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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. IV.-No. 51

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SPAIN AND ITS RESOURCES.

AN AFFLICTED WIDOW'S GRIEF.

Face to face with Mental Aberration-A Narrow Escapo of Suicide.

A CANADIAN RELIGIOUS ORDER.

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

theifes to the Derry Hunicipal Elections— The Reglish Martyrs—Leath in Folloburgh et a Catholic Ninger

The Duke of At reorn presided at the annual meeting of the Ulster Convention Leggue held at Belfast. His Grace, in opening the proceedings, said he was not one of those who believed Home Rule dead. When the various atoms of the Liberal Party became once more organized Home Rule would be one of the first resuscitations in Mr. Morlov's reogramme Morloy's programme
Alderman Pirrio is mayor of Bolfast.

Arman

The Rev. Patrick M'Namee, late Oatholie curate in the parish of Bally-meonabb, County Armagh, is dead. Carlow. 'The Carlow Nationalist says—Read

The Carlow Nationalist anys.—Readers of the public newspapers will have observed Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., the ominent historian, from time to time expresses himself with considerable bitterness regarding reat reducions in Ireland. Mr. Lecky is the owner of property near Carlow, and some of his tenants have sought the protection of the Land Court, with the result that the rent has been reduced some 30 per cent. some 30 per cent.

per cent.
Cork.
Mr. P. Meado is mayor of Cork.
Sister Stanislaus, one of the oldest and most beloved members of the nuns I the Presentation Order, Mitchelswan is doad.

The Presentation Order, Mitchelstown is dead.

Berr.

The Nationalists of Derry have been greatly elevated by their first tasts of liberty in local affairs. "Emancipation is felt to day for the first time in Derry," says the Derry Journal. It has been sixty-soven years arriving since the law decreed it; and even it is restricted as the most bigoted of the Orange olique can keep it. The Journal cults from its local contemporary, The Semilind, the following:—

THE "INDEPENDENT UNIONIST" CANDIDATE

AND HIS CORRESPONDECE,

A Significant Reply.

One of the the gentlemen who had come ferward in opposition of the Orloniat and asked whether he would plodge himself to yote against the election of the Roma Catholic Mayor. He replied stating that he seald not answer in the affirmative, but wested like to discuss it with his correspondent.

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

His Holiness Lee XIII. has con-ferred the Degree of Doctor of Divinity on Yory Reverend Patrick O'Leary, Senior Dean in the College of St. Patrick's, Maynoth. Mr. McOop has been re-elected Lerd Mayor.

Galway.

Mr. McOoy has been re-elected Lard Mayor.

Midhael Lyden, poor-rate collector, Clifdeu, protected by a party of twenty polisemen in charge of D. I. Lownder, proseeded to the two islands of Innisetarbot and Innishark for the collecting or endeavoring to collect poor and seed rates, as well as to make seizures for arrears of rates, dand Her Majesta's gunboat Albacterian Thomas Cantwell is mayor of Kilkenny.

Alderman Thomas Cantwell is mayor of Kilkenny.

Limerte.

The Rev. Richard Henry Cotter, M. A. late Rector of Ardeanny, Diocese of Limerick, has been evicted parish by Under-Sheriff Benjamin Lucas. He was deprived of his benefice last June by the Court of the General Sprod, Ireland, for heresy, and he refused to give up possession. Be had his residence barricaded aud refused admittance to the Sheriff, who hove into the house from the rear and formally seized the promises. The Rev. Mr. Cotter contented himself by leaving through the front door, earging some property in a Gladstone and in the house from the rear and formally seized the premises. The Rev. Mr. Cotter contented himself by leaving through the front door, earging some property in a Gladstone bag on his shoulder and a parcel of books in his hand.

Mr. McIonal Cusack is mayor of Limerick.

Lastb.

Mr. Peter Lynch is mayor of Dro-

Silso.

Mr. McHugh is re-elected mayor of Slige.

Mr. Molfugh is re elected mayor of Slige.

Mrs. Ellen Sadier, killed her four children at Cappawhite, near Limer tek, 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 mel a cholia. Mrs. Sadlier appears quite caim but does not seem to realise what has done.

The defeat of the combination of Redmondites and Unionists which tried to oust Mr. Thomas Condon, M. P., from the position of Alderman in Gloumel is distinctly welcome. Every device was tried to effect his doctst, and the result is that he heads the poll.

Alderman Burka is mayor of Cleven Alderman in Plant is mayor of Cleven Alderman in Resident and the result is that he heads the poll.

a pout. Aldorman Burke is mayor of Olon-

Waterford. Aldorman Smith is mayor of Water-

ENGLAND

The Faglish Martyrs Dec. 1st, was the Feast of the Blessed Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury, Hugh Farringdon, of Reading, and John Bothe, of Colincanug, and John Beche, of Coloticster, and Companions, in all seven,
who suffered martyrdom in testimony
of the Catholic Faith and Papat
Supromacy in 153th. There was a
solemn truduo 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 Hanry VIII.
King of England, enraged against all
who upheld the Primacy of the Roman
Sec. Richard, Abbot of Ghastonbury,
a man weighed down with yeave, who,
by the splendour of his religious virtues,
had wen the estem of all who know
him, was noted for his charitable
luspitality to pilgrims and his charitable
luspitality to pilgrims and his charitable
luspitality to pilgrims and monget his
community religious discipline that
even the royal omisseries, full of advorse prejudices, were in admiration
at it. Hugh Farringden, Abbot of
Reading, was held in equal esteem on
account of his holy life. He combated
with great learning and energy the
erroneous teaching of the herotics, and
so attached was he to the Pope that
the piously offered up Mass every day
for his welfere, and the suppression of
the English Schism. Lastly John
Beche, known also as Marshall, Abbot
of Colchestor, burning with zeal in deforce of the Faith, dared publicly to
upbraid the King for his impious
divorce from Queen Catherino, and
boldly spoke in defoace of the Church's
rights. These three blessed mon, un
deterred by threats of torture, strennously upheld the Primacy of the Roman
Pontiff, and refused to subscribe the
wicked oath of "Royal Supromacy."
They were apprehended by the king's
officers and confined in the Tower of
London; and whon during their imprisonment the frequent and urgent
attempts usade upon them had failed
to weakon or change their resolution,
they were ordered to leave the city, to
return each to his own monastery, and
there await the King's pleasure. First,
Blessed Richard, condemmed for high
treason, was placed on a hurdle and
dragged to the top

SCOTLAND.

The obscaules of Mr. Joseph East who for twenty five years has been connected with the Oarl Rosa Opera who for twenty-ney years has been connected with the Oarl Rosa Opera Company, were celebrated at the church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 22ad, after the last Mass. As an evidence of the popularity of the deceased, and a testimony of their regret for his death after a short illness, the entire chorus and several of the principal artists of the company were in attendance. Father Whyte, S.J., having read the funeral service, the company, assisted by full orcheatra, sang several pieces from Rossin's "Stabat Mater." The remains were then conveyed to the Morningside Cemetery, where a touch ling seene was witnessed, when the Carl Rosa Company Chorus sang a piece from "Tannhauser," the opera in which Mr. East had made his last appearance, over the grave by his old comrades.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a row weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Givo heed to a cough there is always danger in delay, got a bottle of Bicklo's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all threat and lung troubles. It is compounded from soveral horbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Monsieur Silvain's Secret

By Main E. Pras

Monsteur Silvain, who was a bachor, occupied rooms in the Ruo Vivienne, on the second floor, and below him was his neighbor, Mmo. Everard, the widow of a Colonel. The lady's rooms were generally silent, but one day M. Silvain, as he mounted the stairs, heard the voice of a fine soprano singing "La Normandie." The gentleman rang at the door of tage. His ouriosity was awakened. Mmo. Everard received him.
"I fanov that the unusuel has not escaped y ur notice," said the lady. "The singer is the daughter of an old friend of mine." Then there was an introduction, and M. Silvain paid his respects to a beautiful young woman.

ian. Madame said, "She is a very ad-Madame 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 maybe she will find a surer road to happiness through marriage."

be she will find a surer road to happi-ness through marriage."

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

bachelor."
"Mademoiselle, I must piead that it is not my fault, but my misfortune. Constantly occupied in my—ahen l—official duties, I have had no leisure

-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 postunder Government, M. Silvain?"
"I—hm—have occupied my present position for a number of years, Madame. Do not let my presence provent you from finishing that charming song, Madamoiselle."

your you do moterning such containing song, Madomoisello."

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

"Sho is adorable! such a union of grace, beauty, and sweetness I have

grace, beauty, and sweetness I have never seen."

"You must be a very acute observer to discover her angelle qualities after being only five minutes in her come, pany. But perhaps you have heard something of her history—though I don't know who can have told you." Its shock his head with a smile. "Renee is the daughter of Raymond Duvilliers of Rouen."

He shook his head with a smile. "Renee is the daughter of Raymond Duvilliers of Raymond Duvilliers of Rouen."

"I have heard of him, Madame."

"You have heard nothing to his credit, I fear," she remarked, shaking her head significantly. "He began life with every advantage, but after squandering his fortune, he retrieved his fortune by a rich marriage, though, of course, he soon rant through half his wife's money. After her father's death, Renee found among L's papers a memorandum concerning a certain M. Mathieu, an ex-dancing master of Paris, whom the Captain had—swindled. Duvilliers had managed to keep on the safe side of the code. Well," she continued, "you may think how shooked his laughter was by the discovery. She never readed till, by means of advertisements in Parisian papers, she had discovered her father's victim and made restitution. She at once refunded the greater part of the money, and under took to pay the rest in annual installments out of the pittance she had left hereelf, which she proposed to increase by teaching."

M. Silvain coughed, and changed his restition abrunty." And she

M. Silvain coughed, and changed his position abruptly. "And this person—Mathieu—how could he ac copt the reparation, knowing that she had reduced herself to poverty in order to—"

order to—"

"He did not know it. The meney was refunded through her lavyer, Maitre Delaunay of Rouen, in her father's name Delaunay was her agent in the matter—solely against his will, as it deprived his son of a fortune, for Renee was engaged to be married to Maurice Delaunay, whom she had known from childhood, but when she insisted on beggaring herrelf, the notary and his wife peremptorily broke off the match."

Her commanion shut, his arm@h-

off the match."

Her companion shut his snuffbox with an indignant snap. "You must have a poor opinion of my eox, Madame, if you think that beauty and goodness such as hers...."

goodness such as hers—
"Eh, my good Sir, you are sadly
behind the times! But, hush," she
broke in, "Rence is coming back."
"It is strange," said Rence, slowly;
"your face seems familiar to me. I
can't think of whom it is you remind
me."

M. Silvain presently took his leave.
When the little gentleman had bowed himself out. Mme. Everard turned to her companion and demanded abruply; "Well, what do you think of my neighbor?"

neighbor?"
"I think he is charming, charming," she replied, with a droll imitation of his manner; "but he is a living anachronism. He ought to have been a functionary of the vieille cour, instead of a clerk under the republic.

instead of a clerk under the ropublic a "In fact, Rence, you have made a conquest. He can't be much over fity. It is the prime of life for a man. He is rich, good natured, and good mannered; occupying, it appears, a responsible post under the Government—let me tell you, Rennie that suca a match is not to be despised by a girl in your position."

R. THURSDAY, DECI
"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 age?"

"Yes—but no. by himself. He would have married me in deflance of them, but I told him that I would not be hes wife till—till I had fulfilled my task and cleared my father's name of the stam of dishonor."

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

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

As she crossed the Pont Nouf next day Rence paused for a moment to drop a contribution into the leathern walte of an old wooden-legged fiddler, familiarly known to Parienaus by the soubriquet of Pero Javeux. For moverare than any one cared to count he had haunted the same sheltered corner near the end of the bridge.

Coins of any sort were not very plentiful with Rence.

"My little hady, you have given me a silver piace; 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 inte the tune of "Mor."

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 Madama Donis."
Rennie 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
volee which to her was the sweetest
music the world could give.

"Rennie!"
She paused with a start at the speak-

"Remnio!"
Sho paused with a start at the speakor. It was Maurice himself.

"Rence, don't you knew me?" he
questioned.

"Oh, Maurice, is it really you?"
was all she could find to say. "I
had no idea you were in Paris."

"Nor has any one else," he replied.
"And how has the world been using

u, sweetheart, since we parted

"And how has the world been using you, sweetheart, since we parted a year age?" he went on.

"Fairly well, through, to tell the truth, I find the road to success steeper than I expected.

"Vhy will you not give me the right to help you, Renee?"

"I have put my hand to the plow, and I must not look back," she rejoin ed with a serious smile.

"Is it no hardship that you should be wearing out your youth in toil and poverty to atone for your father's fault?"

Then the sound of a church clock striking the hour made Renee start.

"Twelve o'clock! You have beguiled me into forgetting all my pupils," she exclaimed. "I must go now."

"I intend to spend New Year's Day with you," said Maurice. "Till then, good-bye, sweet love. I leave my heart in your keeping.
"As mine is in yours," she whispered as they parted.
I was the last day of the old year. For the first time on record M. Silvain so far departed from his usual habits as not to leave home till afternoon.

"And he was d'essed like a Prince,

habits as not to leave home till afternoon.

"And he was deessed like a Prince, Madame! a brand-new overcoat with a fur collar, and a hat you could see yourself in. I was to give his compliments and say he would have the honor of waiting upon you at 4 o'clock, when we hoped to find Mile. Renee also at home," said Martha, Mme.

also at home," said Martha, Mmo. Everard's maid.
Meanwhile his fellow-lodger, walking with his most juvonilo stop, crossed the river, along the Boulevard to the Palais Royal, where he entered a floriet's shop and purchased, at a fancy price, a superb bouguet of hothouse roses.

After a strait the part of the part of

fancy price, a superb bouquet of hothouse roses
After a stroll through the brilliantly lighted arcades of the Palais, he turned toward home, which he reached shortly before 4 o'clock.

"The ladies are in the salon," Marthe told him; "there is a visitor with them, a friend of Mademoiselle, who has just arrived."

"Very good," he answered absently. The old bachelors's checks were flushed, and his heart beat fast as he approached the door of the sitting room. It was partly open, and as he paused, furtively adjusting his collar and cravat, he heard as sound of laughter within—Renee's musical voice mingling with the deeper tones of a man.

On the hearth, opposite to him.

ter within—Renee's musical voice a mininging with the deeper tones of a man.
On the hearth, opposite to him, stood Rance, flushed and radiant, looking up into the handsome bronzed face of a tall, dark eyed young fellow of three or four and twenty, who had imprisoned both her hands in his own, while she was laughingly endeavoring to disengage herself.

"Let me go, Sir; don't you see that Mmo. Everard looks quite sandalized?" she exclaimed, glancing at Mme. Everard, whose face expressed the most unqualified disapproval.

"It is at you, then, not at me!" he declared. "Madame is naturally astonished that you should object to be respectfully saluted by your fance—so!" and suiting the action to the word, he bent and kissed her.

M. Silvain started as if he had been strucky and hastily drawing back, before any one had perceived his presence, turned from the door.

"Make my compliment to the ladies, and say that as they have a visitor I will not introde this ovening," he said, and walked away.

Safely looked in his own rooms, he stood for a moment looking vaguely round, like one waking from a dream, then, becoming conscious of the roses round, like one waking from a dream, then, becoming conscious of the roses in his hand, he thing 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.

Them there came a gentle knock at his door and he opened it.

"I am come to scold you, M. Silvain," said Rence, with a sweet smile. "Marthe tells us that you refused to come in because we had a

silvain, said Renee, with a sweet smile. "Marthe tells us that you refused to come in because we had a visitor. Surely you did not think you would be intruding? M. Delaunay wishes to be introduced to you. 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 shock his head, smiling constrainedly. "No, not ill, only a little low spirited."

"I am very sorry," she said. gently.

low spirited."

"I am very sorry." sho said, gently.

"Wohwe all our troubles—you have yours also, my child, have you not? but you are young, and in youth, 'though sorrow may endure for a night, juy cometh with the morning."

"My 'morning' seems still far off,' sho answered, with a smile and a sigh.

"Thanks for your sympathy, my sweet friend. Good night."

"Until to morrow," she cried.

He watchied her out of sight, then stood for moment on the landing, looking down deep in thought. When he raised his face it had recovered its usual serenity, and wore a look of resolution which gave it a new dignity

"Yes," he muttered, "I will do it; she shall be happy. And as for mewell, I shall be no worse off than I was formerly. Allons!"

Daylight was waning when at last Rence and Maurice turned their faces homeward. Half way across the Pont Nouf, Rence paused with a regretful exclamation.

"I quite forget Pere Joyeux!"

"Who is he?' her companion demanded.
"An old pensioner of mine; a crip

manded.
"An old pensioner of mine; a crip pled fiddler who always plays on the bridge. There he is, on the other side. Let us cross over."
"Nover mind now, Renee; it is getting dark, and beginning to snow again. Give him something to morrow."

orrow."
"But this is Now Yoar's Day, and

"But this is Now Year's Day, and it seems unkind to neglect him when I am so happy. Look, he has seen me—he is looking so wistfully! Stay here, I shall not be a moment."
The toad was slippery with freshfallen snow, and when half way across the girl's foot slipped. She made a vain effort to recover horself, and fell just in the track of the heavy vehicle, which came thundering along, drawn by two powerful horses. The driver, on his high perch, did not perceive what had happened till the bystauders uttered a warning shout, which was selned by a cry of alarm from Maurice, as be hurried to her assistance.

Por Joyeux, who had been watching her movements, flung his violin saide, and before Maurice could reach the spot, he had senatched her literally

ing her movements, flung his violin saide, and before Maurice could reach the spot, he had snatched her literally from under the horses' hoofs.

"What an escapel" Maurice gasped.
"Are you hurt, Renee?"
"No, no; but where is Pere Joyoux who has saved my life?" she asked, anxiously looking round. Then Renee saw the figure of her old friend structhed insensible upon the asphalt. The next moment a policeman approached, and after a few brief in quiries, which Maurice answered, peremptorily dispersed the lookers on, and bailed a passing carriage, giving the order: "To the Hotel Diou."
"Is he seriously hurt?" asked Renee, when she went to the hospital. "He is dying," was the grave reply.

"He is dying,
"Y u are surprised at the change
in his appearance?" the surgeon remarked in an undertone; "he had
been wearing a false board, and with
out it he looks quite a different man.
It is possible that he—"
"Is she there?" the patient asked

"Is she there?" the patient asked faintly.
"I am M. Silvain to you," he said when they were alone; "but your father know me as Silvain Mathieu."
"What lit was you whom my father wronged?" she faltered.

"What I it was you whom my father wronged?" she faltered.

"Dear child, you have repaired the wrong and left me your debtor," he gently replied. "You know what was formerly my profession? I was a danning master; I met with an accident and became a cripple. I had little money. I lost in a speculation. I had the natural instincts of the vegabond. I became the street musician. I am the Pere Joyenx. Do not look distressed. It was a life just suited to me. I could be a gentleman at times—as M. Silvain. I had not as many friends as Silvain. I had as Pere Joyenx. I loved you as a daughter when you first put manney in my hand. But there is more than that."

Renee kissed the hurt man.

He continued: "The false beard and the wooden log made all the difference to some—but not to you. Yes, kiss me again," and with the ghost of his former gallant manner he raised Renee's hand to his lips. Renee was sobbing. "Hush," he interpreted continued.

obbing.
"Hush," he interrupted gently; "Hush," in interrupted gently;
"what botter fortune can I have that
to save your life and scoure your
happiness? Renee, you will find a
parcel in my dest, directed to yourself.
I restore your gift, dear—as I meant

to have done—if I had lived. There is no obstacle now between you—and—your lever. 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 centent," he repeated; and with the smile on his lips he died.
On the afternoon of their wedding day, before strating on their journey into Normandy, Rome and Maurice crossed the Pont Neuf once more, to pay a last visit to Pero Joyeux's old

pay a last visit to Pere Joyeux's

pay a fast view to continuit.

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

Maurice looked down at her ton dorly.

Maurico looked duwn as deferly,
"Yes," she concluded, with a
happy smile: "Sorrow endured for a
night, but joy has come with the
morning!"

Catholic Novelists.

THOM THE NEW YORK EVENING POSTS

The schools of fiction multiply and vary so rapidly that it is hard for an ordinary memory to retain oven their names. A Macaulay might know them backwards, as he did his Archbishops, but such feats are not for the rest of 18. Wo should be duly thankful, accordingly, for an attempt to systematize and clarify our knowledge in this important uphere. For such an attempt we are indebted to a recent publication, "A Round Table of the Representative A morican Uatholic Novelists" (Bonziger 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 Nows.

It seems that the American School of Catholic Fiction was "in its infancy" for years ago. "Its first movementa, "asysMr. 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 wore animated at that, as we are assured that "there was little of life; there was a great deal 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 praisoworthy intention of making converts, but, unluckely, this design "was too evident." We can well believe this. In vain is the centroversial school gave way to the Oatholic Realists. Mr. O'Malley does not seem to us very cloar about the exact order of evolution. He affirms that Cardinal Nowman's "Apologis," discouraged the writers of "stories of conversion," but the "Apologia" was published in the very thin disguise of a novel.

But gradually the Controversial School gave was 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, oversome its resent limitations, and be in the future "a giant force." This

SAPE, CEPTAIN, PROBUT, ECONOMO, Those fow adjectives apply with pec liar force to Dr. Thomas' Felkering O —a standard extremal and internal ready, adapted to the relief and cure coughs, sore threat, horseness and affections of the breathing organs, ki noy troubles, exceptations, sores, law noss and physical pain.

the Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA." - MANAGEMENT BOOKS AND CHARLES BULESTIES WORLD

**Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer." Does it? Well, I suppose it does to a good many of us, but I fear there a candreds of people to whom Christmas is but a name. Cortainly it it brings peace and goodwill to them that is about all it does bring, and though it looks very nice upon paper, and soundslovely when we sing it in church, yet peace and goodwill are not much use in clothing half maled bedies and tilling empty sto—I beg pardon interiors. Well, of course, one does what one can, you know, and really, there is so much misery and want everywhere, it seems as though there nover would be any ond to it.

Well, of course, one does what one can, you know, and really, there is so much misery and want everywhere, it seems as though there never would be any ond to it.

Just so, there never will be any ond to it. The poor we have always with us, it seems to be one of these adamustine laws which nothing can alter. If the some interest with and have the whole wealth of the universe divided equally between every body should have the same amount, nother man, woman and crult so that everybody should have the same amount, neither more nor less, how long would the millerutura last? Certainly not so maniform, when the millerutura last? Certainly not so many hours, only just long enough to enable the "sharps" and "flats" to complete the course, and—well, after flats, we should have the poor with us again, and probably more of them than over.

Yes, but there is really so much washed and improvidence, you know, people bring all their misories on themsolves. Sometimes, but there are made to the course, and probably more of them than over.

Yes, but there is really so much washed and improvidence, you know, people bring all their misories on themsolves. Sometimes, but there are made and mismanagement has which would made a cemorable the season of undoesered and mismanagement. As which would not a cemorable the season of undoesered and united mister at all it the course of the course, and the course of the course

This set of thing does not occur in overy household certainly, but in nearly every one there is waste going on in some form or auchter, waste that could casily be checked. I wonder, some down the checked. I wonder, some do not send carts around every day to collect the surplus from large establishments. This idea has been suggested before, but whether or not it has been acted upon I do not know. There are extry flow of us who cannot in some way or another help some poor family to the good cheer which is a laways associated with the festive scasen.

I must say a word here for the St.

good cheer which is always associated with the feative season.

I must say a word here for the St. Vincent do Paul Society. The work, this noble organization does among the sick and poor is simply magnificant; there is no other word for it. You may be sure this every cort you give to the Society goes to the poor, and that in no higgsardly or half-hearted manner; the hole pieven is always substantial help, the effects of which are fold for mounting and money are all distributed to the health of the continued till the poople are in bottor position. At Christmas time the rates upon the Society's funds are accessarily very great, as large and substantial tolons of "peace and goodwill" are sent to overy family whose needs have come under the notice of the Society.

Now this next Sunday is the last of Advent. Next week is Christmas week Most of my readers are purchasing presents &c. for friends and relatives. I want you all, coryone on my "saper friends," to take five cents to clurch with you on Sunday and drop it into that importunate little box with the wide mouth, which overy Sunday appeals silently for alms for the "sick and ore." Everybedy can spare five cents, and if overybedy who goes to clurch next Sunday morning will drop that, to some, insignificant little piece of silver into the box, what will the sum total amount to? I cannot say, but probably the result would astonish you, dear reader. Some may say, "Oh, I can't afford five cents," Indeed, what are you going to give more than that." Yory well, I am only too delighted to hear it, afford five cents." Indeed, what are you going to do with it? Buy a new test, or a last, or a jacket? Of course but the St. Vincent de l'aul Society can, it can add your five cents to hundreds of others and bring comfort and good clever into scores of homes this coming Christmas Day. Now this next Sunday is the last of

The weather seems to be very undesided in its axind, if it can be said to possess such a thing. The accounts from the old country give us a harrowing description of featral cold, suovstorms and blizzards, &c., till one wonders whether the world's "axle," as I once heard an old lady call it, has suddenly slowed round and placed us where the British Islands used formerly to reade, while they in turn are occupying the place of Caunda. Certainly, the cold is nothing like what I was led to expect. From the accounts given of Caunda in England the away where the account given of Caunda in England the unsophisticated would imagine it to a kind of North Pole, where overybody goes about dressed in bearskins and constantly caressing their cars and toese tessent it hey are frozen. I can will remember my constornation on unsetting our boxes (we arrived in April) and

showing our drosses to my cousin Mary, to hear her exclaim. "Good gracious, child, you can nover wear those things, you would be melted!" Acting on the advice of people who certainly had no business to give it, for, as the sequel proved, thoy know nothing at all about the climate, I had purchased the climate, I had purchased the thickest cited I could had for all our dresses and wraps, and the consequence way, we had to go shepping almost as soon as we had settled down. I remonstrated at the purchase of muslin, ac., and was met by the grim reply. "Wast and see." I did see, and I shall never lorget that first Canadian summer, as loug as I hvo Even the cold of a winter such as we had last year, far nothing the what a sluing a throe Even the cold of a winter such as we had last year, far nothing the what a sluing a throe from the country, and for another the houses are warmer; theor are no such things as furnaces and steam radiators in England, excepting porhaps in public institutions where they are almost am indispensible necessity; but in private houses the heating is all done by means of open fires, most of the heat going up the chimney.

live, most of the heat going up the chimney.

I want to tell my readers that we are getting up a Christmas number. There will be a Santa Clause story for the children, besides other tales, and various interesting features. Don't miss the grand Christmas Number, please take one or two extra copies to send to friends over the sen. We cannot give you half a dozen lithographs or even an humble chrome, but if you will all help us, we may, perlaps, in the future be ablevial flustrated oxtra number, and the saled illustrated oxtra number, and the call depended not controlled to the control of the control o

Cannor Br Brat.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used Dr. Thouas' Echkerate Oir in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little bey has had attacks of croup soveral times, and one dose of Dr. Thouas' Echkerate Oir, was sufficient for a porfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

my house."

A short time age an old lady went on heard Nelson s 'lagalijn, the Victory. The different bylees of interest were dead of the state of t

Mr. ". J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmeloc's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do used when a cathartic is required. They are Golatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licerice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

The minister was a great hand shaker—shutting down like a vice. One day he took a boy's hand and gave it an awful squeeze, as he said: "My little fellow, I lope you are pretty well today." With tears in his oyes the boy answered, "I was till you shook hands with me."

With mo."

DYSPERSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Show & Co., Syracuso, N.Y., writes: "Pleyso send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmeleo's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmeleo's Pills are an excellent nedicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

"Don't you know you did a wrong thing in broaking into Col. Bawson's chicken-coop. Rasturs ?" "Yassir. I knows hit wuz wrong, Jodge; but it wuz so dark auh, I condin't see jus "will yeuz. I meant to break into Jedge Willeaby's, sah—ho's is so deaf it would ha' boon caf. h."

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and heat infant food. Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Coupany, New York.

"I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in writing," said Mrs. Hickloby. It a spends two hours a day at it "Really? How did you get him to do it?" "Oh, I tell him to write me cut a list of overything he wanted for Christmas and he's still at it."

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

Dec. 17—Patronage of the Blessed Virgin, 18—Ember Day, Fast, Expectation, of the R.V. 5. 17 - 14 rozago v. mr. s. t. Especiation. of the R. V.
10 - Ember Day. Fast. Blessed Urbun V., P.
20 - Fourth of Advent.
21 - S. Thomas, Ap.
22 - Of the Porla.
23 - Fast Day. Of the Feria.

By an error the beautiful poem on page 7 of this issue, ontitled Irish Lace Workers," is su Irish Lace Workers," is subscribed "Anon." The author is Miss Guerin Montroal.

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

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 known that Mr. E. E. Sheppare his Kingston brother-Liberal are no confidence of the Canadian hierarchy.

We are glad to hear that the gene rous and inspiring line of action adopt od by His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston, in regard to the re-estab lighment of Regiopolis College has evoked a response worthy of th able and learned prelate, and of the cause ho s so deeply at heart. The College is prospering and is rapidly attracting students to its balls. 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 resp of Reg opolis enjoys a tage; and this fact that Protestant as well as Catho lic parents are not likely to forget."

We have already made reference to a press conspiracy in the United States against Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbong 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 annoyanc and had developed into such a nuisan s caused no little annoyance, 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:

or mease, snown mave the desired effect:
"Roam, 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 Cathollo University.

versity.

Your Excellency will authoritatively dony all such falsohoods, which are the prodony all such faischoods, who does not duct of reprehensible manoevrings."

"M. Candinal Ramfolla."

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 **., are covered with infamy. We think such Liberals as our correspondent take the weakness of hir. Laurier too

seriously. It is never too late to mend, and they will not be wors Laberals because they are better Catholics. The true Liberals of Can-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 office hunters, are she 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 annou that Mr. Greenway will attend a Liberal banquet in the city of Mon-treal "to pledge himself and his Gevcrnment 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 ontered into with the Federal authori ties does not differ in any essentia point. Is he weakening in his hostil ity to Catholic schools, that a banquet should be needed to fortify him in the pursuit that 'ias given him all the fame he onjoys? Let the Liberals food him or take whatever natural asures to prolong his that may be recommended to them; that is their business, and business is business. The party cannot afford to lose him; he should be banquetted every day of his life, if high living with him. But to profeeding is intended to him in his operations against Catholic education ic either a poor joke or bad

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 Cana-dian premier to the public view in a most contemptible light. How one political side can think of him differatly from the other is not easy to se Examine his political 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 want to the west, where he fraternized with the anti-Oatholic extremists, and coined verbal tit-bits of derision to apply to the Archbishop of St. Boniface. He filled in the resi of derision to apply to the Archibishop of St. Boniface. He filled in the rest of his time writing correspondence for his nowspaper, 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 pay. "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 on to remark that Archbishop Lanegvin did not deserve to be con sulted 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 Abbo 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 Montaigue 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 man kind. 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 Majosty's Privy Council" ought to have brought the emissary to his Not at all; artifice and finesso are not even now abando intriguing emissaries are still at work upon the hopoless enterprise of bring-ing about an ecclesiastical misunder-

the imagine that, by their and lying, they can "play" the succeeded in 'playing' the French Canadian Liberals and the Ontario and Manitoba Orangomen, 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 pumshed for his judi-cial lecture on the Irish idea of enjoyment. He has caught it, we we say, exactly to the taste of the humane Mikado that over 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 menstrous misunderstanding of a joke. An Irish joke he thought it. The Irish people of Guelph could not for the life of them see it in that light; and the they thought of it the less or 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 in-variably pressic sort of business they have to transact. Another explans tion is that the Councillors are mostly Scotch. They seldom joke, having no comprehension of any other than Scotch humor : and Scotch jokes ar well known to be as rare as they are excellent. It is not on record when the Wellington County Council in dulged 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 nouse...
for the architectural beauty and generabout the court house in Guelph County Council justly takes credit to itsolf. Knowing this, his Lordship made use of language generally dero-gatory to the Guelph temple of justice. The Judge broadly hinted that the ing 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 Counbe communicated to the County Coun-cil. It is in acknowledgment of his Lordship's compliment to their taste that the Wellington County cillors 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 abridgement, so we publish it in the exact terms in which it was read by Mr. A. M. McKinnon at the last meeting :

least meeting:

3. In connection with the clause about the court house, we freely admit that ours is not as modern as the one in Porth County. However, we must say that we agree with the opinions of Chief Justice Armeur, whom he stated some tro or three years ago that cur court room was ample for all purposes for a good many years to come, and were considerably aston'shed to find that the views hald by the Chief Justice were not endorsed by Judge Robertson or the grand jury at the Fall Assires. 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 ought to know that about one-half of the judges, lawyers, juriets and othere using it would to know that about one-hair 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 cree tion of now buildings, we wish to place on record our conviction that no court room the county could build would be any tog good to accommodate the people who this county could build would be any too good to accommodate the people who have sprung from the same old Ireland that produced Blake, McGuee, O'Connell, and the great Lord Wellington himself, who, as all historians tell us, was the only man on earth who could and did provent 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 offices than stuffing the heads of Caradi jurgs with a let of nonenna to the duties of their office than stuffing the beads of greatl jurors with a lot of nonsense about new county buildings, and, no doubt, when the time arrives for building thom they will be placed in a more central locality.

Had Sydney Smith himself lived to eruse this exquisite minute of the Weilington Council, he would instant-ly 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 yenture to say that, even in his Lordship's opinion, the framer of this resolution would not make an ncompetent editor of Punch One feature of this joke we especially commend; it is eminently calculated to restore case and good feeling where Judge Robertson's mistaker where Judge Robertson's michael to restore Robertson's michael to restore deal of soroness.

Catholic Fiction.

A couple of articles appear in this issue of THE REGISTER on Catholic novels and novolists. It may be wondered why we republish the edi-torial 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 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 born to adversity. You see the Church con hardly be said to be an advocate of the Catholic novel to begin with Even the love that "lives happy even in matrimonial immunity from human care is not the greatest con sideration; and the novel, whether Oatholic or Unitarian, that leaves such pleasant love out of its plot, is but a play of "Hamlet" without Hamlet. Eternal salvation must never be ignal salvation must never be nored; and the novel, being long ago consecrated to the contemplation of earthly bliss, did not look for and of course, did not receive religious applauso.

Then again there has been an evo-lution 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 crotic fic-tion 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 ot 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 tellors until the well of gure fiction ran dry Some Catholic names appeared among the modern writers, too, notably in England ; but this made no perble difference in the tendency of the

We hardly know when the American Catholic novel had birth. We are, perhaps, able to discern its begin ngs comparatively far back with the efforts of a few devout ladies to provide a little suitable reading for the young. The American publishing 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 ex perience of a great commercial con-cern can keep the "school" in hand, at the same time that mere projudice against the Catholic atmosph re, which against the Oatholic atmosphere, which has, no doubt, in the past prevented Catholic writers from finding a free market for their work, is no longer a barrier. The 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 pare light literature, and if that literature is to be Catholic in sone the greater is the gain. We find this fact now generally admitted. But the Ca tholic novel will defeat its own purpose if it depart completely into doctrinal propagancism. 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 propagauda as we have suggested must be very slight. But if, on the other hand, the Catholic novel look to reveal the boalth, 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 h 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 Turte's "shrill clarion" has a rift omowhere within it, and it is rumored that having lost interest in the Cornwall and Stormont election he is now contemplating a trip to China. There is some reason to sup-pose that he would not be less orna-mental to Canadian politics, while he might be cheaper to the country and re useful to his party, if he ntends to reside intends to reside in the Orient. Father Ocrbett's letter will not held to keep him amongst us longer that he otherwise would stay, and when he zono wo will all repo-taste of black tart out of our is gone we will all resolve to get mouths. Meanwhile th lime (magnifique) " settlement " does not settle. Le Semaine Religiouse 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 ontered upon a new phase. It will be observed that the language of will be observed that the lauguage of the Montreal paper is almost the identical language with which Mr Laurier's omissaries 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 nowly made friends in On-tario 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 oitter disappointment, those who are disappointed need not break out into abuse and bluster against the uthority which no one asked them to invoke, but which they were leterm ned to try to intrigue with, they have their answer plain, clear and unmistakeable, and we hope they ma; not forget the purport of it.

The United States and Spain.

Maceo the leader of the Cuban rebellion is dead, and the news of the United States have it that he was assassinated. It is said he was invited within the Spanish lines unde a flag of truce, and once caught in the This report has set the indignation of the people of the United States and of Spain blazing, the former crediting everthing disgraceful of 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 got what 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 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 urces 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 Spaniah administration of the island colony. The popular feeling that is urging the American government to intervene can hardle be said to be the most intelligent opinion of the republic. Still it is strong feeling, and it is not impossible that it may compel action at Washington. In that event there can hardly be a second opinion that Spain would accept the challonge, 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 nover has been, much of a national check upon the war spirit of mational check upon the war spirit of the powers—there is not now, as there nover has been, much of a national check upon the war spirit of the process the reader with the convertible to the process the callenging him to now and higher only the process the callenging him to now and higher will be reader. strong feeling, and it is not impossible

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 in-glorious conclusion that could befull it. glorious conclusion that could betell it. Ho still persists in political mischilof making; and from latest appearances his ingonious resources are almost inexhaustible. With the aid of a priest, Father Matt Ryan, curate at Sologhead, Tipperary, he has started a "People's Defence Fund," to keep up the pretence of retaining the favor and influence of the clergy. Father Ityan gained a little notoriety once upon a time by reason of an effort made by him to give back the repre-sentation of South Tipperary to a local landlord. Mr. Healy naturally finds in him a supportor 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 Omeath on the 4th, the following resolution was unanimously

passed:

That we strongly and emphatically condomn the solfish and obstinate action of our
representative, Mr. Healy, in porsisting to
disrupt the National movement, against the
majority of the Irlab Party, and declare our
total want of confidence in him.

Once Mr. Healy is retired to private life, or to be bench, he will be an object for Mr. Chamberlain's admiration that Irish Nationalists need not lose

The Angel of the House,

A maid of fullest heart she was; Her spirit's lovely flame, Nor dazzled nor surprised, because It always burned the same. And in the heaven lit path she tred, Fair was the wife foreshowe.— A Mary in the House of God, A Mertha in hor own.

-The late Coventry Paimere
Renunciation.

[FOR THE REGISTER.]

Renounce thy pleasures! 'Tis the pen ance tide :

Forego that yo may gain !" The very air Seems laden with the message; and the

right robes of autumn all are laid saide. Nature, indeed, hath with the rule com-plied; thad man, the nobler, will be not forbear? Ah, yes! For well be knows that all who share

auare Truo happiness have first themselves denied.

Of late, we read a youthful here's deed Of self-donial for a younger child. And surely hath the Babe of Beth'lem

On that brave act, and Christmas joys decreed. We, too, the Infant Saviour's smile would

Renounce we these, and be our fast from sin;

The Head of Christendom.

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 spanking of the Pope as "the head of Christendom"—"when the influence of the head of Christendom leasoned" was his precise phrase; The "Journal" says "England is a part of Christondom" saud "the King or Queen of England is the action of the British Empire, so days as the British Empire, no doubt, but the British Empire, no doubt, but the Roman Catholic part. It is a mere matter of opinion and das's, and we have no fault to find with him on the latter core, for speaking of the Pope, at the time in question, as the head of Christendom rather than of Henry Eighth. Moreover the learned editor Christendom rather than of Henry Eighth. Moreover the learned editor seems to be forgetful that a large body of Canadians would entertain the same opinion and compley the same phrase. But there can be little question that the Chief Justice is right, 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 oven now to regard Queen Victoria as "the head of Christendom" wall set up a claim for our own Prosident.

From The "Catholic Register."

[ORPHAN'S HOUQUET, BOSTON.]

A SCATHING REBUKE.

Father Cornett Replies to Mr Tarte's

Involent Attack

Isoslesi Attack
the Editor of The Cornwall Standard.
Isoslesia Str. Lo Cultivatous nowspaper,
ch appears to have been swern to
office of "dovil"s advocate" for the
nutroddon Catholies of Mantoba, and
ch, by a rollex process; makes it the
major of the strengible and their down-troddon Catholics of Mantoba, and which, by a rotlox process, makes it the champion of its own editor, and their nemy, the Hon. J. Israel Tarte, gives space in a recent issue to a signed article examenating on a few words of dectrinal guidance speken by me at High Mass on Sanday last. A translation of Le Cultivatour's article appeared in last night: Star, the original I have not seen. Permit no to say, Mr. Editor, that the attack will fall short of its aim, as every personal onelaught from such a source accessarily must. Fo be attacked by the man who could breather the black usumation of treachery against the late nature of the such as the such as a contification of the such as the such a

y.

oro extended notice, however, is
ed for regarding the following paswhich is presumably a fair transno Lo Gultivatour's article:—
did not," he says, "meet a single encued man in the West who did not exshe sentiment that a much older and
r man would have escaped many fatal
udence, into which Mgr. Langevin has
b."

cooler man would have escaped many fatal indicates. Into which Mgr. Langevin has Mgr. Tarto's language, like his philosophy and his religiou, is the language of regation. To say that he did not meet a single onlight need man in the West which did not expect the man of the man of the work of the man of the m

them to speak differently, they well we have quierly their words would be pected.

Dat upon you and your aspersions.

Tarte. You and they are sited dissipated by the period of the peri

of His Graco the Archbishop of St. iface.
Mr. Corbett would have preferred,"
Tarto concludes, "that I should not y gave gone to Cornwall. For my, in the interests of religion, it de have been botter had Mr. Cormado a political speech elsewhere in out the altar steps." The day is when Mr. Tarto's opinion touching a the interests of religion will be or solicited or heeded if bluntly sk upon us. hanking you, Mr. Editor, for bearing me at such longth, I beg to remain Yours truly,
Gronge Commer.
Pastor of St. Columban's Church,
Cornwall.

merits of a constitutional quostion far beyond their comprehension. Pseudo-leadern sought to be doubt the issue, warp the padgment, and inflame the padgment, and inflame the padgment, and inflame the padgment, but the presentations and fabrications till the context became one between the two (Chiefman charchess direct, bitter and indications till the context became one between the two (Chiefman charchess direct, bitter and fested.) beyond their comprehension. Pseudo-leaders scapit to be cloud the issue, warp the indigment, and inflame the passions of the electors, the real pidges, by mis-representations and falsifications till the contest became one between the wealth of the contest became one between the in-

representations and fabsiteations till time content became one botween the two Christian churches—flores, litter and unrelenting.

The would be champions of the Protestant church betrayed at once their unfitness for the position they assumed as leaders by torgotting that her ways are ways of pleasantness and her paths those of peace, strewn with the flowers of Christian charity and good will toward all men of the poppies of forgetfulness of peat misdeeds, and the bright passion flower of hope. Religious autipathics (also that they should exist) were called from the grave whonce they mover should have been recurrected, and the men who in 1875 attested their devotion to Protestantism by attacking and atoning a Sunday procession of men, women and children, again ralled their followers with the impiring airs of Croppies Lio Boom.

And Well lick the book of the calculationary of mention. The content of the conten

quanticates a representance of an Orango lodgo people by being a member of an Orango lodgo Do Protestant editors, who in their press advocate the rettraceging of our construction of the people who break the windows of Catholic churches, who refuse to elect a Catholic mayor, or oven a Catholic chairman to a municipal committee; refuse to contribute to a Catholic hospital; dole charity by proportion and not by need; attach objectionable Masonic symbols to a municipal building orected in part by Catholics; have children taught in public school trustees to qualify in an Orango or P.P.A. lodgo; organize secret societies for the destruction of the roligion most closely resembling their own; hoot Catholic priests and teachers on the streets; propagate scandalous stories about their cleries; whisper "Bloody end to the Popo;" in

the Himbo in the parliament of religious?
Will the men who for six years studied
this school question and whose mental
irresolution or party's exigencies required a further six menths consideration, and the men who wilfully obstructed
righteous legislation, accept responsibilities their errors entail? Will the men
who with such vigor demanded that
Manitoba be permitted to estelle her own
'achool law accept Mantoba's answer of
the 23rd instant? And that we Protestants of Ontario may see our own intelerance, may we pray for
"Same power the giftie gie us,

"Some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us It will from many a blunder free us, And foolish notion."

Dean Harris at Oshawa.

(SPECIAL TO THE PROPERTY.)

Dean Harris lectured on Wednesday ovening in St. Gregory's church, and it was very unich to be regeted that there was not a larger audience present. Father Harris is a gentleman of magnificent physique and possesses all the qualities so necessary to make a successful public speaker.

estath neighbors, we mea invariably size less opposition, less blootry and less bad-feeding all round would be manifested.

While the Dean would not utter an unkind word of any fellow Christian still be thought it a pity that some teachers and preachers, though sincors in wintover they might believe, at the same time did not really know how to give an honest and fair exposition of those beliefs of the Catholic Church when they attack them and leave on the minds of their hearers such greeksque and ridiculous impressions that we have to raise our voi. and protest against each misropresentations. When the abonimable lies of the Chiniqui and the Margaret Sheppard's are believed by some, it is bad oneign, but we wantour good honest neighbors, those whose friendship and good will are dear to us, to hear our side if they want to do justice and give fair play. It is needless to say that Dean Harris gave a most adoresting discourse which was well received by our separated brothern who numbered nearly one half of the audience.

Rev. Father Jeffeott in a few words thanked the Dean for his kindness and and those friends who were present. He recretted the small attendance. The singing of Mozart's Gloria and several other beauful pieces shows the choic to be most efficient. Miss Sarah Healy sang as well as usual. Miss Maggio presided at the organ.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

E. B. A.

ST. PAUL'S BRANCH, NO S. TORONTO.
The meeting for the election of officers was well attended and great interest taken in the proceedings, the following officers were occleted for 1897:
Prosident, P. Hurloy; Vice-Prosident, J. Neill; Rec. Secretary, J. Cleary; Fin. and Ins. Secretary, A. McDonald; Treasurer, J. Liston; Quard, E. King; Stoward, J. Taylor; Inside Guard, E. T. Taylor, J. Liston, Thorousing Stoward, J. Taylor; Inside Guard, C. Thorowas a good attendance of members and the various offices were closely contested. the following being elected: Chaplain, Rov. Father Seaulon; Charcotti; Vice President, J. Louergan; R. Secretary, J. Hanrahan; Ins. and Fin. Secretary, J. Hanrahan; Ins. And Fin. Secretary, J. J. Hickey; Treasurer, J. H. Primona; Stowarda, E. R. Ward, J. Collins, W. J. Devlin, R. McAuliffe; Marshal, R. McAuliffe; Asst. Marshal, C. Wall; Inside Guard, W. J. Devlin; Outside Guard, James Collins.

V. Lann, S. T.

C. M. B. A.

St Michael's Branch No. 85, have olected the following officers for 1897:—Spiritual Advisor, Roy. F. Ryan; Prezident, Pr. Charles McKenne, 1st Veizo-President, Thomas McGuire; 2nd Vico-President, Walter Hughes; Recording Secretary, Thomas McGuire; 2nd Vico-President, Walter Hughes; Recording Secretary, Philip Smith; Fix unancial Secretary, B. J. Dyole; Tresusorial Secretary, B. J. Dyole; Tresusorial Secretary, B. J. Warshal, E. Pipett; Guard, A. E. Lawrence; Trustees, M. Kailly, Wm. Winterberry and R. Dissettis Meetings are hold in St. Vincent's Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of overy month. This avecication issues life insurance policies for \$500, \$1,000 and \$2,000, and the cost to its members iv as low as can be made by any other society. Any person who wishes information about the association, can obtain same from any of the above officers or by attending a meeting of the branch.

branch.

Church of Our Lady,
Mercadante's Vespers were given by
the choir of "Our Lady of Lourdes" on
Sunday. The chorus work was very
fine. The phrasing throughout was
most artistic and showed that the choir
completely undorstood the work. Miss
Kennedy sanz in a most touching manner. Miss Kennedy possesses a voice of
wonderful floxibility and pronounced
swectness, Judging from the present,
great results are expected.
Miss Vora Coxwoll roudered the
"Gloria Patri" very devotionally. Rossinis" "Quie set Homo' was masterly
roudered by the Misses McCarron and
Tyman. Great credit is due Miss Sullivan who has raised the choir to the positionithow holds. Father Walsh preached
a very impressive sormon on the Gospel
of the day.

**Married by Archhibhon Fahre

Married by Archbishop Fabre.

Married by Archbishop Fabre. A touching and impressive ceremony took place on Wednesday morning in the private chapel of his Grace Archbishop Fabre at Montreal when at his express desire the marriage of his nicce, Mille, Fabre, to Mr. L'Africian was colebrated. Nowithstanding his feeble condition, the ceremony was performed by Mgr. Fabre in person. The marriage which had been arranged to take place in January, was hastoned in order that the desire of His Grace might be gratified. The ceremony was of the most private character, only the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom being present.

Almanac of the League.

have gave gond to Cornwall. For my part, in the interests of religion, it would have been better had Mr. Corbett made a political speech closwhere than on the altar stops. The day is past when Mr. Tarto's opinion touching upon the interests of religion will be upon the interest of religion will be upon the interest of religion will be thus of the solicited or heeded if bluntly thrus upon upon. Mr. Editor, for bearing with me at such length, I beg to remain Yours truly, Gronox Counktt.

Rastor of St. Columban's Church, Cornwall.

Blindness of Intelerance.

To tike Editors of Tike Catholac Registers.

Sir.—In forming a judgment on a ladicial question the prerequisite is disinterested upon the interested present of the work doue by the content of the subjects which the clause and which he clause and which he clauses and with the subjects of sects. In speaking of the use of indicating the or mosel from precenceived views and projudices, making the romoval of the beam secondary to that of the mote.

In the recont electral countest many electrons were called on to decide, the

arrived at about the Mantobs school arrived at all, as the Catholics have not been given the Separate Catholic schools to which they act out the continuous and by the decision of the Queen's Privy Council. It ways "The Mantoba school puestion is not settled it has only entered apon a new phase. An understanding has been reached between the Federal Government and the Provincial authorities of Mantoba, and it is he lid that at the councy session of the legislature of that Proxince there will be prosecuted certain amondments to the school law of lism, the tener of which have been published in the newspapers for some time part. They have about the continuous of the legislature of that Proxince there were also should be a supported of Catholic and separate schools, and could not be opposed by the onemes outed not be opposed by the onemes of the public. No doubt, these changes will be sanctioned by the Mantoba Govern at the public of the opposed by the Mantoba Govern and the public of the opposed by the Mantoba Govern and the public of the opposed by the Mantoba Govern and the public of the opposed by the Mantoba Govern and the public of the opposed by the Mantoba Govern and the interest of the free of th

Mgr. Langevin going to Montreal.

Mgr. Langevin going to Montreal.

Winnipro. Man., Decomber 14 Archishop Langovin loaves to-day for Montreal. His Grace has many motives for going East at this particular time, but the principal oues are to be present at the bedside of his friend, Mgr. Fabro, who is dying. Mgr. Fabro ordained Mgr. Langovin to the priesthood. Another reason for his visit is to meet the Quebec prelates and formulate a plan of campaign for the school question.

Agents Manted.

ICLAREN, DENTIST, 212 YONGEST. PIRST Class \$10 sets teeth for \$5.

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THEREN THOUSAND FOR THOUSAND ACRES imber last; estimated to be to twelve million feet; and three thousand conds shingle boils good a bor, mill site and pond. But a pend-sula; uven-cumbered; or exchange is good farm. Address "Timber," Carnone Royales Office, Poronto.

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shape-short coat and long boys the Tuxedo coat is the newest thing. Call and these fine holiday goods. Call and see

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 New and Beautiful Watches,
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DOMESTIC READING.

No man is more to be pitted than the one who is satisfied with himself.

the one who is satisfied with himself. The most trilling actions that affect a man a credit are to be regarded; the sound of your histainer at tive in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer. but if he ever you at a bit introduction, or heave, your voice in a tayern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day, and himands some of it before he can receive it in a lump.—Franklin.

Sooner or later, every human being

receive it in a lump.— Franklin.
Sooner or latter, every human being comes to know and prove in his own estate that freedem of will is the only freedem for which there are no chains possible, and that in Nature's whole reign of law nothing is so largely provided for as liberty. Sooner or latter, all this must come. But, if it comes later, it comes through clouds of antagonism, and after days of fight, and is hard bought.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Jackson.

Laterature is the voice of the age and of the State; the character, energy and resources of the country are affected and imaged forth in the conceptions of its great minds; they are organs of the time; they speak not their own language, they scarce think their own thoughts, but under au impulse like the prophotic enthusiasm of old, they must feel and utter the sentiments which society inspires.—E. Everett.

There are persons who are nover

thusiasm of old, they must feel and utter the sentiments which society inspires.—E. Everett.

There are persons who are nover casy 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 nother the owner nor anybody else can find thom. This is a sort of magpie faculty. If anything is left where you want it it is called litter. There is a pedantry in housewifery as well as in the gravest concerns.—William Hazilitt.

the gravest concerns.—William Hazlitt.
The constructive and creative faculty is more or less in us all—else why
have we this hand? Are its uses
exhausted in putting on our clothes,
earrying food to our mouth, grasping
another hand, bearing arms in wartime, or being doubled up into a fist
—this wonderful hand, which from
the world's foundation and crude substance makes its own tools, directs
the most delicate instruments of
science, and rules the heaviest machines? There is a clumey managing
or olse a beautiful art in every hand.
To do is more than to know.—Cyrus
A. Bartol.

Not the warrior, nor the statesman,

To do is more than to know.—Uyrus A. Bartol.

Not the warrior, nor the statesman, nor the master-worker, as such, but the teacher, in our day, leads the vanguard of humanity. Whether in the seminary or by the wayside, by uttered word or printed page, our true king is not he who best directs the siege, or sets his squadrons in the field, or heads the charge; but he who can and will, instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that at least some few of the generation of whom he is shall be wiser, purer, nobler for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work of which he was a humble instrument, to its far grander and loftier consummation.—

A Child Carel of Eccemb by Chan's Claiment.

I Child Cared of Eccessa by Chase's Obsteed.

"My sla-year-old daughter, Bells, war affilied with exzems for 24 months, the principal seat of eroption being boiling the ears. I risel shift to be being boiling the ears. I risel shift to be the control of the con

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?"

Cured of Chronic Catarra,

A Remarkable Curo — J W. Jennison,
Gilford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in
consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all
other treatments but got no benefit. One
box of Chav's Catarra Curo did me more
good than all other remedies; in fact I conider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box

* thah.

Actor: "When I am acting I forget everything about me. I see nothing but my role. The public disappear entirely." Friend: "I don't wonder at that."

thinnes*s*

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

oil makes the healthiest fat.
In Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil the taste is hidden, the oil is digested, it is ready to make fat.

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a package in a selson-colored wrapper with the picture of the man and lish on it-you can breat that man i

50 cents and \$1.00 T & Bowns, Chemists, Believille, On

FIRESIDE FUX.

Chiles "Did he tell you he couldn't beak Trench?" Merritt: "No." tles "Then how did you know?" territt "He speke some."

gorint "He spoke some."

North, tress (trying on one of her new goar), "North, how does this dress (it "North without looking up): "Not very well, ma am. I found it a little tight under the arms."

little tight under the aims."
Miss Sharpe "t celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday to morrow. Miss Oldfield "Indied! And isn't singular! So do L." Miss Sharpe: "Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first first."

time.

'Oh, ah—pardon me, Miss Minnie,
but at what age do you think women
should—ah—marry? You know the
newspapers are discussing the ques
ton. "At about my age, I think,
Mr. Timid," she replied, sweetly.

Air. Timid, she replied, sweetly.

First Rider. "Jim, something has punctured the pneumatic tyre of my boyele, and the wind is all coming out of it." Jim "Never mind, old fellow. Here comes a Member of Parliament, and we'll get him to fill it up again

"Mr. Prettyboy kept me awake two

"Mr. Prettyboy kopt me awake two hours last night."
"How was that?"
"By singing 'Sleep, My Lady. Sleep, under my window."
Roberts—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, and I don't know which of them this telegram is from.

gram is from.
Roberts—What does it say?
Benson—Simply "Yes."

Benson—Simply "Yos."
"What do you mean by 'salting' a
mine, popper?" saked the small boy.
"Is it anything like salting moat?"
"No, indeed," answered Mr. Bittwuntz. "Whon a man salts meat it
is because he wants to keep it."

is because he wants to keep it."

"So you've lost all your marbles, eh? Well, it serves you right. Boys always lose who play on Sundays."

"But how about the other follow, who won all my marbles?"
She—Why do you insist that Jenny See is particularly accomplished?
Ho—Because she can fry a doughnut so it will taste like angel cake.
Teacher—Whoo should a man use "Your humble servant" in closing a letter?

letter?
Pupil—When he's writing to his wife.

wife.

"You can't both ride on s single ticket," said the conductor, sharply,

"Oh, I guess we kin," answered Josh, with perfect confidence, as the threw his arm around his blurhing companion. "If you'll look se this here document you'll see that me and Martha's jost been made one."

Mazbey—Sort of a far-away look in Bingley's eyes, isn't there'? Cozzey—Yes; that's because since election he has had them on the con-sulship in South Africa.

Memorial Church Rectory.

Rev. Canon Richardson, London,

Ont., Sends a Record of

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS With People Restored to Health

by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

London, Sopt. 29, 1896.

S. S. Ryckman Modleino Co,
Ifiamilton, Ont.
Dear Sins—I take much satisfaction
in seuding you this record concerning
persons living in Loudon who have used
"Kootensy Gure," and with whom I
have had personal interviews and can
youch for their statements. Mr. C. B.
Hamilton, aged 32, a miller, and highly
respected citizen, was troubled with
Sciatica of a very aggravated type for
over twelve yoars. He began taking
your medicine last spring and has now
gained entire freedom from pain and
does not suffer any symptoms of the
troublesome disorder. Mrs. Sarah Burdick, aged 33, widow, has been for seven
years a victim of Pezouna. She was
unable to wear her clothes and fremds
had to wait on hor as on a child. She
bean to take youtmedictine to her
tooly. Eight bottles of the medicine
cured the disease that was thought to
loo incurable. A most actoniching cure
is that of Mr. Patrick Ryder, aged 70, a
roticed farmer, well and favorably
known. He was sorely afflicted with
intermittent Rheumatism for some
thirty-six years. About a year age he
could neither dress nor undress hiuself,
but after taking your excellent moditine, the Rheumatism left him and he
is not only well but a very active man
to his years. Mrs. Sarah Judge, living
in Wost Nissotri, had Neuralgia and
to his years. Mrs. Sarah Judge, living
in Wost Nissotri, had Neuralgia and
to his years, Mrs. Sarah Judge, living
in wost Nissotri, had Neuralgia and
to his years, Mrs. Sarah Judge, living
in by the content of the skin slaw ould either have been in the
asylum or the grave. Mr. McGrowan, 85
years of age, has endured agony during
the past year from a disease of the skin
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asylum or the grave. Mr. McGrowan, 85
years of age, has endured agony during
the past year from a disease of the skin
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heart figuration of those whom yea
have relieved of suffering by your valuable and relieved of suffering by your valuable and excellent "Kootouny

FARM AND GARDEN.

Some observations contained in a Solido buservators continued in a solidiori just issued by the Ontario Agricultural College are of practical interest. The report of Fruit and Fruit Trees deals with the great yield of applies. The yield was enormous, the merket is glutted, and in many countrue, more especially in Western Ontaria, thousands of barrels of good applies are coing to waste. The average price per barrel paid farmers is from 40 to 60 cents, extra choice being slightly higher digares, and poorer sorts go lower. For these prices the grower is usually expected to plok the fruit, board, the packers, bring in the ompty barrels and carry the filled ones to the station. Some aver that it pays better to feed the fruit to lire stock, The coding worn and vive canker worm have been reported by a canker worm have been reported by a hulletin just issued by the Ontario pays botter to feed the fruit to live stock. The coding worm and the canker worm have been reported by a few correspondents, but the bulk of the statements regarding the quality of apples claim that the fruit is remarkably free from worms or other mjury. Ice storms last winter, and the heavy bearing of this season, have caused a good many limbs to break, but fruit trees generally are in good condition. Crape vines a vigorous growth, and the yield of fruit was abundant.

As the drougth of last summer was very[irregular in its distribution th reports as to pasture are varied. In reports os tol pasture are varied. In a faw townships of the west grass was short even after the fall rains; in other townships the reports are that fall pasture was never better. In the cast it has been good to excellent. On the whole there has been glonty of good pasture. Stock are in good condition, no trouble of any consequence being reported from any quarter. There appears to be plenty of fodder for the winter feeding, an improvement on a year ago. The reports indicate that market supplies will be fairly abundant, but the universal complaint of low prices is again more with here. The lowest record is 140-pound for cattle, live weight (Renfew Co.) Apples have been freely fed to stock, to logs especially; milled and rape have turned out well as supplementary crops; but mention is made principally of corn as the most welcome addition to fodders. The effect of instruction is most apparent; farmers are growing their corn in drills in place of broadcast, and are growing the varieties recommended by the officers of the Ontario Experimental Farm and others who are making special study of corn growing. The varieties are numerous: Manmonth Southern Sweet, Red Cob Ensilege, Compton's Early, Long-fllow, etc., are frequently mentioned. Some stock it in the field for winter use; others dry and stand it on and in the barn, and many others store it in the sile. In some sections siles are increasing in number, in others they are being discarded—opinions differ as to ensilege being more profitable than dry curing. The acreage of corn is certainly increasing more rapidly than the construction of siles. a few townships of the west grass was short even after the fall rains: in

The common sunflower is a The common sunflower is a native of America. In 1660 it was introduced into Europe, and is now extensively cultivated there, particularly in Russia, where it has been grown for fifty years, principally for the oil contained in its seedlike fruits. The seeds, atter the shells are removed, contain 31 per cent of oil. This oil is clear, light yellow, nearly orderless, and of a peculiarly pleasant and mild taste. It is said to be superior to both almond and oilve oil for table purposes, and is used in making soap and candles for lighting. In Russia the larger seeds are seld in immense quantities to the lower classes of the people, who eat the kernels as we do peanuts. The stalks furnish a valuable fertilizer, while the green leaves are of cied, pulverized, and mixed with meal as food or cows. The stalk produces an excellent fibre. It is said that Chinese silk goods contain more or less sun flower fibro. The se called Niger seed oil is made from a species of the sunflower fibro. The se called Niger seed oil is made from a species of the sunflower family, which is a native of Abyssinia. It furnishes the common lamp oil of Upper India, where it is largely cultivated. of America. In 1569 it was introduced



"Myskycer old daughter, Bella,wasamleted with eczema forgi months, the principal seat of cupidon being bellind her ears. I tried almost wery remedy I saw advertised, bought finan-rable medicines and soops, and took the child o medical specialists in skin diseases, but with ut result. Finally, a week and I nurclussed.

Sold by all dealers, or on receipt of price, con.
Address, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

Chats With the Children.

HOW NAMES CLAIM CAME BOWN THE CHIMNON. Last Christmas eye, when we were snug in

and all the lights were out, Tommy, he

"I'd like to know how 'tis, with track and

hat Santa Claus got down the chlumey "Lot's lie awake and see and then

know;
Won't it be fun to see him squeezed up so
And so we laid awake, but bye and bye,
I got to sleeping some with my left eye.

But still I saw the chimney with my right, And bye and bye there came the queerest

man no bigger than Tom Thumb, With a little pack no bigger than a drum Came sliding down the chimney more and

more, Until he went kerbumb upon the And then he looked around

spelt,
But very soon his pack bogsn to swell,

It kept a swelling, and more and more and

more,
Till it was bigger than the parlor door;
And then I saw that it was full of toys
And books and dolls, and things for girls and boys.

and boys.

And soon the little man has grown so tail, He didn't seem to be a dwarf at all

A) I then he took some things out of his pack

And filled "my stocking till I thought "twould crack.

And then the pack grew small, and small

and small,
Until it wasn't bigger'n nothin' 'tall,
And Santa Claus ho was a dwarf once

more, And olimbed up back as he had come be-

Then just as Santa Graus got out of eight I opened my left eye and it was light, And there were all the things for Tomm;

n me, A-bursting out just as I know they'd be, But when I told him, Tommy laughed and

said,
I was a foolish little sleepy head,
But bye and bye, he sad, "It must be so,
For Santa Claus had left the things you

Clarence Hawkes in Three Little Folks

HOW THE CHRIST-PLOWERS GAME

It was Christmas eve in the Black Forest. The whirling snow touched the tree tops; the starry flakes clung to the branches or fluttered down, pure as rose petals wafted about on the breath of angels. Soon the frezen earth was hid from view and a great white world waited, in solemn expectation, the coming of the Christ-Child.

Child.

Silonce lay upon the Forest. The charcool-burners tended their smold ering fires and dreamed of home, or, with simple faith, listened for the shopherds' message and the angels' sone.

deepered and spread, till the charcoal burner's hut became as an ante chamber of heaven. Hans and Gret when fell on their knees in advantion

chamber of heaven. Hans and Grot chen fell on their knees in advantion. The babe they had harbored was passing from their vision, floating upward as it borne on angels' wings, his tiny handsoutspread in parting benediction. The children wept for the loss of their playmate. "Ruew you twas the dear Christ-Child, who came to us, and hath returned to Heaven. To-morrow thy father shall show thee the spot where he found the Holy Babe."

Babo."

When the morrow came Hans led the little ones into the Forest, and where had been a bed of snow, lot flowers bloomed, great waxen blossoms with hearts of gold and petals like silken floss.

"The Christ flowers!" cried little Greta, and kneeling before them, as at a shrine, the peasants solemnly recorded a own to succor each Christmas Day some poor child in honor of the Holy One, who had been their guest.

And so, in the Black Forest, is still told this legend of how the Chrysan themums or Christ-flowers came.—Donahoe's Magazine.

ON THE WAY TO WORK.

It wasn't much of an incident but it stopped the noontide travel and blocked the busy street. Car conductors muttered impatiently; and lurrying pedestrians, defeated in their efforts to reach their goal, grumbled loudly, and wedged their way through the crowd to see the cause of delay. The cause was so little, so holploss, so pathotic in its infinite trust, that frowns changed to smiles, and impatient words gave place to terms of pity.

Lying between the rails of the track at the crossing Lying botween the rails of the track at the crossing was a weary baby; her stubby little shoes quite worn through at the toes, the red bounct and taugled hair pushed back from a chubby face from which the blue eyes looked out, sleepily at the curious She had wendered far, and over-

She had wendered far, and over-come by fatigue sank down trustfully in the arms of death. She was too young to know how to pray, but her trust was prayer, and her shield was the wings of her guardian angel.

Providence took the form of a big policoman, who lifted the tot from her daugerous bed, raised her to his broad shoulder and earried her off to safety. It was only an incident, a little wave of excitement in the monotony of the work-a-day world, but an artist, with a soul as well as brush, might have found an inspiration for a modern representation of our childhood's prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—Donahoe's

THE ROSE MAGE.

We happened to be in the old city of Luxomburg, and of course went to the cathedral. We were there bright and early, for it was the feast of St. Aloysius.

There stood the statue of the Patron of Youth on the sanctuary stops, as if the saint were coming half-way to greet his clients. Soon a procession of children began to file in—the boys and girls of the parcehial schools. With them came an overpowering fragrance, for every child carried a bunch of roses. When all were seated, the church looked like a gay rose-gardon.

charcool-burnors tended their smold cring fires and dreamed of home, or, with simple faith, listened for the shopherds' message and the angels' acug.

When the midnight hour was night a cound broke the stillness, the wail of a chuld in distress. The charcoal-burners crossed themselves, and hudded closer to their fires.

"The the cry from Bethlehem," said Johann reverently. "The Christ Child is born."

"No child of the Black Forest would be abroad to night?" asked Hans, uneasily. "It might not be one of our little children?" in the Black Forest could be so carcless. Content thee, Hans, thy little ones sung in their cot dream of the angels, while thy good frau guards their sleep. It is, as Johann says, the echo from Batthelem or 'mayhap we have nodded and dreamed."

Hans was slient, but presently stole away into the enow-wreathed depths of the Forest. A voice in his heart was urging him on.

"May the star of Bathlehem guide maright, he prayed." "If a child he abroad this holy night, lead me, alary little hours.

Again the wail of distress motoupon his ear; a sob was the answer to his prayer; and stooping down the charcoal borr. If lifed from the sow a babe, escantily wrapped in swadding cothes. Its feeble strength was almost spent, so placing it in his breast Hans sped through the Forest towards his home.

The hammuter sat by her babes, her face, beautiful with mother-love, radiant in the glow of the Curistmas lights burning on the humble tree.

"I have brought thee one more, Gretchen," he said, as he placed the babe on her boson. "Succor it for the Christ. Child's asker."

"Whe was born to-night," answered the mother, gevily, and her or flowed out to the waif, warming it back to life, and played about him merrily, Hans and Gretchen looking on, a great content in their hearts.

Suddenly a radiance not of earth illumined the humble abode; the waif was encircled by a glory that

Suffering



Alasl women do suffer. Witv, we flen cannot tell, but we know there is one graticause, and that is weakness. The leadaches, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the merry haz a common cause- weakness. At such times a woman lawer of the cannot be a ferred a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,



By its purity and its power it furnishes a prompt relief for women in their hours of need, and if the grateful expressions which come up from the form of the land about what SAFE CURE has done were printed, they would fill volumes. If you, reader, are a sufferer, can you not take hope from this seg-gestion?

gestion (
Write body for free treat ent blank,
wanter's sac Gur Co., Rochester, N. V

WINNIPEG CATHOLICS. Mass Meeting They Protest Against The School Settlement

School Settlement
Wishipko, 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 fell

nimously passed:

Laurier. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

1. We very respectfully but most firmly, protest against the torna of that arrangement. We affirm they are wholly insufficient to redress our wrongs, while they utterly fail to make good the pledges solomally made to the olectorate by the members of the Federal Ministers for trying to force on the Catholio minority a proposal so inadequate, and in the negotiations for which the minority itself was not consulted, and the night offered to the most prominent and most trusted representative of the minority itself was not consulted, and the night offered to the most prominent and most trusted representative of the minority in this controversy—the Archivishop of St. Bouiface—who was designedly ignored in the negotiations. The policy of conciliation for reaching a sottlement way prove, but it is a farce to callit conciliation for reaching a sottlement way prove, but it is a farce to callit conciliation for reaching a sottlement way prove, but it is a farce to callit conciliation for reaching a sottlement way prove, but it is a farce to callit conciliation for reaching a sottlement way prove, but it is a farce to callit conciliation for reaching a sottlement way approached in that spirit, while the other party, and that the one which has been very under the own country to respected.

3. As loyal citizens of a British company to the British constitution, whose mainstay is an honorable adherence to the spirit of the British constitution, we domand that the constitution of our own country be respected.

ind constitution of our own country be respected.

4. In the matter of secular education we are most willing to submit, suder reasonable conditions, to State regulations and State supervision.

5. Under the law of the province, for under the law of the province, be under the law of the province, for under the law of the province, be under the law of the province, and modification, as suggested by she judges of the Privy Council, our grievances be comoved, and our essential rights in this respect be restored.

6. Through the proceedings in appeal the Parliament of Canada is now empowered to deal with the question and give us rolled. We recognize that by provincial legislation as more casy remedy could be secured, but this being denied us, we can but look to parliament for justice, and we appeal with confidence on the law of the provincial rights and the provinces, but to all lovers of the provincial rights, and case where federal legislation is to but all approved the federal gainst the victors and saural curry that federal legislation is a constitution of the provincial rights, in a case where federal legislation is not better the province of the provincial rights, in a case where federal legislation is not better than the provincial rights, in a case where federal legislation is not better than the provincial rights, in a case where federal legislation is not appear to the provincial rights of the provincial rights of the provincial rights of the province of the provincial rights of the province of the provincial rights of the province of the provincial rights, the Roman Catholia Legislature of Quebec, and that the provincial later, and another to Ottawa by Protest and because of the cry against interference with Quebec's provincial rights. The Roman Catholia minority of Manitoba in such a case of the cry against interference with Quebec's provincial rights. The Roman Catholia minority of Manitoba in such a case of the cry against interference with Quebec's provincial rights. The Roman Catholia minority of Man

cate the failure of justice through such a cry.

9. That these resolutions, signed by the chairman and secretary, he pris.cd, and copies be mailed to His Excellency the Governor-General, to Hon. Wilfred Luurier, and several of his colleagues, to Sir Charles Tupper and several mensurers of his late cabinet, and to such other persons as the chairman and secretary may think proper.

Singers, public speakers, actors, and tioneers, teachers, preachers, and all who are liable to over-tax and irritate the vecal organs, find, in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a safe, certain and speedy relief. A tinely dose of this preparation has provented many a threat trouble.

The Irish Lace Workers.

James suggested by a pleas of the wrought by a

Lange suggested to a place of the weighted to the beauty with the passand with a sure things there are enclosed the they stretch mysterious hands. To exce, and we, half-decaming, follow their light commands; flarts throb o'er wayside blossoms, on breath of music rise. And little shining star-rays make ladders to the skites. In asilos of great cathedrals we walk with mitred Saint, For all we see of the unseen, is but a phantom fain.

phantom fail.
One low word spoken thrills us; we sigh
for pictured face;
And I've beheld a vision in a piece of Irish

Oh! sen-crowned Irish mountain! Oh

epirit-haunted hill t
Oh I glen where angels wander (we call
them faries still),

them faries still).

No wonder, graving on you, o'er flower besprinkled plain,
She senght, with magic shuttle, to bind you
in a chain.
She had no poet learning, yet as her bobblus
flow.

flow, The pattern she was weaving had poen

The pattern she was weaving had poems woven through.

While all day long she labored, with sunshine in her face,

And still her white hand fluttered about the

filmy thing. theme ethercal growing.-And still

the bird did sing.

agh sometimes want and serrow, and oruol sacrifico

Seemod asking as an off'ring, a young ilifo's poorloss price.

She breathed to it her troubles, her trials

and her fears,

And it grow whiter—whiter—for it was
bleached with tears.

The love of home and country—the valiant
pride of race—
She wore them all together in this lovely
Jrish lace.

And in and out, upon the mesh, she wrought a thought divine,
Among the weaving tendrils, of a softly

elinging vine, And here a modest primrose, for in the primroso time
She thought her very heart-beats were set

She thought her very heart-beats were set to ringing rhyme;
And now it was a shamrock; but holy was this leaf,
She crossed herself devoutly with act of firm belief;
The angels smiled upon her, a smile of tender grace,
And counted all the stitches in this holy

Oh ! light and fragile tabric, thou still has

strength to stoor
Thy mossage o'er the ocean, to these that
greet then here.
We read, along thy tracing, that true and

honest art
Still lives, with pulses throbbing, within
the Irish heart:
We feel the subtle presence of a spirit like

our own.

The fragrance of the primrote has not entirely flown;

And through thy slender fibre methinks that I can trace

A golden thread of kin-love in our own dear

Irish tace.

God speed thee on thy mission I Go, cast thy flower-genmed net, And capture hearts, and bind them; the world must know they yet.

Appeal to the art-lover, the generous

alluro;
Go, turn thy loamy whiteness to bread for
Irish poor;
Annunciate the future—the sweetness of thy

one, vio music trembling, will reach heart-

depths unknown;

As ann through May mists chining, Irish
genius, Irish graco

genius, Irish graco
Look through thy vell with burning eyes,
sh priceless Irish lace!

HER HEART'S APOLOGY.

There was a blaze of lights in the Van Arsdale manslon, 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!

The passor-by was wrong however, for this was in reality a small and entirely impromptu affair, arranged by Miss Estherina at a moment's notice, in honor of a party of friends who had some up from town to dine with thom, and were going back by the midnight train.

The friends had expected to meet

come up from vortices and were going back by the midnight train.

The friends had expected to meet Mr. Aredale in town, but at the last moment he had sent them word that he had been unavoidably detained, and would not be able to come up until the 0.80 express; and now, instead of Mr. Van Aredale, a boy had come with a telegram, which said: "Shall not be home to night; staying with Judgo Blank. Send law papers down by Dick to-morrow."

down by Dick to morrow."

Miss Estherina laughod gaily.
"Just like poor, dear papa," she said,
"not to remember that Dick has gone
to Oxford, for Charlio Davis's wedding!" And turning to the friends
from town, she added, with amusing
plaintivenees: you really ought to let
yourselves bepersuaded to romain over

now. How can you think of going downto-night and leaving poor mamma and me, two lone womon, alone in this wilderness of a house?"
This gaze rise to many josts and bright suggestions, one of which was that Mrs. and Miss Van Aredale should abandon the house and accompany their friends back to town. But Mrs. Van Aredale added the elimax to the amusement of the party by her complacent announcement that "she should not be afraid to stay in a haunted house with her daughter, for Esthorina was as good as any man."
There was at least one man among the little company who thought that Issthorina Van Aredale was better any man—or than any other young woman, and he thought too, that the object of his adors tion had nover locked more lovely or more unattainable than head all the night. Her black gaze

object of his adors tion had nover looked more lovely or more unattainable than she did that night. Her black gauze dinner gown was so wonderfully becoming to her rich coloring and majostic style of beauty; and her dark eyes were as brilliant as the superbonds not diamonds which lay upon her perfect neck, and rose and fell and fashed its thousand points of light with her overy breath and motion.

"But, Miss Van Aradale," question da a youth from the otty. "if you

"But, Miss Van Aradalo," quection od a youth from the ofty, "if you should be awakened to night by a burglar in the house, what would you do?"

do?"
"Shoot him!" sho replied without an instant's hesitation, and Mrs. Van Arsdale added:

sdalo added : "Estherina is a good markswoman, d indeed I was myself in my carliest days."
Harold Ingram lingered a moment

Harold Ingrain lingared a moment after the other guests were gone.

"Mrs. Van Aradalo," he said, 'joking aside, will you not permit me to stay here to-night on guard? I assure you I should be most happy—."

nappy——''
Ilo spoke to the mother, but his eyes
were fixed upon the daughter's levely

were fixed upon the daughter's levely face.

"Mr. Ingram, you are very kind, but I could not think of such a thing. And you must not take our jests os seriously; my daughter and I have often been alone together, both in the country and in town, and neither of us is at all nervous."

"But, at least, cannot I be of service in closing up the house?"

Ilis eyes sought Estherina's with a mute appeal, but sho only smiled and shook her head.

"Haundau always sees to the closing

must appeal, but sho only smiled and shook her head.

"Haunah always sees to the closing up; you are really very kind, but there is nothing you can do."

There was no possible excuse for lingering now, so, with a gentle presence of her lovely but upresponsive hand, he went away; and his heart grow heavy as he traversed the few hundred foot that lay between their homes, and thought how self-reliant Estherima's nature was, and how hopeless it seemed that she would over accept his protection or his love.

After Ingram's departure, Mrs. Van Aradale went at once to her room, but Estherina remained in the drawing-room for a few minutes, while Hannah was locking up the house. She bent for a mement, over a jar filled with the roses that Ingram had brought to her that night; and as she inheled their fragrance, she thought, with a mild compassion, of his infatuation for her, and wondered a little why it had not been possible for her to roturn his affection. She certainly liked him, but then she liked a dezen other men as well; and she tried to find some sufficient reason to explain her indifference to them all. "Must be because I have never found a nature as strong as my own," she thought." It would be insufferable to be tied to a husband upon whom I must necessarily look down; and it is the fate of all strong natures to he level, see the level to the head over the transfer to the head over the transfer to the level, to stand a cost the transfer to the level, to stand a cost the transfer to the level, to stand a cost to the seed to be seed to be seed to the seed to be a substand upon whom I must necessarily look down; and it is the fate of all strong natures.

found a nature as strong as my own, she thought." It would be insufforable to be tied to a husband upon whom I must necessarily look down; and it is the fate of all strong natures to be lonely—to stand apart by them selves, as if upon an inaccessible mountain height."

Looking up from her raverie, she saw Hannah struggling with a window which refused to let itself be sint.

"Come, let us try it, she said." There?" she added, triumphantly; for while Hannah held back the lace draperies, Estherina had reached forward among the palms, while gracely fightly filled the window riches, and, with a slight exertion of her superstrength, had closed the unruly window and turned its refractory eatch. Then she draw back with a little smile of satisfaction, not unpleased to have shown physical superiority as well as the mental power of which she was so proud.

She slowly ascended the broad stairway while Hannah was extinguishing the lights, and she saw with some surprise that her mother had made all of her preparations for the night, while she had been dreaming in the room below.

"Come, hurry a while, Estherina," Mrs. Van Aradale said. "You will stoop in my bedroom with ne to-right, and I am tired and want to get quieted scon."

and I am tired and want to got quieted soon."

Estherina therefore hurried rather more than was usual with her, and in a few minutes entered her mother's bed-room, ar stately and landsome in her dainty whiteruffled wrapper, ever which her luxuriant dark heir fell in heavy braids, as she had been in her black gauze evening gown so short a time before.

Then she looked the doors and put out the light.
In the middle of the night Esterma was awakened suddenly by a sound like steathy footstops on the piarzs roof. Like a lissh 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 batk, and that the burglars they had been talking about for years had come at last!

Quickly and softly she arose and shipped on her wrapper, while she awakened her sleeping mother with the words

shiped on her wrapper, while she awakened her sleeping mother with the words

"Hugh! — den't be frightened; there's a man on the roof. If I see him I shall shoot?

Swifely reaching the table where it lay. Estherma eaught up the revolver, and then turned to the French window, which stood open upon a tiny balcony. The whole place was bathed in moonlight. She saw a shadow pass swifely across the piazza roof, and disappear just where a ladder was uproared outside the window of her dressing room.

"Thioves! murderers!" oried Estherina, in a ringing voice, and the roport of e rovolver was heard on the still tar. Again she orted out: "Help! Robbors! Don't let them get away!" And again and again the sharp roport of the rovolver rang through the night.

Answering ories were heard in the distance, and soon swife approaching footstops; and while Estherina still stood litte a beautiful statue in the pale moonlight, a smoking rovolver clasped in her hand, and Mrs. Van Aradale crouched in the window be side her, Harold Ingram came dashing up, the first to arrive, hastily dressed and breathless, and white with alarm.

Other neighbours quickly followed; the frightened servants came flosking down, and a thorough search was made through the house, and also through the grounds, lest the thieves might still be lurking in the bushes about the place.

Estherina's statement was calm and positive; and the ladder, together

unrough the grounds, lest the thieves raight still be lurking in the bushes about the place.

Estherina's statement was calm and positive; and the ladder, together with heavy footprints on the soft turf below her window, were additional and most convincing proofs of the attempted robbery, which as far as could be ascertained in this first lasty examination, had been without success. After a while those who had come to their assistance went away one by one. Some went to earry the story of Estherina's bravery back to those at home and to see that their own fastenings were secure, while others had gone to rouse the eleeping village official, so that active measures might be employed to trace the would be robbers.

Topbors. Ingrata had again offered his services to Mrs. Van Arsdalo, and this time she had accepted them gratefully, for she had admitted that she felt a little nervous now, and drended lest the robbors should return. So during the few remaining hours of the night he remained in the house, pasing slowly to and fro in the now dimly-lighted and quiet drawing room, so recently the scene of brilliant raparcee and mirth.

and quiet drawing room, so recently the scene of brilliant raparice and mitth.

Estherina, meanwhile, cat by the window overhead and watched the monlight grow pale and fade away in the first dim light of dawn. She wes not nervous, but calm—yes very calm, and well satisfied that she had proved herself so efficient in the late emorgency—even though in the uncertain monlight she had missed her aim.

The pale light on horizon grow rosy in the glow of the coming sun rise. Estherina saw that her mother was sleeping peacefully now, and she went softly to her own room to dress, and then, early as it was, joined Ingram, who was now walking up and down the gravel path before the door. She was sunoyed to find that he had removed the ladder, though from the orushed and tramped grass she easily found the place where it stood As she was looking at the heavy foot prints she discovered something else—a olet of red that stained the ground, and then another—and still another.

She turned to Ingram, he too, had seen the orimson spots and started visibly, but he checked the words that had risen to his ligh, as Estherina said, in a low voice:

"Then I must have hit one of them, after all. See, you can trace

said, in a low voice:
"Then I must have hit one of
them, after all. See, you can trace
him by these drops of blood here—
here; he went around the house and
off in that direction."

She straightened berself, and went

She straightened berself, and went on, composedly:

'I thought last night they had not taken anything, but I was mistaken. My diamond condant is goue."

Ingram started, and a curious pallor overspread his face.

"Your pendant the one you were last night gone?" he stammered.

"Yes," she reglied: "I carelessly loft it lying on the bureau in my dressing room. I never thought of it again until this morning, and then it was gone. The ladder was just outside of that whadow," she added, significantly.

Ingram seemed so disconcerted at this intelligence that Estherina thought scornfully that was not much of a man, and she felt something very like a contemptuous pity for him at the moment.

"Now I wish to recover my non-

before.

She carried a little case of polished wood, which she placed upon the table, saying, composedly:

"Dick's revolver: it won't be needed, of course, but it's just as well to have it handy."

"Ike a contemptuous pity for him at the moment.

"Now, I wish to recover my pendant at any cost," she went on, after a short pause. "I am very fond it, aside from its value; and I am more anxious to get it back than to

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 hambs at once, and also to advertise in all the papers, offering a suit able reward, and us questions asked?"

"Don't do that, I bog of you, Miss Van Ardsdale," Ingram said, impulsively. Van Ardsdaio, Angelin.
sively.
Estherina looked at him in some

Estuarina looked at him in some surprise.

"Why not, I pray?" she asked, with a slight elevation of her beautiful lovel brows

"Because for you I dread all such publicity; and—and I think the chances for the pendant's recovery are better the more quetty we can work. I wish I could persuade you to leave it entirely to me."

But the idea of publicity was not altogether distasted to her; and when The Weekly Gazette made its appearance, with a long seen account of Miss Estherina Van Ardsdale's beauty and bravery, she bought then account of Miss Estherina Van Ardsdale's beauty and bravery, she bought then throadcast to her friends.

But neither the slow local authorities nor the detective could succeed in tracing the robbers; nor did the advertisements, which were repeated week after week in the papers, bring any tidings of Miss Yan Ardsdale's precious diamond pendant, and Estherina had now begun to despir of ever soeing it sgain.

But the thieves had made no further attempts to enter the house, which had now been made doubly secure by the latest patent burglar alarms, and by the presence of a fine young mustiff, which Dick had brought with him from Oxford, where the news of the burglary had reached him.

The summer festivities had gone on without interruption, and every different set of guests at Van Ardsdale's had been regaled with the story of Estherina's bravery, until that young woman had begun to tire of all the praise that she received.

Oan warm afternoon she was half reclining in her low plazza chair, awaiting the return of a driving party of Dick's friends. Ingram, on his way up from the train, had seen her there alone, and joined her.

Conversation had now languished, and Estherina was watching him from under her half-closed cyolids, half amused at his glances of unities guised admiration in her direction.

He was still her devoted attendant—her slave—upon whom she looked and Estherina with son him exactly, but his unfailing attentions, after the inovitable question had been asked and answered.

As they w

nation impelied her to look from her window at what was taking place below.

But she was all unprepared for the sight which met her eyes. Ingram, upon she had looked down so long from her superior height, had not attempted to escape, but had esught the brute by the throat, and was holding him out at arm's length, while his singers were closing tighter and tighter, like a vice, choking away the struggling animal's breath.

But would Ingraham's strength hold out? She had never dreamed of such strength in those slim, white hands. Would not the brute, in his agony, wronch himself free, and bury his cruel fangs in the flesh of the man she—once—thought she despised?

"Ah!" She caught at the window frame for support, for Ingram, suddonly hurling the weakened brute to the ground, had eaught up his heavy stick, and dealt a blow so swift and true, that Lion noither moved nor moaned.

Still trembling in every limb, Estherina slowly descended the broad

stick, and dealt a blow so swift and true, that Lion noither moved nor moaned.

Still trembling in every limb, Estherina slowly descended the broad stairway. Once or twice she had to stop a moment to recover herself, and when she at last reached the piazza, lngram was gone, and two of the workmen he had sent wore carrying the dead mastiff away.

Suppose, in the desperate encounter, the dog's teeth had even grazed his hand! The auxiety and suspense she felt were maddening, and she hastonened in to send the first servant she could find, to follow Mr. Ingram, and bring her word whether or not he had ecsaped unhurt.

She went into the drawing room, to await the answer, and there the first thing that met her eyes were the had costing that he word in the stillight. A feeling of shame came over her and mingled with other now and unknown enotions, as she thought of her sudden and cowardly retreat, and contrasted it with Ingraham's rinstant courage.

She had lifted one of the plants up right and had returned to raise an-

The Same Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Aver's The same old are possible at was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboral evid to different. There modern appearances band speed to drift and expertence. But the sac spatificants the same consumption of the Bishop and the region of years of cur's Will, where noth in the condition of the Bishop and the rapidity. "Double, the better that the same old. "Tool nealth laws not a latter that, and it is said, "from each that where not a latter that, and the same old. But he can be suffered by the same of the property of the prop

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now." Large many the content of the

Indeceived."

Her haughty pride was now all gone, and with a new, sweet self-shasement, she said:

"You are the most generous and the bravest manlicet man I have ever known!"

known!"
It was not Estherina's nature to do anything by halves, and when she stopped down from her lofty pedestal she enthroned Harold logram upon it in her stead; but he is still so much ia love with his beautiful wife that he has nover yet abused his nower.

Beaucsts for Masses.

"An examination of the present condition of the law in America regarding the validity of bequests for Mauses for the soule of deceased persons, by William Dillon, LL D., of the frish Bar, and of the American Bar, States of Illinois and Colorado."

Of this book the Hon. Thomas A. Moran, late judge of the Sourt of Appeals of the State of Illinois, writes:

Chicago, Nov. 17th. 1000

writes: Chicago, Nov. 17th, 1896.
William Dillon, Esq.:
Don She how the state of th

other, when she saw that the fallon 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, yethalf concealed by the fallon fragments and the earthen pot of prostrate palm. She bent down, uttered a low ery, and rose sagain with her long lost diamond pondant in her hand!

At that moment Ingram entered the room.

"They told me you had sent over to inquire. I am unhurt, but should be beyond measure happy if I thought that you really cared," he said.

"I do care," she answored, slowly, while her colour came and went. "I care very much; I think I have been looking at things all summer through the large end of the glass; and—and it hasjust suddenly been turned round, but—I cannot see things plainly even now."

Her upturned glance was almost appealing; Ingram had never seen her eo levely, so gentle, before.

"Look," she continued, slowly, and the diamond pendant glittered in her outstrotched hand. "I have found this; it was in that broken jardiniere; there must have been just space enough for it to lie concealed."

"Ah," he exclaimed, with evident satisfaction, "I was sure it would be found at last!"

"Found!" she repeated. "Then you think it was not stolen?"

He bit his lip, but did not reply, and she went on hurriedly:

"Could it not have been solen and after wards placed here by the thief, either out of fear of discovery or for other reason, and knowing that it would be found and restored to its owner some day. I see you do not think so; but then, how clae could it have come here?"

She passed and seemed to be rapidly considering her own question in early light, then she stated and said.

The "practical suggestions" re-forred to in Judge Morau's letter con-tain precise directions as to how bequests of this character should be

bequests of this character should be framed and are accompanied by forms. The book is published in two forms, iz.: (1) bound in card-manila cover, price 50 cents; and (2) printed on oxtra fine, heavy, book paper, and bound in cl'2h, price \$1.00. It can be had in other form from the suthor, William Dillon, Rand-McNally Building, Ohicago.

LUMBAGO CURED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Did what Doctors

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM Gives Way to this Marvellous Remedy, as Do All Affictions arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Kidaess.

Did you over, after weeding in the gardon, or wor, ing over a low bench or table, in a steoping posture, try to straightou up and feel a sharp pain as of a kuife thrust through your kidnoys? That is lumbago.

When it becomes chronic it is one of the most agouizing forms of Rheumatism. Sufferers from it have been known to commit suicide. They would gladly pay any price for surcease of pain.

pain.
Did you over have it? Do you know that will cure it? Do you know that the same romedy that has made marvellous and many cures of Ridney Discasses of all kinds and descriptions acts as magic charm upon this excreciating affliction?

seaso of the season of the sea

"THEODORE YOUNG,
"Smith's Fall, Ont."
"Gentlemen—I have been troubled for over oue year with feunds weakness and urival trouble. I have consulted a dector, who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse at times. I would be deaf and short-sighted. I was told of Dold's kidney Fills I got one box, and I have ouepletely cured. My urine is natural now. You may publish this if you like, that it may help others."
"MRS. GEORG E BARNES,"

American • • • 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 novellate. First, in alphabetical order, is Elleason O. Donnella, of Philadolphia. Though essentially a poot her stories reveal great higemuity of plot, cluver delineation of character, and strong describing one of the solid protection of the stories of the head had held and the solid protection of the principal story of the Philadolphia lady surpasses her English sister in the buoyancy of her "Vision of the Monk Gabriel" furmished Longfellow with the themo of his "Legond 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 Donnell, now in her

in the opening couplets a long-town in her in Legend."

ANNA HANSON DORNEY, now in her eighty second year, is one of the pioneers of Catholic light hierature in this country. Whom her first story, "The Student of Blenheim Forest," appeared, our Catholic writers of fetion could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. There were Dr. Charles Constantine Piese and Charles James Cannon, horn Catholics; John D. Bryant and Dr. J. V. Huntington, converts—names almost forgottou—and, maybo, one or two others. D. Byant and Dr. J. V. Intentions on converts—names almost forgotton—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 Notro Dame having presented her with the Lastare Medal, which is given only to some Catholic who has rendered "cminent" service whether to the Church or the American public.

who has rendered "eminent" service whether to the Church or the Amorican public.

ELLA LORAINE DORSEY, the gifted dughter of the lady just monitioned, 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 Tsar's Horses.' in The Catholic World, and "Back from the Frozen Pole," in Harper's Magazine. "The Tsar's Horses." was at first attributed to Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, and has been reprinted in England and Australis. Miss Dorsey is one of the very beet writers of boys's stories in the country. Her "Midshipman Bob" went through several editions here at in England, and has been translated into Italian. MAUNICK FLANCIS ELOX IS too well known to our readers to need any introduction. Her is a poet, essayist, journalist, and all-round literary man. He was at one time editor of McGeo's Weekly, then assistant editor of The Catholic Review, and afterwards associate editor of The Preeman's Journal. Later, he was professor of English Luterature at Notro Dame University, and now fills a similar position in the Catholic University, Weshington.

Rev. Frances J. Fran, S.J., when be began to write for boys was unknown and was working against great odds.

rersity, washington.

Ray. Francis J. Fins, S.J., when he began to write for boys was unknown and was working against great odde. Catholic stories were dull; they dealt, as a rule, with persons and places freign 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" him he boys were real live American boys, with all their virtues and their faults. He has been writing now for about elsevn years, and his stories have lost nothing of their original charm and freshness.

Watter Lecky's name, though un

WALTER LECKY'S name, though un-WALTER LECKY'S name, though unknown five years ago, is to-hay farm liar to all readors 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 aftord ample thomes for his pen. Living at present in the wilds of the Adirondacks 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 scenary, the woods, the

work. In 1870 she published her first novel, "Valorie Aylmer," which prove' an immediate euccess, and sines 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.

and since has lived chiefly in Mexico, where her husband has large mining interests.

Mart A. Sadler, now seventy-six Mart A. Sadler, now seventy-six years of age, while quite a young girl, coat. ibuted a number of poems to a London magazine. Shortly after her advent to this country she married James Sadlier, of the publishing house of D. A. J. Sadlier, 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 diamaed, the means of preserving the faith to number best went fifty and sixty, including translations, were, it is diamaed, the means of preserving the faith to number best Sadler work, is diamaed, the means of the sampled 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 Leaters Medal, from the University of Notre Dame. She is of a kind and sympathetic nature, and many are the yoor and friendless who have profited by her charity and assistance.

ANNA T. Sadler has inherited no small part of her mother's talent for writing. She has been a frequent contributor in press 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 certical literary ventures was "Seven Years and Mair," a novelette published by the Harpers in their Half Hour Series. She is also the author of a number of other original stories, besides travalsting many from the Versen and dirensale region, or the French and Italian.

Rev. John Talanor Shitti stands in the very foremost renk of American Catholic writers of fiction. He lived for some time in the Adionask region,

Rev. Joint Tailor Shith stands in the very foremost rank of American Catholic writers of fiction. He lived for some time in the Adironack 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 Oulture," "Solitary Island," and other clever novels.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, post-traveler, actor, romanoust, and professor of Ensieh in the Oatholic 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

versity 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. Howell has said: "He produced the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that over were written about the life of that summer occan," the south Ses. His genius lies in his "wonderful reproduction of the everchanging 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 unanimously to say that he has written in his "South Sea lylls" is not alone for now, out for all time.

The very best story of each of these writers is to be found in "The Round Table of Representative American Catholle Novolitste," 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, stetshes of their lives, and a list of works. The book is finely printed, put up in an appropriate and elegant binding, and sells for \$1.60 No better or prettier Christmas gift can be found.

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ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.

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

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 pan. Living at present in the wilds of the Adirondacks 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 seemery, the woods, the waters, the creatures—human and otherwise—of his rural homo. His writings are full of ideas expressed in the museum in the States, a "working museum black" of the creatures—human of American Catholic novelists. The laughter of Colonel Charles F. Fisher, a Confederate officer who was killed in the battle of Manassas, in July 1851, sho was deeply affected by her father's death. She shut horestell 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 bugant to with when she was very young, and in her affliction she found solace in literary

praise for their ornithological collection, which is undoubtedly one of the boat in all Canada. Provious to the boat in all Canada. Provious to 1860 these were the only large nu seums owned by Oathole institutions. McGill University had long ore this created the Redpath 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 Burvey, since transferred to Ottawa. But all these nuseums were the work of non Catholic corporations, aided by the princely gifts of mon prominent in the world of science and finance.

It is but a few years, comparstively speaking, since the Rev. Joseph C. Carrier, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, formerly director, as well as founder, of the secentific department of the Notre Damo University, in Indiana, began, as a labor of love, the herculean task of creating a museum in connection with St. Laurent College. Perhaps no one could have been found better able to undertake thus immense work than the Rev. Father, who has spent nearly half a century in assiduous and exclusive study, broken only by a term of threy years when he served in the war of the robellion 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

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 Notro Dame; and here his trutiful teaching and erudition have brought him into prominence; but his innate modesty is the exemplification 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 chape, are as follows: Leegth, 144 feet; width, 40 feet; height to manusard roof, 62 feet; height to the op at the observatory, 87 feet; total height, 288 feet.

In the department of numismatics Some years ago the Rev. Father, at

feet.

In the department of numismatics
are many ancient and modern coins,
representing the money of various
countries, medals, both religious and countries, medals, both roligious and civic; magnificent classified collection of stamps, comprising full sets from many countries, and more than 200 Papal modals. In the dopartment of fine arts is a grand collection of stchings, photographs, mosaics, soulptures in marble, olay 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 featherwork, objects in ivory, and various work, objects in ivory, and various department of antiquities is rich in Mexican and Indian bead and featherwork, objects in ivory, and various articles which date back to the coloniate 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 detailed description of the meant of 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 guthered from nearly all the habitable quarters of the globe, the value of of which is almost priceless, representing, as they do, in their classified form the genuis and erudition of the rev. collector. It may be remarked that once before the R-v. Father had accumulated a magnificent collection of objects of natural history which he installed in the nuesum of the University of Notro Dame, but which wass, unfortunately, almost entirely wass, unfortunately, almost entirely of objects of natural history which he installed in the museum of the 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.

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Poss 0 44	0 45
Buckwheat 0 34	0 00
Rye 6 354	0 00
Oats 0 234	0 24
Barley 0 2.	0.33
Hay 13 00	14 00
Straw 9 00	10 00
do 10080 6 110	7 0
Rogs, now laid U 18	
	0 20
Ducks 0 40	0.50
Butter, 1b rolls 0 15	0 20
do tubs, dairy 0 12	0 13
Chickens 0 20	0.35
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