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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Extraordinary Appearance of the Bog Reapler in Kerry—The Health of the Pope—Cardinal Vaughan and Mr. Balfour's Education Policy.

Ireland.

At the annual meeting of the Irish Temperance League the annual report stated that from statistics given in connection with the Police Court mission 5,847 men and 2,295 women were charged in the Belfast Court with various offences, and of these 85 per cent. were the direct result of strong drink. 1,450 were persuaded to sign the pledge.

A very large and representative meeting of ladies, called together by the Lady Mayress, has been held in Belfast, when committees were appointed to act in concert with the existing general and executive committees in charge of the undertaking for the erection of the proposed Royal Victoria Hospital.

Cork.

Martin Murphy, a youth aged fourteen years, who has completed a term of seven days imprisonment for trespass on the vicar's farm Mr. Daly, at Dummahon, near Glanworth, has been released from Cork Jail.

A dispute has existed in Cork for some time in the Hebrew community in that city, as a result of which a synagogue situated in the South Terrace was raided and the furniture carried off. It was due to the appointment of an officer of the synagogues who did not meet with the approval of a considerable body of worshippers.

An exciting occurrence took place in Fogal Bay on Sunday, January 9. Two brothers named Patrick and Thomas Mangan approached a schooner which was making for the harbor, when their boat capsized. The crew of another pilot boat, who pulled a mile in hot haste, reached them just in time to save the men.

At the Kilrush Petty Sessions a young man named Pat Browne, who has taken the farm from which Mrs. Madigan has been evicted, summoned a woman named Mary Garvey for the recovery of three goats on his holding. Browne appeared in court protected by two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and on being sworn, stated he found this woman's three goats trespassing on his farm.

Defendant—Ah, Mr. Culligan, since he took that farm from which poor Mrs. Madigan was evicted, he would not let the birds of the air to rest upon it (roars of laughter).

The Chairman—That won't do. Defendant—That isn't the cause of it at all, Mr. Culligan. This is all spite. Paddy Browne is against me because I refused to marry him (roars of laughter). I will never be his wife as long as he keeps Mrs. Madigan's farm (laughter).

The plaintiff leaving the court with his escort, said she could refuse to marry him when he asked her.

Immediately after the scene in the court had terminated a large procession of country people from Knocknacree and Killimer, a couple of hundred or more, formed outside the courthouse, at the head of which was Mrs. Garvey's three goats in a car, decorated with green ribbons, and a flag on which was inscribed in large letters "Stick to the Cause."

Down.

Mr. William Travers, of Bundoran, about ten years ago borrowed ten pounds from the Bundoran Loan Fund Society. But by an ingenious system of double interest, renewal fees and costs, the loan society had managed to squeeze as much as £25 out of Travers, and then sued him for the original debt of £10. Judge Webb at the Quarter Sessions gave a decision against the Loan Society.

Dublin.

Mr. Maunsell, the accomplished and patriotic editor of The Daily Express, is dead. Mr. Maunsell has been rendering immense and invaluable service to Ireland on the financial question. In politics he was a Unionist.

As death is announced of the Rev. J. W. Stubbs, D.D., Senior Fellow, Trinity College, Dublin. The deceased was Senior Moderator in 1840. He was the contemporary of Mr. John Dillon's father, who was Senior Moderator in Ethics and Logic in the same year.

Galway.

At the Castlebar Criminal Sessions County Court Judge Richards, in addressing the grand jury, said he had great pleasure in congratulating them on the peaceable condition of their county. He was proud to state that their large county was almost free from any serious crime.

Kerry.

The Earl of Kenmare has received a most sympathetic letter from the Queen referring to the recent bog slide disaster, and enclosing a cheque for £5 for the girl Kate Donnelly, the surviving daughter of Con. Donnelly, Lord Kenmare's quarryman.

Mr. John Riordan, of Annaghbeg, who was the first to see the great bog disaster near Killarney, told the newspaper reporters that he had risen early in the morning intending to take some calves to the Killarney fair. He was along with his son looking for

the calves, when both heard a loud noise like thunder. Mr. Riordan got on top of a cliff and looked out in the direction of the river. He was terrified at what he saw. "A moving mountain of fire" was what it appeared to him. He remained for a moment gazing on the unusual spectacle, and then he suddenly found that the moving mass was coming towards him at a terrific speed. His son ran away towards the house, and he was about to retreat also when a huge mass was hurled up from the river below to the top of the cliff, which was at least 40 feet high. Mr. Riordan ran off with all possible speed. When he arrived at a turn of the land he looked out in the direction of the river and found that in the few minutes during which he had been running the "mountain of fire" had travelled a distance of at least a mile and a half. He watched the course of the light until it disappeared in the direction of Barraduff, some miles away. He was thoroughly conversant with every yard of the country side, and as it was lighted up he identified every place it passed through. The light, it appears, was a powerful phosphorescent glow caused by subterranean chemical disturbances.

Judge Shaw, at the quarter sessions at Killarney told the grand jury, that their labour would be very light, as there were only two cases to go before them. From all he had been able to hear, both from the police and other sources of information, he was very glad to be able to tell them that their district was extremely good as far as the conduct of the people and absence of crime or outrage of any kind was concerned. He himself had some diffidence in speaking on the subject, for this reason. He came down to Kerry four times a year. He ran over every part of the country and he found that there was no great complaint to be made of the people, taking them as human beings and not as angels of light, which he supposed they would never be. But another judge came down from Dublin once or twice in a year, to the country and spent a few days there, and he pronounced the country to be in a most deplorable condition. Well, he had only one or two conclusions to draw from that. Either the judge of assize must have got totally different information from what he got, or he (his Honor) was totally incapable of forming a judgment on the matter himself.

King's County.

At the Quarter Sessions at Birr Christopher Lynam sued John Hanlon to recover possession of a house. The tenant denied that he ever took the house from the plaintiff. His Honor—From whom, then? The tenant—A woman, Mr. Lynam told me straight that if Mr. Hanlon had a young son and that I called it after him he would never write me (laughter). His Honor—Well? The tenant—Well, she had the son and I christened it "Christy" (laughter). A decree for possession was given.

Leath.

The Drogheda Independent says—An extraordinary scene was witnessed during the progress of a hunt at Balgreave, near Virginia road. The fox had crossed the road into the land of a Mrs. M'Namee, and when the hounds and huntmen came up and endeavored to follow the passage, it is stated, was barred by the owner of the land and some of her friends. A melee ensued between them and some of the huntmen, and blows were freely exchanged, the weapons used being sticks and stones on the one side and whips on the other. Messrs. Kilroy, Sankey, and Watkins were injured by being struck with stones, the latter two gentlemen having to be surgically attended, and Mr. Mortimer was also hurt. The opposing party did not come off scot-free either, one or two of them suffering considerably from blows of riding whips. It is expected that some actions at law will arise out of the transaction.

Limerick.

The chapel attached to the Convent of Mercy, St. Mary's, was the scene of the reception of four young ladies, who have joined the Order of Mercy. The ladies who received the holy habit were Miss K. Dunworth, daughter of Mr. Wm. Dunworth, Rathmore, county Limerick; Miss Eva Fitzgerald, of Longhill House, county Limerick; Miss Leonard daughter of Mr. Leonard, Newcastle West, county Limerick; and Miss A. Cleary, daughter of Mr. Cleary, of Bulgarden, Co. Limerick. The arrangements for the cruise of the members of the British Canoe Association on the waters of the Shannon during the present year have now been completed, and will constitute an important advance in the movement for tourist development in Ireland. The association is composed of gentlemen interested in canoe sailing, and hailing from all parts of England, Wales and Scotland. They hold in each year a cruising meet, extended over a period of several weeks in number, viz., Athlone, Clonmacnoise, Banagher, Claghgan, Clonmacnoise, Droimneer, Mount Shannon, and Killakee. From 50 to 50 canoes will make up the interesting fleet. They will be brought over with their members in the first week of July, via Dublin, and proceed to Athlone, from which the fleet will start on Saturday, 10th July, on their southern cruise.

The funds by which street preaching in Irish towns is sustained made a loss of £800 by their attempt to establish street preaching in Sligo during the past year, and an appeal is now made to make good that amount. Waterford.

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, who was appointed intermediary, after several interviews with both sides has announced to the pig buyers that there was no hope of a settlement. In doing so his lordship was visibly affected.

At the Dungarvan Petty Sessions Pat Connors, apparently about eight or nine years of age was called on as a witness.

The Chairman asked him could he speak English. The witness replied in Irish. Chairman I warn you if you can speak English to do so.

Constable Kelleher made an information stating the witness was acquainted with the English language sufficiently to give evidence in a court of justice. The warrant was made out, and as the police were removing witness he said, "I did not see any sheep or any dog," which remark occasioned loud laughter.

Chairman—Will you answer the questions in English now? No answer.

The witness's friends again addressed him in Irish, urging him to do his best.

Witness—I did not see any dog or sheep.

Chairman—He would not answer at the time.

Witness—I saw no dog or sheep. Chairman—It is a gross contempt of court, and you will go to Waterford Jail for a week now. I find you know plenty of it.

The witness was then removed by the constables en route by train to Waterford Jail.

Westmeath.

Some of the members of the Grand Board of Guardians were very glad to see that distinguished Irishman, the O'Conor Don, late chairman of the financial Committee, resume his place in parliamentary life. When the subject came up.

Mr. Gelinehan asked—Is he in favor of majority rule? Mr. Edgeworth—I think every man who is against taxation will, sooner or later, become a Home Ruler. I am a Unionist myself.

Mr. Gelinehan—There are some of them very good, and some of them very bad (hear, hear).

Mr. Madden—He won't resume Parliamentary life with the principles we want him to advocate.

Mr. Gelinehan—We object to him on that ground.

Mr. Madden—He was a Home Ruler, and he seceded from it.

Mr. Gelinehan—You may strike the name off (laughter). Mr. Brown—Maybe Mr. Johnston of Ballinliffbeg would retire, and let the O'Conor Don in. Ask Mr. Johnston to retire (laughter).

Westport.

The County Wexford meeting to consider the Financial Relations Commission's report, summoned by the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, in response to a very influentially signed requisition, was held in the Assembly Rooms, Cornmarket. There was a very large attendance, including many ladies. On the motion of the Most Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ferns, seconded by the Protestant Rector of Wexford, the chair was taken by the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Maurice Fitzgerald.

ENGLAND.

A strange fabrication. A very surprising paragraph has been published in the London papers setting forth the terms of an alleged edict issued by the Cardinal Archbishop forbidding Catholic clergymen from attending theatrical performances.

The statement was very circumstantial, and it did deceive those who were not Catholics, and who do not know that the Catholic Church has a code of discipline, the growth of centuries of experienced wisdom, which does not need any such additions as this at this time of day. It has been found desirable to inform the public that no such edict has been issued.

The Pope's Health.

The alarming rumors as to the health of the Pope are received with a grain of salt at Archbishop's House, London. Cardinal Vaughan, says The Westminster, who is on the most intimate terms with His Holiness, would at once be informed if the state of the Pope's health were such as to cause alarm. Leo XIII., although suffering from the infirmity natural to his advanced age, is, considering all things, wonderfully well. He still rises at an early hour, celebrates Mass as usual, and receives the accustomed audience and visitors. Beside his official work he is still able to devote time to literary pursuits. The recent alarming rumors have all arisen from a slight indisposition which affected the Pope a few weeks ago, and from which he has completely recovered.

Cardinal Vaughan and Mr. Balfour.

Archbishop at Mr. Balfour's treatment of the Voluntary school question and his indications of the scope of the new Education Bill. It says—"Unfortunately the whole tone of his speech was calculated to produce the impression that it was deliberately used in order to pour cold water upon the agitation in favor of Voluntary schools. There was an odd contrast between the talk of 'political lunacy' to-day and that other talk about 'the intolerable strain' which did such excellent service before the general election. We hear from Manchester that the disappointment among Mr. Balfour's constituents is bitter and angry, and if other constituencies go as Cleveland has gone who shall be surprised?"

DR. CONATY INSTALLED.

Eulogistic Address by Cardinal Gibbons—A Pastoral Epistle.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 20.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., was installed as rector of the Catholic University of America yesterday afternoon.

The exercises took place in the Assembly room of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy, where a large and distinguished audience had gathered. On the platform with Dr. Conaty were a number of distinguished Catholic clergymen, including Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The address of Cardinal Gibbons was largely devoted to eulogistic references. Then turning to Dr. Conaty, he said:

"May your administration be a blessing to religion and education. Let the watch-word of the Catholic University be revelation and science, religion and patriotism, God and our country. If I had the privilege of modifying the constitution of the United States I would not expunge or alter a single paragraph, a single line, or a single word of that immortal instrument. The constitution is admirably adapted to the growth and expansion of the Catholic religion and the Catholic religion is admirably adapted to the genius of the constitution. They fit together like two links in the same chain."

"Our Government holds us the arm of its protection 'without interfering with our God-given liberties as expounders of the divine law.' In conclusion His Eminence made a plea that those connected with the University be vindicators, not only of religion and science, but also of the civil and political institutions of our beloved country."

The Late General of the Christian Brothers.

The Paris correspondent of The Dublin Freeman writes: It may be too late in the day to say a word about Brother Joseph or M. Joseph Marie Joesander, Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, who was buried on Thursday in the sepulchre set apart at Athis-Mons, near Paris, for the heads of the Order. It was thanks to him that the Christian Brothers were able to weather the Ferry decrees against the Religious Orders. They were in greater danger at the time than any other religious community in France, but they came out of the ordeal more successful than ever. Their system of education has more than once won the praise of University magistrates and even the statements of the Radical camp. Of late years the Brothers have made great progress with what is termed in Ireland "Intermediate Education," although they have been criticised for going beyond the statutes of their founder. An Cardinal Leont points out, however, in a letter to the Brothers, of whom he is the great patron, their founder, if alive, would not object to their keeping abreast with the times. As a demonstration of their tendency to go beyond more elementary or even intermediate education when necessary, the Brothers have for the first time issued a Compendium of Philosophy, which is a model of what such books should be from the Catholic standpoint. Brother Joseph, the great teacher who has just died, entered the Noviciate of the Order at the age of fourteen, and studied hard until he became one of the most skilful and successful schoolmasters in France. His title was the "Tres Honore Frere Joseph." Letters of condolence with the brethren who have lost their chief were sent not only by all the French prelates, but by the President of the Republic, the heads of the great teaching bodies of the State, and by Cardinal Ferrata, late Papal Nuncio in Paris, who wrote a long epistle from Rome, in which he recalled Brother Joseph's life-long devotedness to the Church and the Holy See.

Death of Father Kelly Leeds.

BROOKVILLE, JANUARY 20.—Rev. Father Kelly, parish priest of Trevelin, Leeds County, died on Monday of consumption. He was born in 1859, in Quebec city, where he received his early education. Thirteen years ago he was ordained to the priesthood in Montreal, and before going to Trevelin was stationed for some time at East Cornwall. He was very much beloved by his flock.

THE CLURK.

NEW ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

All the neighbors referred to the child thus, but his father and mother, for some reason, continued to call him George. There is reason to think that originally the title was bestowed in a spirit of derision. "I see the clerk a few minutes ago, playin' in the gutter," said a woman to whom Mrs. Want had been expatiating upon George's prospects. In the street it would have gone better with the lad if his mother's imagination had been less fertile.

The story goes back eight years, and begins with Mrs. Want stopping upon an unfashioned coal-plate and falling heavily. George, who at the time was an infant in arms—her arms, unfortunately—suffered an injury to his spine that made infancy a martyrdom. In his ninth year a fresh complication sent him for two months into the Pentonville Hospital. He came out feeling surprisingly shabby, and the weeks went by without bringing any great increase of strength. He was an appealing little figure, walking slowly to school with his chin down on his chest, his wondering eyes, and peaked baby face. Cleanliness was not one of his strong points. The woman on the next floor described his weak day complexion as "children's pastry," referring to the dough the little ones beg when there is cooking in progress, and bake for themselves. It had just that dirty pallor. By a stroke of unmeaning irony he was dressed in a sailor suit. The Board School authorities made every allowance for him, indeed the headmaster was so concerned that he re-selected one evening to drop in upon the Want, and make sure that the convalescent was being given a fair chance.

He found George half undressed in front of a fire, and a tall woman rubbing some strong smelling lotion into his back. A working man looked upon a sporting paper, discouragingly. "I've come to have a chat with you about George," said the visitor, after he had made himself known. "Speak to 'er then," Mr. Want replied, and returned to his reading. He was trying to spot the clubs that would survive the qualifying rounds for the English Cup. Mr. Want had kicked empty tins about the road in boyhood, and knew how football should be played. On all points connected with it he was a recognised authority, although there being no ground in the neighborhood, it had never been his good fortune actually to witness a match. He gained his knowledge by the evening study, and with this he allowed nothing to interfere.

For some time the visitor and Mrs. Want conversed in an undertone. When the schoolmaster rose to go, Mr. Want pushed back his paper and rubbed the back of his head sorrowfully. What he wanted to suggest was that his seeming indifference during the interview had been only a veil to hide feelings more than ordinarily creditable and profound. "Har, sir," he said, "this affliction of Georges has bin a great sorrow to me—a great sorrow. I'm sure I can't think wot's ter become of 'im when he grows up—unless, maybe, 'e'll do for a clerk. That's it. Anyone can see 'e'll never be fit for day's honest work. 'E'll have to sit at a desk all his life and be a clerk. Jest a blooming clerk."

A couple of minutes later Mr. Want had obtained forgetfulness of his trouble in study (there is nothing like work in these cases), but the woman meditated upon the speech all the evening. "I suppose there is no chance of your 'avin' made a mistake?" she asked at last, almost timidly. "George there will never be fit for a day's work, never so long as 'e lives?" "Look at 'im fur yerself," said the man, pointing to a cot in the corner of the room. Although asleep the child's face was drawn by pain. A white hand, almost transparent, it was so thin, hung down over the blanket. "What kind of a workin' man is goin' to be made out of that?" The woman's eyes closed. "E can't stand for a 'arf hour without turnin' faint," the man continued reproachfully.

Mrs. Want went across and busied herself making the child more comfortable. The working man took up his position so as to absorb in his own person the entire heat from the grate, and lapsed into an abyss of self pity. "I had 'oped," he said, "naturally, fur George to follow my own trade. Orfen when I've bin goin' to work I've seen 'im, as it were, by my side, straight as a scaffold pole, goin' to the same job as me, and proud and 'appy to carry 'is father's tools. Now 'e'll be jest a clerk, nothin' out to mere clerk."

Mrs. Want had finished re-arranging the tumbled clothes, but she did not look round. She had fancied that George would one day become a foreman. The following morning Mrs. Want broke the news to the street, knowing the value of the first word in such matters, and having no faith in her husband's ability to keep his grief to himself. To avert pity she represented the departure as an ambitious dream put into her head by George's astounding cleverness.

"Ow cum you to think of it, Mum?" asked a woman respectfully. "If George 'ad belonged to me, I might 'ave looked at 'im for a lifetime without discoverin' that 'e was different to hanybody else."

Mrs. Want smiled indulgently. You'd 'ave found out quick enough when you 'eard 'im talk. Some of the things that child 'as said—well, there! She threw up her hands in despair of doing justice to such conversational excellence. "E don't say 'is best things before strangers," she added.

"When I've 'eard 'im," said a woman with weak eyes, "'e 'as bin arakin' the boys not to thump 'im on 'is back. I can't say I noticed anythink remarkable in the way 'e did it."

"George will be in a rare 'igh standard," said a woman who happened to know that the future clerk still languished in the flask. Mrs. Want did not attempt to hide her son's position, but explained it on the ground of his love of lessons. He had been hiding his talents for fear lest his period of schooling should be curtailed. "You should 'ave seen George's face yesterday, when Mr. Want promised, 'ow'er 'igh 'e might get, to let 'im stay on the full time."

"And now, of course, we shall see him shoot ahead," said the woman from the next floor spitefully. "It don't take sich a power of learnin' to be a clerk," said the owner of a small winking connection. "Hill they 'ave to do is to write and hadd figgers, and I do that myself."

"It's not the addin'," said a man who had intruded into the conference. "It's makin' the figgers cum the same. Some of them clerks could do a sum as many as a dozen times and only 'ave one answer. One answer for a dozen times! That's where they do us—makin' the figgers cum the same."

"Where I lived before," said a woman, "a boy becom a clerk. 'E was in the seventh standard when 'e left school, and went on learnin' after that."

"I didn't know there was anything to learn after the seventh standard," said the man, and this was the general idea. "Ow will that suit your George?" said the weak-eyed woman sympathetically. "First-rate," replied Mrs. Want, moving away. She did not wish to hear any more. She was committed to quite enough as it was.

The conference left Mrs. Want ill at ease. Even clurking, it seemed, demanded other qualifications than incapacity for manual toil. There seemed a strong chance of George's becoming nothing at all. Supposing, when the time arrived for his leaving school, it should find him with the fifth, sixth and seven 's standards—those educational peaks—unreached. Her heart sank at the prospect. She resolved to make the young climber amend his somewhat leisurely gait, her own credit demanding that the improvement should begin immediately.

When George came home from school his progress was made the subject of searching investigation. The examiner was entirely illiterate, but the importance of this fact can easily be rated too high. Mrs. Want made little noises with her tongue against her teeth, and seemed depressed by each of her son's answers, and it is difficult to see that the most rudite parent could have done no more. Her grief at hearing that in geography he was only doing South America was so poignant that the boy was reduced to the verge of tears.

"Wot's the game?" Mr. Want inquired when he came home. George, ink-splashed to the roots of his hair, was sprawling over the table. Mrs. Want explained that if George was to be promoted a standard in January, the best use would have to be made of the intervening time. "If it means turnin' this into a night-school, I'd sooner 'ave 'im stop where 'e is."

"You kin read jest as well in the arm chair," said his wife, knowing where the shoe pinched. The working man doubted whether it could be done. Hitherto his method had been to read with his hands between his hands and the newspaper, opened to its fullest, covering the whole table. Another position he feared would not be so favourable to concentration of mind. Miss Want suggested that George should read the paper aloud. "I should like to 'ear a bit of noose myself, and it 'ud do 'im a power of good if you'd take 'im up when 'e went wrong."

"If it's to 'elp 'is schoolin', I don't mind," said Mr. Want, who, in spite of a surly manner, was always willing to give up a little personal discomfort to do anyone a good turn. Individual study, after all, was a little wearing to the elbows. He was not inescapable, either, to the charm of sitting in judgment upon the work of a better performer. He drew the chair-covered easy chair toward the fire and settled himself down, supporting his feet against the top bar of the grate. The Clerk sat at the further side of the table with a lighted candle immediately in front of him, and holding a football paper within an inch of his eye. He read deliberately, in a thin, high-pitched voice, breaking up all doubtful words into their component syllables. Now and again, when Mr. Want felt sure of his ground, the recital would be enlivened by an inter-ruption.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Jan. 28 - S. Raymond of Penafort. 29 - S. Francis de Sales. 30 - S. Martin. 31 - S. Peter Nolasco. Feb. 1 - S. Ignatius. 2 - Purification of R. V. M. 3 - S. Laurence.

Premier Laurier has donated \$100 to the fund being raised by The Montreal Star for the Indian famine sufferers.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, who already stands committed to the recognition of the Irish demand for a Catholic university, has now committed the Government.

With regard to the cabled report that the son of Lord Russell of Killowen has accompanied Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick to Rome to present the school "settlement" to Cardinal Ledochowski.

Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P. is reported to have a scheme for the promotion immigration from Ireland. It is at least open to dispute whether Canada is an inviting field for Irish immigration at the present time.

The January number of The Month comes to us from the New York Co., 91-98 Fifth ave, New York. This number commences a new series of the world's greatest Catholic magazine, which is now published at the reduced price of \$3.50 per year.

We admire the spirit of an address on the necessity of religious education recently delivered in Peterborough before the Fortnightly Club by Mr. Hampden Burnham, an Anglican gentleman of that city.

Had Ivory, the alleged companion of Tyan and others, been convicted of participation in a dynamite conspiracy, the collective columns of condemnation which would have been poured upon that desperate criminal, the Irish "patriot" would make a gridle for the earth.

at a critical moment. The "plot" was sprung upon the world when the Irish National Convention at Dublin had risen from its deliberations with a settled plan of action for the future.

A cogent and complete, but withal brief, answer to an Anglican clergyman of the diocese of Montreal is made in The Star by the papal decision against Anglican orders.

The familiar re-appearance of the spectre of famine once more brings along the old warning that the Indian Empire cannot maintain at the same time its swarming population and the heavy load of officialdom which imperial rule has placed upon her.

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are glad to see the fund rising. No donation is too big for the needs of 2,000,000 starving people.

Church Endowments in Quebec.

A correspondent enquires whether The Globe and The Register seriously recognize Canada as a sovereign state? If not how they discuss the possibility of injury being inflicted upon the Church in Quebec through any action of the Federal Government?

In Ontario and Quebec they have a system of separate schools, and in the latter province the Catholic Church enjoys, through the action of the state, large revenues and endowments.

The well-known constitutional essayist, Cressey, remarks that the liberal provisions of the Quebec Act and its recognition of the Catholic Church and its maintenance of that Church's endowments in Quebec, form a strong contrast with the intolerance then practiced towards Roman Catholics in England.

impulses of Mr. Clarke Wallace and The Globe, should declare war upon the endowments of the Church in Quebec. It is a serious question of constitutional law whether the mere declaration by Parliament of such a war would break the bond of Confederation.

of the truth." But Browster himself seems to be badly mixed as to whether the English Church should be called Protestant or Catholic. He would be "Protestant" only for the "high language" of Queen Elizabeth, who, in her Injunctions of 1550, requires "All ecclesiastical persons having cure of souls shall to the utmost of their wit, knowledge and learning, purely and sincerely, and without any color or dissimulation, declare, manifest and open four times every year at the least, in their sermons and other collations, that all usurped and foreign power, having no establishment and ground by the law of God, is for most just causes taken away and abolished."

What's in a Name?

An Otawa newspaper has thrown an already fairly well gnawed bone of contention amongst our separated brethren of the Anglican denomination. And they are busy, occupying themselves with it. It happened that an allusion was made to the Anglicans as "Protestants." A section of them immediately took up arms—or pens to be exact—and rushed into print to declare themselves "Catholics."

The death of Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of an unexcelled system of shorthand, presents a new landmark to the mind of the historian. The influence which Pitman's art has had upon the world follows step by step the comparatively recent development of Parliamentary institutions in which a constant light of free and universal criticism is seen to beat upon the Legislature.

The Late Sir Isaac Pitman.

of such a paper two months after it had sought the protection of the Bankruptcy court, might not be an inappropriate end of the fiscal of Healy's discomfiture. But the most remarkable circumstance connection with the "People's Defence" convention was the absence of Mr. Healy. That clever gentleman will not make himself personally responsible for work which he can find tools enough to do for him; and after his convention has fizzled away he personally stands ready, when the cat jumps the other way, to his after the cat. The letter of the Archbishop of Dublin is an influential appeal that Mr. Healy and his followers be restored to popular confidence and parliamentary favor in the ranks of the national party.

machine, just as the type is cast by a machine. If we live long enough we may see a labor saving invention by means of which speeches will be delivered without any expenditure of wind and strength.

Watching for the Cat to Jump.

In connection with the letter from the Archbishop of Dublin to The Freeman's Journal, which appears on our fifth page to day, a brief review of some recent events in Irish national politics is needed. These events are chiefly connected with a Healyite convention held in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, on January 12th. The Convention was intended to show forth the strength of what Mr. Healy has been pleased to name the "People's Defence" movement. It was an extraordinary thing that a convention supposed to vindicate popular rights should be held with closed doors. But for some reasons best known to the Popular Defenders themselves they shut out the public and the public press from their deliberations. The convention was attended by 64 priests and 123 laymen. These individuals represented nobody but themselves, their antipathy to the Irish national party, the editor of The Nation, a clever newspaper man who has never been heard of in Irish politics, was the chairman of the convention at the outset. It was the editor of The Nation, the friend of Mr. Healy, who inaugurated the "Defence Fund" and collected some £1,200 principally from among the clergy of Ireland. This fund was produced at the convention, and trustees appointed over it. The correspondents of the English newspapers say it is intended to purchase The Nation with the money and run it as the organ of the "People's Defence" movement. We have before us a recent bankruptcy statement of the affairs of The Nation which resulted in an arrangement of 2 shillings in the pound. The liabilities were placed at £9,800 and the assets at £1,500. The purchase with the funds for the "People's Defence" of such a paper two months after it had sought the protection of the Bankruptcy court, might not be an inappropriate end of the fiscal of Healy's discomfiture. But the most remarkable circumstance connection with the "People's Defence" convention was the absence of Mr. Healy. That clever gentleman will not make himself personally responsible for work which he can find tools enough to do for him; and after his convention has fizzled away he personally stands ready, when the cat jumps the other way, to his after the cat. The letter of the Archbishop of Dublin is an influential appeal that Mr. Healy and his followers be restored to popular confidence and parliamentary favor in the ranks of the national party. Nor is it an appeal that should fall upon deaf ears in Ireland, if for no other reason than that it emphasizes the principle of majority rule, although perhaps at some sacrifice of the dignity of the leadership. Mr. Healy does not wish to remain out in the cold, no matter what wind may blow; and he has every reason to be grateful for the consideration of his personal feelings which the Archbishop of Dublin displays in this letter. Mr. Healy is all the more watchful of his personal interests in a re-united party now, when Mr. T. Harrington, in the absence of Mr. John Redmond, has gone a long way towards bringing the Parnellites back to their duty. Mr. Dillon at a meeting of the Irish National Federation on the 14th replied very candidly to Mr. Harrington. He said: I was reading yesterday the speech delivered by Mr. Harrington, who, I assume, spoke for the party with which he works, in which he states that he can see no reason why on all the great points of Irish nationalist politics, on all the subjects interesting Ireland during the present session, the Irish members could not co-operate and pull together. Well I don't see any reason either. I have never been able to see any reason, and, speaking on behalf of the Irish Party, I am hardly in a position to speak on behalf of the Party, because the election to the Chairmanship will take place next week—but my belief is that the Irish Party will be most willing and anxious to enter into conference with the Parnellite members with a view, if it be possible, to a concerted line of action in

FIRESIDE FUN.

A very diminutive boy applied at a house for work. "You advertised for a boy to help in the garden," said the youth. "You will not answer," said the farmer. "Why, you are so small that you would have to use a step-ladder to dig potatoes."

Young Doctor: "Here I've had my brass plate out two weeks, and not a case yet. I've been sitting here like patience on a monument." Friend: "Never mind; you will very soon, so don't get a chance to put the monuments on the patients."

Lady Client: "Sir you have made me a false set of teeth." Dentist: "I know." Lady: "You promised me they'd be exactly like natural teeth." Dentist: "I did so." Lady: "But your false teeth make me suffer dreadfully." Dentist: "Well, they're all the more like natural for that."

The Young Man: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet." The Young Woman: "Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" She yawned herself as she spoke. He "tumbled" as it were, at once, and as soon as he could find his hat melted away into the yawning night.

He thought he was a very funny fellow, so he said to the fair girl seated by his side: "I hope that powder on your face won't go off, dear!" but she didn't see the fun of such a remark, and began to weep copiously. "Don't cry any more, darling," continued the young brute, "there's no danger. The powder won't go off now; it's too damp." Then the poor girl cried more than ever.

Scene: Railway Carriage.—Male Passenger (to friend, referring to what a lady passenger has been saying): "Well, I must confess I do not admire the Pharisee." Lady (indignantly): "Sir! You are no gentleman! You are—!" Male Passenger (smiling): "You are not phar-see!" And then she stormed worse than before.

Alphonse Karr, the humorist, owned an estate in the southern part of France, says an exchange. His neighbor was an elderly Italian Count, who owned a well-stocked library. One day the author who had never met his neighbor, the count, sent his servant with a card requesting the loan of a book. The count replied in a polite note, saying that he was sorry not to be able to oblige Mr. Karr, but with him it was a matter of principle never to lend books outside his house.

At the same time he invited his neighbor to come to his house at any time and his library would be at his disposal all day. Karr smiled himself of the privilege, and became friendly with the count, who not long afterwards sent to his literary neighbor to borrow a lawn sprinkler. Karr replied: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you with a lawn sprinkler, but, as a matter of principle, I could not allow my sprinkler to be used outside my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day."

Wedded at Peterboro'.

On Wednesday morning, Jan. 20th, Miss Lido Costello, daughter of Mrs. Costello, 628 George street, Peterboro', was married to Mr. A. B. Herbert, foreman of Andrew's printing establishment, Rochester, N.Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick. The bridegroom was Miss Mary Pope. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert will take up their residence at 68 South avenue, Rochester, N.Y.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly a remarkable preparation and nothing like it has ever been produced. No matter how wiry and unmanageable the hair may be, under the influence of this incomparable dressing it becomes soft, silky and pliable to comb and brush.

A Montreal Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the Bishop's Palace, Montreal, on the 20th. The contracting parties were Mr. James J. O'Shea, the manager in Messrs. Scholmans' factory, and Miss May O'Connor, daughter of Mr. J. J. O'Connor, of 218 William street. A large number of their friends were present at the wedding breakfast, which was given at the residence of the bride's parents.

Dr. Chas. Cures Backache.

Kidney trouble generally begins with a single pain in the back, and in time develops into Bright's Disease. People troubled with stricture, impediments, stoppage of water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night, will find Dr. Chas.'s Kidney-Liver Pills a blessing. Read the wonderful cures in another column. One pill is a dose, and if taken every other night will positively cure kidney trouble.

The Vatican and France.

The Corriere de Napoli, in an article this morning, says it has been assumed that his Holiness the Pope is preparing an important document concerning the political and religious situation in France. It will appear under the form of a letter addressed by his Holiness to the Archbishop of Paris, and will make an energetic appeal for union and concord among the Catholics of France. The issue of this document will coincide with the arrival of the Papal Nuncio in Paris.

DOMESTIC READING.

For a man to think he can escape the consequences of his sin is hideous immorality.

Nature takes security for better behaviour by enforcing her flexible rule. "Pay as you go."

"Whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap" is one of the oracles of the eternal frame of things.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is not saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Swift.

Men may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges Nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. "Tha thought and digestion which make books really serviceable, and give health and vigour to the inquiring mind."—Fuller.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with his self; who would not exchange the finest show for the poorest reality, who does not so love his work that he is not only glad to give himself for it, but finds rather a gain than a sacrifice in the surrender.

It is said that a great orator once gave this advice to a younger speaker (Mr. Pitt to Lord Wellesley) who asked his counsel: "You are more anxious about words than about ideas. Remember that if you are thinking of words you will have no ideas; but if you have ideas, words will come of themselves."

A man may chain his appetites, and hold his realm of knowledge within the cincture of his brain, and yet, in the saddest aspect of all, be overcome by the world; and again, how startling is the fact that one may hold on steadily up to a particular point, and there all gives way. To a man meaning to live the life of duty, the life of religion, the world is a mighty antagonist, subtle as it is strong, more to be dreaded in its whispers than in its gross shapes of evil. It is a great thing in this respect to overcome the world.

A growing tree is not thinking of the shadow it will cast. It is growing to bear its fruit or furnish the timber of its being. The shadow grows in consequence. And it is so with an honest, good man. The inspiration of it is not the desire for others' applause, or the growth of personal influence, but the wish to do the duty of the day because it is duty. It is not by mere brains that good, enduring influence is secured. Character, which inspires confidence, wins respect, and by the very laws of life tells of others.—This is the force which a good man directs. But self-conceit, personal vanity, and over-confidence in one's self are not consistent with this character. Let there be unaffected modesty behind obvious power, and respect is won; and respect implies influence of the best kind.

The triumph of the science of kindness is to understand the cry of the silent hearts of those who either cannot or will not speak. Your child is growing up at your knee, and unless you use your mind and consider, you will not understand one-twentieth part of the help he wants. Your brothers and sisters meet you day by day, bearing their histories in their hearts, carrying their burdens on their backs. You may help them, but unless you are careful you may hurt them and damage them. Your thoughtless jest, your idle tale, your loud and misplaced remarks—these are often to the hearts around us stabs or blows, or a stumbling block. Sometimes your feeling is kind and your intention truly charitable, and yet you do not know how to reach your brother's heart, and he recoils from your efforts to help him. Sometimes your own selfishness is to blame, and you do not take the trouble to realize how badly your neighbour wants your help, and how earnestly he is longing for it, or how much more he is to be compassionate than you are, with all your fancied troubles. Oh, for the great Christian grace to put ourselves in other's places. This is the grand element of that Christian altruism which the Gospel enforces.—Bishop Hedley.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor Anger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmentier's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmentier's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

Death of Father Pelletier.

Father Pelletier, a priest of St. Boniface, Manitoba, died at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, on the 19th, of cancer. The remains were taken to St. Boniface for interment.

If the Baby is Crying Teach

Be sure and use that old, and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

FARM AND GARDEN.

The first winter is the critical period of a colt's history. Too seldom do we see at this season the weanlings frolicking playfully as they did in the fall before being weaned. A great quantity of food is not all the food required, but management is highly necessary, if the youngster is to pay for raising. If the foal is well cared for during the first winter, the expense of the following three years need be comparatively light to make him a good horse; but if he be neglected, and consequently half-starved during his first winter, he will be more expensive to keep in succeeding winters, and will miss the mark altogether of being a really good horse.

A foal always does better with one or more companion foals. Bran, oats, roots, hay and water, and dry, clean bedding in comfortable, roomy quarters are also conducive to his best thriving. Small feeds regularly given three or four times a day will give better results than lavish feeding, when some of the last feed will require to be taken from the manger. A daily run in a roomy yard, having a smooth surface free from ice, will do much to develop muscles and promote vigor.

Underfed or neglected foal, and you run both horse and pocket. Be liberal to the foal, and when he is a yearling and a two-year-old he will be strong enough to look after himself, and live cheaply and well with ordinary management. It is infinitely better to raise no horse at all than a mediocre animal, for which only a pittance can be obtained when he is old enough to sell.

We believe that seven out of ten colts bred on farms are broken to harness during the winter, as that time affords more leisure, and the sleigh is perhaps the best to hitch to for the first few times. Some colts require very little training to accustom them to going in harness, but in order to handle a high-spirited, wild colt successfully the driver must possess four qualifications in high degree: Kindness, patience, firmness and perseverance. He must remember that the colt is a dumb brute, without the faculty of reasoning, but is governed by instinct. No colt, however gentle, should be hitched to anything until there has been some preliminary training. Haltering, bridling, checking, harnessing and handling should all have been done a number of times before he is attempted to be hitched to a vehicle. It is well to teach the colt to drive beside some old trusty horse before being hitched up. One man should not attempt this work alone, as unforeseen troubles are likely to arise during the first few lessons. The right side is the proper one on which to hitch the colt. A level head ed assistant can usually prevent any tangling up or wild leaning by the use of a "side line," which is simply a plough line fastened to the inside ring of the bit, then passed under the jaw, and through the ring of the right side. It is not necessary to even tighten the line except the colt attempt to go beyond his place or become unmanageable without it.

Before hitching, the waggie or sled should be run out where there is plenty of room so that there need be no turning at first. There is no better place than a sod field for the first few lessons to the sleigh. The team should be coupled by the lines and driven about with the neckyoke on for a little time before the traces are at all touched. Always hitch the old horse first, and when all is ready for a start attach the colt's traces, and be off without further waiting. Have a good, strong, calm-headed man in the sleigh to handle the lines, but the best horseman should lead the colt at first. Keep perfectly cool whatever happens, and never, under any circumstances lose your temper, but ever remember that the colt cannot be expected to understand what is demanded of him until he is taught. Many people expect more from a colt than they would look for in a human foreigner, who has to learn new ways. Never, every spirited colt does something alarming before he is thoroughly broken. A colt that goes off like an old horse is not likely to ever make a record-breaker. Ambition and courage are both commendable qualities, and often show themselves in the colt by his attempts to run, rear, lunge, and even kick at first. Cool-headed firmness, with kindness and patience, will make him a tractable, willing servant, of which his owner will be proud. After having gotten the colt to go along in a hazy manner, the lessons in larval should be given gradually. If driving on the road is to be his occupation, he should never at first be driven until much fatigued, and it is also better to go round a block, coming home some other way than that upon which he left home. If the colt is to be a farm work horse, such light jobs as hauling manure, wood, and the like will readily prepare him for the bread-earning.

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

Chats With the Children.

A FAULOUS SNAKE OF CHINA.

Noah Brooks quotes the following from the great Venetian traveler in his series of St. Nicholas papers "The True Story of Marco Polo," in the February number.

In this country gold dust is found in great quantities: that is to say, in the rivers and lakes, while in the mountains gold is also found in pieces of large size. Gold is indeed so abundant that they give one *angpa* of gold for only six of the same weight in silver. And for small change they use the porcelain shells, as I mentioned before. These are not found in the country, however, but are brought from India.

In this province are found snakes and great serpents of such vast size as to strike fear into those who see them, and so hideous that the very account of those who hear it. I will tell you how long and big they are.

You may be assured that some of them are ten paces in length; some are more and some less. And in bulk they are equal to a great oak, for the bigger ones are about ten palms in girth. The head is very big. The mouth is large enough to swallow a man whole, and is garnished with great pointed teeth. And in short they are so fierce-looking and so hideously ugly, that every man and beast must stand in fear and trembling of them. There are also smaller ones, such as of eight paces long, and of five, and of one pace only.

The way in which they are caught is this. You must know that by day they live underground because of the great heat, and in the night they go out to feed, and devour every animal they can catch. They go also to drink at the rivers and lakes and springs. And their weight is so great that when they travel in search of food or drink, as they do by night, the tail makes a great furrow in the soil as if a full ton of liquor had been dragged along. Now the huntsmen who go after them take them by a certain gin (trap) which they set in the track over which the serpent has passed, knowing that the beast will come back the same way. They plant a stake deep in the ground and fix on the head of this a sharp blade of steel made like a razor or a lance point, and then they cover the whole with sand so that the serpent cannot see it. Indeed, the huntsman plants several such stakes and blades on the track. On coming to the spot the beast strikes against the iron blade with such force that he enters his breast and rives (cuts) him so that he dies on the spot, and the crows on seeing the brute dead begin to caw, and then the huntsmen know that the serpent is dead and come in search of him.

This, then, is the way these beasts are taken. Those who take them proceed to extract the gall from the inside, and this sells at a great price; for you must know it furnishes the material for a most precious medicine. Thus if a person is bitten by a mad dog, and they give him but a small pennyweight of this medicine to drink, he is cured in a moment. Again, if one has any disease of the skin and apply a small quantity of this gall he shall speedily be cured. So you see why it sells at such a high price.

They also sell the flesh of this serpent, for it is excellent eating, and the people are very fond of it. And when these serpents are very hungry, sometimes they will seek out the lairs of lions or bears or other large wild beasts, and devour their cubs, without the sire and dam being able to prevent it. Indeed, if they catch the big ones themselves they devour them too; they can make no resistance.

AN APPRENTICE.

Oh, the beauty of the Christ-Child, The gentlest, the grace, The smiling, loving tenderness, The infantile embrace All babyhood He holdeth, All motherhood enfoldeth.— Yet who hath seen His face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ-Child

When for a sacred space, He nestles in our very home,— Light of the human race! We know Him and love Him, No man to us need prove Him,— Yet who hath seen His face?

THE OLDEST TOY.

The most primitive toy is the doll. It dates back to prehistoric times, and is found in every part of the world. This one would naturally expect to find a child, seeing its mother nursing other younger children, would imitate the example with an improvised doll. Toy weapons, again, are older than history. Many of the other toys at present in use date from the earliest times of which we have any record. In the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, along with painted dolls having movable limbs, have been found marbles, leather-covered balls, elastic balls, and marionettes moved by strings. Ancient Greek tombs furnish clay dolls, toy horses, and wooden carts and ships. In the Louvre there are some Greek Roman dolls, of terra cotta, with movable joints fastened by wires. Greek babies had rattles. Greek boys played with whirling toys. So did the boys in ancient Rome. Horace speaks of children trundling hoops, and playing odd and even with nuts.

THE LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.

To "tremble like an aspen leaf" is a common expression. There is a German legend which runs as follows: During the flight of the Holy Family to Egypt they were obliged to pass through a forest, whereupon every tree but one waved its leaves to do homage to the pilgrims. The aspen tree alone remained disdainfully quiet and the Holy Child, noticing this, stretched forth His hand and pronounced a curse upon it when it began to tremble, and has not ceased to this day.

A slightly different version of this story is given in the following lines:

"Once as our Saviour walked with men below, His path of mercy through a forest lay; And mark how all the drooping branches shew What homage best a silent tree may pay. "Only the aspen stood erect and free, Scorning to join the voiceless worship pure; But soon! He cast one look upon the tree— Struck to the heart, she trembles evermore."

The whole story of the flight into Egypt is adorned with floral lore. Where the Blessed Virgin washed the swaddling clothes of the Divine Child, beautiful bushes, it is said sprang up. Wherever her feet trod the Rose of Jericho bloomed; and, says one old chronicler, "at her coming the brouns and the chickens rustled and crackled and the fish bristled up."

THE KETTLE.

Oh, I am a kettle! a kettle am I! I never shall strive to do that. There's nothing about me that's sneaking or sly; Deception, I never shall try it. Bubble, I say! and hubble, I say! Some folks may not like it, but that is my way. I mind my own business, and give no trouble; Bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble, hub-bubble! They say I am black; I admit it is true: A respectable tint, and I love it. I never, no, never set out to be blue; As for yellow or red, I'm above it. Bubble, I say! and hubble, I say! I'm ready to talk any time of the day. Heap on the coals, and my song I will double; Bub-bub-bubble, bub-bubble, bub-bubble!—Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

Readers of "Chat" in common with all children will regard as a personal loss of the fact that Robinson Crusoe's island, Jean Fernandez, has been swallowed up by the sea. The story is given what is considered authentic verification by Captain Powell, of the James Kerr, now at San Francisco. The James Kerr has just arrived from Newcastle, New South Wales, and Captain Powell says that the story of the Spanish skipper who previously reported the loss of the island seems to be true in every particular.

The Spanish captain stated that from the look of his vessel he had seen the island go under, and that the sea all round was disturbed as if by the force of a submarine earthquake. Every captain had word of the remarkable occurrence, and the story was generally believed among seafaring men. Juan Fernandez was a small bit of earth thrown up by volcanic action ages ago. It was situated about 400 miles west of Valparaiso, Chili.

LOOK UP YOUNG MAN.

A young man once found a sovereign lying in the road, and ever afterward as he walked along he kept his eye steadily on the ground in the hope of finding another. In the course of a long life he did discover at different times large sums of money. All these he saw as he was looking for money, he saw not that the heaven was blue above him and nature was beautiful around. He never once allowed his eye to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought his treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as he went along.—The Missionary.

NOT ASHAMED OF HIS FATHER.

A poor tailor named Patis once lived in a city of Orleans in France. His son had many intellectual gifts but little money, and would have found it impossible to gain a coveted professorship in the University if those who governed it had not, in consideration of his learning and talents, remitted the entrance fees, which amounted to six thousand francs.

After a while the young professor became famous, and as it always the way, there were many who were jealous of him and sought to drag him down from the high place he held. There was one man in particular, named Bouvard, who wished the professorship for himself, and he made all sorts of cutting remarks about Doctor Patis, often calling attention to his father's occupation by saying "to his father's occupation by saying so, or that his style "cut a poor show." The learned and good Patis paid no attention to those taunts for

SAFE For the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. CURE The Old Reliable. There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause, what ever it may be. The great medical authority of the day declares that nearly every disease is caused by deranged Kidneys or Liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Safe Cure has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the Kidneys and Liver and by placing them in a healthy condition, cures every disease and pain from the system. Its reputation—Twenty years of success—in four continents. Warner's Safe Cure Co., London, Australia, Frankfurt, Melbourne, Toronto.

he was not ashamed of his father. He proved his devotion to that parent still more by erecting an almshouse, stipulating that it should always be in charge of a poor tailor, "in memory of my dear father," he said.

HAVEN'T IN WINTER.

Some curious experiments have been made at one of the royal philanthropic institutions in Copenhagen. For some years back the seventy boys and girls in the place have been carefully weighed every day in groups of fifteen and under. Thereby it is proved that the children gain weight mostly in autumn and in the early parts of December. From that time till the end of April there is scarcely any growth in weight. More remarkable still, there is a diminution till the end of summer.

A TERRIER'S HOME OF HUMOR.

A friend of ours and his wife were spending a musical evening with us, and an old, black English terrier, which belonged to the house, had been in the drawing-room, which was upstairs. The dog had been kindly noticed by our friend, who was partially lame from paralysis. On leaving the drawing-room the dog followed him to the top of the staircase—we, with his wife, were waiting below in the hall—and with cooked tail and ears slumped gravely watching his slow, limping descent. When the invalid was nearly at the foot of the stairs the dog began to follow, limping on three legs—he was quite sound in humor—our imitation of our poor, afflicted friend, and this assumed lameness was gravely kept up till he arrived on the mat. It was impossible to repress a smile, though our politeness was at stake.

A BIRD THAT SHAVES ITSELF.

The lamproseyer, or bearded vulture, found throughout the whole mountain chains of the Old World, actually shaves himself. The expert barber who has for his customers crusty millionaires could not ply the keen-edged razor to the stubby beard of his particular patron more deftly than the monarch of the mountains, tops prunes his own bristly beard. The head of the vulture is clothed with feathers, and from the sides of the under mandible proceeds a row of black bristles. From this peculiar projection of feathers the bird derives his name. A layer of similar bristles begins at the eye and covers the nostrils, forming a fleecy moustache. With his strong and sharp claws, which act as the razor, he begins to trim his fibrous whiskers with great care and dexterity. He does this with great regularity, and soon the downy beard and moustache give way to a full growth of bristly feathers.

BIRDS AS SURGEONS.

Some interesting observations, made by a M. Fatio, on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds, were recently brought before the Physiological Society of Geneva. In these it was established that the snipe had often been observed in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, and has even been known to suture a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion M. Fatio killed a snipe which had on its breast a large dressing composed of down from other parts of the body, and securely fixed to the body by coagulated blood. Twice he had snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on to the site of a fracture of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He only recovered it on the following day, when he found that the wounded bird had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled round the beak, and not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, the poor creature was almost dead from hunger when found.

THE CLURK.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

Smith turned the ball over to...

The evening was a sample of many...

"Blowed if these clurks kin do anything..."

In writing the outlook was brighter...

Meanwhile, the neighbours had...

People were always wailing...

"That's about all you would get..."

his shoulder. It seemed a bit lighter...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

of a dozen boys struggling on the...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

George returned to the coal shop...

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You insert the tube and give one good blow and away she goes...

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DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE WITH BLOWER FREE—AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

"You must stay there all the evening..."

Another Masonic Murder.

L'Eco d'Italia of December 30, a Catholic paper published in Genoa...

He Thinks It Means Home Rule.

Prof. Goldwin Smith as an anti-Home Ruler is afraid of the new Irish Union...

Death of Father Oates.

Boston, January 22.—Rev. Michael Oates, O.S.B., of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Roxbury...

Constitutional Cure.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an Italian missionary the formula of a simple remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Scrophulous Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections...

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Division No. 1, A. O. H.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

Sir—With your kind permission I desire to give to your many readers a little sketch of the recent doings of Division No. 1, A. O. H. Entering into the new year the members are looking back with pride at the success they have accomplished for the welfare of the Division during 1896, having added largely to the membership as well as greatly increasing their treasury.

The concert lately given under the auspices of the Division was a big financial success and the thanks of the members are tendered to the ladies of Auxiliary No. 1, Daughters of Erin, for the kind manner in which they rendered their assistance which helped to add a big item to the financial part of the entertainment.

The last regular meeting of the Division held in the old year was on Monday night, December 28th, nearly every member being present as also a large number of visiting Brothers. The most important business on the calendar for that evening was the annual election of officers for the ensuing term, which always greatly interests each and every member.

When the order of business for the election came up, County President Brother W. J. Moore was invited to take the chair and conduct the election. Many candidates were placed in the field and after interesting contests the following were declared chosen for 1897: President, J. J. Rutledge; Vice-President, M. Richardson; Sec. Secretary, Wm. Ryan; Fin. Secretary, P. Mohan; Treasurer, W. J. McLean. Nearly all the officers elected have served for the last year—which speaks that they had showed a good record, which obtained for them re-election. The first meeting of the new year was held on Monday night, Jan. 11, with a good number of members present. Annual reports were received from the Secretary and Treasurer which showed a great increase in the receipts over the past years and making a large Treasury, the expenditure being very large, including a large amount for sick benefits and other charitable donations, which shows that Division No. 1 lives rightly in accordance to the grandest principle of the motto of the Order, namely, "True Christian Charity."

The representatives of the Division on the Union Concert Committee for St. Patrick's night report that all the arrangements are about completed. The Massey Music Hall has been secured for the occasion and some of the leading talent that has ever appeared in the city will compose the programme.

The installation of officers for the new year took place last meeting, ceremony being administered by J. J. Moore, after which he expressed in elegant language the duties of each officer and the manner in which they should perform their duties to prove to be true filial and worthy officers, and said he believed it safe to heartily congratulate the Division on having elected an efficient staff of officers. The President Bro. Jas. Rutledge before resuming the chair, in able and well finished style thanked the members for the honor they had seen fit to bestow on him in re-electing him for the fourth term as their President, and hoped that activities would be displayed by each and every member for the welfare of the Division, and if so prosperity was sure to reign in the future as it has in the past. At this vigorous applause was heard. The remainder of the officers also spoke in kind words showing the appreciation they had for the esteem in which they are held by the members.

Thanking you Mr. Editor for your valuable space and wishing your paper a happy and prosperous New Year, I remain

Wm Ryan, Secretary. Toronto Jan. 12th 1897.

C. M. B. A.

BRANCH NO. 240, MONTREAL.

The following officers of Branch 240 have been installed at the last regular meeting by Grand Deputy H. Spedding, assisted by Grand Deputies A. Boucher, P. Dandelin and F. P. Tasse, Spiritual Adviser, Rev. A. Lacombe; Medical Adviser, Dr. S. McDuff; Chancellor, M. L. Chartier, President, F. X. Lenoir; first vice-president, Charles Fortier; second vice-president, Joseph Leveillé; recording secretary, George Paquette; financial secretary, J. E. Mailoux; treasurer, Harris Latour; marshal, T. Veaudry; guard, P. J. Black; trustees, T. Paquette, J. T. Gauron, H. Latour, Othris Fortier, G. O. Messier.

The officers of the C. M. B. A. of Canada, No. 229, Cote St. Paul, have been installed by Grand Deputy Costigan, Spiritual Adviser, Rev. A. A. Brant, pastor; Medical Adviser, Dr. Roy; President, Brother A. T. Martin; 1st Vice President, Bro. F. X. Payette; 2nd Vice President, Brother Ellis Fortin; Recording Secretary, Brother Charles Pratt; Assistant Secretary, Brother J. H. Boyer; Financial Secretary, Brother Thomas J. Evers; Treasurer, Brother Joseph Dame; Marshal, Brother E. Tourangeau; Guard, Brother F. X. Dumothier; Trustees, Brothers Hector Dame, E. Tourangeau, A. Therien, J. H. Boyer, F. X. Dumothier.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. Whereas, it having pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from

this life the beloved wife of our esteemed Brother Captain John Sullivan. On 11th, therefore. Resolved—That we the members of Branch 10, C. M. B. A., extend our sincere sympathy to Brother Sullivan in the loss he and his children have sustained in the death of his loving wife and a kind and affectionate mother, and pray that Almighty God will comfort them in their bereavement. Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Brother Sullivan, inserted on the minutes and a copy sent to the official organs. M. SULLIVAN, Recording Secretary. C. M. B. A. Hall, St. Catharines, Jan. 21st, 1897. E. B. A.

St. Mary's Branch, No. 21, ALMONTE. At the last regular meeting of the following officers were elected for 1897: Chaplain, Very Rev. Canon Foley, President, B. M. R. Con; Vice President, John Malone; Recording Secretary, M. McGrath; Financial Insurance Secretary, P. L. Dowdall; Treasurer, R. Johnson; Steward, F. Malone; Marshal, F. Maréchal, E. Brunnet; Inside Guard, P. Frawley; Outside Guard, F. McDonald.

St. Cecilia's Branch No. 29, WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. Resolved—That we the members of St. Cecilia's Branch No. 29, wish to express our sincere sympathy with our esteemed Chancellor, Bro. E. J. Walsh, and the members of his family in the sad loss they have sustained by the death of his beloved mother, and hereby wish to assure him that we as Emeralds hope God in His infinite mercy will give him grace to bear his sad bereavement with Christian fortitude, knowing that his mother has passed to a happy home, where there will be no more pain or sorrow.

Resolved—That this resolution be entered on the minutes, a copy sent to Brother Walsh and to the G. S. T. for insertion in the official organs. J. FAHEY, President. W. BOYLAN, Recording Secretary. W. LANE, S. T. C. O. F.

St. Peter's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, Peterborough, met on the 19th when the officers were installed by Brother J. P. Bryson as follows: Brother M. Coughlin, Past Chief Ranger; Brother John O'Brien, Chief Ranger; Brother S. G. G. Blair, Assistant Ranger; Brother J. P. Bryson, Recording Secretary; Brother J. J. Lynch, Financial Secretary; Brother James Clancy Treasurer; Brother Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Chaplain; Brother Dr. Mohr, Physician; Brothers J. Halpin, S. Hayes, J. Grady, Trustees.

St. Peter's Court is enjoying much prosperity and now has 84 members.

MGR. MOREAU'S JUBILEE.

Celebration at St. Hyacinthe—a Great Gathering of Bishops.

St. Hyacinthe, Que., January 21.—The celebration in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, is being celebrated with much eclat here. There is a large gathering of bishops and clergy from all parts of Canada and some from the United States. Among those in attendance are: Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa; Archbishop Bégin, coadjutor of Quebec; Archbishop Langevin, St. Boniface; Bishops Lafleche, Three Rivers; Gravel, Nicolet; Pélissier, Rimouski; Labrosse, Chicoutimi; Larocque, Sherbrooke; Emard, Valleyfield; Pacesal, Saskatchewan; Gabriel, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Michaud, coadjutor of Burlington; Dom Antoine, retired abbot of Oka; Mgr. Decelles, coadjutor of St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Canon Bourgeois, administrator of Montreal; Rev. Osmo Bruchesi.

Mgr. Louis Zephrin Moreau is the fourth Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, the other three having been Mgr. Prince, Mgr. Joseph Larocque, and Mgr. Chas. Larocque. The Bishop of St. Hyacinthe was born in Beauceau, Nicolet county, on April 1, 1824, and is therefore in his 73rd year. After his education at the St. Hyacinthe College he entered holy orders, and was ordained to the priesthood on December 19, 1846, and made Bishop of St. Hyacinthe November 19, 1876. He was consecrated January 16, 1876. Mgr. Moreau has been in failing health in later years and three years ago asked for the appointment of a coadjutor bishop, his request being granted by the Holy See, when Rev. Maximilien Decelles was appointed coadjutor with right of succession. A fine new cathedral and convents have been erected since Mgr. Moreau became bishop. The city and diocese have increased wonderfully since he became bishop, and now there are over 120,000 Catholics in it.

Archbishop Langevin Appeals to the French-Canadians.

Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, visited Boucherville on Thursday and attended a requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop Fabre. Abbe Primeau tendered the archbishop the sympathies of the parishioners in the struggle in which he was now engaged for separate schools and as a slight contribution for the maintenance of Catholic schools, presented him with \$150. The amount of the collection was \$150. The Archbishop in replying referred to the late Archbishop Fabre, and to Monsignor Tache, who had been formerly connected with the parish. Preceding His Grace said: I thank you most cordially for the offering which you have just tendered the

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through your pastor, and my joy is great to meet, in this beautiful Province of Quebec, so patriotic, so Canadian and so Catholic, the encouragement which I need in the difficult circumstances in which I am placed.

You all belong to that nation whose broad and generous spirit leads it, in Lower Canada, to walk hand in hand with the Protestant minority and grant to it full freedom of action to direct and administer its own school system. What we ask for in Manitoba is nothing more than the freedom which you grant here to each nationality, to each creed, to control the education of their children and to guide them according to the dictates of their conscience. Notwithstanding this, we have been deprived of our rights as Catholics; we are seeking to overthrow our schools; to destroy our nationality, in spite of the reiterated appeals for the measure of justice which should preside over our social relations.

I love to believe that, in the midst of these persecutions, you will not abandon us, you, our brothers of the Province of Quebec, that you will not leave us to struggle alone against powerful enemies, especially when you are aware that we are contending for the holiest of causes. If we disappear as French-Canadians from the plains of the West, the misfortune would not perhaps be very great, because we are the minority, the very smallest number; but in giving way before the invader, we open the door to all capitations and humiliations. Moreover, why should we not have the possession of all freedom in that western country which our missionaries and pioneers opened up to civilization, which they pacified and conquered at the price of such hardships and with their blood.

As a Cause of Prevention is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nursed, as it will be if brought up on the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Almost Frozen out at the Capital. On Wednesday evening 30th inst., Mr. John E. Redmond M.P. for West Waterford and the leader of the few misguided men who, for factious purposes, and trading on the name of a dead statesman, lectured in the Opera House in this city; the subject being "Fifteen years in the British Parliament."

Under different circumstances, no man could make surer of a hearty welcome from the Irishmen of Ottawa than Mr. Redmond. They know him to be an able man, the son of a loyal follower of O'Connell, who for many years, represented his native county, Westford, in the Imperial Parliament; but they remembered that above and before all men, he is to-day the largely of discord, and that to him is largely due the lamentable position of the Irish National forces at this hour; they remembered his sneers at the great Canadian, Edward Blake, who so worthily represents the Home Rulers of this Dominion at Westminster; they remembered his contemptible treatment of Canadian Delegates to the Irish Race Convention recently held in Dublin; and last, but by no means the least, they had a most keen recollection of the dastardly attempt made by his organ to point out for social outlaws, one of our best and most patriotic citizens. And remembering all these, they studiously avoided the lecture, whilst the lecturer himself was not left in ignorance of the real reasons of their action, and why it was that on a beautiful night an audience of less than 300 could only be got to listen to the one of the foremost orators of the Empire.

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