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Benedictines Leave France for the Isle of Wight.

(New York Sun.)

London, Sept. 27.—In France they are talking of the exodus of the congregations; in England one hears of the religious invasion of the Isle of Wight. Both refer to the same movement. The French religious orders, or many of them, are leaving their long-established homes in France and seeking the hospitality of other lands where they hope to be free from interference.

The cause of this self-exile, which is assuming large proportions, is the new Associations law soon to go into force in France. Hitherto, certain religious confraternities in France have been authorized, and others have been tolerated. The new law makes it necessary for every community to apply for authorization. Communities which refuse to apply, or fail to get their applications granted, will be dispersed. The result has been that these orders of monks and nuns who prefer exile to Government supervision have for months past been making ready for themselves homes in foreign lands, and are now beginning to move into them.

Two of these bodies, both Benedictines, one consisting of some 80 monks, and the other a sister community of nuns, have established themselves in the Isle of Wight. The former have installed themselves in Appuldurcombe Park House and the latter are in Cowes.

"We have come away," says Father Gallois, the head of the Benedictine monks, "because we could not continue to live in France according to the rules of our community under the new system of Government inspection. They would require admission to the monastery, the right to inspect our books, to know how we derived our income and how it was spent, to investigate the proceedings and resolutions of the chapter. Then they proposed to tax us heavily."

Under these conditions it would be impossible to preserve the seclusion of our order. There is no secret about our income. Many members of the order are wealthy men; they bring their wealth into the community. Others are poor; they share in the common property of all. We make money only by the publication of books written by brothers of the order. Our lives are passed in study—those of the priests of the order. There are lay brothers, who perform the domestic duties of the monastery."

The Benedictines are not a teaching order, and the only relations they will have with their new neighbors in the Isle of Wight will be the celebration of mass, which the public will be welcome to attend. Their daily life, according to Father Gallois' description, is one of great simplicity.

"We rise at 4 o'clock winter and summer, and attend matins and

lauds. At 8 o'clock there is a light breakfast—a cup of coffee and bread. Mass at 9 o'clock—always a mass with singing. Music is one of the features of our order, and we have revived the Gregorian music. We attend vespers in the afternoon, complete in the evening. In the intervals of service we study the Scriptures, the works of the fathers, all literature bearing upon our religion. Three days a week we fast—on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Then, of course, there are the special fasts of Lent, of Ember Days, of the vigils of saints."

The internal arrangements of the monastery are in keeping with such a life. The floors are bare, the furniture is of the plainest. Even in the chapter room, where the parliament of the community is held, the walls are innocent of decoration, the floor is carpetless and the chairs are of the commonest Windsor variety.

It is an interesting coincidence that it should be a body of Benedictines that has first sought refuge in England from the Associations Law and also that Appuldurcombe House should be their new home. Appuldurcombe House, recently a school, was the site of a Benedictine monastery far back in the Middle Ages. After the lapse of centuries it is a Benedictine monastery once more. It was the Benedictine order also that gave to Canterbury its first Archbishop, the first of a long series of Benedictine Archbishops. St. Augustine, who came to convert England at the bidding of Pope Gregory the Great in 597 A. D., was a Benedictine monk and was welcomed to England by Ethelbert's queen, Bertha, the daughter of the Frankish King of Paris.

These newcomers to England, who may be followed yet by many more, are only a small fraction of the Roman Catholic orders which already have their headquarters in England. Some fifty different religious orders for men are already established in this country, with 235 monasteries or congregation houses. There are monasteries in Wales and in Scotland, and several in the very heart of London, one almost under the shadow of St. Paul's.

"Their lives," says a writer on this subject, "are as varied as that of the outer world. There is the bearded workaday Franciscan living in the slums of South London, maintaining hospitals for the sick and caring for the poor, after the manner of his founder of Assisi. There is the rigid Carthusian in the great monastery at Parkminster—reputedly the largest Carthusian monastery in the world—living a life of the most severe asceticism, confined mostly to his cells, never tasting flesh meat, fasting three times a week. There are some Benedictines in Devonshire who run a great patent medicine factory, which they advertise in their own press after the usual fashion of that class of goods."

"Although about one-third of the whole of the monasteries in England belong to the Benedictines it is probable that the Jesuits are exercising the most wide influence on thought here. They are frank and wholly working for the conversion of England. In the English province they have 691 members, 320 priests, 228 scholastics (members whose training is not yet completed), and 119 lay brothers. But out of this total 117 must be deducted for those in this province who work in the missions in Malta, British Guiana and Rhodesia."

"The novice who desires to become a Jesuit in England is first sent for at least two years to Mairnes House, at Roehampton, where he devotes his time to the study of the Humanities. From here he goes to St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, for a three years' course of philosophy, then to St. Benoit College in North Wales for a four years' course in theology. Acting on their recognized principle of caring for the education of the youth, the Jesuits have three boarding schools and five day schools for boys. They control several well-known churches, such as Farm street, and have thirty-four establishments in England, five in Wales and two in Scotland. But their greatest work here, perhaps, is done by personal influence and through the printed page."

"From the Jesuits, turn for contrast to the Capucian Franciscans. While there are many cultured Capuchins, their work is rather rough-and-tumble, in close contact with the lives of the poor. Their very appearance, with their rough beards, their coarse garments, their practical ways, proclaims them the Salvation Army of modern Catholicism. In South London they are doing a great philanthropic work, largely among the poor of their own faith. At Pantesaph

in Wales, with the help of the late Earl of Denbigh, they built up an agricultural colony. The place was wild mountain country, without roads or trees, a black, barren moor, overlooking the sea. The monks have tilled the land, and have built up a picturesque friary, now quite a holiday resort for Roman Catholics from the north.

"The Capuchian Franciscans today have six monasteries in the English province, with 101 members. They are at work in Pantesaph, Chester, Olton, E. Ch., Peckham and Crawley.

"The Franciscans proper, who have also six houses in England, are more a preaching order. They number about eighty members; they work parishes, conduct retreats, and study. Father David, who has recently succeeded to the post of Vicar-General in Rome, is an alumnus of the English province.

"The ancient rivals of the Franciscans, the Dominicans, 'washed dogs of the Lord,' have about a hundred members in this country in nine monasteries, of which St. Dominic's Priory on Hove's Hill, with its large block of buildings and fine cathedral-like church, may be taken as a good example.

"As a sample of the purely philanthropic orders, we may take the Brothers Hospitallers of St. John. Their one work is to maintain homes for the sick, for incurables, for the old and the helpless, and asylums for lunatics. Most of their activity is on the continent, but they have under their care the hospital in Scorton in Yorkshire, which was founded in 1880 for the reception of male patients suffering from chronic infirmities, paralysis, old age, or requiring change of air.

"Then there are orders which stand, as it were, half-way between the monks and the secular clergy. Of these the Canons Regular are typical. Before the Reformation they had charge of some of the most important religious houses in England. To-day they have several places in Cornwall, Dorset and London. They live in community, but their work is largely that of parish priests."

St. Mary's C. L. & A. A.

The regular meeting was held at the rooms of the Association on Sunday afternoon, the President, Mr. D. A. Carey, in the chair. A large number of members were in attendance, and five new members were proposed for admission.

Considerable time was taken up in the discussion and adoption of the Athletic Committee's report for last season.

Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, the returning officer, handed in the official returns of the recent election. After an interesting address by the retiring President, Mr. D. A. Carey, the new officers were installed, and the chair and vice-chair occupied by Mr. C. J. Read and Mr. J. J. Murray, respectively.

The new Athletic Committee was elected, and is composed of the following members: D. A. Carey, J. Finn, P. J. Lowe, S. P. Grant, J. C. De Rocher, G. Furlong, J. J. Clarke.

Owing to lack of time, the election of the remaining committees was left over till next Sunday.

By a unanimous vote the condolence of the Association was extended to Mr. W. T. Hanrahan on death of his sister.

Knights of St. John

At the last regular meeting of St. Mary's Commandery, No. 216, held at Cameron Hall, on Oct. 24, the following letter of sympathy was read and a copy ordered to be sent to Bro. Chas. Bird and to The Catholic Register for publication: "Sir Knights and Brothers—The bereavement which has befallen our much respected Brother, Sir Knight Bird, in the loss of his dear wife calls forth our sorrow and sincere sympathy with him and his family. In this time of sorrow we respectfully beg to be permitted to contribute our humble quota and to mourn with them a loss which none but those who are thus afflicted can fully realize; for a home without a mother is a lonely one indeed. But God, who holds the thread of life and guides the destinies of our mortal habitation, never abandons those who never abandon Him. We humbly pray that He who has the power of taking away may also give our Brother and his children that strength of will and gentleness of resignation which is so beautifully consistent with the teachings of Catholicism. Mrs. Bird suffered much but cheerfully, and may her pains and suffering in this life gain for her a place of happiness and a crown of glory in Heaven."

FATHER EUGENE O'GROWNEY

His Death an Irreparable Loss to the Gaelic Movement.

The Gael for October asks the co-operation of its readers in raising a fund to send home to Ireland in fitting state the remains of the late lamented Father Eugene O'Growney, whose body now lies in a lonely grave in California.

In connection with this appeal The Gael gives a very interesting sketch of the life and work of Father O'Growney, which we reproduce below:

Of all the leaders of the great Gaelic revival which is creating such a revolution in Ireland there was none so deeply loved, so tenderly cherished and respected as Father O'Growney.

Eugene O'Growney was born at Ballylallon, Athboy, County Meath, in 1863, and was only 36 years old when he died, on Oct. 18, 1899, in the Sisters' Hospital at Los Angeles, Cal.

Father O'Growney's parents did not speak Irish, and he often related that he did not know there was an Irish language until he entered St. Fina's, the diocesan seminary at Navan, County Meath. When he discovered there was a national language he resolved in the first place to make himself acquainted with it, and in the next place to do all in his power to restore it to its proper place in Ireland as the language of the country.

In the fall of 1882 young O'Growney entered Maynooth College, where he studied for six years, spending all his leisure time in studying Irish and the Irish history and antiquities. He had the advantage here of meeting Irish-speaking students, and he commenced systematically to collect a vocabulary as well as to perfect himself in Irish conversation.

He was ordained in 1889, and was appointed a curate in the parish of Ballinacarrig, County Westmeath. In 1890 his reputation as a Gaelic scholar had spread abroad, and he was made co-editor and treasurer of The Gaelic Journal, which had been started by a Gaelic Union a few years before. A personal friend who knew him intimately tells the story of his life-work as follows:

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE.

"The first step that brought Father O'Growney's name before any section of the public was his taking up the editorship of The Gaelic Journal. Previous to this, during his vacations as a student in Maynooth, he had paid several long visits to the Aran Islands and other districts to learn Irish as it is spoken. Other students of Irish up to this time, who had made up their knowledge mainly from books had been inclined to look down on the Irish of the people, and to suppose that nothing was to be learned from them. Father O'Growney's instinct told him that neither a successful language movement nor a resuscitated literature was at all possible unless the language of the people of to-day was made the foundation of the work.

"In Aran he chose Inis Meadhain (Middle Island) as his place of study. This island contains about 500 inhabitants, every one of whom speak Irish. It had previously been visited by Professors Zimmer and Kuno Meyer, the well-known philologists and Celticists, and by Mr. O'Muirenin, who are still often talked about by the islanders. But it was Father O'Growney who established the reputation of Inis Meadhain as an Irish 'summer school.' The house where he usually stayed—Páidín MacDonnacháin's—was playfully christened the Irish University by the then parish priest, Father Michael O'Donoghue, Feannacht De Le n-anam.

"The first fresh stimulus that led to the renewed vigor of the Irish language movement was given by the Irish bishops when they decided to re-establish the chair of Irish in Maynooth. The significance of this event in the history of the movement has been too much lost sight of. At the time when the bishops, of their own motion, came to this decision, the fortunes of the Irish language had touched the lowest depths, and the number of

THOSE WHO SPOKE THE LANGUAGE

was smaller than at any known period of Irish history. In the ten previous years the number had fallen from close on 900,000 to less than 700,000, if the census returns are at all to be relied on. The

movement on behalf of the language had almost been lost sight of. Think, then how much it meant when the Irish hierarchy resolved to raise up the study of Irish once more in the chief centres of Catholic education? This auspicious resolve was correspondingly fortunate in its fulfillment. The revival of the Gaelic chair just at this juncture when Father O'Growney was marked out as its natural occupant seems nothing less than a special act of Providence.

"Meanwhile Father O'Growney had taken charge of The Gaelic Journal. This periodical had been set afoot by the Gaelic Union in 1882, but the Gaelic Union as an active body had come out of existence in the eighties, and its journal was carried on chiefly by means of a generous subsidy by Rev. Maxwell H. Clark, a Protestant clergyman. When Father O'Growney came into charge in succession to Mr. John Fleming, since dead, The Gaelic Journal made a fitting appearance at intervals of three months, more or less, and had about 150 paying readers, and another hundred or so who did not pay. By Father O'Growney's efforts the journal was once more brought out as a monthly, and its circulation was run up to about 1,000.

SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH.

"About this time he commenced in The Weekly Freeman his famous series of SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH, which at once attained widespread popularity. Over and over again I have heard people comment on the extreme simplicity of Father O'Growney's method. It is Gaelic in homoeopathic doses. You learn the fundamental principles of the language, its pronunciation, and a vocabulary of several hundred ordinary words without feeling that you have learned anything. Perhaps not fewer than 50,000 individuals have been beguiled by these lessons into making some acquaintance with the language of their ancestors. The Archbishop of Dublin took the keenest interest in the preparation of the lessons, and it is believed that to his suggestion was due the adoption of the 'key-word' device by Father O'Growney.

"All his publications and his life bore the motto of the 'Four Masters'—Chum gloire De agus onora na h-Eireann—for the glory of God and the honor of Erin."

"Father O'Growney's scholarship was recognized by the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was elected a member, and he was also a member of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language."

OBITUARY.

MRS. MICHAEL REDDEN.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 20th, there occurred at Pickering the death of Mary, widow of the late Michael Redden. A native of Ireland, she was brought to Canada at an early age, her parents settling in the Township of Pickering. There she was married to Mr. Redden, and a family of nine blessed this happy union. Her husband passed away some years ago, and she had also to mourn the loss of one daughter, Mrs. Paul Kelly, and three sons the latter of whom was the late Father Redden, for four years assistant at St. Paul's Church, Toronto. Five children still survive her, two of them Sisters of Loretto Convent.

A resident of Pickering nearly all her life, she died all by her quiet, retiring and Catholic life. As a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a kind neighbor, she put into practice the teachings of her faith, thus winning the esteem of relatives and friends. She had been ailing for more than a year, and fortified by the rites of her beloved Church of late awaited to resign her soul into her Creator's hands.

The funeral took place the following Tuesday to the Catholic Church and cemetery in Pickering. Father Sheridan celebrated the Requiem High Mass, and also conducted the obsequies at the grave, assisted at both by Father O'Leary, cousin of the deceased. May her soul rest in peace.

CONDOLENCE.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 4, Ancient Order of Hibernians the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas the members of Division No. 4 having heard with sincere regret the sad loss sustained by Brother John Foley in the death of his brother;

Resolved, that this Division tender to Brother Foley and family their sincere sympathy in their sad affliction.

Resolved, further, that copies of resolution be forwarded to Brother John Foley and family, and also to The Catholic Register for publication. Signed on behalf of Division No. 4, Frank Newman, recording-secretary.

Presbyterian Minister Joins the Church.

The announcement that the Rev. John Charleson has left the Church of Scotland and resigned the pastorate of the Thornliebank parish church, Paisley, in order to become a Catholic, has caused quite a sensation in Scotland. The reverend gentleman addressed his congregation for the last time on Sunday, when there was a large attendance. It was, he said, his duty to say the most painful word that could ever fall to his lot—to say to them, his people, who were dearer to him than life itself—the word farewell. After long and deliberate study and prayer and struggle, a vision of God had come to him, and he could not but obey the Heavenly call. Perhaps he did do wrong in confessing how he had been the conflict of his soul before he could resolve to leave that Church which had been built and raised, as it were, out of his heart's life, but that was a smaller matter compared with the saying of farewell to those who had lovingly and devoutly assisted him and joined with him in that house in worshipping the Eternal Father. How dear and helpful and comforting they had all been to each other, or rather they had been to him, especially during the last few years, words could not express. That pulpit was not a proper place for his expressing the reasons for his withdrawal from the Church, and, no doubt, they would have an opportunity of learning them later on. His prayers would never cease to be offered up for them, that they might be led into the way of truth. After this statement Mr. Charleson completely broke down, and many of the ladies of the congregation were moved to tears. The benediction was solemnly pronounced, and for a minute or two afterwards Mr. Charleson stood facing the altar engaged in silent prayer. The congregation retained their seats until he had entered the vestry, and the silence was most impressive.

The editor of The Glasgow Evening News is greatly disturbed over the conversion, and does his best to discount its importance. He says: "Mr. Charleson is not the first Presbyterian minister who has gone over to Rome—not as 'pervert,' as he may declare, but as a 'revert.' It is unlikely that any of his congregation, hysterical and tearful ladies, or tearless men, will follow him. They may weep in secrecy of their hearts, but they will let him go, in the hope that they may find his successor a thinker and preacher free from religious hysteria and sacerdotal theatricality. Nor is it at all probable that the Presbyterian Zion will be shaken through the departure of one who, after all, goes to seek peace as a Christian in another Christian fold."

Mr. Charleson was appointed to the charge of Thornliebank eleven years ago.

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Advertisement for Capelines by W. & D. Dinbbn Co. Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman in a hat and dress. Text includes 'Who would be without one when we tell you that we begin ours at \$10 and run right up to \$70. It just depends on the kind of fur you want—the quality is always the best. Write for Style Book. THE W. & D. DINBBN CO. Limited YONGE & TEMPERANCE ST. TORONTO'

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

MGR. FALCONIO FOR WASHINGTON.

William J. D. Cooke writes from Rome to The Catholic Standard and Times under date of Oct. 8: "I have received intelligence that it is believed in the highest quarters at Rome that His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli will return at an early date in order to receive the full honors of his rank, and that he will be succeeded as Delegate Apostolic by Mgr. Falconio, who is at present Delegate Apostolic at Ottawa. This belief prevails in quarters so high and so near, for certain reasons, to the possible truth that it almost calls for acceptance. It is stated as a fact, the appointment is mentioned as one already made. It is, therefore, quite distinct from the rumor which has been current for a long time to the effect that Mgr. Falconio would be the successor to Cardinal Martinelli, and again from the rumors, a week old, about the holding of the consistory at an early date. But being distinct from these reports, it seems to receive confirmation from them. The official announcement on the subject will not be made until some time after the appointment has been communicated formally to the persons concerned."

ENGLAND

THE JESUITS' ACTION.

According to The Tablet the case of Gerard v. The Methodist Weekly is likely to come on for trial at an early date. It will be remembered that the defendants published the bogus "Jesuit Oath" which was recently exposed in these columns, and that when Father John Gerard pointed out their blunder to them they replied by intimating that all Jesuits are liars. A similar action against The Rock is for the moment in abeyance pending the result of the case against The Rock is making the most of the opportunity by publishing a half-page advertisement, printed in scarlet letters, appealing for subscriptions towards a defence fund. Whatever may be the result of these legal proceedings, they will at least give Father John Gerard an opportunity of telling the British public from the witness-box what the Catholic teaching about truthfulness really is.

FATHER MATHEW'S MEMORY.

The anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew was celebrated in London by a great demonstration held in Shoreditch Town Hall under the auspices of the London Branch of the League of the Cross. Councillor D. MacCarthy presided, and the platform was occupied by many priests and representative laymen, members of the Cardinal's League Guards being placed in the rear. The hall was crowded in every part, and throughout the proceedings the utmost enthusiasm was shown. At intervals musical selections were given, the opening being by the boys of the Bermouther Choir. The first resolution was proposed by the Very Rev. Canon Hurnan, seconded by Mr. Dudley Lester, and supported by Father Murphy, and was to the effect that the meeting recalled with gratitude the life and labors of Father Mathew and the happy results of his work in Ireland and other countries, and heartily resolve to carry on his work as the most practical appreciation of his memory. Father Brown (London School Board) moved the second resolution, which stated that while gladly accepting the legislation of the last session of Parliament restricting the purchase of strong drink by children, the League of the Cross was of opinion that much more has yet to be done in order to lessen the dire evils of the drink traffic. This having been seconded by Mr. G. E. Anstruther, and supported by Mr. J. W. Gilbert, the proceedings were brought to a close by the entire assemblage singing "God Bless the Pope."

CATHOLICS AND BOY'S BRIGADES.

There was an exciting discussion at the meeting of the Catholic League of South London over a resolution proposed by Mr. P. Justin O'Byrne to the following effect: "That this League deprecates the enrollment of pupils of elementary Catholic schools in practically military organizations, known as boys' brigades, as calculated to cultivate a spirit of militarism adverse to the teachings of the Church and the welfare of the human race." In a vigorous speech Mr. O'Byrne defended his resolution, objecting, as he said, to the children of his countrymen being trained in a spirit which would teach them to become the destroyers of life and liberty. The boys' brigade, he said, should be educated in every way except in that which would lead to their entering the ranks of the English

army, and in this contention he was earnestly supported by Mr. William McCarthy, who declared it as his belief that the brigade was simply a recruiting ground for the British army. On the other hand, Mr. John Flynn strongly opposed the resolution, which he described as of a nasty and noisy order. During the latter gentleman's speech there were numerous interruptions, and eventually, after a long discussion the debate was adjourned.

IRELAND

FIRST OF IRISH SAINTS.

At the dedication of the new St. Kieran's church in Birr, Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, preached an eloquent sermon, selecting for his text the words: "I have laid a stone in the foundation of Zion—a stone, a precious stone, a corner stone, founded deep down in the foundations." During the course of his sermon he said that the works of God stand out in bold contrast with the works of man. The works of God were stamped with the divine seal of strength and durability, whilst the works of man, like man himself, were marked by littleness and weakness. In the vast plains, the mighty mountains, in the boundless depths of the azure firmament they had a vast reflex of the power of God. The order of God's Grace showed still more wonderfully His power over the order of Nature. God illumined the human intellect with the light of Divine faith, and forthwith man's ideas became intensified. The stability of the Church depended on the intensity with which men clung to the truths of faith and the fidelity of the people in the practice of Christian virtue. The assaults of the world on faith and on the Church had been many and frequent. In the bitter hatred and stern conflict they had gone through, the final triumph of the Church was assured by Christ, when He said: "Behold I am with you, even to the consummation of the world." In no part of the world had these truths been made more palpably manifest than on this very spot. In that very place nigh on fifteen hundred years ago a great centre of light and learning was established, and from which, as a focus, went forth the brilliant rays of faith and learning over the ancient Kingdom of Ossory. The first-born of Erin's Saints was born at the White Strand, off Cape Clear, and on that strand was still to be seen the ruins of St. Kieran's Chapel. There, too, was standing Kieran's pillar stone, with a cross cut there by the Saint's own hands. Having delivered a graphic and eloquent panegyric of the Saint His Lordship described the Saint's meeting with St. Patrick, and receiving the mystic bell, which was to give forth its notes unceasingly when the Saint treaded on the spot on which he was to establish his church and monastery, and then in that place to-day, blessed by the opening of the new church, that bell untouched rang out, and St. Kieran founded his monastery and built churches, making the place the base of his great missionary labors. He became the first Bishop of Ossory. This beautiful new church, elegant in execution and in detail, might well be said to have dropped down to them from Heaven. The ancient church had become but a ruin, and the people had arisen to rejoice in the triumph of their faith in other lands. When the glory of a church departed it was slow to return, but God in His mercy had given to the Irish Church a marvellous power of revival, even after apparent death, and of propagating and multiplying herself even in distant lands. They and all the people of Ossory should, indeed, rejoice, because this was their mother church, and, indeed, so should all Irishmen and Irishwomen who followed the fortunes of their country and of that faith planted by St. Patrick. For 50 years, thank God, there had been a marvellous revival of churches springing up over the land, and of schools and convents as though by a magician's wand. In the domain of politics, too, though their chief demand remained ungranted, still many substantial advantages had been gained, many important successes achieved. At present the country was called on to gird itself for the further promotion of an economic and agricultural and industrial revival, and they must invoke the blessing of St. Kieran on this movement for they learned that St. Kieran kept extensive flocks and herds. Whilst they rejoiced at this prospect of material advancement, and whilst every one of them took part in that revival they must not forget that man has a higher aim than mere material comfort. They were a spiritual and intellectual race. This new church had been consecrated to God. Let them love to come frequently to it to give to God praise and adoration, and beg pardon for their sins.

FRANCE

COMMENTS ON THE JESUITS.

One Paris correspondent, of a

London paper lectures the Jesuit Provincials on the heinousness of their crime in not bowing down to the decrees of a Government which is doing its best to crush Catholicism in France. An English Catholic Dreyfusard writer is swayed by opposing emotions, and while shedding crocodile tears over the persecution of the religious, he laments that they did not seek authorization to continue in France. The acme of the grotesque was reached by the arithmetician of The Times, who calculated the other day that each Frenchman had to support one-fifth of a monk. It is thoroughly evident that all the English write, on the persecution now rampant in France, though what the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims described the other day as "official impiety," are bent upon "playing up" to the idiosyncrasies and ignorance of the average British hater of Rome, with his ridiculous cant about the worship of images and the wickedness of monks. Canadian Catholics may be reminded in this connection that the perfidious insinuations in some English papers as to a revival of Gallicanism in France, as foreshadowed by the attitude of the bishops, who were supposed, or many of them, to be siding with the Government, are absolutely absurd, as well as malicious. Nearly all the bishops in France, both those who are Seculars as well as those who belong to Orders, are raising their voices against the unjust law which has sent thousands of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen into exile.

The house vacated by the Jesuits in the Rue de Sevres is to be taken over by the Catholic Institute for the use of young priests who are sent by their bishops to attend the lectures given in that establishment. There is not sufficient room for these ecclesiastics in the place occupied by the Catholic Institute in the Rue de Vaugirard. It is to be hoped that the chapel attached to the Jesuits' house will also be used for services. It is one of the most beautiful places of worship in Paris, so far as its interior adornment is concerned, for it cannot be seen from the street, and its exterior is plain. It is not so large as the church of the Jesuits in Gardiner street, Dublin, but it is more like the building in Farm street, London. The chapel contains the remains of the Jesuits who were martyred by the Communists in 1871. These were five in number, one of the priests, Father Lefevre, who was in the house when the Communists arrived, being spared on account of his age, although he begged to be taken away with his brethren to La Roquette prison, where they were shot. The educational establishment of the Jesuits in the Rue de Madrid and elsewhere in Paris have now been formally handed over to Secular priests and lay professors.

There has been a controversy raised in Paris and New York over the discovery of America. This is due to a book published by Mr. Henry Vignaud a Secretary of the American Embassy in Paris, and which was referred to at great length in The New York Sun a few weeks since. Mr. Vignaud is an affable elderly gentleman, formerly a journalist, who has been connected with the United States Embassy in Paris for many years. He has seen many Ministers, or, as they are now called, Ambassadors, come and go. Mr. Vignaud has endeavored to prove that Christopher Columbus was never in communication with the Italian astronomer, Paolo Toscanelli, who was supposed to have given him clear indications for his voyage to the West. Mr. Vignaud also asserts that America was discovered by an obscure sailor and by pilots who went there before the time of the Genoese mariner, and he upsets the theories of Washington, Irving, and other writers on Columbus. An anonymous correspondent writes to The Daily Messenger, or old Gallanini, on the subject, stating that the "scholastic arrogance and intolerance of mediaeval Italy, and perhaps also of Spain, were the chief causes of the tardy utilization of the earlier discovery of America made by Norse, German, Scotch, and Irish colonists about five centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus and his companions." The same correspondent asks if it would not be well for some American historians to give a little more credence to early Scandinavian and Irish history than their writings indicate. Long before M. Vignaud's time, Plato, in one of his Dialogues "Timaeus," referred to the American Continent from the description given of it by Egyptian priests. This description is noted by Ignatius Donnelly in his book "Atlantis; the Antediluvian World," which is one of those quaint volumes of ancient history retouched, like the production of M. Henry Vignaud. Such books provide curious reading, but they leave old problems unsolved.

The consecration of the Church of the Rosary at Lourdes was a magnificent ceremony, in which many prelates took part. There were about thirty Archbishops and Bishops, as was the case in 1876, when the basilica was consecrated. America was represented at the recent ceremony by Monsignor MacDonnell, of Brooklyn, Belgium by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines and the east by the Patriarch of Antioch.

UNITED STATES

CATHOLIC LAYMEN TO MEET.

Cincinnati, October 27. — What will be probably the largest convention of Catholic laymen ever called together in the United States will take place here on December 10, under the auspices of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. It is estimated that about two thousand delegates will assemble at the convention, which will continue in session three days. The leading spirit in this project of uniting the Catholic societies of this country is Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J. He has given his entire approval to the scheme and has done much to promote its success. It is expected that the Knights of Columbus, who have marched to the front rank of Catholic societies, will take the leading part in the federation scheme.

THE OLDEST PRIEST.

Probably the oldest priest in the United States yet engaged in the active duties of the mission is the venerable Canon Jeremiah Moynihan, who has been for some years the guest of Rev. James J. Sheehan, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Newark, N. J. In the 87th year of his age and the fifty-sixth of his priesthood, the canon still celebrates his daily mass, hears confessions regularly, can preach or attend sick calls if occasion requires, and is altogether a wonder, when his age and labors in the past are considered. His name once in New Orleans was a name to conjure with. The two most important parishes in the city were administered by himself and his brother, Canon Cornelius Moynihan, and during the Civil War the two priestly brothers, both Union men in that hotbed of secession, experienced more than their share of privation. After the war ended the canon, even then advanced in years, unselfishly resigned his parish and came north to be the colleague of the late Father Hennessy of St. Patrick's, Jersey City.

FIRST MAP WITH "AMERICA" ON IT.

The New York Staats Zeitung says: Father Joseph Fischer, S. J., professor of geography and history in the Stella Matutina school at Feldkirch in the Vorarlberg, discovered last July two large maps by Waldseemüller in the library of Prince Waldburg-Wolfegg, at Wolfegg Castle. Each map is in twenty-four large folio sheets. One is entitled, "Universalis Cosmographia secundum Ptolemaei traditionem et Americi Vespucii aliorumque lustrationes." (Universal Cosmography according to Ptolemy's traditions and the journey's of Americus Vesputius and others.) The other is described as "Carta marina navigatoria, Portugallens navigationes atque eius cognitio naturae marisque formam naturae, situs et terminos noster temporibus recognoscit et ab antiquorum traditione differentes, eorum quorum vetusti non meminerunt auctores, hec generaliter indicat." ("This marine navigating chart indicates generally the navigations of the Portuguese, and the form and nature of the whole known globe of land and sea, the places and boundaries discovered in our times and differing from the tradition of the ancients, likewise those which old authors forgot.") In the Cosmographia Universalis we have luckily rediscovered Waldseemüller's map of the world of 1507, the existence of which at any time Nordenskjöld, even in his "Periplus," denied emphatically. As it is clearly marked, close to the tropic of Capricorn, the name America, which Waldseemüller, as is well known, first proposed in honor of Americus Vesputius in 1507, this is evidently the oldest map that bears the name America. The "Marine Chart" was published first in 1516 by Martinus Waldseemüller and is of general interest, as it shows how Waldseemüller tried to do the injustice he had done to Columbus. For instance, on this map for "America" is substituted the name "Brasiliva Terra Papagalli" (the land of parrots).

HARD NUTS FOR THE EPISCOPALIANS TO CRACK.

The New York Sun says: * * * The name these Episcopaliens desire to substitute for Protestant Episcopal is the Catholic Church of the United States or of America. It is questionable, however, if such a title would not be regarded presumptuous in a church whose membership in this country is not one-tenth that of the Church which specifically bears the title of Catholic. * * * Moreover, as the Episcopaliens comprise only a small fraction of the Christian believers and communicants of this country they would be accused by the rest of vain presumption in calling themselves the American Church specifically; and it is questionable if there would come to them any compensating gain. Accordingly, the question of such a change of name seems to be making little headway. * * * Divorce being made possible by civil law no church law can prevent it unless religious faith and obedience to the authority of the church become much stronger than

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they now appear to be in a circle of our society from which the Episcopal Church draws so much of its support.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel, St. Matt. ix. 18-26: S. 3 St. Malachy, B. C. M. 4 St. Charles Borromeo, A. P. C. T. 5 St. Zachary. W. 6 St. Leonard, H. Th. 7 St. Willibrord, B. C. F. 8 St. Godfrey, B. C. S. 9 St. Theodore Tyro, M.

REGINA SACRATISSIMI ROSARI.

By Magdalen Rock, in Ave Maria. Joy was thine, Mary, when Gabriel came From the courts of Heaven and spoke thy name; And glad thou wert at thy cousin's door When thy weary journey at last was o'er; And great thy joy at that noon of night When the angels sang from a starry height; And when thy heart beat with raptured bound For the prophets' joy, and when Christ was found— In all thy joys we rejoice in thee, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary! Great was thy grief when the Saviour prayed In a sweat of blood in the garden shade; When mocked, insulted and spurned by all, He stood alone in the Roman hall; When the thorny crown pressed his sacred head, And the checker'd pavement was stained with red; When His wearied footsteps pressed Calvary's side; When, 'mid two thieves, on a cross He died— In all thy sorrows we mourn with thee, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary! Thou sharest the glory none may gainsay Of Easter morn and Ascension Day; And of the coming, to promise true, Of the Holy Ghost to a chosen few. And great thy glory in Heaven, where Thy body and soul reunited were, When thy God and Son, in His boundless love, Crowned thee Queen all the saints above— We pray that we may thy glory see, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary!

ABOUT CHRISTIAN TALK.

(The Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., in The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.) Jules Janin says that "Good-humored people render a service to suffering humanity." Father Peter Galloway, S. J., said, "A good laughter is a godsend in a community." But he certainly meant his good laughter to be a good-natured laughter, totally free from malice and uncharitableness. Honesty is the best policy; and so also is uncharitableness in conversation. I expressed surprise long ago to a fellow-student at Maynooth that a certain acquaintance of ours, who seemed rather frivolous, had received and accepted a high vocation. "I am not a bit surprised," my friend replied, "for I never heard him say an uncharitable word about anyone." Even those who are entertained by your ill-natured sallies are unfavorably impressed with regard to yourself; and they know that, when their back is turned, they themselves may be the victims of your spite. This was illustrated one day in a railway carriage in which another friend of mine was traveling with a well-known barrister of the day and a very prominent merchant—all three are dead, but they were notable men, each in his own way, now completely forgotten as we all shall be. The Q. C. entertained his companion in a lively manner, keeping him busy laughing, and of course personalities were the staple of their conversation. The barrister left the train at some station with much cordial handshaking. The moment he was gone, his friend said: "That is a bitter pill!" "Spite and malevolence are peculiarly diabolical. As our Lord declared mutual charity to be the sign of His disciples, so malice and uncharitableness are marks and tokens of the disciples of Satan. The Devil's three names seem to indicate three sorts of evil speaking. Belzebub, the God of flies; is served by those who distress their neighbors by frivolous gossip, annoying trifles, breaches of charity, but not very serious. Diabolus is the name of the detractor and slanderer. Appollyon, the Destroyer, is well served by those who ruin souls by seducing words. A little incident that has remained in my mind a good many years is talking with a man (the late Lord Russell of Kilwrenn). May he rest in peace. I mentioned one with whom he had carried on a public contest

and whom he had not found quite an honorable opponent. This manly, upright man changed the conversation at once, saying quickly: "That is a gentleman I don't talk about." He was perfectly right. When you are inclined to feel harshly about certain persons, keep them out of your thoughts; keep them out of your talk. Think and talk of something more agreeable and more useful.

It is well to keep out of our conversation not only persons whom we are inclined to run down, but also persons whom we are inclined to praise too much. There is a subtle form of uncharitableness which pretends to be quite the opposite—namely, to praise absent persons in such a way as to force your hearers to demur and to make objections. To introduce certain names into the conversation in a certain company might be a breach of charity, even though our share of the conversation was to defend these persons or to praise them highly.

HALL CAINE ON THE CHURCH

Speaking upon a Catholic platform at Douglas, Isle of Wight, last week, Hall Caine said: "The one salient fact in Christ's life, as a man, is that He walked with the poor, and had compassion on the multitude." Of all the Churches, the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor (hear, hear). This ought to be its great honor and pride. A Church of Christ that casts in its lot with the rich and great again the poor and lowly would be a Church built on the sand. The Catholic Church can well afford to be true to the democratic teaching of its Founder. It can only live by being the Church of the people. His Holiness sees this clearly, and hence his Encyclicals on Christian Democracy. The Christian Democratic Movement is the greatest movement in the world at this moment; it is going to revolutionize the natures and change the relations of the races, and the Church cannot afford to let it slip away from its tutelage. Still, it is not the Pope only, but the parish priest, who must labor constantly if the poor are to be kept under the spiritual influence of the Church. He must love the poor, and go down among them and walk with them. That is what many Catholic priests are doing. Their work is very laborious and often very thankless. They are the true Christian Democrats, who neither receive honors nor expect them (applause). Their reward is the consciousness that they cheer the lives of the lonely and comfort the deaths of those who fall in the cruel battle of humanity. Such workers are to be found not in Rome, London, Paris, or New York merely, but in every little city or village where the cross on the towers of your Catholic churches point upwards as a symbol of hope and faith. Devoted priests and Sisters of Mercy are here and everywhere giving the sacrifice of their lives on the great pacific battlefields of religion. They are the strength, the bulwarks of your Church, and the undying flame of their piety and devotion, burning from age to age, and from end to end of Christendom, in the midst of damper persecution, and in spite of human errors, proves that the Catholic Church in its essence is Divine, and that what is Divine it will grow and bloom and live for ever (applause). The fancy fair, which I shall now have the honor to declare open, is held on behalf of your Catholic schools. I rejoice in the effort your Church is making in support of its schools, thus wiping out the accusation which has been so often made against the leaders of Catholicism, that they do not promote the education of the people. True religion has nothing to fear from education (hear, hear). It has everything to hope from it. The Catholic Church is nowhere more active than in countries like America, where education is high. And if it is also strong in countries like Italy, where education is low, it is by the power of enlightenment, not by the force of superstition, that the Divine spirit of faith is to be kept alive. Depend upon it, the darkness of superstition is not a good atmosphere for the Gospel. If the rising generations are to hold on to religion, the Churches cannot afford to neglect education. To do that in these days would be equivalent to sending an army into the field with hands tied and eyes blindfolded. His Holiness feels this also, and hence he is putting out efforts for the secular education of his people. And if he claims that their education shall be religious and Catholic education also, I, as a non-Catholic and a non-Churchman, feel that he is justified in his efforts to train the minds of his children in the truth as he knows it (applause). Having referred so often to the Pope, let me conclude with a few words about the Holy Father himself. I have been privi-

leged to see His Holiness a great many times, and have come close to those who have been very close to the Pontiff. His habits, his daily conversations, his casual remarks, and his deeper interests, have not been altogether unknown to me during the past four years, coming through the medium of one or other member of his coveted household. During that time I have heard many rumors among non-Catholics of the outside influences brought to bear upon the Pontiff—of this Cardinal, or that religious Order, ruling the Pontiff, who rules the Church. My own knowledge, as an outsider, such as it is, has contradicted all such rumors. I have been conscious that the Pope is actually as well as apparently the head of your Church, and that no more powerful intellect or more resolute will, no tenderer heart for the cry of human suffering, or more catholic spirit in relation to the troubles of the world, has yet been found in the long line of illustrious men who have occupied the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff (applause). I think it is a great thing that your great Church should be governed by a great Christian, who, according to your belief, rules you, his children, by the authority of the Almighty, as Moses ruled the children of Israel. And I wish you to believe that whatever I have said elsewhere of this belief in the absolutism and infallibility of the Pope has not been from want of a due sense of the grandeur, the magnificence, and the sublimity of the conception of a Church that is governed by a great and good man in the name and voice of God. I now wish, in the fewest words possible, to declare this bazaar open, and to express a hope that the expectations of the promoters may be more than abundantly realized in the sale of the beautiful things which are now round about us. (Loud applause).

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

One has to realize what Europe would give to have South America as defenceless as Africa, before one can gauge the spirit in which it views the Monroe Doctrine, says Sydney Brooks in The November Atlantic. To Europe that edict is the most domineering mandate issued to the world since the days of imperial Rome. It is an abridg-

A NATION OF WORKERS

With Good Health for Capital the Great Majority of Canadians Rely on Brain and Muscle for a Livelihood—With Ill-health All is Lost.

Canada is a nation of workers. The few who have acquired positions of wealth and leisure have done so through hard work, and the vast majority find it necessary to toil day after day and year after year to support themselves and those depending on them. Their capital is good health. So long as this lasts they are happy and contented, but alas too many are robbed of this capital, and find themselves unable to keep up the struggle. With no earnings coming in, their small savings are soon exhausted, and want as well as disease stares them in the face.

Disease is humanity's most deadly foe. Silently, gradually it steals upon one, until at length it closes its fangs on its victim and secretly robs him of energy, ambition and strength. In this age of keen competition, strenuous work and ceaseless struggle it is the nervous system that most readily feels the strain. Nights of sleeplessness, days of tired, languid feelings, depression, discouragement and despondency, neuralgic pains, scattered nerves, weakness and irregularities of bodily organs. These are some of the warnings of the approach of such a serious and fatal disease as nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia and insanity.

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ment of their national rights, enforced, as they regard the matter, simply in the interests of the dog in the manger. The United States will neither take South America for herself nor let any one else take it. She does not colonize the country with her own people; she has no trade with it worth mentioning; she admits no responsibility for the outrages, disorders, and financial freakishness of her proteges. But she insists the South America is within her sphere of influence; that such European holdings as exist there shall neither be extended nor transferred; that immigrants who settle on its soil must first make up their minds to leave their flag behind them; and that in the event of trouble between a European government and one of the half-breed republics under her patronage, satisfaction must be sought, if at all, in a mere financial indemnity—never in the seizure and retention of South American territory.

Do Americans seriously believe that Europe will lie passive forever under such an edict? Any one who has looked into the bloody and tangled history of South America, and kept an eye on the steady stream of European immigration into Brazil and Argentina, can imagine at least a score of incidents any one of which would bring the Monroe Doctrine to a decisive test. Put on one side the implacable loyalty of Americans to their famous policy, and on the other the congested state of Europe, which would make expansion a necessity even if it were not all the fashion, the military spirit of the Continent which will never show England's compliance to American wishes, the extraordinary inducements to colonization offered by South America, and the spirit of revolutionary turbulence the broods over the country from Patagonia to Panama—and one has situation which it will take a miracle to preserve intact for another fifty years.

THE KIND-HEARTED CONDUCTOR.

He was very old and very feeble; and when he signalled that he wanted to get off, which he did by tottering to his feet and waving a long, thin arm at the conductor, the car was brought to a gradual standstill—a full impressive standstill with the brakes all set and groaning—and the conductor came briskly down the aisle to his assistance. He helped him to alight with a gentleness and care that were as touching as unusual; he took him tenderly by the arm and led him clear to the sidewalk. Among those who witnessed this little act of courtesy there was one not one who did not feel like apologizing to the young man at that moment for all the mean things they had said and thought about street car conductors. Their faces softened with hearty interest. Suddenly they saw the conductor drop hold of the old man's arm, and leave him leaning against a fence. "You old shabby fakir," he called back, as he rang the starting bell, "you ain't goin' to fall off my car!" — New York Evening Post.

A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

The Maybrick case was a pregnant instance of English rough-and-ready methods in striving in some practicable ways for both truth and right without satisfying everybody that justice had been done, says Charles E. Grinnell in The November Atlantic. The judge had suffered some mental weakness, which afterwards caused his retirement from the bench, and the excitement of the trial led him to add to an attempt at an impartial statement of the jury's task a rhetorical declaration of horror at the crime of which the prisoner was accused. The jury had heard the evidence, and there is no reason for not thinking their verdict honest. But the fact that they agreed upon a verdict of guilty in almost half an hour, a remarkable short time in view of the medical evidence, seemed to show that they were influenced more by the judge's rhetoric than by his doubts. Besides, an English jury cares more for what a judge says than an American jury. After a private hearing the Home Secretary decided substantially that she might not have been found guilty of murder, but she belonged in jail because of the attempt to poison.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1901.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Czolgosz, the murderer of the late President McKinley, was executed Tuesday morning in the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y. It is now all over, and, to use a common phrase, "justice has been appeased," or in other words the life of Czolgosz has compensated the nation for the life of McKinley.

Surely there is something vain in all human institutions. If justice is the word we must use for want of a better, what then is the greatest good to be found in capital punishment? Possibly the deterrent effect, some will say. But we would need to look far and wide for this. A Toronto judge has this week restored here the red English robe of "the hanging judge," to improve the deterrent influence of capital punishment. We say it in all seriousness, disclaiming the least suggestion of levity that this judge may merely succeed in being kodaked by some fakir who will make a good deal more money out of the robe than the garment cost to its wearer. The Warden of Auburn Prison had an offer of \$25,000 for Czolgosz's clothes, to be used for purposes of speculation, and \$2,000 for permission to take a moving picture of the wretch entering the death chamber.

Are we much better in Toronto? Ask the crowd that last week thronged the Yonge street sidewalk and paid money to hear a phonograph reproduce the dying shrieks of a negro, who while being burned at the stake, was made the subject of a kinetoscope and phonograph speculation, the originators of which are now making a rapid fortune. From the enthusiasm of the crowd on Yonge street we have no hesitation in saying that the good people of Toronto would gladly contribute a full share of that fortune.

Neither the forms of legal justice nor the scientific advancement of mankind will ever draw the race away from crime. The untold safeguards for society that belong to the blessed word religion, which is often disdained by the law and derided by science, are ten thousand fold more potent. The red robe of the hanging judge in England originally meant and still means more than the color of the cloth. It was and is of the insignia of an office in which religion is admitted to have a prominent part. The judge attends first the Red Mass. English Catholic judges do to this day. The color and its meaning are not only associated with the death penalty by unbroken usage, but in a manner which if anything were calculated to do so, would impress the criminal with the fear of God. Without this the robe might just as well be any other color.

COMPETITIVE BARBARIAN LABOR.

S. O. Verner, in The November Forum, has an article on the future development of Africa, in which he shows that continent to be far and away the richest division of the earth, with uncounted millions of natives waiting to be employed in its development. He advocates a modified form of slavery, like that which obtains at the present moment in the Rand mines under Lord Milner's jurisdiction. His general plan is embodied in the following paragraph:

"This will test the wisdom of the dominant race to the highest degree. In the first place, the experience of the Southern States of America ought to be studied, that the mistakes made there may be avoided. The negroes must clearly be from the first that their power in politics as a unit is gone. Only the very best of them ought to be allowed to participate in the government, and then only to a limited extent. No sentimental ideas on

the subject of social equality ought to be allowed. Each race must keep to its own social lines. Miscegenation must be forbidden; the whites must take their own wives with them, and let the African women alone. The natives must be secured in their homes, property, lives, and liberties, and in the enjoyment of a reasonable amount of local political freedom. Especially ought those hereditary chieftains who are humane and just in their rule to be given a limited amount of authority over their tribes in conformity with the general suzerainty of the white government."

This plan is not original. The Rand syndicate had conceived it before the war. The Boer Government made it impossible of adoption by a mining law securing the rights of white labor. The question does not solely concern the exploiters of Africa. The employment of black labor at two cents a day per capita would affect the tide of labor all over the world. Capitalists entertain the same dream about the Chinese. The government of Lord Milner may actually encourage experiments of the kind on a large scale.

MR. MASSEY'S DEATH.

The death from typhoid fever, at Dentonia Park farm, of W. E. H. Massey invites comment out of the ordinary lines. Mr. Massey had spent large sums of money upon his experimental farm, and he was disposed to give much kindly advice to his less opulent neighbors to follow his example. At the same time his enthusiasm for scientific agriculture cannot have failed of considerable benefit to the community. Mr. Massey had convinced himself that on Dentonia Farm he was entrenched in an impregnable health resort. Set him down in the middle of any assembly, and once started upon the Dentonia theme he was liable to make startling statements. A Dentonia egg could be identified from all other eggs because of its superior flavor. Only a little while before his illness Mr. Massey was fond of making the statement that the milk from his farm was a sure remedy for typhoid fever. It is far from our intention to suggest anything unfeeling; but Mr. Massey's death calls up reflections upon the general cocksureness of a great many of our scientific barriers against microbes. In the City of Toronto diphtheria ravages wealthy households in fashionable streets more frequently and severely than the little frame buildings in St. John's Ward, where children are ten times as numerous. The science of bacteriology has put the race into a panic of precaution against disease. But in some cases, like that of Mr. Massey, immunity remains as far removed as ever.

FEARED POVERTY MORE THAN NIAGARA.

Last week a woman went over the cataract of Niagara in a barrel and was taken out of the river alive. Her description of the trip easily eclipses anything described in Dante's Inferno. And the most startling part of it is the declaration that the only impelling motive was the chance of getting a little money if she came through alive. Many will say the woman was crazy; but if so, her derangement is of a common type. Every day witnesses a suicide through dread of poverty. This woman took one chance of life to a thousand of destruction. What a strange mixture of recklessness and cowardice! But the time we live in is quite remarkable for it. People who cannot tolerate the thought of hunger, deliberately plan the horrible idea of killing themselves. It is all the outcome of lack of faith in God's providence. The woman who went down into the abyss of the Horse-shoe Fall, and descended again and again as often as her barrel came up within range of the pounding cataract, that struck like a mighty pile-driver, was not entirely insane when she was cut loose in the current of Niagara. The little sense she had left helped her to "pray hard all the time," as she expresses it. Let us hope that her frightful experience will not obliterate the saving margin of light in which she was able to turn her face to a forgiving God.

CHAMBERLAIN IN A FRENZY. Joseph Chamberlain made a speech in Edinburgh last week, in

which he abused the Russians, Germans, French, Irish and Liberals, reserving for the Boers the only word of admiration uttered by him in a two hours' harangue. Evidently Mr. Chamberlain was very mad. He still affects to believe that the Government will reduce the Irish representation in Westminster. If the Government could be held responsible for Mr. Chamberlain's tongue, England would be today at loggerheads with every nation in Europe. But Lord Salisbury will get up to-morrow and say that it is not for Joseph to commit the nation.

With regard to the present Irish representation, that is a condition in the Act of Union. Legally, if the contract or treaty is broken by one party in defiance of the other the Union ceases to exist. Suppose the Irish members who have so enraged Mr. Chamberlain should take to preaching a crusade for the reduction of Irish representation in the service of the Empire, Mr. Chamberlain and all who follow him would yell "traitors" with all the power of their lungs. Mr. Chamberlain is himself the personification of treachery in his agitation for the violation of the Union compact.

HOME RULE MISSION TO AMERICA.

Several of the more sensational Canadian papers are endeavoring to raise an anti-Irish cry in connection with John Redmond's Home Rule mission to America. They are making the most of Mr. Redmond's somewhat bitter speech before leaving Ireland; but they ignore the extreme provocation for that speech. All who understand anything of the present difficulties of the British Tory party must have discerned the motive behind Mr. Chamberlain's repeated attacks upon the Irish party in his recent speeches. Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury, too, have given their countenance to the policy of baiting and abusing the Irish; but even their personal respectability cannot conceal the paltry political object of endeavoring to create a diversion of Conservative opinion from the appalling ill-luck of the South African war.

The blustering threats to curtail the Irish representation and muzzle the Irish members have been couched in the most offensive phrases. To be sure there was an excuse handy. The Irish members had opposed the war and consistently denounced the war party. That was crime enough; and the axe and the muzzle were proper and necessary punishment for them. But those British Liberals and Conservatives who have opposed the war and the war policy as strenuously as the Irish, have not been threatened either with axe or muzzle. All the violence of Mr. Chamberlain's tongue has been reserved for the Irish, and Mr. Redmond would be more phlegmatic than the majority of men if he did not pay back every compliment with compound interest. Nothing that has been said or done, however, can in the least alter or affect the fact that the Home Rule movement is a strictly constitutional movement, or can influence the future benefit which Home Rule would confer upon the British Empire.

The present Home Rule mission to the United States affords an instructive lesson. The reception which Mr. Redmond and his friends will receive must necessarily discount the existence in the United States of a friendly feeling towards Great Britain. In this way all Mr. Chamberlain's bad language will harm himself and his party most. Their conduct in this, as in every other respect, shows that the British Tory party have not only grown unfit to govern the Empire, but unable to discern the most ordinary common-sense policies of promoting a friendly feeling towards Great Britain in the United States.

HEALTH OF THE KING.

The persistent reports of the critical ill-health of King Edward receive no slight appearance of confirmation from the increasing retirement of the King himself and the constant attendance upon him of eminent physicians. Even the details that appear of the cancer rumors do not go to the length of denying that the King is ailing and looks aged as compared with his

appearance a few months ago. In the best of times it is true enough that "uncanny lies the head that wears a crown," but King Edward has had enough worry for two or three crowned heads since he succeeded to the sceptre. Take the single and comparatively almost trivial instance of General Buller's dismissal from the army. When the General was embarking for Cape Town, the present King was brought forth to pat him publicly on the back and say aloud that all might hear: "Good old Buller! That was a political use of royalty; but it was a worthy one as compared with the pressure brought upon King Edward to become the personal instrument of the humiliation of the very soldier whom he had exhibited to the nation as his own friend and favorite. The politicians who are in the saddle to-day are not sparing whip or spur upon the steed of State.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Joseph Walton, K. C., have been retained for the plaintiff in the case of Gerard v. "The Methodist Weekly."

The Very Rev. F. Antrobus has been elected Superior of the Brompton Oratory, London, by the members of the Oratorian Order. Before he entered upon his ecclesiastical career he was secretary to the British Embassy in Washington.

When Mr. Chamberlain refused to take the advice of gallant General Buller before the war, that fine soldier was dubbed a pro-Boer. Now that General Buller has been humiliated by the Rhodes-Bait aggression, the epithet pro-Buller is being used interchangeably with pro-Boer.

Professor Mommsen has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment to a professorial chair. The veteran historian of Rome received in his own house at Charlottenburg the congratulations of the Prussian Minister of Education, Dr. Studt, and those of the rectors and professors of the University of Berlin.

Rev. Francis Twenlow Royds, formerly curate of Heysham, Lancashire, England, has been received into the Church. By his conversion to the Catholic Church Mr. Royds has forfeited a fortune. His father, the late rector of Heysham, near Morecambe, left an estate worth £117,227, a large portion of which was settled on the son, but a codicil cancelled this in the event of the latter carrying out his expressed intention of joining the Catholic Church. By a later codicil, however, the testator, considering his son's conduct, to quote his words, "the just judgment of God against himself," directed payment of the annual allowance of £250.

An attack has been made upon the Duke of Cornwall by a writer of a Toronto paper because venison was served to him out of season at the table of Lieutenant-Governor Mowat. The indictment is made upon the legal ground. The Lord's Day Alliance folk held their peace when the Duke and Duchess took a Sunday trip on the Niagara River on a tug. Possibly this was also an infraction of the law. Every time royalty makes a Sunday journey in England, The Rock, the organ of the Low Church element, is in the habit of reading the law; but little notice is taken of it. The shock given the conscience of Ontario was not specially arranged.

The Register is favored by the editor of The Kamloops, B. C., Wawa with a copy of the September number of that journal, which contains ninety odd pages, the majority in Chinook shorthand constituting a veritable curiosity of journalism. All these shorthand pages are printed for the benefit of the Indians, whose celebrations of the so-called "Passion Play" at Chilliwack and Kamloops are vividly described. Sixteen pages are given over to a description of the siege of Bishop Favier in China. The Wawa is one of the most creditable productions of the Canadian press.

There is a movement now on foot in France for bringing about a proper pronunciation of Latin. The French themselves admit that their pronunciation of the language

used by the Church is abominable. It is nearly as bad as the average English way of pronouncing the tongue which Cicero wrote and spoke. The French Benedictines first made hold to alter the accepted pronunciation of Latin in this country. They pronounced it in the Italian way, and this reform was introduced into the University for a time. Then the old way was resumed. The French clergy are now called upon by some of the persons interested in the movement to do their best in order to bring about a pronunciation of Latin in the Italian manner, as there is every reason to believe that it is the nearest approach to the old Roman method.

It is announced that the new coinage now in course of preparation will all be issued before the Coronation ceremony of next year. One side of the coins will bear a miniature of the King, devoid of elaboration, with inscription, but the details of the reverse have not yet been decided on. When the dies are made and the first coins struck they will be submitted for His Majesty's final approval, and if no alteration of the designs is then commanded the coinage will be struck and issued for circulation. It is probable that the three-penny pieces will be retained, but whether any new coin will be issued to commemorate the coronation cannot now be stated. Hundreds of tons of gold and silver will be required for the new currency.

Holborn Town Hall, London, was crowded to the doors last week on the occasion of the conferring upon Mr. Lister Drummond, the well-known Catholic barrister, who was formerly secretary to the Irish Evicted Tenants' Commission, of the Order of the Knight of St. Gregory, granted him by His Holiness the Pope. It was expected that Cardinal Vaughan would have been present to confer the distinction, but at the last moment His Eminence found himself unable to fulfill the engagement, and in his absence the Most Rev. Doctor Brindle, D. S. O., acted. Cardinal Vaughan, in his letter to the gathering, said that "Mr. Drummond has rendered a distinctive and painstaking service to the Church and religion of which he is such a model layman. There is nothing we can do for him that would be too much. May God bless him and keep him in health and vigor for years to continue the struggle with the powers of evil and enable him to gain the victory."

The ascetic character and habits of the late Cardinal Manning, says The London Free Lance, are still remembered, and by many people highly venerated; but few know how oddly averse His Eminence was to accepting presents. In the Archbishop's Palace at Westminster is a large storage cellar, and some time after the death of the prelate an enterprising priest undertook to "hump up" its contents with a view to cataloguing them. There he found, wrapped in sacking, packed in great dusty cases, hidden away in deep mounds of lumber, a perfect Aladdin's cave of the most costly and exquisite articles, jewels, inlaid clocks, pictures, statues, rings, and priceless lace, all bearing inscriptions showing them to be presents from some of the greatest crowned heads in Europe. The good Cardinal had thanked the kind donors, as was his duty, but had ordered the splendid gifts to be consigned to the cellar, where they lay completely forgotten.

Lord De Blaquiere, whose probable succession to the Earl of Minto, has been denied, is the descendant of Sir John Blaquiere, who obtained in 1800 an Irish peerage for "Union services." Blaquiere, who had previously secured £3,200 per annum for life, obtained an additional pension of £1,000 per annum with his Irish peerage which Lord Cornwallis solicited from the English Cabinet because—we are quoting the letter of the Viceroy of the Union—"Sir John kept the friends of the Union together by his great conceivability." Blaquiere established a fighting confederacy among "the friends of the Union," every member of which was pledged to pick a quarrel and fight a duel with some anti-Unionist. Even in that era of pollution the "eleva-tion" to the peerage of

Sir John Blaquiere, who was described by a trusted agent in a poem on his name as "a true black," was regarded as disgraceful. Lord Camden, a former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, wrote from England that all the persons recommended for "Union services" would be made peers, "though Sir John Blaquiere's creation is almost intolerable."

"C. King Irwin" writes to The London Daily Mail as follows:

"Being an Orangeman, the grandson of a late Precentor of Armagh Cathedral, and nephew of the present Archbishop, I cannot be accused of heretical tendencies if I differ from Mr. John Ackworth Crichton in his forecast as to the result of the coming of the monks to this country.

"We have had for many years large monasteries of the different sections established throughout the country. With many I have been intimately acquainted, and in an active political career have failed entirely to trace any influence whatever. On the other hand, these institutions dispense an enormous amount of charity among the very poorest, and, indeed, enter into places in the course of true charity, apart from any religious interest (other than the Divine Master's instructions), where other religious denominations are chary of entering.

"I for one therefore prefer to accept the present undoubtedly great good they do rather than anticipate the evil which your correspondent future."

The Earl of Denbigh, opening a bazaar at Coventry last week for the restoration fund of the Catholic Church there referred to the controversy respecting the terms of the King's coronation oath. He said he was certain, unless they impressed the people that Catholics regarded this grievance as genuine, they would not get it remedied. They had to face the feeling that they were trying to get rid of that declaration for the purpose of enabling it to be possible that a Roman Catholic Sovereign should succeed to the throne. That was not his argument, so long as the majority of the people in this country were Protestants and wished the Sovereign should be Protestant. What he did say was—there should be no reason whatever why the Sovereign upon first occupying the throne should be called upon by law to publicly use words which Catholics regarded, not only as wholly unnecessary, but as deeply hurtful to their feelings as loyal subjects and as insulting to the tenets of their religion. He urged them to keep this matter prominent, and to appeal for support to Catholics in the Colonies and other parts of the Empire, particularly after the part they had recently taken in Imperial matters.

The actual circumstances of Lord Milner's parentage, showing him to be of German nationality, are published in The London Daily News from properly attested sources. The correspondent says, as already has been stated in these columns, that his father was Dr. Karl Milner, of Neugs, and was Professor at the University of Tubingen from 1867 to 1882. In December, 1853, he married at the British Consulate, Cologne, an English lady, Mrs. Mary Irene Cromie, who was at the time a widow with two children. Their son Alfred was born at Bonn, in 1853, and received his early training at Wurttemberg. In 1861 Dr. Karl Milner came to London and practised as a physician in Pimlico. It would be interesting to know whether Lord Milner was ever naturalized. But even if he was, the legality of his peerage is open to question, as the law prohibiting the Sovereign to create a naturalized alien a peer has not been repealed.

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Book Review

EDITOR'S SUMMARY.

The November Forum opens with a timely character sketch of "Theodore Roosevelt," from the pen of A. Maurice Low. It is followed by a paper, "Preserving a State's Honor," in which Willard Saulsbury explains how it came to pass that Delaware is at present without representation in the United States Senate. "Sugar and the New Colonies" is the title of an article by Charles A. Crampton on the economic significance of our recent expansion. Hon. Martin Dodge, writing on "The Government and Good Roads," reports what has been done by the Washington Office of which he is director, for the improvement of the highways in various parts of the country. Karl Blind, who himself took part in the organization of the Sicilian insurrection of '60, reveals a page of its inner history in an article on "Crispi and Italian Unity." Price Collier contrasts "The Ethics of Ancient and Modern Athletics." President C. F. Thwing discusses the respective merits of "The Small College and the Large."

THE NOVEMBER ATLANTIC.

Sydney Brooks opens The November Atlantic with a brilliant article on Europe and America, in which he describes the Continental attitude upon two great points of international importance: our policy of Reciprocity and the Monroe Doctrine.

Representative S. W. McCall contributes his memorable Dartmouth address on Daniel Webster, from which The Atlantic uses valuable and vital parts which have not been exploited by the daily press.

J. C. Hosmer writes of The Mississippi Valley Organized, with the taking-up of Oklahoma, the last fragment of territory, and shows the boundless hope and promise of the great American watershed, with its vast physical resources; while by contrast, Charles Justine in his entertaining paper, in Argentine, describes French rural characteristics, politics, and social history, finding therein the key to the actions of that practically unknown France that lies outside of Paris.

In Modern Murder Trials, Charles E. Grinnell, a distinguished member of the Suffolk Bar, makes a special study of some recent memorable trials, their method and conduct, their newspaper treatment, and the question, how far the general interest in such cases is legitimate or morbid.

We have received recently a new volume of poems written by M. E. Henry Ruffin. The work is entitled "John Gildart," although two other good poems, "St. Patrick's Beacon Fire" and "Remontia," are also included. The two latter are short poems, very interesting and deal with historical events. "Reunited" was written after the yellow fever epidemic of 1878, when the people of the United States, irrespective of politics or creed, came to the succor of the South.

"The North and South stood side by side
The Bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun,
In Charity's espousal are made one."

The other poem, "St. Patrick's Beacon Fire," refers to the historic meeting that took place between the Apostle of Erin and the King and dreads of Ireland. It is rich in description and must prove interesting reading especially to lovers of Irish history. A strong tribute to Ireland's faith is given in the concluding verses:

"For our land of Erin
Is Christ's own Kingdom now
That Easter morn,
For faith eternal, by her deathless saint."

The plot of the principal poem deals with a young Virginian farmer, who in obedience to the call of duty leaves his young wife, his baby boy and aged parents in the mountain home to take up arms in defence of his native Virginia. While absent in the war he learns at length that his aged parents are dead, while the young wife, overcome by sickness and suffering, is also on the verge of the grave.

He applies to the General for furlough, but is refused. Conflicting emotions arise in the heart of the loving husband and brave soldier. After much mental struggle with himself he finally decides that come what may he must see his wife. Accordingly he leaves his camp, visits his young wife and returns to the field again, but is immediately arrested and in spite of his well-known bravery in the past, is shot as a deserter. Ruth Gildart, too, comes to the camp and demands an interview with her loved, but she is destined to see only his bleeding corpse.

The poem is written in the heroic style and although the work of a woman, is strong and masculine in parts. The metaphors are well chosen, and when taken from nature show great power of observation in the writer. Thus we have:

"And Autumn's faded court
That came in crimson splendor,
Shivering left,
The winter's white kiss rested on
The hills
Until they felt the warmer lips of
Spring."

The descriptive power of the poem

is good, because it is so natural, although at times words are used which tend to obscure the same. The poem would be much stronger and would run more smoothly if the lines were omitted which are interspersed with omitted.

These verses used for meditative filling have no raison d'etre. It seems that we have read elsewhere the same story, but it comes home to our hearts more vividly, it impresses us much more strongly when we read it in the poem of "John Gildart."

To sum up, we might say that the literature of the South is not only increased, but is really enriched by the addition of such a work, and we can certainly speak for it a large share of enlightened popularity.

The volume is illustrated with very fine engravings of scenes from the camp life, while the print and binding leave nothing to be desired as far as the material part is concerned. The publishers, William H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York, are to be congratulated on being able to place the work on the market at the moderate price of \$1.50.

ST NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER.

With its November number, St. Nicholas begins its twenty-ninth year and volume, taking the occasion to make a new departure in its manner of publishing fiction. Instead of printing, as usual, a large number of short stories, it makes room for a long story, complete in itself, and filling more than half a magazine. The story so published—"Tommy Remington's Battle," by Burton Egbert Stevenson, author of "A Soldier of Virginia," "At Odds with the Regent," etc.—is an interesting portrayal of American boy life. Like many another boy of to-day, the young hero has to choose between rival attractions of study and athletics, but finds that the winning of a hotly-contested football game is possible without injustice to higher claims. And even more inspiring than his struggle to make a touchdown is Tommy's battle with himself and with seeming defeat of his youthful ambitions. John Bennett's "Story of Barnaby Lee" is continued; and there is a short story, "The New Boy; A Football Episode," by S. V. R. The frontispiece of the number is Timothy Cole's engraving from Hoppner's portrait of George the Third's daughter, the Princess Sophia, in childhood.

WORTH WAITING FOR

When one wants a picture of the King and Queen to frame and hang up in his house he is going to have the best portrait obtainable, and when he knows that the best is to be had as cheap, and in some cases cheaper, than an inferior one, he would feel that he had better have no portrait at all than be persuaded into taking the inferior article, instead of the best, which is really the only one worth having.

This is the position of affairs regarding the portraits of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, presented this season to readers of The Family Herald and Weekly Star. No one who sees them will doubt for a minute their superiority. They are valuable because faithful in every detail, and our advice to our readers is to get The Family Herald's picture of the King and Queen. The Family Herald also includes a third picture, the renowned, Duchess of Devonshire, a perfect gem, and easily worth the entire price asked for The Family Herald and Weekly Star, the King and Queen and the famous Gainsborough picture. The Family Herald will certainly do a bigger business than ever this year.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC ORIGIN.

Bishop Messmer in his preface to "Sprago's Method of Christian Doctrine" says: "As we shall often mention the term 'Sunday School,' a few remarks on the subject may not be out of place.

"It is commonly claimed that the modern Sunday school owes its origin to Robert Raikes the English printer, who established his first Sunday school at Gloucester, England in 1780. But the honor belongs to St. John La Salle, who opened his 'Ecole Dominicale' at Paris in 1699, nearly a hundred years before Raikes. Seeing that so many boys engaged at work all the week received no instruction, either religious or secular, La Salle resolved to gather them on Sundays, their only free day. With his brethren he taught those boys from twelve to three o'clock in the various secular branches, among them geography, drawing, geometry and bookkeeping, and always closed the class with religious instruction or the Catechism. This was really the first Sunday school of this kind in Europe. Later on the secular instruction as a feature of the Sunday school disappeared, just as it happened with the Protestant system, and we understand by Sunday school a school for religious instruction on Sunday, more particularly the instruction of children and youth."

(Century Dictionary). Taken in this

sense, the first notice of a formal class in Christian doctrine on Sunday is the programme published in May, 1557, for the Jesuit College at Cologne, which orders the pupils of the higher classes to attend instruction on the larger Catechism of Canisius every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, while the lower classes had to learn the smaller Catechism of the same author every Saturday at four o'clock p.m.

"If by a Sunday school is simply meant the special catechetical instruction given to children on Sundays and feast days, it is surprising indeed to hear from our latest encyclopaedias that Sunday schools began only with the Protestant Reformation. It betrays a stupendous ignorance of the history of Christian doctrine in the Catholic Church, when McClintock's Cyclopaedi says in regard to the Middle Ages that 'hundreds of years then went by without any general effort on the part of the Church for the religious instruction of children.' Several synods of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Hungary, France and Italy ordain that on Sundays and feast days parents shall bring their children of from seven to fourteen years old to church in order to be instructed in the Catholic faith. A similar ignorance is shown by the same writer when he says of the times following the Reformation that, 'although in numerous instances previously catechization had been practiced on the Lord's Day, yet nothing like a general system of teaching the young on Sundays, whether in secular or religious learning, was known prior to 1870.' This in the face of the Council of Trent, St. Charles Borromeo, Popes Clement VIII., Benedict XIII and XIV, the numerous solidities of Christian doctrines, and the many provincial councils east or west, who all repeated with one voice the old Catholic rule. Teach the children the Christian doctrine on Sundays and feast days. The Sunday school as a school of religious instruction belongs, name and all, to the Catholic Church. We claim it with the same right as we claim the Catechism, although Luther may have been the first to apply this name to the particular text-book of Christian doctrine. But the book itself, the Catechism, is ours. According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 'the earliest of the catechisms of this Church (i.e., the Roman Catholic) appear to be that of Kero, a monk of St. Gall, who lived in the eighth century, and that which is ascribed to Origen, a monk of Weissenburg in the ninth century.' We see no reason why Catholics should not use the term 'Sunday school' simply because it has been more commonly used by Protestants than by Catholics."

lic French-Canadians feel happy, and strangers who visit them are impressed with that air of contentment, joy and happiness which they do not notice elsewhere in such a degree.

All the thousands of alumni to whom the University has given intellectual life are fervent and convinced Catholics, but are also loyal subjects. They sincerely love the Church of which they are the children, but they also love the nation of which they are the citizens. They venerate the Pope who guides them for salvation of their souls, and they honor the King to whom God has given them as subjects.

For these reasons they are pained to see His Majesty forced on the day of his coronation, to take an oath in which he explicitly denied truths which they admit, and dogmas which they venerate, and in the name of the professors and students of the University, in the name of the thousands of citizens whom the University has trained, and who are, perhaps, His Majesty's most loyal subjects in Canada, I most humbly beg you to use your great influence to change a form of oath that is so contrary to the broadness of views which the Canadians have been pleased to find for many years past in the statement of the Mother Country with whom they have had relations.

ERRORS OF THE EYE.

An illustrated paper by Archibald Hobson in The November St. Nicholas explains some "queer errors of the eye."

We all cherish the notion that our eyes can make no mistake. "Seeing is believing" is an old and respected maxim. We depend on our sight more than on any of our other senses. Civilization has dulled for us our smell and hearing, and our taste and touch play but small parts in our life. The average person does not pride himself on his keenness of smell, hearing, touch, or taste, but he would be loath to admit that he could not "believe his own eyes." Notwithstanding, there are many cases, as we shall see, in which the eye shows itself to be but a poor judge of facts, incapable of telling to the mind a truthful story of what it sees.

We see everything, in short, by the light of experience alone. New-born babies, while they have eyes, see not. The eye is a camera pure and simple, and, until its impressions can be developed in the consciousness, what it sees means nothing. The baby first learns to distinguish light from darkness; then it learns to recognize its mother, then its father, then it learns, perhaps, to distinguish some bright color, red it may be, then it learns to discriminate between near and far objects. It looks at the nearest house down the street, and takes it to be of about the size of Noah's ark, for so it appears to be. Later it goes to that house and discovers that it is as big as its own house, which now, at a distance, in turn, looks smaller. Gradually it makes its way from the known to the unknown, using its own experiences as stepping-stones. The eye knows no such thing as size or distance in the abstract and apart from reasoning, but knowing one by experience, it can make a sure estimate of the other.

THE CORONATION OATH AGAIN.

The Rector of Laval University, Quebec, has addressed the following communication to the British Government:

To the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, etc.

Most Honorable Sir—Laval University has been in existence for fifty years. It was Her Majesty Queen Victoria who signed at Westminster the Royal Charter that gives civil existence to the first French-Canadian Catholic University in Canada. That document is a most remarkable one, and it will remain forever as evident proof of the broadness of views and of the nobleness of sentiments of a Queen whose life will form one of the finest pages in the history of the nineteenth century.

In 1860, Laval University also received a visit from His Majesty King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. Our institution was then very young. Nevertheless, it interested the young prince with a generous heart and brilliant intellect to such an extent that he founded a prize which has been given each year for forty years past, and which, in June last, was competed for by over five hundred students. You must understand that the University owes gratitude to the Royal family, and it strives to show such gratitude by furnishing each year to society enlightened citizens and Christians of ecclesiastical.

Its alumni are now to be found everywhere in the different parts of the Dominion. The language which they speak, the Catholic religion which they profess, the teaching which they received in the University are far from being an impediment to their loyalty. They are firmly attached to the present conditions of their national life; they feel proud to live under the flag of a nation that holds one-fifth of the habitable earth, that has four hundred million subjects, that carries on alone one-third of the trade of the whole world, that evidently takes the lead over all nations as a colonial, industrial and commercial power; they appreciate the advantages of the liberty which they enjoy; they witness with joy the unimpeded expansion of their institutions and work, leaving the respect which that great nation shows for everything respectable that we possess.

As these alumni belong to the leading class, they have some influence over their fellow-citizens, and they communicate their sentiments to those who surround them. For the reasons, the Catho-

lic French-Canadians feel happy, and strangers who visit them are impressed with that air of contentment, joy and happiness which they do not notice elsewhere in such a degree.

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SOME EPIGRAMS ON GROWING OLD.

Max O'Rell, in an article on "Old Women," says, among other things:

"A woman who knows how to grow old gracefully is a delight, but an old woman, whose wrinkled grimaces try to be inviting, voluptuous smiles, whose skeleton, loaded with diamonds, seems to crack as if on the point of crumbling to dust, who has a painted face, dyed hair, and false teeth—that woman makes me shudder; it is the most horrible sight in the world."

"For a man, love is an expectation at twenty, an irresistible desire at thirty, a habit at forty, an indiscretion or a hesitation at sixty, and a profanation at seventy. For a woman love is a dream at twenty, an experience at thirty, and a reminiscence after forty."

"Balaam, the greatest authority on love and women, and the most wonderful dissector of the human heart who ever lived, says that the best and most artistic effort of a clever and refined man is at fifty-two, and that a woman is perfect only at thirty-five. There is hope for some of us."

"Happy the woman who knows how to grow old! Happy her husband especially!"

THE CONSIDERATE DOG.

A yellow dog who had bayed the moon ever since sunset was finally approached by a sedate old mastiff about 8 o'clock in the morning.

"See here, friend," said the mastiff, "will you be so good as to explain why it is you get so much comfort out of barking all night at the moon?"

"Well, it's this way," explained the yellow dog: "You see, I am afflicted with insomnia, and it takes an acute form which makes me feel obliged to bark at something; so I, being a considerate dog, bark at the moon, knowing that it cannot hear me, and therefore it is not annoyed in the least, and I am afforded much relief."

"So you are actuated purely by considerate motives and a sincere desire to spare anyone annoyance?"

"Just so!" and the yellow dog wagged his tail proudly.

"But did it never occur to you to consider your neighbors also?" demanded the mastiff.

The yellow dog was overwhelmed with confusion. He listened for a moment to the hitherto unnoticed profanity and tearing of hair that was going on all over the neighborhood. Then he tucked his tail beneath him and slunk under the house.

(Serial: Before striking at an enemy be sure you have no friends within range.)

STUCK TO IT.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying "have went." The teacher kept him in one night and said: "Now, while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times." When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was "have gone fifty times." On the other side, was written: "I have went home."

A Great Man and a Child.

In his reminiscences of Horace Greeley in the "Youth's Companion" series of Recollections of Famous Editors, Noah Brooks says that Greeley could bear a great sorrow or a great disappointment with the fortitude of a stoic, but a trifling annoyance would provoke him to an outburst of wrath that was simply childish.

The death of his little boy, his only child. No man can know what agony the stricken father silently endured, his grief coining the drops of his heart's blood. But a typographical blunder, especially if it were in one of his own writings, drove him into spasms; then his maledictions on the offending typesetter and proofreader were something blood-curdling to hear.

One morning he went swiftly down to the "Tribune" office to find the compositor who had made a bad error in setting the types for one of his editorials in the paper. Bounding upstairs into the composing-room, with blue fire in his eyes and shaking the paper folded across the page to show the offence, he shrieked, "Show me the man! Show me the man that did this!"

The error had already been made a topic of discussion in the office, and the culprit, a very old man who had been with Mr. Greeley on the "New Yorker" and on the "Tribune" ever after, came out from behind his case and tremulously pleaded guilty. The editor, standing there in the full height and strength of his manhood, looked down upon the little old man with a startled air, and then turning away, invited anybody in the office to kick him (Greeley) downstairs.

Of his education, Mr. Greeley said it "was picked up by the way." It is natural that one who knew him should wonder what manner of man he might have been if he had been trained and disciplined in an institution of learning. He might have been a very much greater man, thinks Mr. Brooks; and then, too, his raw resources might not have been so strong and abundant under a scholastic rule.

When he was a lad of nine years he was offered free tuition in the academy at Exeter, New Hampshire. His parents declined the offer, partly through pride, Mr. Greeley thought, although nominally because his mother was unwilling to part with him at that tender age. Later in life, speaking of this failure to secure an academic course of instruction, he said: "I suppose I ought to be sorry, but I am not much."

Mr. Greeley affected contempt for college-educated men, and was accustomed to say, with great emphasis, "Of all cattle, the most useless in a newspaper office is a college-bred man!" This seemed to be an affection intended to justify his own lack of scholarship, as if he were the shining example of what a great editor could be without special training. As a matter of fact, adds Mr. Brooks, during my term of service on the "Tribune" a majority of the men on the staff were college-bred men.

CROTTIE'S BUSY CORNER.

The West End Store, Cor. Queen and Northcote. We do not seek for a catch trade. Our goods are selected with care. If you buy once from us you will buy again. Everything we sell is good. Every purchase we satisfy. Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Shirts, Ties, Collars and Cuffs.

M. J. CROTTIE.

Corner Queen and Northcote The West End Store. Phone Park 515.

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Irregular, Theological, Liturgical, Devotional, Etc. Etc. IN LATIN AND ENGLISH. We make a specialty of importing to order old Latin works as like "Church Fathers," "Bases," etc., and books in foreign languages. Our motto is "Pursuing in filling orders."

BLAKE'S.

West Side 607 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO. Phone Park 302.

There are 1,800,000 more men than women in the United States, according to the last census.

The Elf Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

Will you be so good as to explain why it is you get so much comfort out of barking all night at the moon? Well, it's this way, explained the yellow dog: "You see, I am afflicted with insomnia, and it takes an acute form which makes me feel obliged to bark at something; so I, being a considerate dog, bark at the moon, knowing that it cannot hear me, and therefore it is not annoyed in the least, and I am afforded much relief." So you are actuated purely by considerate motives and a sincere desire to spare anyone annoyance? Just so! and the yellow dog wagged his tail proudly. But did it never occur to you to consider your neighbors also? demanded the mastiff. The yellow dog was overwhelmed with confusion. He listened for a moment to the hitherto unnoticed profanity and tearing of hair that was going on all over the neighborhood. Then he tucked his tail beneath him and slunk under the house. (Serial: Before striking at an enemy be sure you have no friends within range.)

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THE MYSTIC TRANSFORMED

"My head is aching fit to burst," said she, despairingly, "and all that ironing to be done to-day!"

"Never mind about the work just now," said I, as I settled her on the lounge and found her a fan and a copy of Thomas a Kempis. "What can't be done to-day must be done to-morrow."

And darkening the windows and closing the door, away I ran downstairs to the laundry.

The great baskets of rough-dried calicoes and linens stood, heaping, on every side.

Electa had made a good, roaring fire for the irons, and Dorcas was setting out the blanketed boards.

"Come, girls," cried I, "J'anna's got one of her tantrums to-day, and your mother's no more fit to work than a sick kitten."

"We'll have to put our shoulders to the wheel in good earnest this time, cousin," laughed Electa; while little Dorcas began to sing in a voice sweet and clear as a bobolink's:

"Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Virginny nebber tire!"

keeping time all the while with the lively thud of her flatiron.

We worked like beavers for two mortal hours, till the overflowing baskets waxed empty, and the "other-horses groaned under their snowy, shining weight.

Hot and busy was the irons, however, my brain was hotter and busier still, trying to evolve some immediate plan for relieving Cousin Susan of her sanctimonious handmaiden.

It was plain as the sun in the heavens that she would never give her up or put her out — that she would go on hugging her and her delusions to the bitter end — unless a special Providence snatched her "mystic" out of her arms, and delivered her over to the tender mercies of some shrewder and more practical mistress.

Even if I could discover for J'anna "the lighter place" she had touched on that morning, "where things would be aisy-like" for the overburdened devotee — where could I get a girl to take her place? "Help" was scarce in that out-of-the-way Western quarter; and Susan must have at least an apology for a maid in the rougher work of a farmer's house.

Lunch-time came — two o'clock came — and found the ironing finished, but my bright idea still to be materialized. By that time the dear little girls, chipper and plucky as they were, declared themselves too tired to stir, and as their mother proved to have fallen asleep on her lounge in the cool, shaded room, I bathed and dressed and took to the road alone on my bicycle.

I had not gone half a mile before I met the post-boy on his wheel, bringing me a letter from the East.

I dismounted — it was a bad bit of hill, anyway — and read my letter as I walked.

My correspondent was a good girl at home—a wrothee of mine in our Catholic Guild for Working Women. She had just buried her mother, she wrote — and as her last home-tie was broken, and the old house full of sad and painful memories, she would like to go West, and begin life among new scenes. Could I get her a place for general housework on a farm in my neighborhood? She was not afraid of work, as I knew, and all she wanted was moderate wages, a good home, and a kind lady for a mistress.

I could have gone down on my knees in the dusty road and thanked Heaven for this at least partial answer to my prayers. It seemed a miracle of Divine Providence that the good girl should have offered herself unconsciously at this crucial moment to fill J'anna O'Leary's place.

But how to create a vacancy — how to get rid of the remarkable hypochondriac at that moment sleeping the sleep of the just on Cousin McIntyre's best bed? — how to be off with the old love, in short, before we were on with the new — all there was the rub.

I was still in a brown study over the question when I reached the rectory; but once in the office, I was soon pouring out my worries and perplexities to Father Harrison.

"He was the sort of man — general, sympathetic, receptive — to whom everyone instinctively unbowed his or her anxieties.

He laughed softly when I expatiated on J'anna and her peculiarities.

"The woman is a crank," said he, "and Mrs. McIntyre is a saint."

"I was proceeding to lay before him the letter I had just received, and to sound him on the prospect of shipping off Miss O'Leary as soon as possible to 'fresh fields and pastures new,' when a curly-headed lad thrust in at the open

door a forlorn face begrimmed with dirt and tears.

"What is it now, Johnny?" said the priest. "Is the mother worse?"

"She's dyin', Father, she's dyin'!" he blubbered, "and Gran'ny says will you please come right away?"

"Just wait for me a while in the parlor, Miss Maria," said Father Harrison, seizing his hat and waving me towards the adjoining room. "You'll find The Review of Catholicism on the table to pass your time."

And away he hurried for a long half-hour.

When he returned, some one came with him into the office. Peeping over the top of my magazine, I saw him to be a tall, stout, farmer-looking man, with a decided profile, but a good-humored mouth.

"I'm wanting a match, Father," said he.

"Just step into the kitchen," returned the priest, "and the housekeeper will give you one to light your pipe."

"Who's talking about pipes, your Reverence?" laughed the man with a pleasant humor. "Sure, it's not a Lucifer-matches 'm lookin' for at all — but one of the kind that's made in Heaven."

"Isn't this Roger Kennedy of Rosemount?" said Father Harrison, evidently much amused, as he turned his visitor around to the light.

"The same, your Reverence you mind that you tended my poor wife on her death-bed, and gave her the last rites?"

"I remember her well, my man — a good woman she was," said the priest.

"Good?" cried Roger Kennedy, hoarsely. "There was none better! And here am I, ever since I lost her a year ago, a poor widower with a houseful of children, and the home and the farm going to ruin without her."

"And you want a wife?" said the priest, kindly.

"Well — yes," hesitated Roger — "if I can find the right sort; and if I can't, at least a housekeeper for the present."

Father Harrison began to walk thoughtfully to and fro.

"There's a woman over at Mrs. McIntyre's," said he at last, "who might suit you, Roger, if you're not too particular."

"Who is she?" asked the man.

"She's Joanna O'Leary," returned the priest; and then his walk brought him to the door of the parlor, and he added, with a wave of his hat in my direction:

"Here's Mrs. McIntyre's cousin — Miss Maria, Mr. Kennedy. She's just been telling me that J'anna wants to change her place, and if you're willing to give her trial —"

"I'll be more than glad to get her!" cried Roger heartily. "Do you think, Miss, she would be ready to start with me (I live ten miles away, and I have to pass Mrs. McIntyre's farm on my road home) if I call for her in an hour's time? One of my horses cast a shoe coming here to-day, and I explained further, "and I must stop at the blacksmith's, and at one of two other places, before I can get to McIntyre's."

"I promise to have her ready for you in half an hour," said I resolutely, trying hard to keep down the gleeful exultation that would bubble up into my voice and eyes.

And without waiting for longer parley — almost dr-ading that Roger Kennedy might read my thoughts on my jubilant face, and change his mind on the subject, I said good-bye, with a little laugh, to him and Father Harrison, and sprang to my wheel with the joy and agility of a girl of sixteen.

Some remorse tugged at my conscience strings, however, as I rode away.

What was to become of that honest farmer, Roger Kennedy, when the mystical Joanna took up her abode under his roof and ruled the destinies of his household?

But he looked like a man with a will of his own, who would brook no trifling or masquerading.

Suddenly a brilliant thought broke upon me.

"I'll do it!" I cried, almost aloud, and nearly upset my wheel in the excitement and rapture of my new conceit.

Then I dashed wildly on, consumed with my eager desire to reach the farm.

I remember I only made two stons between Father Harrison's and Cousin McIntyre's.

The first was at the telegraph office where I despatched this message to my Catholic Guild's girl in the East: "Come at once! I have a place waiting for you."

My second halt was at the "notion-store" kept by the village milliner. Here I made several lightweight purchases which I carried away with me on my handle-bars. For what purpose you will learn later.

Dorcas and Electa met me at the farmhouse door, as fresh as daisies after their afternoon nap.

"Mamma is still sleeping that deep, heavy sleep," they volunteered; "but J'anna is over there in the laundry as well as ever."

"It is J'anna that I want, first, last, and every time, dear children

— and don't wake your mother for the world!" I exclaimed; and then, in a few trenchant words, I told the girls the whole story.

They actually clapped their hands and jumped for joy.

"Bring me a comb and a brush," I began, issuing my orders like a general. "And a towel—and some hair-pins; there's no time to lose. Let's go to the laundry at once!"

And marshalling my forces, I led the way through the entry. A freshly-ironed pink calico wrapper of Susan's — of the genus known as the "Mother Hubbard" — hung on a nail close at hand. I seized it and carried it with me into the laundry, closing the door behind us.

J'anna sat on a chair near the window reading her prayer-book. She had discarded her candle and crucifix; but her head and person were still disguised by their outlandish coverings.

I am sure she never knows to this day how I whipped her out of her corner — how I tore off the brown habit from her shoulders, leaving her defenceless to her enemies. The girls helped me bravely — one holding the basin while I washed the victim's face — the other the comb and brush, when I was ready to begin at her hair.

Was there ever a more beautiful skin — clear, red and white?

And such hair! — the real, vivid auburn — full of little kinks and curls (each holding a sunbeam in ambush), and that only needed brushing and twisting to make a perfect glory of a coronet on the top of her shapely head. She had doped her when she laughed (as she did once or twice, as if amused at my unusual proceedings), and her teeth were like pearl, so white and even.

But not a word out of her mouth.

I must have hypnotized her; for she sat as mute and meek as any lamb, and let me do as I pleased with her.

When I buttoned her at last into Cousin McIntyre's pink wrapper, and pinned around her waist one of Electa's ribbon belts — fastened a brooch at her throat, and drew on her bare feet a pair of Susan's stockings and old slippers — she was the prettiest woman I ever set my eyes on.

It was the "Deformed Transformed," indeed.

"Now, Miss O'Leary," said I, as I drew breath, well pleased, after the last finishing touches, "it is well for you to know that Mr. Roger Kennedy of Rosemount is coming here in a few moments to offer you a nice easy place in his home; and I want you to treat him like a gentleman, and not disappoint his expectations."

Before she had time to reply to this thrilling adjuration, there came a rap at the door, and Dorcas ushered in the hero of the hour.

To see Roger's honest face when he first held the radiant charms of Joanna O'Leary was as good as a play. It was a kitchen edition of Pygmalion and Galatea.

He stood quite speechless, contemplating the vision of beauty before him. Then his eyes roved sharply about the room as if in search of some other and homelier woman than this dazzling creature, whose blue cheeks blushed and whose blue eyes were lowered under the fire of his admiring gaze.

All the mystic was but a woman — and woman, alas! is weak. In his bewilderment, Kennedy turned to me, and recognizing me, stammered:

"Is the girl in the house you were telling me about, Miss?"

"This is the girl," returned I, laying my hand on J'anna's plump shoulder.

"Well — I'll be — jiggered!" exclaimed the farmer, scratching his head in a burst of mild profanity, whereat Miss O'Leary crossed herself devoutly.

"Beg pardon, ma'am — Miss," blurted Roger, almost humbly. "You see, I'm only a plain, rough fellow, and I'm terribly rattled with all this here surprisin' business. Everything's at sixes and sevens at home, and my farm's going to the dogs, and my children running wild, all because my old woman up and died a year ago, and there's no missus to look after the place, and keep things tidy."

He took out his handkerchief as he spoke, and wiped the sweat excitedly from his large, flushed face.

Miss O'Leary's countenance was a study.

She smiled sweetly as she rose to her feet, fully displaying her stately proportions (for Susan's pink gown immeasurably enhanced the redundant charms hitherto obscured by the Mystic's unshapely frock), and with a shy sort of dignity which became her well she said:

"And what is it you want with me, the day, Roger Kennedy of Rosemount?"

"It's a housekeeper I've been wanting, and a housekeeper I came a-seein', Miss O'Leary," replied he, with an embarrassed laugh; "but if you'll make it a wife, and not mind the short notice, it's a proud and happy man I'll be this day; and no mistake!"

The face of the Mystic glowed like a red rose in a July sun. She put up one hand to her head as if to lower the veil that was no longer there, then clasping both hands and lifting her beaming eyes devoutly to the ceiling, she answered slowly and distinctly:

"In the name of the saints, a wife let it be!"

"You don't mean it!" shouted Roger, in an ecstasy. "Hurrah! and he tossed his hat into the air and caught it again. "We'll go straight to the priest, and be married this minute! Come, get on your bonnet, my beauty — the wagon's at the door!"

J'anna, blushing and uneasy, turned upon me an appealing glance.

"Mercy on us!" whispered Electa. "What will she do for a bonnet?"

"It will never do to be married in a flat-sun-bonnet!" giggled little Dorcas.

But I, indefatigable tire-woman as I was to the bride-elect, was equal to the emergency. I stepped to the ironing-table in a corner, and unwrapping the packages I had bought that afternoon, at the village milliner's, I produced a soft white summer shawl, a pair of white cotton gloves — and last, a showy white lace bonnet, gorgeous with artificial roses and green satin ribbons!

With these striking additions to her toilet, Miss O'Leary straightway became a dream of loveliness to her infatuated fiancé and to all her constituents.

I was just putting the last pin in her bonnet and tying a becoming knot under her dimpled chin, when I heard a groan at my elbow, and realized that Cousin Susan had unexpectedly appeared.

"Oh, Maria!" she sighed, "what does it all mean?"

"Mamma dear," whispered Dorcas, with her arms around her neck, "don't say a word to stop it! It's just turning out lovely! J'anna was Cinderella and Cousin Maria the fairy godmother, and now the prince has come, and he has asked us all to the wedding; and you must come along, too, and see the fun!"

The upshot of it all was that we speedily climbed into the farmer's wagon en masse, carrying poor, disappointed Susan along with us; and we went to the church, Roger Kennedy driving, and his bride-elect sitting beside him, like Peggy in the low-backed car.

I would not have missed for a good deal the look upon Father Harrison's face when J'anna appeared before him in all the splendor of her nuptial array. I suddenly had to introduce her to him before the ceremony; and it needed all his priestly self-control to keep him from laughing outright when he saw Roger detach from his watch-guard his dead wife's wedding-ring, and behold Miss O'Leary trying the fit of it, with a content smile, upon her own substantial finger.

It was at that moment that I overheard the bridegroom whisper to the bride the prosaic question: "Can you make bread, darlin'?"

"Is it me, make bread, Roger Kennedy?" was her retort, with a smile of patronizing pity for his ignorance of her accomplishments; "is it me, make bread, ashore? and me with the dough on my fingers for the last five weeks!"

And then there ensued a private catechism on her part as to how often he intended frequented the Sacraments, and when he had last gone to confession. When she learned that he went to the priest every month, and had been "forrad" only the day before, Miss O'Leary's last fear was put to rout, and Father Harrison had light work of squaring the final accounts.

So "all went merrily as a marriage bell," and Susan gave away the bride, and I was maid of honor (in every sense of the word), and Dorcas and Electa, flower-girls. Indeed, the little vixens plundered Father Harrison's garden of all its flowers for a nosegay for the bride, and even coaxed the grim old housekeeper into giving a little treat of tea and cake to the high contracting parties.

When the knot was tied, and the last blessing given, poor Susan found a chance to say to Father Harrison sotto voce, before we all rode away together in the twilight:

"Oh, Father, do you really think she will be happy?"

"Not a doubt of it!" returned the priest, heartily. "She will be as happy as a clam at high water. She is a well-meaning creature in the main; all she wanted was plenty to do and a strong, sensible man like Kennedy to keep her doing it, to make her a steady and useful member of society."

And Father Harrison was right. The hasty marriage turned out a very satisfactory one to all concerned; and no one repented at leisure.

No one except Cousin McIntyre. For, although my protegee of the Catholic Guild arrived from the East three days after the wedding, and proved (as I had foreseen) a perfect treasure to her overburdened mistress; and although, through the years to come, the door Roger Kennedy rode past the door every week to market in her husband's wagon, a blooming, buxom matron (at first surrounded by a group of her step-children, and later on by half a dozen of her own), Cousin Susan never ceased to lament the passing of her Mystic — never ceased to deplore J'anna's fall from her high estate to the commonplace verities and avocations of everyday life.



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COWAN'S

A Practice That Scandalizes Protestants as Well as Catholics.

(From The Sydney (Australia) Catholic Press.)

With perhaps more desire to ingratiate themselves with their Protestant friends than to gratify their appetites, there are, it is said to relate, a large number of Catholics who break the law of Holy Church by eating meat on a Friday. It is a phase of shoneenism fortunately found little among the poorer people who make the majority of the Church in this country, but affecting chiefly those well-to-do and fairly-to-do who benefit so little by prosperity that as they get on in the world they begin to think more of the approval of man than of heaven. By ordering a steak in a public restaurant on Friday they hope to give the impression that they are broad-minded, that there is no bigotry about them, and that they belong to altogether a superior class of those benighted co-religionists of theirs who scrupulously order fish. This type of Catholic is to be found well represented in Sydney, and in the various eating houses we have seen them in numbers aping this false liberalism in religion. But if they only knew it, instead of creating a good impression on Protestants, whose opinion they would appear to hold dearer than that of God, His Church and their fellow Catholics, they are earning contempt and derision, for curiously enough the Protestant mind can no more be reconciled to a Catholic eating meat on a Friday than the Christian mind to a pork-eating Jew. Instead of impressing his Protestant friends with the idea that he is a decent fellow with no nonsense about him, they regard him with a vague distrust, and amongst themselves talk of him as a bad Catholic. His action savors of hypocrisy, especially when they know that he goes to Mass, and they are rather inclined to dislike than like him for his laxity.

We are at present treating the subject from a truly worldly point of view, and we can assure Catholics who are so very anxious to stand well with Protestants that they will never lose their friends by remaining faithful to the precepts of their religion. The Catholic servant who enters a Protestant household and hopes to secure her position by eating mutton on Friday at once becomes an object of suspicion, and her mistress is far more likely to count the spoons daily than raise her wages. It has been observed that when a Catholic girl has descended to petty peculation she has grown careless of her Church, and one of the first signs of Catholic indifference is the non-observance of the law regarding Friday. In society the same feeling obtains. The Catholic young man who happens along on a Friday to take pot luck with a Protestant family, and with an affection of liberality, and says nothing when he is helped to beef incurs the suspicion of his hosts. "He is ashamed of his religion," they whisper, and they regard him as a poor fellow, a weak-kneed sycophant, who cannot be trusted. On the other hand, respect and esteem is the portion of the man who quietly declines the meat, and reminds them that it is a day of abstinence with him. It is just what they would expect, and he wins that additional regard which any man of any denomination inspires by unaffected adherence to his principles. It is just the difference between the shoneen and the gentleman, and Protestants are quick to appreciate it. Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sales, once met a Protestant gentleman who sought to pose as a liberal man in religious matters, half hinting that he was ready to become a convert, "for," he said, "I am afraid that I am a bad Protestant." "Therefore," observed the Bishop icily, "I am afraid you would make an equally bad Catholic." Just as undesirable to Protestants is the meat-eating Catholic. In fact they would prefer even a pork-eating Jew.

But this meat-eating practice is not confined to public restaurants

and chance dinners where silly and cowardly Catholics try to win an approving smile which they are astonished to find is withheld. It is to be found in the home of the really bad Catholics, and in the home of the mixed marriage. The wife who marries a Protestant will sometimes plead that she has an excuse to ignore her religious obligations. But there is none. Her husband has married here as a Catholic, and only in extreme cases does he endeavor to make her lax in her religious duties. Even agnostics prefer a religious wife, if only for the sake of the children, who in after life reflect their mother. The excuse sometimes advanced by the Catholic wife for her laxity is the trouble of preparing two sets of meals on Friday—one for her husband and one for herself and children. So out of nothing more than laziness she sits down to meat and offers her children the worst possible example. How can she expect her little ones to grow up good Catholics if they see her every week violating one of the ordinances that at school and in church they have constantly impressed upon them? If the mother is prepared to take the church so lightly the children will come to regard their religion in the same way, and from eating meat on Fridays will soon leave off attending Mass. Sometimes ill-health is pleaded, but they do not trouble to get the dispensation any priest will readily grant if the case is genuine.

Very rarely has the meat-eating Catholic the shadow of an excuse. Usually the habit is begotten of either indifference, laziness or shoneenism. It is the thin edge of the wedge which opens the way to the worst results. Complete neglect of Church duty very easily follows, and the breaking of any one or several of the commandments becomes a very easy thing. Once a Catholic becomes indifferent to, or breaks away from, his faith, his complete spiritual ruin becomes only a matter of time. Yet, perhaps, the majority of the meat-eating Catholics do not imagine they are running any such danger. So absorbed in things of the world are they that, losing sight of the spiritual aspect of the case, they backslide with the hope of gaining the most frivolous of material advantages. Some want to get on in society, others do not desire to put their hosts to a momentary inconvenience; others, again, will not deny their appetites, and yet another finds it too great a task to fry a piece of fish for themselves, while they grill a steak for their Protestant husbands. In every case meat-eating on Fridays is the outcome of moral cowardice, and in every case, too, the object is unworthy of the sacrifice, even if it were attained, which is very rare. One can generally exclaim, at the sight of a Catholic eating meat on a Friday: "Here is a shoneen," a creature upon whom no one can rely, for he is betraying, for the sake of his stomach or through moral cowardice not only a sacred law of the Church but a principle which Catholics all over the world, in all stages of life and under every circumstance, have honored throughout the ages. Dr. Johnson said a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, and while many are disposed to regard punning as an amiable weakness, it is certainly true that all classes and creeds in every country look with suspicion on the Catholic who puts his appetite above a religious principle.

And the most despicable of all Friday meat-eaters is the Irishman, or the son or daughter of Irish parents. For through the dark ages of persecution and privation to which no other race was subjected, our forefathers preferred death with honor to the tempting dishes of the soupier. How contemptible, therefore, are their degenerate sons who so disgrace their creed and nationality in a land of luxury!

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE POCKETBOOK.

One evening Jean Loquetteux decided that it was time to go home. By that he meant a bench under a chestnut tree on the place d'Arvers, here he had slept during the last few weeks. Famished, he had only made two cents—two foreign coins at that, at the entrance of the Vaudeville Theatre, opening the door of a cab.

"Such hard luck," remarked the poor man, talking to himself, "if I had only two sons, two sons to buy a crust of bread in the morning."

Dragging painfully his ill-clad person, hungry, suffering besides from illness, he resumed his walk towards the bench under the chestnut tree, hoping that he would meet a providential man willing to part with ten centimes, the price of his breakfast. Suddenly he stumbled against something in the darkness. Was it worth the trouble to look and see what it could be? Who knows? Providence has little regard for the poor, yet she is kind to them at times; he had found once a leg of mutton in the mud; maybe this time it was a chop.

"Let me see!" And he picked up the object. "Humph! This time I am deceived! It is no good to eat."

No one, not even a sergent de ville, could be seen in the street. Jean Loquetteux went under a lamp post to examine what he had in his hand.

"Well," he said aloud, "this is funny!"

The object was a black pocket-book containing ten thousand francs in government bills, but no letters, no cards, nothing to identify the owner. "To think," he remarked to himself, "that some people carry ten thousand francs in that way in their pockets. It is enough to make anyone sick. And now I have to go to the police station, out of my way, and I am so tired. Decidedly I have no luck to-night."

And Jean Loquetteux went to the police station, where he experienced all kinds of trouble trying to see the commissary on account of his dilapidated appearance. Finally the magistrate consented to receive him.

"M. Commissary," he said very politely, handing the portfolio, "I have found this."

"And naturally, there is nothing in it?"

"Look for yourself, M. Commissary."

This gentleman opened the pocket-book, saw the bills, which he counted at once.

"Ten thousand francs! An enormous amount of money, my friend! You are a brave man, an honest man, a hero! Do you know that?"

Jean Loquetteux remained very quiet, only repeating: "To think that some people carry in that way ten thousand francs in their pockets!"

The commissary was considering the vagrant with more astonishment than admiration. "And you found this? There is no use talking, you are a hero! What is your name?"

"Jean Loquetteux."

"What is your profession?"

"I have none."

"Then I suppose you have an income. Where do you live?"

"Alas! M. Commissary, I am a poor beggar; I have no residence."

"What? No residence? This is astonishing. He has no residence," remarked the commissary. The address Jean Loquetteux, he added: "You have no residence. Therefore you are a vagrant. You are a hero, evidently. Yes, you are a hero. But you are also a vagrant, and I am compelled to apply the law. Here is the pocket-book; no doubt about that. You may receive a reward, possibly five francs, if the owner is discovered. But this does not alter the fact that you live in a state of vagrancy. Believe me, it would have been much better for you to find a residence than to find a pocket-book containing ten thousand francs. The law does not compel you to find a pocket-book, but it compels you to have a residence; otherwise—"

"Otherwise?" asked Jean Loquetteux.

"Otherwise, I have to lock you up for the night and send you in the morning to the police court."

The commissary rang the bell and two police officers led the vagrant to a cell.

"Really," said the disheartened Jean Loquetteux, "I have no luck to-day!"—Octave Mirbeau, in Paris Nation.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

Two gentlemen stood in the portico of the fashionable hotel. The great city, never asleep, having spent the evening, was apparently meditating as to how it would spend the night. The theatres were just out, and flushed playgoers of all sorts and conditions were passing under the glare of the electric lights, on their way home or elsewhere. The noise of the electric was reduced to a minor key by the superior rattle and roar of the cars and cabs. The two gentlemen were

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evidently of that type that may be described as strictly correct, and of course, strictly prosperous.

As they stood conversing a man passed in the crowd and bowed lightly to one of them.

"There," said the gentleman bowed to, "goes the black sheep of the Good family."

"How so?" replied his friend.

"In the first place he never made any money. He is perennially hard up, gets very shabby at times. His people are steady, make money, marry well, settle down. That fellow will never be any of these. There is, however, one good thing about him. He never outrides himself; but he's a black sheep all the same."

"Did it ever occur to you," said the second speaker, coming for the moment out of the shadow of his correctness, and half-ashamed of himself for so doing, "that the black sheep of one family might be the angel of light to another? But, my God! Look there!"

Beneath the headlight of the merciless machine, that was moved by the gigantic dynamo, sprawled a tiny child. A second more, it seemed, and the monstrous thing, with its glaring lights and jarring bell, would overreach the child, leaving it a mangled, lifeless atom. The momentum of the car was terrible; to stop impossible.

A man shoots from the crowded sidewalk. With a mighty sweep of the arm, the action having the majesty, swiftness and skill of madness, he throws the child beyond the line of danger. He turns to recover himself—too late.

And now another cleaving bell, well known on this beautiful and terrible thoroughfare. It rises above the clamor of the cabs and cars. It has a note of awe in it, and a note of command. The thoughtful sometimes fancy that they can distinguish also a note of love in it, for it is the clang of the ambulance bell.

Hastily the surgeon examines the mangled form, which is gently lifted into the vehicle.

"Too late," says he, "for the hospital."

"To the morgue!"

That night the black sheep stood before his God; and lo, his fleece was white.—The Columbian.

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"WILL BE" OR "IS"—"ARE" OR "IS."

A dispute over the question whether you should say "To-morrow will be Thursday" or "To-morrow is Thursday" is needless, for either expression is allowable, says a writer in The October Ladies' Home Journal. "To-morrow will be Thursday" means that looking forward from day to day as the point of view, the speaker thinks of to-morrow as a future time, and says of it that it "will be" Thursday; "to-morrow is Thursday" means that, without any reference to to-day, the speaker thinks of a certain day as "to-morrow," and says of it that it "is" Thursday.

THE DEMON, DYSPEPSIA.—In olden-time it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters, a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed, should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is **Parma's Vegetable Pills**, which are ever ready for the trial.



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Canadian News

ENTERTAINMENT AT PETERBOROUGH.

Peterborough, Oct. 23.—Last evening one of the most successful entertainments in the history of St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society was held at the hall, George street. The rooms presented a very bright appearance, having been repainted and repapered and made otherwise inviting and cheerful. A more enjoyable programme could not have been arranged for the pleasure of the exceptionally large audience, with which the hall was filled to its greatest capacity. Mr. J. Hickley, chairman of the Literary Committee, presided very capably.

The opening number was a selection by the male chorus, which was given in a creditable manner, evidencing the fine results of direction under Miss Maggie McCabe. Miss Nellie Hallihan was most winning in a recitation, and received a hearty encore, to which she pleasantly responded. Mr. Gilbert Scott in a humorous song, stirred the mirthfulness of the audience and was also encored.

An interesting debate upon the subject "Resolved that strikes are justifiable," followed, the speakers for the affirmative being Mr. J. H. Burnham and Mr. Geo. Ball, and for the negative Mr. F. McPherson and Mr. R. F. McWilliams.

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, who acted as judge, gave an able summing up of the speeches, and finally opined that where there were no compulsory Board of Arbitration, a strike was justifiable, provided no recourse was had to violence or to breaking the laws of the land. His decision was received with every evidence of hearty approval.

A song by Master Jimmie O'Brien merited the hearty applause received and he responded to an encore. The chorus was again heard in a splendid selection, Mr. Sam Houlihan taking a comical part to the great amusement of the gathering. Miss Lilla Bell's recitation was also one of the very pleasant numbers of the evening, and she was likewise encored.

The very successful entertainment closed with the national anthem. The next will be held on the evening of Nov. 11, when something very novel is promised.

Many improvements are being made to the Society's quarters. The game room and ladies' reading room are now receiving attention and will be made very attractive. The ladies are entering into the objects of the Society most enthusiastically and, moreover, are looking forward to a very successful winter.

WEDDING AT BRECHIN.

Brechin, Oct. 22.—St. Andrew's Church, Brechin, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Tuesday morning last, when Miss Rose Barker, second daughter of Joseph Barker, Esq., of Brechin, became the wife of Mr. James J. Doyle.

The bride looked charming, attired in her travelling costume of lawn broadcloth with pale blue silk blouse and hat to match. She carried a magnificent bouquet of bride's roses, tied with white ribbon. Her sister, Miss Lilla Barker, becomingly dressed in white organza with pink trimmings acted as bridesmaid. She carried pink carnations. Little Miss Eva Barker, the bride's niece, was maid of honor, and looked sweet in cream and blue, while Masters Claud and Jack Barker were pages.

Mr. Frank Macdonald assisted the groom, Rev. Father McRae performed the ceremony, after which the nuptial mass was celebrated. W. J. Barker ably presided at the organ and Mrs. Jack Barker rendered several solos. After the mass the guests, who were only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties, sat down to a re-

herche breakfast at the home of the bride's father. The numerous and costly presents which were displayed testified to the popularity of the young couple.

The bride and groom left on the morning train for Toronto. They will visit the Pan before returning to take up their residence in Brechin.

OSCEOLA.

On Monday, October the 21st, Osceola lost one of its best-known and most estimable ladies, the League of the Sacred Heart one of its most zealous promoters, and the Church of St. Pius an efficient and devoted organist, in the person of Mrs. D. Shields, who on that day left here to join her husband at Sault Ste. Marie. During the week preceding her departure, Mrs. Shields was entertained at the homes of many of her friends, and on Saturday the 19th, a supper was given the choir and a few of her special friends at the presbytery, where Osceola's genial pastor, Rev. F. M. Devine, accorded all a hearty welcome. At the close of the banquet Father Devine, in a few well-chosen words, expressed his regret at the loss of so devoted a worker of the League of the Sacred Heart, so faithful a member of his flock, so willing an assistant in parochial work and so capable an organist. Then to express in some measure the attitude due Mrs. Shields for all the good she had done in his parish, especially as organist, Father Devine presented her with a very beautiful gold watch and chain, expressing at the same time the sincere wish that it might never mark for her any but good and pleasant hours.

After thanking Father Devine for his good wishes and beautiful gift, Mrs. Shields thanked other kind friends, some of whom were present, who had that day sent her a handsome china dinner set and dainty tea set as a token of affection and esteem. She then told of the pleasure it gave her to hear Mr. C. Hofner appointed her successor as organist, and hoped he would always meet with the kindness and encouragement it had been her good fortune to receive. Mrs. Shields then concluded a bright and very touching little speech by assuring her friends that though leaving them for her new home, where she would meet new faces and form new acquaintances, they and Osceola would always have the warmest spot in her heart.

After Mr. Hofner expressed the pleasure it gave him to take up the charge Mrs. Shields had just laid down, because in doing so he felt that he was doing something for God and making matters pleasant for Father Devine, to whom he felt grateful for kind references when making the appointment that evening. He quite concurred in all the good things that had been said of Mrs. Shields, thanked her for her kind wishes toward him and hoped that when it came his turn to step down he might deserve to enjoy a little of the happiness consequent upon so many evidences of universal approval and esteem as had been Mrs. Shields' good fortune to receive that evening. On Monday, as stated, Mrs. Shields left for her new home in Sault Ste. Marie, where her husband, D. Shields, holds a responsible and lucrative position in the celebrated Clergue steel operations.

ST. JOSEPH'S RECTORY.

The Clinton News Record of Oct. 24 reports the opening of the new rectory of St. Joseph's Church. His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London, Rev. Father McMenamin, the parish priest, Rev. Father Alward, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London, and several priests of this county blessed the new residence.

After the ceremony a dinner was held. The rest of the afternoon was spent in music and conversation until train time, when the guests left for their respective homes.

and workmanship of the new residence, which he found satisfactory in every detail, and in warmest terms praised Father McMenamin and the contractor, Mr. S. S. Cooper, for the good work accomplished.

Rev. Father McMenamin was appointed to this parish nine months ago; he at once undertook the building project and the early completion of the residence is a tribute to the whole-souled energy with which he engages in good works. He and his good people are entitled to much praise for the success which has crowned their exertions. Father McMenamin says: "My success was all due to the devoted and generous people who helped me by their assistance and handsome subscriptions toward the building fund."

Rev. Father McMenamin has built three rectories, the first in Nova Scotia, the second in Ridgetown, St. Joseph's rectory being the third. He has also repaired five churches, three of them in this diocese.

During Rev. Father McMenamin's few months residence here he has become popular with all classes of citizens who respect and admire him because of his ability and unvarying courtesy and geniality.

SUPREME BENCH N. W. T.

It is rumored that the vacant position on the bench of the Supreme Court of the Territories will be offered to County Judge Prendergast. Judge Prendergast was educated at Laval University, Quebec, and his appointment, it is thought, would prove satisfactory to all classes in the Territories.

ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL.

Archbishop Duhamel celebrated the 27th anniversary of his elevation to the Bishopric Tuesday morning. The distinguished prelate was the recipient of many congratulations. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the Basilica, the Archbishop officiating in full robes of office. At noon dinner was served at the Archbishop's palace.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN THE WEST.

There is now the best reason to expect that the West End will have two new Catholic churches before the end of 1902. The Catholic people of Parkdale have made satisfactory progress with the collection of their building fund, while statistics for the new parish of St. Francis, between Bathurst street and Dovercourt Road, are being collected. The site of this new parish church will be on the corner of Arthur and Grace street. The need of a new church for this district has long been felt, and a new school building must likewise be provided before long to meet the necessities of the occasion.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

As we come toward the Christmas holidays, larger space in the magazines is given to fiction. The Cosmopolitan includes a tragic story of the Mexican foot-hills by Thomas A. Canvier, a very clever society story by Carolyn Wells, one of the Old French romances by Richard Le Gallienne, an unusually interesting Indian narrative by H. T. George, and a weird story by S. R. Crockett.

BISHOP CLANCY.

The Rev. Dr. John Clancy, Bishop of the Diocese of Elphin, which includes Roscommon and a large part of Sligo and Galway, arrived in New York last Saturday by the Cunard steamship Etruria. He will stay until Christmas and study the Catholic colleges and literary institutions with an eye to utilize his knowledge to improve the diocesan college in County Sligo. He will stop for a while with Bishop McQuade at Rochester and then will go to Washington. He is accompanied by the Rev. P. J. Lynch of Roscommon. The Bishop said: "This has been a particularly good year for crops in Ireland. The yield of potatoes has been unusually large and the people will have no trouble getting through the winter. It is a good omen and will help us stem the tide of immigration to this country. Some of our families are in a deplorable condition because of the Boer War, which has swept away many of the bread-winners who joined the British arm."

LOW NECKS BARRED.

At one of the Catholic churches in Milwaukee the other day there was a slight hitch in the wedding ceremony. Just before the marriage, one of the bridesmaids left the sanctuary and went out of the church. When she reappeared she carried a small shawl which she handed to the bride, who donned it before the ceremony proceeded. The bride's dress was cut low in the neck, and the officiating priest refused to perform the ceremony until she performed a shawl.

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

A BRAVE NUN.

The Italian papers tell of a brave deed, the heroine of which is the Mother Superior of the monastery "Del Paradisino," near Leghorn. On the 11th inst. a lay-sister named Matilde Pisoni, while lighting the kitchen fire, unfortunately upset a paraffin lamp, becoming instantly a mass of flames. Her agonized shrieks brought the Mother Superior, Sister Mary Orietta, on the spot, and the brave nun lost no time in throwing the poor girl on the ground, attempting to suffocate the flames. But her own clothes having caught fire, it was only with the greatest difficulty that the rest of the Community succeeded in putting out the conflagration. The lay-sister's life is despaired of, and her would-be rescuer lies in a most critical condition. From time to time rumors of these brave deeds find their way through convent walls, and set our hearts beating with pride and admiration; but how long will it be ere the force of evidence succeeds in breaking down the "great wall" of irreligious prejudice?

ST. PAUL'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

At a large meeting of the St. Paul's Literary Society, held on Tuesday evening in St. Paul's Hall, Power street, the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Rev. Father Hand; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Rev. Father Williams, Rev. Father O'Donnell, President T. E. Klein; Vice-President, T. Thornton; Secretary, E. Byrnes; Assistant Secretary, F. J. McCabe. The Society has been organized for the literary and physical development of the young men of the parish. It meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock in St. Anne's Hall.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat in Western—Live Stock Trade

—The Provision Markets—Latest Quotations.

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 29.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Grain receipts were heavy on the street market this morning, 7,000 bushels offered. Prices were steady. 500 bushels of white and 200 bushels of red selling at 60c to 60c per bushel. 400 bushels of white and 200 bushels of red selling at 59c to 59c per bushel for mail. 2,000 bushels of white and 1,000 bushels of red selling at 58c to 58c per bushel. 100 bushels of white and 50 bushels of red selling at 57c to 57c per bushel.

Cheese Markets.

Ingersoll, Oct. 28.—At the cheese market here to-day 85 colored were offered, 84c to 85c bid, but no sales were made.

Toronto Live Stock.

Trade was quite brisk at the Toronto Cattle Market this morning. It was not a case of any improvement in the conditions of the demand or of the quality of the offerings. It was rather the fact that owing to the fact that the cattle which were left over from last week were being sold at a price which was not as high as they had been offered for. The prevailing price, therefore, showed no improvement, the market being in fact one of a downward character. The run of new cattle was only medium in quality, but was received. 1,000 head of medium quality, 1,000 head of good quality and 143 horses. Export cattle continue to be in demand, but not so much as they were. The market at Liverpool is overstocked, and the effect is to kill the demand here. As a result exporters are frequently sold at a price which is not as high as they had been offered for. Hides were steady and well sold. Sheep were steady and well sold. Pigs were steady and well sold. Other grades were weak. Feeding cattle continued to be in demand, but not so much as they were. There is a strong demand for them to distillers, and to-day there was also a fair demand for them from the farmers. The market for hogs was very poor, only a few choice animals being present. Sheep were steady and in good demand, everything being sold at unchanged prices. Lambs were a shade easier and everything was sold. Hides were unchanged and the offerings were light.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000, including 1,000 Texas and 150 head of good to prime steers, 50.25 to 50.75; good to prime steers, 49.25 to 49.75; medium to good steers, 48.25 to 48.75; light to medium steers, 47.25 to 47.75; mixed and butchers, 46.25 to 46.75; good to choice cows, 45.25 to 45.75; medium to good cows, 44.25 to 44.75; light to medium cows, 43.25 to 43.75; mixed and butchers, 42.25 to 42.75; sheep—Receipts, 1,000, including 500 head of good to prime ewes, 12.25 to 12.75; medium to good ewes, 11.25 to 11.75; light to medium ewes, 10.25 to 10.75; mixed and butchers, 9.25 to 9.75; pigs—Receipts, 1,000, including 500 head of good to prime pigs, 6.25 to 6.75; medium to good pigs, 5.25 to 5.75; light to medium pigs, 4.25 to 4.75; mixed and butchers, 3.25 to 3.75.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, Oct. 29.—Cattle—Offerings, 8 cars; dull at yesterday's prices, veals, 45 to 50; Hogs—Offerings, 65 cars; dull and lower; fair choice Yorkers, 23.75 to 24; mixed pack, 22.75 to 23.75; medium to choice hogs, 22.75 to 23.75; pigs, 22.75 to 23.75; mixed and butchers, 21.75 to 22.75; sheep—Receipts, 1,000, including 500 head of good to prime ewes, 12.25 to 12.75; medium to good ewes, 11.25 to 11.75; light to medium ewes, 10.25 to 10.75; mixed and butchers, 9.25 to 9.75; pigs—Receipts, 1,000, including 500 head of good to prime pigs, 6.25 to 6.75; medium to good pigs, 5.25 to 5.75; light to medium pigs, 4.25 to 4.75; mixed and butchers, 3.25 to 3.75.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day's closing to-day.

Chicago	70 1/2	71 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2
Wheat	74 1/2	75 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2
Wheat	67 1/2	68 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2
Wheat	61 1/2	62 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2
Wheat	55 1/2	56 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2
Wheat	49 1/2	50 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2
Wheat	43 1/2	44 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2
Wheat	37 1/2	38 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2
Wheat	31 1/2	32 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2
Wheat	25 1/2	26 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2
Wheat	19 1/2	20 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2
Wheat	13 1/2	14 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2
Wheat	7 1/2	8 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2

British Markets.

London, Oct. 29.—Close—Wheat, 62 passage quiet and steady; cargoes about No. 1 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 2 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 3 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 4 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 5 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 6 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 7 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 8 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 9 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 10 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 11 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 12 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 13 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 14 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 15 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 16 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 17 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 18 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 19 Call, 100s; passage steady; cargoes about No. 20 Call, 100s; 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