which breathes in all his works. The author of a hundred compositions, his immortality will probably rest on one great work. He created "Faust" in music, as Goethe had created it in literature.

Before closing, the latest items of news I can glean are that the Government, as Mr. Asquith so emphatically declared at Glasgow, have no intention of dealing with Home Rule the coming session, and that Redmond is to lead a revolt among the Irish members against such a course of action. This, though it comes not from a Unionist source, I give for what it is worth.

The venerable Bishop of Plymouth is at present staying with his nephew, the Cardinal, at Archbishop House. It is given on reliable authority that the well known Oratorian, Father Antrobus, is the Bishop-elect for Clifton.



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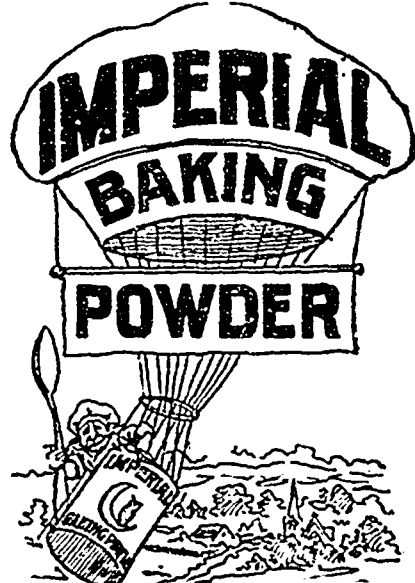
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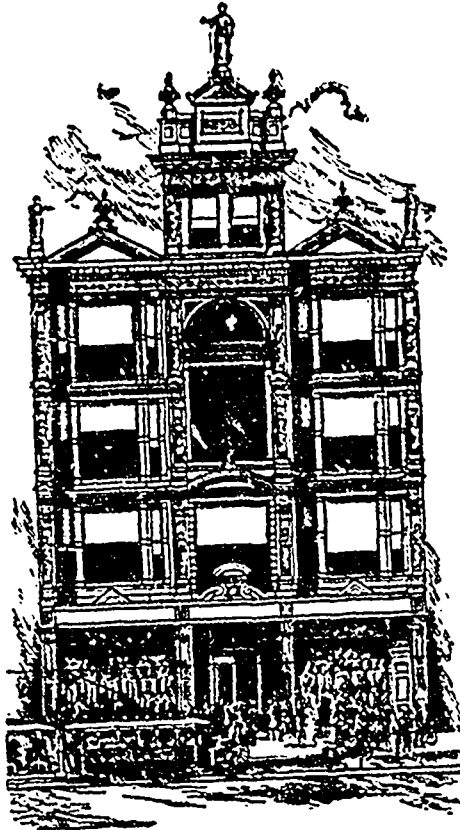
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