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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Catholic in the Derry Municipal Election. The English Martyrs—death in Filibuster of a Catholic Minister.

The Duke of Argyll presided at the annual meeting of the Ulster Convention League held at Belfast.

The Rev. Patrick M'Namoo, late Catholic curate in the parish of Ballynashabb, County Armagh, is dead.

The Carlow Nationalists says—Readers of the public newspapers will have observed Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., the eminent historian, from time to time expressing himself with considerable bitterness regarding rent reductions in Ireland.

Mr. P. Meado is mayor of Cork. Sister Stanislaus, one of the oldest and most beloved members of the nuns of the Presentation Order, Mitchelstown is dead.

The Nationalists of Derry have been greatly elevated by their first taste of liberty in local affairs.

One of the gentlemen who had come forward in opposition of the Unionist candidates was written to by a Unionist and asked whether he would pledge himself to vote against the election of the Roman Catholic Mayor.

Alderman Johnson is mayor of Derry. The new corporation is composed of 16 Catholic Nationalists, 21 Unionists of the official ticket, and three Unionists who fought the election on an independent basis and secured Nationalist support.

His Holiness Leo XIII. has conferred the Degree of Doctor of Divinity on Very Reverend Patrick O'Leary, Senior Dean in the College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth.

Mr. McCoy has been re-elected Lord Mayor.

Michael Lyden, poor-rate collector, Clifden, protected by a party of twenty policemen in charge of D. I. Lowndes, proceeded to the two islands of Innishatoh and Innishark for the collecting or endeavoring to collect poor and seed rates, as well as to make seizures for arrears of rates.

Alderman Thomas Cantwell is mayor of Kilkenny.

The Rev. Richard Henry Cotter, M. A. late Rector of Ardanny, Diocese of Limerick, has been evicted parish by Under-Sheriff Benjamin Lucas.

The Rev. Mr. Cotter contented himself by leaving through the front door, carrying some property in a Gladstone bag on his shoulder and a parcel of books in his hand.

Mr. Michael Gussack is mayor of Limerick.

Mr. Peter Lynch is mayor of Drogheda.

Mr. McHugh is re-elected mayor of Sligo.

Mrs. Ellen Sadlier, killed her four children at Cappawhite, near Limerick, she has been examined in Limerick jail by Dr. Holmes, Visiting Physician to the jail and Dr. O'Neill, Resident Medical Superintendent of the District Lunatic Asylum, who pronounced her to be insane, certifying that she is suffering from melancholia.

The defeat of the combination of Redmondites and Unionists which tried to oust Mr. Thomas Condon, M. P., from the position of Alderman in Cloumel is distinctly welcome.

Alderman Burke is mayor of Cloumel.

Alderman Smith is mayor of Waterford.

ENGLAND

The English Martyrs

Dec. 1st, was the Feast of the Blessed Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury, Hugh Farringdon, of Reading, and John Beche, of Colchester, and Companions, in all seven, who suffered martyrdom in testimony of the Catholic Faith and Papal Supremacy in 1539.

A solemn drama in each of the Benedictine churches in Liverpool. In the year mentioned three abbots of the Order of St. Benedict, together with four other members of the same Order, suffered martyrdom under Henry VIII, King of England, enraged against all who upheld the Primacy of the Roman See.

Richard, Abbot of Glastonbury, a man weighed down with years, who by the splendour of his religious virtues, had won the esteem of all who knew him, was noted for his charitable susceptibility to pilgrims and his anxious care for the poor.

Madama said, "She is a very adventurous and independent young lady, M. Silvain. When her father died three years ago, leaving her to face the world alone, she adopted music as her profession, and, not being appreciated in her native place, Rouen, came up to Paris—"

"And she will be famous some day," remarked M. Silvain, "and may be she will find a surer road to happiness through marriage."

"If you consider marriage equivalent to happiness, M. Silvain, pardon me for asking how it is you are still a bachelor."

"Mademoiselle, I must plead that it is not my fault, but my misfortune. Constantly occupied in my—ahem!—official duties, I have had no leisure to think of matrimony, but I hope—"

"Your official duties?" the widow interrupted quickly. "Then you have a post under Government, M. Silvain?"

"I—um—have occupied my present position for a number of years, Madama. Do not let my presence prevent you from finishing that charming song, Mademoiselle."

"I see that you admire my young friend," said Madama, when the two were chatting aside.

"She is adorable! such a union of grace, beauty, and sweetness I have never seen."

"You must be a very acute observer to discover her angelic qualities after being only five minutes in her company. But perhaps you have heard something of her history—though I don't know who can have told you."

Monsieur Silvain's Secret

By Maria F. P. S.

Monsieur Silvain, who was a bachelor, occupied rooms in the Rue Vivienne, on the second floor, and below him was his neighbor, Mme. Everard, the widow of a Colonel.

"Perhaps not," she acquiesced mildly, "but as I happen to be already engaged to Maurice Delaunay—"

"Did you not tell me that the engagement had been broken off by his people three years ago?"

"Yes—but not by myself. He would have married me in defiance of them, but I told him that I would not be his wife till—till I had fulfilled my task and cleared my father's name of the stain of dishonor."

"And you think he will wait for you?" her friend questioned, with a typically compassionate smile.

"I am sure of it. I am sure of his fidelity. 'Work, wait, and trust,' that is my motto."

As she crossed the Pont Neuf next day Renee paused for a moment to drop a contribution into the leather wallet of an old wooden-legged fiddler, familiarly known to Parisians by the soubriquet of Poro Joux.

"My little lute, you have given me a silver piece; did you know?"

"Yes, I have no coppers. Is it not a good one?" she asked.

"Quite good, and a new one, too! I shall keep it for luck," he replied, and he broke into the tune of "Monsieur et Madame Douis."

Renee found herself humming the refrain of the foolish old song as she went her way. Her heart thrilled with the longing to see Maurice again; to hear once more the dear familiar voice which to her was the sweetest music the world could give.

"Renee!" she paused with a start at the speaker. It was Maurice himself.

"Perhaps not," she acquiesced mildly, "but as I happen to be already engaged to Maurice Delaunay—"

"Did you not tell me that the engagement had been broken off by his people three years ago?"

"Yes—but not by myself. He would have married me in defiance of them, but I told him that I would not be his wife till—till I had fulfilled my task and cleared my father's name of the stain of dishonor."

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Safely looked in his own room, he stood for a moment looking vaguely round, like one waking from a dream, then, becoming conscious of the roses in his hand, he flung them from him with a passionate ejaculation, and sitting down at the table, let his head fall on his shoulders and cried like a child.

"I am come to sould you, M. Silvain," said Renee, with a sweet smile. "Martha tells us that you refused to come in because we had a visitor. Surely you did not think you would be intruding?"

"I ought to tell you," she added shyly, "that we—that we are engaged, though our engagement has not the sanction of his family, and—you are not ill, M. Silvain?"

He shook his head, smiling contentedly. "No, not ill, only a little low spirited."

"I am very sorry," she said, gently. "I have all our troubles—you have yours also, my child, have you not?"

"My little lute, you have given me a silver piece; did you know?"

"Yes, I have no coppers. Is it not a good one?" she asked.

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to have done—if I had lived. There is no obstacle now between you and your lover. God bless you both. How dark grows and cold! Do not be sorry for me, dear—I am quite content," he continued, with a tranquil smile.

"Quite content," he repeated; and with the smile on his lips he died.

On the afternoon of their wedding day, before starting on their journey into Normandy, Renee and Maurice crossed the Pont Neuf once more, to pay a last visit to Poro Joux's old haunt.

"I am glad no one has taken his place," Renee said softly, after a moment; "it would seem almost like desecration. I fancy I can still hear the sound of his violin!"

Maurice looked down at her fondly. "Yes," she concluded, with a happy smile; "Sorrow endured for a night, but joy has come with the morning!"

Catholic Novelists.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST

The schools of fiction multiply and vary so rapidly that it is hard for an ordinary memory to retain even their backbone, as he did his Arabidships, but such facts are not for the rest of us. We should be duly thankful, accordingly, for an attempt to systematically and clearly our knowledge in this important sphere. For such an attempt we are indebted to the Representative American Catholic Novelists (Benziger Bros.), together with which we receive an article by Mr. Charles J. O'Malley on "The New School of Catholic Fiction," reprinted from the November Catholic Book News.

It seems that the American School of Catholic Fiction was "in its infancy" ten years ago. "Its first movements," says Mr. O'Malley, "were watched with some suspicion." This would be justified, we think, in the case of any new school of fiction. And the worst fears seem to be realized when it was found that what the new movement appeared to be developing into was a Controversial School. The novels it produced were animated catechisms—and not too animated at that, as we are assured that "there was little of logic." Much logic and little life can hardly combine to make an interesting novel. In fact, Mr. O'Malley admits that the Controversial School was a failure. It had the praiseworthy intention of making converts, but, unluckily, this design "was too evident." We can well believe this. In vain is the controversial novel spread in the sight of any bird. Human depravity never more clearly reveals itself than in the way it rebels against wholesome truth in the very thing that disfigures a novel.

But gradually the Controversial School gave way to the Catholic Realists. Mr. O'Malley does not seem to us very clear about the exact order of evolution. He affirms that Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" discouraged the writers of "stories of conversion," but the "Apologia" was published in 1841, and the Controversial School was nevertheless flourishing twenty years later. Anyhow, it "was not of us," and "within the last few years a new school of Catholic fiction has arisen." It is essentially Catholic in tone, but it attempts greater approach to art and strives to be more more natural. It still aims to convert, but goes about the work more craftily. The reader may get as far as chap. iv, before discovering that what he has in hand is a tract, not a novel. Yet Mr. O'Malley is confident that the new school will, in time, overcome its present limitations, and be in the future "a giant force." This seems to imply, though we may be mistaken about this, that Catholic fiction is to become a giant force by ceasing to be Catholic, or by developing into that peculiar thing which Huxley called "Catholicism without Christianity."

An analysis of "one of the strongest," if indeed not the very strongest, of the American Catholic works of fiction" is given to show what manner of man the Catholic Realists are. "The work in question is 'Mr. Billy Buttons.' In its pages we see only real people. This is shown by the fact that they 'are not unaturally pious.' There can be no surer mark of life-like reality. For our part, we find it impossible to conceive of Billy Buttons as unaturally pious. Yet we are assured that it is impossible not to love him. Nor can any but the coldest heart fail to feel pity for poor Skinny Bonnet. Do we not find Blind Caggs everywhere in the lowly walks of life? Do we not see Coskey Blithers every day for ourselves, we do. The very names are for us a sufficient guarantee of minute and photographic accuracy. As soon as we hear of Squidville in the Adirondacks, we are convinced that it is a 'genuine village,' and is 'full of life, of laughter, of love, tears and prayers.' Such is the convincing power of Catholic Realism.

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The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERRA."

Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer...

Yes, but there is really so much waste and improvidence, you know, people bring all their miseries on themselves...

This sort of thing does not occur in every household certainly, but in nearly every one there is waste going on...

I must say a word here for the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The work this noble organization does among the sick and poor is simply magnificent...

Now this next Sunday is the last of Advent. Next week is Christmas week. Most of my readers are purchasing presents for their friends and relatives...

The weather seems to be very undecided in its mind, if it can be said to possess such a thing. The accounts from the old country give us a harrowing description of fearful cold, snowstorms and blizzards...

showing our dresses to my cousin Mary. to hear her exclaim. "Good gracious, child, you can never wear those things, you would be melted!"

I want to tell my readers that we are getting up a Christmas number "Ere we go" to Santa Claus story for the children, besides other tales, and various interesting features.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. Attention to rules is requested. Correspondents will kindly limit number of queries to two.

CANNOT BE BRAT.—Mr. D. Steinhilber, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil in my family for a number of years."

A short time ago an old lady went on board Nelson a Glasgow, the Victory. The different objects of interest were duly shown to her, and on reaching the spot where the great naval hero was wounded...

Mr. J. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with KIDNEY AND LIVER COMPLAINT, and have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the best medicine for those diseases."

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other pill we sell."

"Don't you know you did a wrong thing in breaking into Col. Rawson's chicken-coop. Hussy?" "Yes, I do."

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Dec. 17—Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. 18—Ember Day. East. Expectation. 19—Ember Day. East. Blessed Virgin V. D. 20—Fourth of Advent. 21—St. Thomas, Ap. 22—Of the Par. 23—East Day. Of the Peria.

By an error the beautiful poem on page 7 of this issue, entitled "The Irish Labor Workers," is subscribed "Anon." The author is Miss Guerin, Montreal.

Mr. Ramsay, the writer of a letter in this issue, is a Protestant citizen who is no politician; but he is evidently one of our Protestant friends who respect the constitution of Canada.

The Toronto Star, The Kingston Freeman, and other papers of the same political stripe, should not make so loud a pretence that they speak for Catholic opinion. It is very well known that Mr. E. E. Sheppard and his Kingston brother-Liberal are not in the confidence of the Canadian hierarchy.

We are glad to hear that the generous and inspiring line of action adopted by His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston, in regard to the re-establishment of Regiopolis College has evoked a response worthy of the venerable and learned prelate, and of the cause he is so deeply at heart. The College is prospering and is rapidly attracting students to its halls. Its future will be bright; for if we do say it, one of the well recognized needs of higher education in Canada, as indeed in every other country, is that the universities and colleges should be presided over by men of commanding capacity, of various learning and of wide experience. In this most important respect Regiopolis enjoys a conspicuous advantage; and this is a fact that Protestant as well as Catholic parents are not likely to forget.

We have already made reference to a press conspiracy in the United States against Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons and others. Whether the object of the conspirators was political or not was hard to discover. The cloud of false rumors started through the press caused no little annoyance, and had developed into such a nuisance that it has at last become necessary to put an end to them. The following telegram, which has been received at Washington from the Papal secretary of state, should have the desired effect: "Rome, December 3.—The Holy Father has learned with great sorrow of the agitation created in the United States by pretended correspondents and telegrams from Rome announcing measures soon to be taken against eminent American prelates and distinguished professors of the Catholic University. Your Excellency will authoritatively deny all such falsehoods, which are the product of reprehensible manoeuvres."

"M. CARDINAL RAMOLLA."

During the late Federal elections the position assumed by THE REGISTER on the school issue did not please some of its Liberal readers. Since Mr. Laurier has given the dispute the new turn, we are glad to say our Liberal friends are in complete harmony with our views. Here is an extract from a private letter received during the week from a prominent Catholic: "We are (I mean Liberals, for I am one) terribly deceived by the 'settlement.' But as Catholics we are covered with infamy. We think such Liberals as our correspondent take the weakness of Mr. Laurier too

seriously. It is never too late to mend, and they will not be worse Liberals because they are better Catholics. The true Liberals of Canada, men like Hon. David Mills, have no word to say for this so-called 'settlement.' Creatures like Israel Tarte, and other hunters, are shouting just now; but Mr. Laurier will be defeated on the school issue for all their clamor. He had an opportunity for statesmanship offered him, and he did not know how to use it.

The Montreal Herald has an original idea of dry humor. It announces that Mr. Greenway will attend a Liberal banquet in the city of Montreal "to plodge himself and his Government to carry out in its entirety the agreement entered into with the Federal authorities." Surely there is no necessity for Mr. Greenway making any pledges in this connection. He has for the last six years carried out a policy from which the agreement entered into with the Federal authorities does not differ in any essential point. Is he weakening in his hostility to Catholic schools, that a banquet should be needed to fortify him in the pursuit that has given him all the fame he enjoys? Let the Liberals feed him, or take whatever natural measures to prolong his useful life; that is their business, and business is business. The party cannot afford to lose him; he should be banqueted every day of his life, if high living agrees with him. But to proclaim that the feeding is intended to sustain him in his operations against Catholic education is either a poor joke or bad taste.

Mr. Laurier's Intrigue.

The communication concerning Mr. Laurier's political methods which we publish to-day, from The Catholic Times, of Liverpool, exposes the Canadian premier to the public view in a most contemptible light. How one political side can think of him differently from the other is not easy to see now. Examine his political tracks since he came into power. He had promised to send Sir Oliver on a commission to Manitoba to find out all the facts regarding the Catholic schools. Why he sent Mr. J. Israel Tarte to the west instead of the commission has never been explained; but it is said that the same Mr. Tarte is holding some papers over the heads of his political friends to persuade them that he is quite competent to run the country singlehanded. At all events Mr. Tarte went to the west, where he fraternized with the anti-Catholic extremists, and coined verbal tit-bits of derision to apply to the Archbishop of St. Boniface. He filled in the rest of his time writing correspondence for his newspaper, and he has not yet made out his bill for the people to pay. There was really no necessity of any sort for Mr. Tarte's trip. The "settlement" had previously been all arranged between Messrs. Laurier and Greenway, after Dalton McCarthy and a few other interested parties had approved its terms. Mr. Tarte took occasion to remark that Archbishop Lanegvin did not deserve to be consulted by anyone in the business. All this parade of wit was intended for the delectation of the Orange converts to Liberalism made during the election; and they certainly did enjoy the rare comedy, if we would judge by the editorials in The Orange Sentinel and the resolutions passed with satisfaction in many an Orange lodge. The Orange worthies would not then believe that Abbe Proulx had been sent to Rome on a secret political mission; a mission from the character of which as now described by a disinterested chronicler, we should judge Mr. Laurier had estimated it an equally easy matter to humbug the Vatican and the sons of King William. But the disciple of Montaigne had drawn up an altogether too optimistic plan. He took universal corruption for granted in a way that one might expect a politician of Mr. J. Israel Tarte's aromatic record to view mankind. It must have been a shock to Abbe Proulx to be "received coldly by the Prefect of Propaganda"; but to be told from the Pope that the Vatican "shall uphold to the end the decision of her Majesty's Privy Council" ought to have brought the emissary to his senses. Not at all; artifice and finesse are not even now abandoned; intriguing emissaries are still at work upon the hopeless enterprise of bringing about an ecclesiastical misander-

standing. But the poor politicians who imagine that, by their cunning and lying, they can "play" the authorities of the Church as they have succeeded in "playing" the French-Canadian Liberals and the Ontario and Manitoba Orangemen, have yet something to learn. They have, as is also the case of their new made Orange friends, to know that the Catholic Church is not a political machine, and that the cause of Catholic education is not one of their dirty political articles of barter.

Paying Judge Robertson Back.

Mr. Justice Robertson has been rather severely punished for his judicial lecture on the Irish idea of enjoyment. He has caught it, we would say, exactly to the taste of the "most humane Mikado that ever did in Japan exist." The punishment dealt out to him most admirably fits the crime. There is now no need of calling in the services of the Minister of Justice. It will be remembered that Judge Robertson's offence was the monstrous misunderstanding of a joke. An Irish joke he thought it. The Irish people of Guolph could not for the life of them see it in that light; and the more they thought of it the less humor they were able to extract from it. But, we hear, they are laughing now; although the real joke is very hard on his Lordship.

The Wellington County Council is at all times a body of serious-minded men. One of the reasons why they are so is, doubtless, owing to the invariably prosaic sort of business they have to transact. Another explanation is that the Council members are mostly Scotch. They seldom joke, having no comprehension of any other than Scotch humor; and Scotch jokes are well known to be as rare as they are excellent. It is not on record when the Wellington County Council indulged in a joke previous to the last meeting; then they enjoyed a joke at the expense of Judge Robertson. When his Lordship delivered that memorable lecture on the Irish idea of enjoyment, he had also something to say about the court house in Guolph, for the architectural beauty and general superiority of which the Wellington County Council justly takes credit to itself. Knowing this, his Lordship made use of language generally derogatory to the Guolph temple of justice. The Judge broadly hinted that the building was about as suitable for a court house as for a fourth class barn; and he directed that his opinion should be communicated to the County Council. It is in acknowledgment of his Lordship's compliment to their taste that the Wellington County Council have marked an era in the dull routine of their duties by entering a first class Scotch joke on their minutes. It is too good to suffer any abridgment, so we publish it in the exact terms in which it was read by Mr. A. M. McKinnon at the last meeting:

3. In connection with the clause about the court house, we freely admit that ours is not as modern as the one in Perth County. However, we must say that we agree with the opinions of Chief Justice Armour, when he stated some two or three years ago that our court room was ample for all purposes for a good many years to come, and were considerably astonished to find that the views held by the Chief Justice were not endorsed by Judge Robertson or the grand jury at the Fall Assizes. We think it very inconsistent to say the least of it, on Judge Robertson's part, to urge us to build a new court house, when he judges to know that about one-half of the judges, lawyers, jurists and others using it would be of the Irish race, of whom he evidently holds a very low opinion, judging by his remarks in the Kolcher v. Blair case. Now, although we couldn't recommend the erection of new buildings, we wish to place on record our conviction that no court room this county could build would be any too good to accommodate the people who have sprung from the same old Ireland that produced Blake, Meier, O'Connell, and the great Lord Wellington himself, who, as all historians tell us, was the only man on earth who could and did prevent all Europe from being overrun and trampled upon by the first Napoleon. We also wish to say that so far as we can see, some officials would be much better employed attending to the duties of their office than stuffing the heads of grand jurors with a lot of nonsense about new county buildings, and, no doubt, when the time arrives for building them they will be placed in a mere central locality.

Had Sydney Smith himself lived to pursue this exquisite minute of the Wellington Council, he would instantly have apologized for the famous slander attributed to him that it requires a surgical operation to enable a Scotchman to see a joke. Dull as

Judge Robertson's own wit appears to be, we venture to say that, even in his Lordship's opinion, the framer of this resolution would not make an incompetent editor of Punch. One feature of this joke we especially commend; it is eminently calculated to restore ease and good feeling where Judge Robertson's mistaken wit left a great deal of soreness.

Catholic Fiction.

A couple of articles appear in this issue of THE REGISTER on Catholic novels and novelists. It may be wondered why we republish the editorial from The New York Evening Post. We do so because we believe in criticism; and the critics of The Evening Post can scratch at play as well as the best of them. It is good for our Catholic story writers to bear criticism; they are not yet so strong that killing by kindness may not be their appointed death. We expect greater things because any so-called "school" of Catholic fiction is horn to adversity. You see the Church can hardly be said to be an advocate of the Catholic novel to begin with. Even the love that "lives happy over after" in matrimonial immunity from human care is not the greatest consideration; and the novel, whether Catholic or Unitarian, that leaves such pleasant love out of its plot, is but a play of "Hamlet" without Hamlet. Eternal salvation must never be ignored; and the novel, being long ago consecrated to the contemplation of earthly bliss, did not look for and, of course, did not receive religious applause.

Then again there has been an evolution of the novel, like everything else in the world. Instead of being a school for marriage, as the rule used to be, more than half the erotic fiction of to-day is a school for the degradation of marriage. And the other half; what of it? Well it has recently shown a strong disposition to make marriage the beginning and end of all joy, in the next world as well as in this. The new departure to one-half of noveldom was started by the Brownings. Neither school of romance—not irreligion, and certainly not crime—could be read by Catholics without suffering. Parents who saw that their children must get hold of some light reading plied them with Dickens and the Irish story tellers until the well of gulf fiction ran dry. Some Catholic names appeared among the modern writers, too, notably in England; but this made no perceptible difference in the tendency of the stream.

We hardly know when the American Catholic novel had birth. We are, perhaps, able to discern its beginnings comparatively far back with the efforts of a few devout ladies to provide a little suitable reading for the young. The American publishing house of Benziger Brothers has more recently been devoting its splendid facilities to the cultivation of what is not improperly styled a "school" of Catholic fiction. This is a blessing all round; because the business experience of a great commercial concern can keep the "school" in hand, at the same time that mere prejudice against the Catholic atmosphere, which has, no doubt, in the past prevented Catholic writers from finding a free market for their work, is no longer a barrier. Their evil fruit for years gathered from the field of the literature of passion has been a warning to the Catholic clergy as well as the laity. The moral needs of the day most certainly include an additional supply of pure light literature, and if that literature is to be Catholic in tone the Catholic greater is the gain. We find this fact now generally admitted. But the Catholic novel will defeat its own purpose if it departs completely into doctrinal propaganda. The Church is still doing its work; doing it more nobly and successfully than ever before in the world's history, and any aid it can hope to receive from such a propaganda as we have suggested must be very slight. But if, on the other hand, the Catholic novel look to reveal the health, happiness and joys of life where the atmosphere is Catholic, the writer cannot fail to win the interest of all who love domestic charm and social purity, because he will touch human feeling, and that is the main end of the novel. Given a well written novel, good or bad, it will find its readers, and literary merit only can carry the Catholic novel to success.

Quebec Repudiates the Compact.

The crowing of the loudest of the Liberal roosters begins to weaken. Even Israel Tarte's "shrill clarion" has a rift somewhere within it, and it is rumored that having lost interest in the Cornwall and Stormont election he is now contemplating a trip to Ohio. There is some reason to suppose that he would not be less ornamental to Canadian politics, while he might be cheaper to the country and more useful to his party, if he really intends to reside in the Orient. Father Corbett's letter will not help to keep him amongst us longer than he otherwise would stay, and when he is gone we will all rejoice to get the taste of black tart out of our mouths. Meanwhile that grand, sublime (magnificent) "settlement" does not settle. Le Sommein Religieuse, which evidently speaks with the full knowledge of the failure that Mr. Laurier's secret emissaries met with in Rome, has come out to say what THE REGISTER said weeks ago: that the School question in the west has only entered upon a new phase. It will be observed that the language of the Montreal paper is almost the identical language with which Mr. Laurier's emissaries were dismissed from Rome when it says:—"Do not be afraid, the signal for a retreat or capitulation will never come from Rome." It is to be hoped that Mr. Laurier's newly made friends in Ontario will not break loose again with invectives against this latest instance of "Papal aggression." They must remember that Mr. Laurier would not be happy until he had tried a secret mission to the Vatican; and because the result of that mission must be a bitter disappointment, those who are disappointed need not break out into abuse and bluster against the authority which no one asked them to invoke, but which they were determined to try to intrigue with. Now they have their answer plain, clear and unmistakable, and we hope they may not forget the purport of it.

The United States and Spain.

Maceo the leader of the Cuban rebellion is dead, and the newspapers of the United States have it that he was assassinated. It is said he was invited within the Spanish lines under a flag of truce, and once caught in the trap was asked to surrender or be shot. This report has set the indignation of the people of the United States and of Spain blazing, the former crediting everything disgraceful to the Spaniard, and the latter, whose name has for centuries appeared in the history of Europe as a synonym for chivalrous honor, resenting with characteristic heat the shameful charge.

At the moment the condition of public feeling in the United States with regard to the Cuban rebellion is a somewhat grave element in the general political unrest of the nations. It may lead to a Spanish-American war, which the majority of the people of the United States appear to anticipate with equanimity. But a one-sided view of anything is never a wise view; and a perusal of our special letter from Barcelona, in the present issue of THE REGISTER, may serve to increase our respect for the resources of Spain, in men, in money and in fighting spirit.

It is also a question whether Spain would be alone in resenting the intervention of the United States in the existing government of Cuba. We have met residents of Cuba, who were not Spaniards, but who spoke in praise of the Spanish administration of the island colony. The popular feeling that is urging the American government to intervene can hardly be said to be the most intelligent opinion of the republic. Still it is a strong feeling, and it is not impossible; it may compel action at Washington. In that event there can hardly be a second opinion that Spain would accept the challenge, and it is likely that the sympathy of Europe would be with Spain. Ultimately, we believe American strength would tell; but at what cost! The fighting might be prolonged for years. The United States could not throw an army into Cuba at a moment's notice big enough to drive out the Spaniard; and the influence of the American navy in actual warfare is still problematical. On the whole, it seems not a little unfortunate that there is not now, as there never has been, much of a national check upon the war spirit of

the United States. That spirit has gigantic potentialities; and it does not seem to be in the natural order of things that it is so easily provoked.

Mr. Healy's Career.

The public career of Mr. T. M. Healy is threatened by the most inglorious conclusion that could befall it. He still persists in political mischief making; and from latest appearances his ingenious resources are almost inexhaustible. With the aid of a priest, Father Matt Ryan, curate at Sologhede, Tipperary, he has started a "People's Defence Fund," he has kept up the pretence of retaining the favor and influence of the clergy. Father Ryan gained a little notoriety once upon a time by giving of an effort made by him to rouse back the representation of South Tipperary to a local landlord. Mr. Healy naturally finds in him a supporter willing to make any new departure in the hope of breaking up the popular movement. But Mr. Healy's constituents have grown tired of his antics, and at a convention held Omagh on the 4th, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"That we strongly and emphatically condemn the selfish and obstinate action of our representative, Mr. Healy, in persisting to disrupt the National movement, against the insinuation of the Irish Party, and declare our total want of confidence in him. Once Mr. Healy is retired to private life, or to be banished, he will be an object for Mr. O'Mahon's admiration that Irish Nationalists need not lose their composure over."

The Angel of the House.

A maid of fullest heart she was; Her spirit's lovely flame, Nor dashed nor surprised, because It always burned the same. And in the heaven lit path she tread, Fair was the wife's forehead— A Mary in the House of God, A Martha in her own. —The late Coventry Patmore.

Renunciation.

"Renounce thy pleasures! 'Tis the penance-side; Forego that yo may gain!" The very air Seems laden with the message; and the fair Bright robes of autumn all are laid aside. Nature, indeed, hath with the rule complied; And man, the sower, will he not forbear! Ah, yes! For well he knows that all who share True happiness have first themselves denied. Of late, we read a youthful hero's deed Of self-denial for a younger child. And surely hath the Babe of Beth'lem smiled On this brave act, and Christmas joys decreed. Wo, too, the Infant Saviour's smile would win— Renounce we these, and be our fast from sin. ROSE FLEMING.

The Head of Christendom.

The "Green Bag" a law magazine published at Boston says: The Canada Law Journal very pointedly takes Lord Chief Justice Russell to task for speaking of the Pope as "the head of Christendom." "What is the influence of the head of Christendom?" asked "was his precise phrase: The 'Journal' says "England is a part of Christendom" and "the King or Queen of England is head of the church so far as the British Empire is concerned." That is the notion of the Protestant part of the British Empire, no doubt; but the Chief Justice expressed the notion of the Roman Catholic part. It is a mere matter of opinion and taste, and we have no fault to find with him on the latter score; for speaking of the Pope, at the time in question, as the head of Christendom rather than of Henry Eighth. Moreover the learned editor seems to be forgotten that a large body of Canadians would entertain the same opinion and employ the same phrase. But there can be little question that the Chief Justice is speaking historically, in considering that the Pope was much more nearly "head of Christendom" than the King of England. It would require a robust imagination even now to regard Queen Victoria as "the head of Christendom." We might as well set up a claim for our own President.

From The "Catholic Register."

[FORNAN'S NOUQUET, BOSTON.] THE "CATHOLIC REGISTER" of Toronto, Canada, one of the brightest of our neighbors across the line, and whose views always show care and reflection, in a recent issue, number upon Mr. Coyle's recent sketch of Prof. O'Hagan in the Bonquet says: "It is always a liberal education for us when we see a Canadian singled out for praise by unbiased outside judges. Dr. O'Hagan has been closely studied by the Orléans' Bonquet, studied in a way that impresses the reader with the conviction of the writer, that his subject was worthy of attention. Half a dozen of Dr. O'Hagan's poems are quoted, and Mr. Coyle's final opinion is that the best work is still to come. He says Dr. O'Hagan has not yet attained the utmost limit of his powers—there is an ideal over challenging him to now and higher endeavor. His friends, and they are many, look for great things from him in the future, and are sure that their hopes will be realized."

DOMESTIC READING.

No man is more to be pitied than the one who is satisfied with himself. The most troubling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded...

FIRESIDE FUN.

Giles: "Did he tell you he couldn't speak French?" Merritt: "No." Giles: "Then how did you know?" Merritt: "He spoke some."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Some observations contained in a bulletin just issued by the Ontario Agricultural College are of practical interest. The report of Fruit and Fruit Trees deals with the great yield of apples...

Chats With the Children.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY. Last Christmas eve, when we were snug in bed, and all the lights were out, Tommy, he said...

deoponed and spread, till the charcoal-burner's hut became as an ant chamber of heaven. Hans and Gretel fell on their knees in adoration. The babe they had harbored was passing as if borne on angels' wings...

Suffering Women. Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pain, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness.

There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books and papers in order—that is, according to their notions of the matter—and hiding things lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor anybody else can find them.

Robert:—Hello! What's wrong, old fellow? Benson:—I'm almost crazy. I sent a letter to my broker, asking him whether he thought I was a fool, and another one to Miss Willets asking her to come for a drive with me...

As the drought of last summer was very irregular in its distribution the reports as to pasture are varied. In a few townships of the west grass was short even after the fall rains...

ON THE WAY TO WORK. It wasn't much of an incident but it stopped the nocturnal travel and blocked the busy street. Our conductors muttered impatiently...

Lying between the rails of the track at the crossing was a weary baby; her stubby little shoes quite worn through at the toes, the red bonnet and tangled hair pushed back from a chubby face...

WINNIPEG CATHOLICS. In Mass Meeting They Protest Against The School Settlement. WINNIPEG, Dec. 3.—All the Catholics of this city to-night assembled in St. Mary's School for the purpose of protesting against the settlement of the school question as arrived at by Hon. Wilfred Laurier.

The constructive and creative faculty is more or less in us all—else why have we this hand? Are its organs exhausted in putting on our clothes, carrying food to our mouth...

She:—Why do you insist that Jenny See is particularly accomplished? He:—Because she can fry a doughnut so it will taste like angel cake.

The common sunflower is a native of America. In 1669 it was introduced into Europe, and is now extensively cultivated there, particularly in Russia.

It was Christmas eve in the Black Forest. The whirling snow touched the tree tops; the starry flakes clung to the branches or fluttered about...

THE ROSK MASS. We happened to be in the old city of Luxemburg, and of course went to the cathedral. We wore there bright and early, for it was the feast of St. Aloysius.

Willie: "Mamma, they say history repeats itself, don't they?" Mother: "Yes, dear." Willie: "Well, why don't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?"

DEAR SIR:—I take much satisfaction in sending you this record concerning persons living in London who have used Kootenay Cure, and all whom I have had personal interviews and can vouch for their statements.

When the midnight hour was nigh a sound broke the stillness, the wail of a child in distress. The charcoal-burners crossed themselves, and budded closer to their fires.

How simple and beautiful it is, and how calculated to impress upon the mind of young people the sentiment it conveys. Long after the flowers have faded the pure and innocent hearts of the clients of St. Aloysius exult in the good odor of their lives modelled on his.—Almanac of the League.

Is there anything more hopeless than the conversion of an infidel? It is not a question of a change of faith, but of a positive and determined denial of all faith.

8. To our own Protestant brethren we would recall the fact that this provision for appeal to parliament was put in the constitution at the instance of the Protestant representatives of Quebec in the express purpose of affording protection to the Protestant minority in that province.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh. A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Johnston, Gilford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors and tried all other treatments but got no benefit.

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS. With People Restored to Health by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. LONDON, Sept. 20, 1896. S. S. Ryckman, Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

When the midnight hour was nigh a sound broke the stillness, the wail of a child in distress. The charcoal-burners crossed themselves, and budded closer to their fires.

When the Holy Sacrifice was over, the little ones advanced, two and two, to the foot of the statue, and there beautiful and fragrant flowers, so well symbolizing the beauty and perfume of their pure hearts...

Is there anything more hopeless than the conversion of an infidel? It is not a question of a change of faith, but of a positive and determined denial of all faith.

9. That these resolutions, signed by the chairman and secretary, in printed and copies be mailed to His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion, the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper and several members of his late cabinet, and to such other persons as the chairman and secretary may think proper.

thinness. The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them.

DEAR SIR:—I take much satisfaction in sending you this record concerning persons living in London who have used Kootenay Cure, and all whom I have had personal interviews and can vouch for their statements.

DR. CHASE'S GENTLE CURES. To Robert Phillips, Fergus, April 13, 1894. Dear Sir, I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried every remedy I saw advertised, bought numerous medicinal pills, but with no result.

When the Holy Sacrifice was over, the little ones advanced, two and two, to the foot of the statue, and there beautiful and fragrant flowers, so well symbolizing the beauty and perfume of their pure hearts...

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The Irish Lace Workers.

Some things there are enchanted—they stretch mysterious hands To ease, and we, half-dreaming, follow their light commands; Hearts thro' o'er way-side blossoms, on breath of musio rise, And little shining star-rays make ladders to the skies. In aisles of great cathedrals we walk with mildred Saint, For all we see of the unseen, is but a phantom fall. Ooo low word spoken thrills us; we sigh or plover face; And I've beheld a vision in a piece of Irish lace.

HER HEART'S APOLOGY.

There was a blaze of lights in the Van Arsdale mansion, and the sound of music came floating through the open windows and the still night air; so that a belated pedestrian, passing down Maple Avenue, said that they were giving another of their "big blow-outs," and he wondered how much it must cost old Van Arsdale a year to entertain on such an enormous scale!

now. How can you think of going down-to-night and leaving poor mamma and me, two lone women, alone in this wilderness of a house? This gave rise to many jests and bright suggestions, one of which was that Mrs. and Miss Van Arsdale should abandon the house and accompany their friends back to town. But Mrs. Van Arsdale added the climax to the amusement of the party by her complacent announcement that "she should not be afraid to stand in a haunted house with her daughter, for Estherina was as good as any man."

Then she locked the doors and put out the light. In the middle of the night Estherina was awakened suddenly by a sound like stealthy footsteps on the piazza roof. Like a flash it came over her that her father and brother were away, that the jewels and plate which they were known to have were a tempting bait, and that the burglars they had been talking about for years had come at last!

have the robbers bought to justice. If I wait until papa's return to night it may be too late. So may I ask you to put the matter into a good detective's hands at once, and also to advance in all the papers, offering a suitable reward, and us questions asked? "Don't do that, I beg of you, Miss Van Arsdale," Ingram said, impulsively.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla. That's Ayer's. The same old Sarsaparilla it was made and sold 50 years ago. It is the best medicine for all kinds of blood and skin diseases.

other, when she saw that the fallen ar in which it had stood had been broken in its fall, and was now lying in two pieces, like an open shell. At the same time she caught sight of something sparkling, yet half concealed by the fallen fragments and the earthen pot of prostrated palm.

DEAR SIR—I am pleased to say that you have treated the subject of bequests for Masses in an exhaustive and admirable manner. As I was counsel for the complainant in the case of Kohov vs. Kehov, cited in your work, I had occasion to carefully examine the law, and I advised my client he was justified in using the funds for such purpose, but in order to certainly protect him, I filed a bill to have the question passed upon.

LUMBAGO CURED. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS Did what Doctors Failed to Do. CHRONIC RHEUMATISM. Gives Way to this Marvellous Remedy, as Do All Afflictions arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Kidneys.

American and Canadian Catholic Novelists.

As no little curiosity has been expressed from time to time in regard to the personal appearance of certain well-known Catholic writers, we take great pleasure in reproducing here the features of the representative novelists. First, in alphabetical order, is ELEANOR O. DONNELLY, of Philadelphia. Though essentially a poet her stories reveal great ingenuity of plot, clever delineation of character, and strong descriptive power. She has often been called the Adelaide Proctor of America, but competent judges declare that the Philadelphia lady surpasses her English sister in the buoyancy of her hopes and the cheerfulness of her humor. It is even claimed that her "Vision of the Monk Gabriel" furnished Longfellow with the theme of his "Legend Beautiful," written eight years later. Certain it is that the closing lines of Miss Donnelly's "Vision" are reproduced almost verbatim in the opening couplet of Longfellow's "Legend."

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, now in her eighty second year, is one of the pioneers of Catholic light literature in this country. When her first story, "The Student of Blenheim Forest," appeared, our Catholic writers of fiction could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. There were Dr. Charles Constantino Pico and Charles James Cannon, born Catholics; John D. Bryant and Dr. J. V. Huntington, converts—names almost forgotten—and, maybe, one or two others. These men, with Mrs. Dorsey, wrote as Catholics for the sake of Catholicity, with certainly no hope of gain. With them it was a mission of love and devotion to principles, for, as Dr. Brownson said of one, his Catholic readers were necessarily few, and Protestants would not read an author so avowedly Catholic. Of these earlier writers Mrs. Dorsey alone remains to charm us with her words. She has been the recipient of high honors, the University of Notre Dame having presented her with the Laetare Medal, which is given only to some Catholic who has rendered "eminent" service whether to the Church or the American public.

ELLA LORAN DORSEY, the gifted daughter of the lady just mentioned, is one of the most versatile writers, Catholic or Protestant, before the public. Her first three stories appeared almost at the same time, "Knickerbocker Ghost," and "The Tear's Horse," in "The Catholic World," and "Book from the Frozen Pole," in Harper's Magazine. "The Tear's Horse" was at first attributed to Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, and has been reprinted in England and Australia. Miss Dorsey is one of the very best writers of boys' stories in the country. Her "Midshipman Bob" went through several editions here and in England, and has been translated into Italian.

MAURICE FRANCIS ROAN is too well known to our readers to need any introduction. He is a poet, essayist, novelist, journalist, and all-round literary man. He was at one time editor of McGe's Weekly, then assistant editor of The Catholic Review, and afterwards associate editor of The Freeman's Journal. Later, he was professor of English Literature at Notre Dame University, and now fills a similar position in the Catholic University, Washington.

REV. FRANCIS J. FINN, S.J., when he began to write for boys was unknown and was working against great odds. Catholic stories were dull; they dealt, as a rule, with persons and places foreign to us, and our children longed for glimpses of their own time and country. Father Finn made his appearance, and the boys at once "took" to him and his books. They liked him because he understood them, and his boys were real live American boys, with all their virtues and their faults. He has been writing now for about eleven years, and his stories have lost nothing of their original charm and freshness.

WALTER LECKY's name, though unknown five years ago, is to-day familiar to all readers of Catholic periodicals. Just turned thirty, he has seen more of the world than most men of sixty, and the various and varied subjects with which his note-books are stocked afford ample themes for his pen. Living at present in the wide world of the Airtrucks his most recent work is a bright and interesting sketch of that romantic region, and of the honest, if rough, people who inhabit it. The author's love of nature is seen in his accurate description of the mountain scenery, the woods, the waters, the creatures—human and otherwise—of his rural home. His writings are full of ideas expressed in terse, strong English.

CHRISTIAN REID is the pen-name of Mrs. Francis O. Tierman, who is undoubtedly the most important of American Catholic novelists. The daughter of Colonel Charles F. Fisher, a Confederate officer who was killed in the battle of Manassas, in July 1861, she was deeply affected by her father's death. She shut herself out from the world. Most of her time was spent in the Fisher homestead, with a maiden aunt for a companion, and in walking or driving about the beautiful mountain region. She began to write when she was very young, and in her affliction she found solace in literary

work. In 1870 she published her first novel, "Valerio Aylmer," which proved an immediate success, and since then she has produced twenty other novels. In 1888 she married, and since has lived chiefly in Mexico, where her husband has large mining interests.

MARY A. SADDLER, now seventy-six years of age, while quite a young girl, contributed a number of poems to a London magazine. Shortly after her advent to this country she married James Saddler, of the publishing house of D. J. & J. Saddler & Co., and then embarked on a literary career which lasted with but slight interruption for almost half a century. Her books, which number between fifty and sixty, including translations, were, it is claimed, the means of preserving the faith to numberless Catholic emigrants. She addressed herself to an audience of her countrymen and countrywomen, and addressed herself so well that it listened and learned and laughed as she told it of its duties, warned it of the dangers surrounding it, and amused it with her wit and humor. In March, 1895, she too received the Laetare Medal, from the University of Notre Dame. She is of a kind and sympathetic nature, and many are the poor and friendless who have profited by her charity and assistance.

ANNA T. SADDLER has inherited no small part of her mother's talent for writing. She has been a frequent contributor in prose and verse to most of the periodicals of the United States, as well as to some in England and in Canada. She has written many short stories, some of them very good, notably, "A Yellow Lady," which appeared in the Catholic World. One of her earliest literary ventures was "Sorrow Years and Mirth," a novelette published in Harper's in their Half Hour Series. She is also the author of a number of other original stories, besides translating many from the French and Italian.

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH stands in the very foremost rank of American Catholic writers of fiction. He lived for some time in the Adirondack region, and there met many of the quaint characters, French Canadian, and others, whom he so truthfully depicts in his books. He is the author of "A Woman of Culture," "Solitary Island," and other clever novels.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, poet, traveler, actor, romanticist, and professor of English in the Catholic University of America, is best known by his wonderful description of Hawaii, which place he visited on more than one occasion, once as the guest of that martyr to duty, Father Damien. Of Mr. Stoddard, so rare a critic as W. H. Howells has said: "He produced the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean, the South Sea. His genius lies in his 'wonderful reproduction of the ever-changing hues of land and sea under the tropical sun.' His fame will rest on those exquisite poems the South Sea which have caused his critics un-animously to say that he has written in his 'South Sea Idylls' not less now, but for all time."

The very best story of each of these writers is to be found in "The Round Table of Representative American Catholic Novelists," just published by Benziger Brothers. Many of these stories were written expressly for the book, and the others were specially selected by their authors. Besides, there are exquisite half-tone portraits of the writers printed in two colors, sketches of their lives, and a list of works. The book is finely printed, put up in an appropriate and elegant binding, and sells for \$1.50. No better or prettier Christmas gift can be found.

A cup of muddy coffee is not wholesome, neither is a bowl of muddy medicine. One way to keep a reliable and skillfully-prepared blood-purifier is by its freedom from sediment. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is always bright and sparkling, because it is an extract and not a decoction.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.

Over 80,000 Specimens for a New Museum in a Montreal College.

The Montreal Star says: The College of St. Laurent has given the example to other Catholic educational institutions in the Dominion by erecting a special fire proof building to preserve her many magnificent collections, including natural history, numismatics, geology, paleontology, and the fine arts, for which it is justly celebrated. It is the intention of the faculty of the college that the museum shall be for the exclusive use of the professors and students of the institution; in other words, to make it a "musee scolaire," or, as it would be known in the States, a "working museum." This will undoubtedly be the best manner of placing before the students advanced object lessons, so extolled in our day, and of uniting interest with practical instruction. The honor of organizing the first museum in the Dominion of Canada, both of right to the University of Laval, which has spared neither expense nor labor since the day of its inception to make it second to none. Numbers of different collections of great value have from time to time been added to the museum, and to-day her departments of mineralogy, botany, zoology, paleontology and numismatics are unrivalled. The Rev. Sisters of Holychild are also deserving of great

praise for their ornithological collection, which is undoubtedly one of the best in all Canada. Previous to 1880 these were the only large museums owned by Catholic institutions. McGill University had long ere this erected the Hoopah Building, and the University of Toronto (since destroyed by fire), owned a very fair museum, as did the Natural History in Montreal and the Geological Survey, since transferred to Ottawa. But all these museums were the work of non Catholic corporations, aided by the princely gifts of men prominent in the world of science and finance.

It is but a few years, comparatively speaking, since the Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, formerly director, as well as founder, of the scientific department of the Notre Dame University, in Indiana, began, as a labor of love, the herculean task of erecting a museum in connection with St. Laurent College. Perhaps no one could have been found better able to undertake this immense work than the Rev. Father, who has spent nearly half a century in assiduous and exclusive study, broken only by a term of three years when he served in the war of the rebellion as a regular chaplain in the Federal army. He is a member of a number of different learned societies, and a frequent contributor to scientific periodicals, both English and French.

Some years ago the Rev. Father, at his own request, having voluntarily relinquished the presidency of the Catholic University of Texas, was sent by his superiors to organize in the College of St. Laurent the same departments he had founded in the University of Notre Dame; and here his fruitful teaching and oration have brought him to the prominence, but his innate modesty is the explanation of the proverb: "The most learned are the most humble." The grand edifice now nearing completion, owes its construction to his enterprise, and to the generosity of a few noble men, among whom the name of Sir Donald Smith, ever the patron of the arts and sciences, stands forth in bold relief. The dimensions of the building, which is octagon in shape, are as follows: Length, 144 feet; width, 104 feet; height to mansard roof, 62 feet; height to the top of the observatory, 87 feet; total height, 288 feet.

In the department of numismatics are many ancient and modern coins, representing the money of various countries, medals, both religious and civic; magnificent classified collection of stamps, comprising full sets from many countries, and more than 200 paper medals. In the department of fine arts is a grand collection of sketches, photographs, medals, sculptures in marble, clay models, and a complete collection of Prang's work of art, bronzes, statuettes, etc. The department of antiquities is rich in Mexican and Indian bead and feather-work, objects in ivory, and various articles which date back to the colonists under Champlain. A strange but unique collection is that consisting of many thousands of buttons, representing all the forms and materials which, from time immemorial, have entered into their make up. To attempt a detailed description of the many objects of interest comprising the twenty five different collections would tax the ingenuity of even the most exacting, and prove an almost impossible task; suffice to say that the combined collections number over 80,000 objects, which have been gathered from nearly all the habitable quarters of the globe, the value of which is almost priceless, representing, as they do, in their classified form the genius and erudition of the rev. collector. It may be remarked that once before the Rev. Father had accumulated a magnificent collection of objects of natural history which he installed in the museum of the University of Notre Dame, but which was, unfortunately, almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1879. For years he had labored to preserve the present collections from a like fate; and, at last, is able to see the fulfillment of his desires in the museum just completed.

LATEST MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities like Wheat, Barley, Peas, Hay, Straw, etc. Columns include item names and prices per bushel or ton.

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