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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 47.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## SANDWICH.

The Story of Its Church and Its People.

A Western French Colony.

In our last issue in the course of an account of the labors of the Rev. Edmund Burke in this Province during the last years of the eighteenth century, incidental mention was made of the French Canadian colony at L'Assomption or Sandwich. It will be



Mr. T. GIRARDOT, P. S. I.

remembered that Father Burke's work with this portion of his flock was limited by the necessity he was under of traversing the length and breadth of the Province. Father Burke took leave of this his earliest missionary field in 1800.

Meanwhile the Catholics were progressing rapidly in numbers and in wealth all along the western frontier of this Province. From the township of Malden on lake Erie to Goderich on the northwest, letters were being constantly received at Quebec bearing most urgent requests for more priests.

French Canadian voyageurs had taken up land and established themselves in secure homes all along the northeast coast of lake Huron, and on the banks of the St. Clair and Detroit rivers. They were very numerous in the county of Essex and built churches and school houses in several townships. As early as 1802 two French Canadian priests, Marchand and Gation, were in charge of the Sandwich district, where they resided. They journeyed also to Malden, or Amherstburg, in the south, and to St. Ann's, Belle River, Stoney Point and Tilbury in the north and eastern portions of the same county. Father Marchand's death is recorded in the parish register of Sandwich as having occurred in April, 1816. He was succeeded by Rev. Joseph Crevier. All the names found in those valuable parochial records of baptisms, deaths and marriages are still borne by the industrious God-fearing Christian families, that yet fill the churches each Sunday, and form some of the most crowded and most pious congregations in the Province of Ontario. The Ouellettes, the Reaumes, the Jeannisses, the Marins, the Marenettes, the Babys, Beaubiens, Langlois, Kevils, Odettes and others quite too numerous to mention, are the names of the best families in those districts and they are all found in the parish records of Sandwich, Amherstburg

and the intervening parish, Riviere aux Canards.

After the consecration of Rt. Rev. Alex. McDonald, Bishop of Kingston, 1826, the parish of Sandwich was attended by priests of Scotch and Irish descent, who spoke French fluently and who by their zeal and energetic action in parochial administration became extremely popular with the "habitants." These were Rev. Angus McDonald, who was afterwards Vicar-General of Kingston; Rev. Father Hay, who became Archdeacon of Toronto and Hamilton, also Fathers Kelly and Foley, whose names appear frequently in the parochial registers—the Jesuit Fathers had charge of the parish from 1810 to 1860—during which time they erected the magnificent church of Our Lady of the Assumption and the front wing of the College whose turrets and tapering spire may be distinctly seen by those on pleasure bent who pass up and down the Detroit River in those moving palaces that in summer glide so majestically between Erie, Huron and Superior.

The Jesuit Fathers who wrought so successfully in the western mission were Father Duranquet, afterwards a noted missionary in the Manitoulin Islands, Fathers Vervais, Joffre and Mainguy also Father Point, the only survivor of all those saintly pioneers of faithful service in the west. Father Point, now over 90 years of age, lives in St. Mary's College, Montreal. He is still in enjoyment of good health and although quite deaf, attends all the exercises of the monastery from grey dawn till dark.

The Jesuit Fathers were changed, some to Montreal, some to Chatham, when the late Bishop Pinsonneault who took charge of the Diocese of London in 1856, transferred his see three years later to Sandwich.

One of the most highly respected residents of Sandwich, and one who has for many years labored unceasingly in the cause of Catholic education is Mr. Theodule Girardot, now Inspector of Schools in the county. When upon the accession of Bishop Pinsonneault in 1859 the much beloved Jesuit Fathers removed from Sandwich, an effort was made by the Basilians, then only recently established on this continent as detailed in a recent paper, to continue the work of the school they had founded. Fathers Maloney and Malbos went to Sandwich, but soon returned to Toronto.

To Mr. Girardot is due the credit of having maintained the good work until the coming of Father O'Connor. He assumed the management of the school and under his regime it was both efficacious and prosperous. He was assisted by a staff of competent teachers among whom were the present Vicar-General Laurent of Lindsay and Dean O'Connell of Mount Forest. Even in those early days the school had as many as sixth resident pupils.

During those ten years in which he did the work of the Church in the education of her children, Mr. Girardot was ably assisted by his estimable wife, who was endowed with excellent judgment and great facility in imbuing her pupils with something of her own remarkable attainments and culture. When the Basilians took over the work of the College, Mr. Girardot became teacher of a new school in Sandwich, being again assisted by his wife and afterwards by two other members

of his family. Mr. and Mrs. Girardot came from old France, but most of their large family were born in this country. Mr. Girardot has always held an enviable place in the esteem of his fellow citizens and has been more than once Mayor of Sandwich. He is now, as has been said, the inspector of schools.

The late Monsignor Bruyere administered the parish of Sandwich during Bishop Pinsonneault's occupancy of the See of London. He had for coadjutors Rev. Joseph Bayard now parish priest of Sarnia, Rev. Joseph Gerard late P.P., of Belle River, deceased, also at different periods, Fathers Desaulniers, Villeneuve and Duprat.

Windsor was erected into a new parish at that time with Father Wagner as its first pastor. There are very few in Canada who are not familiar with Dean Wagner's zeal and successful career. He has built a very fine imposing church edifice, costing 40,000 dollars, which being free from debt, was consecrated about ten years ago, several Bishops and Archbishops being present. The beautiful Convent in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary, also the Hotel Dieu Hospital, with its commodious and lofty proportions, are monuments that will long keep the memory of Dean Wagner's name and works fresh in the minds and hearts of future generations.

Right Rev. John Walsh, our present venerable Archbishop, was consecrated on the 10th, Nov. 1867. He remained but a few months in Sandwich. Judging from the central position of London, and the rapidly increasing population and importance of the Forest city, he had the See of the Diocese once more transferred thereto from Sandwich.

Mgr. Bruyere accompanied Bishop Walsh to London—where he continued to act as rector of the Episcopal Cathedral and Vicar General of the Diocese—offices which he fulfilled with much dignity and profit under both administrations.

After year's incumbency by Dean Laurent, the Parish of Sandwich, with its church and college, were given over to the Basilian Fathers, who, under the Presidency of Very Rev. D. O'Connor—now Bishop of London—erected two important additional wings to the college and beautified the church at a large expense, which has been fully met, and which leaves the Parish of Sandwich in a more satisfactory and flourishing condition to day than perhaps any other in the Province.

To Archbishop Walsh belongs the merit of having negotiated successfully for the invaluable services of the Basilian Fathers—for the building up of solid parochial work in Sandwich, and for the establishment on a permanent basis of a grand Catholic seminary that has already been fruitful of untold blessings to all Western Canada and to more than one diocese in the Border States.

The parish of Maidstone, ten miles in the interior from Windsor, boasts a very fine Gothic church in brick with accommodation for 700 worshippers, erected by the late Father De la Prunty and a beautiful parochial residence built by Father Molphy, now of Ingersoll. This parish is unique in the county, its inhabitants being all of

Irish descent, whereas all the surrounding communities are of French Canadian origin. It has, however, produced fruit in abundance and worthy of mother church, viz. one priest, Rev. Father Tiernan of London, about a dozen nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph, and one Catholic Judge, Judge McHugh of Windsor. The late Justice O'Connor was but six years of age when his pious parents came from Ireland to secure a permanent home in the township of Maidstone. In respect of children who have come to the front or have risen to comparative eminence, it may be fairly stated that the little Irish colony of Maidstone holds its own against all the other townships in the county of Essex.

Sandwich however gave two priests to the Church, the Very Rev. Remi Ouellette, Principal of the justly celebrated College of St. Hadinth, Quebec, and Rev. Ferdinand Ouellette, his younger brother, who was the first priest to receive orders at the hands of our present Archbishop, after his consecration as Bishop of London. Amherstburg and Riviere aux Canards also supplied one priest each, Rev. Father Renaud C.S.B., and Rev. Father Semande, C.S.B., who is now acting parish priest of Sandwich. Father Valentine lately ordained is a native of Windsor parish. There are several Catholics adorning professional life as well by their superior talent as by their civic virtues. In these districts Senator Casgrain has no superior in the medical profession; his many noble traits of character and robust Catholicity have long established him in the loving esteem and gratitude of his fellow citizens of all denominations. His son, also an M.D. gives fair promise of being a worthy successor to an honored and honorable father. Dr. Reaume of Windsor and Dr. Park of Amherstburg, although but a few years in practice, have already earned distinction as able physicians and earnest practical members of the Church.

Mr. James Cleary, solicitor, of Windsor, and Mr. Peters of Essex Center, in the same profession would reflect credit upon any church or any community. The former contested the seat of Parliament in the Reform interest at the last general elections, and well nigh succeeded in achieving a splendid victory. Mr. W. J. McKee, last though not least of those I will mention—one of the most conscientious attendants of St. Alphonsus Church—has been for some years Grand Treasurer of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association. At the last Provincial election he defeated all his opponents at the ballot box, and notwithstanding all the wily schemes and fanatical desperation of the I. P. A., was elected by a handsome majority to represent the north siding of Essex at the next parliamentary sessions of Toronto.

It may be seen at a glance how the seed of divine faith sown broadcast along our western frontier one hundred years ago, has borne fruit, and abundantly. There is every probability that, had the advice of the saintly pioneer and explorer, Right Rev. Edmund Burke, been taken and put in practical operation, when given, the Province of Ontario would be more evenly divided to-day between Catholics and the opposing denominations.

DIOCRUS.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Some Considerations of Irish Social Conditions.

## Work for an Irish Legislature.

In a recent speech Mr. Michael Davitt dwelt upon the scandalous neglect of the agricultural industry in Ireland and stated the condition of affairs in words that will repay attention.

"Our chief industry is agriculture, and it is a horrible comment upon and the strongest possible condemnation of the land system under which we live that we have to pay nearly a million a year for the support of pauperism, while more than two-thirds of the whole area of Ireland is devoted to the feeding of sheep and cattle, and to the consequent starving of labor. We have over 10,000,000 acres of land under grass and upwards of 1,000,000 of bog, mountain and waste; and I maintain that if this land could only be used for the benefit of industry instead of for rent, there would be neither unemployment nor poverty nor workhouses left in Ireland."

So emphatic a statement as that "there would be neither unemployed nor poverty nor workhouses in Ireland" calls for some consideration as to the possibility of its accomplishment. It will be as well also to consider the present condition of that portion of the population with whom poverty is an ever present evil.

It was in 1830 that O'Connell told the House of Commons that many thousands of persons were subsisting, if it could be called subsistence, on three half pence a day, and he significantly added that at the same time a four pound loaf of bread cost ten pence. He was looked upon as a successful laborer who could earn a half crown a week. This class of laborers it is who feel the keen pangs oftenest. They are not to be confounded with the tenant farmers, who, badly off though they be, are comparatively well housed and well fed, at least until their cabins are pulled down about their heads.

Perhaps fifteen years after this statement by O'Connell, there was written that other statement by Thomas Davis:

"In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns. Consider his griefs: they begin in the cradle—they end in the grave. Suckled by a breast that is supplied from unwholesome or insufficient food, and that is fevered by anxiety—reeking with the smoke of an almost chimneyless cabin—assailed by wind and rain when the weather rages—breathing when in his cabin, the exhalations of a rotten roof, of clay walls and of manure, which gives his only chance of food—he is apt to perish in his infancy. Or if he survives all this (happy if he have escaped from gnawing scrofula or familiar fever), and in the same cabin, with rags instead of his mother's breast, and lumps instead of his mother's milk, he spends his childhood. Advancing youth brings him labour, and manhood increases it; but youth and manhood leave his roof rotten, his chimney one hole, his window another, his clothes rags, his furniture a pot, a table, a few hay chairs and rickety stoves, his food lumps and water, his bedding straw and a coverlet—his enemies the landlord, the tax gatherer and the law—his consolation the priest and his wife—his hope on earth, agitation—his hope hereafter, the Lord God. Bitter it is to him to feel that this green land which he loves and his landlord scorns, is ravished by him of her fruits to pamper that landlord, twice bitter for him to see his wife, with weariness at her breast of love, to see half his little brood torn by the claws of want to undeserved graves, and to know that to those who survive him he can only

leave the inheritance to which he was heir; and thrice bitter to him that even his house has not the security of the wild boar's den—that Squalidness, Hunger and Disease are insufficient guardians of his home—and that the puff of the landlord's or the agent's breath may blow him off the land where he has lived, and send him and his to a dyke, or to prolong wretchedness in some desperate kennel in the next town, till the strong wings of Death—unopposed lord of such suburb—bear them away."

Let it not be thought that this picture, powerful as it is, is overdrawn. Sad, indeed, is it that the same may almost be said of to-day. It is not long since Mr. Justin McCarthy made the statement that there are in Ireland about 98,000 houses with only one room in each. "Of these most have floors of rough damp earth and roofs of rotten thatch; their walls are without plaster and a hole in the roof serves for a chimney. On an average the height of such a hovel will not exceed eight feet. Into some of these cabins will be crowded a pig, a donkey, and several fowls, along with the occupant and his family."

Speaking of one county where with he is familiar, and which is never used for sensational reports, Mr. McCarthy says there are 1,500 families depending on daily earnings for their existence, and that among these seven shillings a week is more above, than below the average wage.

The dwelling of these people is described as "a small lop sided wigwam, built of stones and mud, with a thatched roof, and with three holes left in the front wall to act the part of doors and windows. Into that castle of the Irish peasant truly the wind and the rain may enter. On wet nights the drenching showers soak through the ill thatched roof and come dripping down on the beds of the sleepers. . . . The food of the Irish laborer consists principally of potatoes, or else of Indian meal mixed with flour and soda. Tea of the thinnest and poorest kind, oftener without milk than with it, is the enjoyment of the laborer and his family."

There is not here room for more than a mere allusion to the marvels of virtue, patience, purity, resignation, lightheartedness and the love of knowledge which exist in spite of these conditions. The dominant fact is that the average wage is but seven shillings a week and that therefore the Irish peasant must still, as in the time of Davis, leave to his offspring only what he himself received. Side by side with this must be placed Mr. Davitt's statement that there are 10,000,000 acres of the most productive soil in the world lying in grass solely for the benefit of the landlord.

Let anyone consider the gravity of this statement. Here are fully three acres to every inhabitant, man, woman and child of the whole island. Consider the possibilities if such soil were utilized even for the primary purposes of raising food. There would be still left an enormous amount of land whereon to produce the requisite staples for the production of woollen and linen fabrics, starch, sugar and many other articles of trade.

Let it not be thought that there is no means of conducting successful manufactures. Coal there is in plenty, notably in Antrim, Tyrone and Connaught. The bogs too are a boundless source of wealth. Let the peat be properly dried and there is scarcely anything of superior excellence as fuel. Then too there is a wealth of water power. It is calculated that the annual rainfall exceeds 100 billion cubic yards. Granting that two-thirds of this pass off in evaporation there is still an immensity of water power passing over innumerable streams and rivers down to the sea. Of a surety here is a store of energy which in these days of electrical transmission

could be wondrously applied. Iron ore there is in abundance. Let but the people of Ireland once feel that their destiny is really in their own hands and we may expect a commercial and intellectual development which will be the astonishment of the world. There was a time when William III. received a petition from his loyal English subjects stating that "the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland had long been and would be ever looked upon with great jealousy by his English subjects, and praying him, by very strict laws, totally to prohibit and suppress the same." William's answer was, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture there, and to promote the trade of England." As it was, so it may again be—without the English restrictions.

## Ottawa Catholic Truth Society.

The annual meeting of the society which was held on Nov. 11th. was well attended, and the proceedings gave evidence of the good work being done by the society.

During the year the society purchased from the Catholic Truth Society of England, 621 bound volumes, 5,444 pamphlets and 558 leaflets and from the O.T.S. of America 1,083 pamphlets. There was put in circulation 472 bound volumes, 5,555 pamphlets, 3,517 leaflets. These included a number of the Ottawa series.

The grand total was 16,422 publications compared with 9,007 last year, an increase of 1,415. Since organized 3 years ago the society had put 25,396 publications into circulation.

The report concludes: The grand object of the society is the diffusion of Catholic truth and its vindication whenever assailed within our territory. We attack no creed and allow no assaults on our own. Whenever we claim the courtesy of the press, it is not to apologize for our religion, for we engage in controversy solely for purposes of explanation and defence. This is a highly important and at the same time delicate part of our work and our efforts have been attended with satisfactory results.

The financial statement presented by Dr. MacCabe showed receipts totalling \$412 17 and an expenditure of \$340 34, leaving a balance of \$101 83.

Archbishop Duhamel thanked the officers of the society for the work during the year and expressed his happiness and consolation at seeing the Catholic laity understand their duty to help the clergy. He asked all present to join the society and to encourage others to join that they might work towards the perfect union of mankind on the basis of the truth as taught by the Catholic church, that all men might be of one heart and one soul, recognizing one Father, God, in heaven and one mother, the church, on earth.

OFFICERS.—The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres, Jos. Pope; 1st, vice pres, Father Whelan; 2nd, vice pres, Wm Kearns; secy, W. C. DesBrisay; treas, Dr MacCabe; committee, Father Constantineau, Father McCarty, Father Cole, J. A. J. McKenna, W. Gorman, J. P. Dunn and D. Burke; auditors, Wm. Finlay, Michael Kavanagh.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company will in a few days announce the fact that on and after December 1st there will be a reduction of 10 per cent. in all salaries over \$1,000 per annum.

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parmelee's Pills are anti bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter."

## Lord Howe's Lost Breakfast.

Mr. John F. Blandy, of Prescott, Arizona, writes to the American Historical Register:—

History tells us of the personal reconnaissance of Washington and Lafayette around Elk Landing, Md., when the British debarked at that point, from whence they marched to Brandywine, Pa. It also states that from that point the upper Chesapeake is distinctly visible. They made an early start from their bivouac and went northwestward to strike the road leading from Elk Landing to Newark, and entered a farm house, which stands about one hundred yards from the road, to try for a breakfast. They were graciously received by the lady of the house, and found a table nicely set and the breakfast ready to be served. Lafayette manifested great delight at their good luck, and they were soon seated. The lady of the house leaving the room for a moment, Washington touched Lafayette under the table with his foot and said: "Eat in a hurry; this breakfast was not meant for us." He took the hint and it was not long before they were again in the saddle, after expressing many thanks for the hospitality. Upon turning a bend in the road they looked back and saw Lord Howe and his staff, the expected guests, turn into the farmhouse.

When Lafayette visited the United States in 1824 the city of Baltimore sent a committee to Philadelphia to meet him and escort him to their city. In this committee was Mr. Lausdale. Upon the approach of the delegation to Elk Landing, Lafayette related the story to him. Mrs. Lausdale told my mother this story, as related to her husband by Lafayette, who pointed out the house to me where this event took place. It was on the east side of the road of the leading from Newark to Elkton, near where it crosses Little Elk Creek. Alexander was the name of the lady who prepared the breakfast.

"The Lightwood" is one of the most useful southern products, especially in Florida, where it is used by all sorts of country folk, and particularly by the hunters. A cordwood stick carried in to the wilderness will cut up into fragments with which a dozen meals may be cooked. The rich, resinous pine makes a quick, hot fire, especially suited to open air cooking. It is a Florida tradition that the chief who led the little band of Seminoles whom the United States army long failed to run to earth was on the point of agreeing to go with his people to Indian Territory when he suddenly asked whether there was any lightwood in that new land, and, when the answer was no, positively refused to go further with the treaty. He would not live in a land without lightwood.—Philadelphia Press.

As for that intimate acquaintance with human nature which some, especially old-time school masters, used to magnify and boast of having, I never had it myself, never knew how it was to be got, always wondered how others got it, yet never had either hope or desire for it. My conviction now, late in life, is that acquaintance with human nature, if not the most unprofitable, is the meanest knowledge that a man can get, and that he is the most secure from harm who believes others to be better than himself. I moved among many pupils, confessedly knowing little outside of books, yet I believe that no school master acting upon a different principle has been less frequently disappointed of his generous hopes.—Richard Malcolm Johnston, in November Lippincott's.

The only inheritance many receive from their ancestors is impure blood. Fortunately, it is in everyone's power to transmit a cleaner heritage to their posterity by the simple use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only blood-purifier admitted at the Chicago World's Fair.



## THE STRIKE COMMISSION.

Pullman Company and Railway Managers' Association.

## Recommendations.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 12.—The United States Government report on the great railroad strike in connection with the Pullman trouble was made public today. The report, which is signed by the Federal Labor Committee, Carroll D. Wright and his fellow investigators, John D. Kernan of New York, and Nicholas B. Worthington of Illinois, is addressed to President Cleveland, and abounds in passages which will attract wide attention, particularly the portion referring to the now famous "General Managers' Association," the organization of high railway officials that encompassed the memorable defeat of the A. R. U.

The report says the capitalization of the twenty-four railroads directly represented in the General Managers' Association was \$2,108,562,617. The number of employes was 221,097.

"The commission questions whether any legal authority, statutory or otherwise, can be found to justify some of the features of the association which have come to light in an investigation. If we regard its practical workings, rather than its professions, as expressed in its constitution, the General Manager's Association has no more standing in law than the old trunk line pool: It cannot incorporate, because railroad charters do not authorize roads to form corporations or associations to fix rates for services and wages, nor to force their acceptance not to battle with strikers. It is usurpation of power not granted. If such an association is necessary from a business or economic standpoint, the right to form and maintain it must come from the State that granted its charter. In theory, corporations are limited to the powers granted either directly or by clear inference. We do not think the power has been granted in either way in this case. The association is an illustration of the persistent and shrewdly devised plan of corporations to overreach their limitations, and to usurp indirectly power and rights not contemplated in their charters and not obtainable from the people or their Legislatures. An extension of this association, as above suggested, and the proposed legislation of 'pooling,' would result in an aggregation of power and capital dangerous to the people and their liberties, as well as to employees and their rights. The question would then certainly arise as to which shall control, the Government or the railroads. And the end would inevitably be Government ownership. Unless ready for that result and all it implies, the Government must restrain corporations within the law, and prevent them from forming unlawful and dangerous combinations. At least, so long as railroads are thus permitted to combine to fix wages, and for their joint protection, it would be rank injustice to deny the right of all labor upon railroads to unite for similar purposes.

"It should be noted that until the railroads set the example a general union of railroad employes was never attempted. The unions had not gone beyond enlisting the men upon different systems in separate trade organizations. These neutralize and check each other to some extent, and have no such scope or capacity for good or evil as is possible under the universal combination idea inaugurated by the railroads and followed by the A. R. U. The refusal of the General Managers' Association to recognize and deal with such a combination of labor as the American Railway Union seems arrogant and absurd when you consider its standing before the law, its assumptions and its past, and obviously contemplated action."

The exactions practiced at Pullman are also detailed and the system upon

which Pullman deals with the lives of his employees in regard to all necessities is frooly condemned.

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

In conclusion the report says:—"Since nations have grown to the wisdom of avoiding disputes by conciliation, and even of settling them by arbitration, why should capital and labor, in their dependence upon each other, persist in cutting each other's throats as a settlement of differences? Official reports show that much progress has been made in the more sane direction of conciliation and arbitration, even in America. Abroad they are in advance of us in this policy. Were our population as dense and opportunities as limited as abroad, present industrial conditions would keep us much more disturbed than we now are by contests between capital and labor. Some of our courts, however, are still poring over the law reports of antiquity in order to construe conspiracy out of labor unions. We also have employers who obstruct progress by perverting and misapplying the law of supply and demand, and who, while insisting on individualism for workmen, demand that they shall be let alone to combine as they please, and that society and all its forces shall protect them in all their resulting contentions. The rapid concentration of power and wealth, understimulating legislative conditions in persons, corporations and monopolies has greatly changed the business and industrial situation. Our cities were constructed upon the theory that the competition would amply protect shippers as to rates and employes as to wages and labor conditions. Combination has largely destroyed this theory, and has seriously disturbed the natural working of the law of supply and demand, which, in theory, are based upon competition for labor between those who demand it, as well as among those who supply it. For instance, as we have shown, there is no longer any competitive demand among the twenty-four railroads at Chicago for switchmen. They have ceased competing with each other; they are no longer twenty-four separate and competing employers; they are virtually one.

## LABOR UNIONS' RIGHTS.

"However men may differ about the propriety and legality of labor unions, we must all recognize the fact that we have them with us to stay and to grow more numerous and powerful. Is it not wise to fully recognize them by law; to admit their necessity as labor guides and protectors, to conserve their usefulness, increase their responsibility and prevent their follies and aggressions by conferring upon them the privileges enjoyed by corporations, with like proper restrictions and regulations? The growth of corporate power and wealth has been the marvel of the past fifty years. Corporations have undoubtedly benefited the country, and thus brought its resources to our doors. It will not be surprising if the marvel of the next fifty years be the advancement of labor to a position of like power and responsibility. We have heretofore encouraged the one and comparatively neglected the other. Does not wisdom demand that each be encouraged to prosper legitimately and to grow into harmonious relations of equal standing and responsibility before the law? This involves nothing hostile to the true interests and rights of either. The commission deems recommendations of specific remedies premature. Such a problem, for instance, as universal government ownership of railroads is too vast, many sided and far-away, if attempted, to be considered as an immediate, practical remedy. It belongs to the socialistic group of public questions where government ownership is advocated of monopolies, such as telegraph, telephones, express companies and municipal ownership of water works, gas and electric lighting and

street railways. Those questions are pressing more urgently as time goes on. They need to be well studied and considered in every aspect by all citizens.

## EXPERIMENT NECESSARY.

"Should continued combinations and consolidations result in half a dozen or less ownerships of our railroads within a few years, as is by no means unlikely, the question of Government ownership will be forced to the front, and we need to be ready to dispose of it intelligently. We need to fear every thing revolutionary and wrong, but we need fear nothing that any nation can successfully attempt in directions made necessary by changed economic or industrial conditions. Other nations, under their conditions, own and operate telegraphs and railroads, with varying results. Whether it is practicable for this nation to do so successfully when it becomes necessary to save an investment, or when the people determine it shall be done, is an open and serious question which can not be answered fully except by actual experiment.

"We ought now to inaugurate a permanent system of investigation into the relations between railroads and employes in order to prepare to deal with them intelligently, and that we may conservatively adopt such remedies as are sustained by public opinion by defects or wrongs that may from time to time appear.

"The question of what shall be done is, therefore, one of expediency and not of power. When railroads acted as judge and jury in passing upon the complaints of shippers, the people demanded, and Congress granted, a government tribunal, where shippers and railroads could meet on equal terms and have the law adjust their differences. In view of the Chicago strike and its suggestive dangers, the people have the same right to provide a Government commission to investigate and report on differences between railways and their employes, to the end that interstate commerce and public order may be less disturbed by strikes and boycotts.

"When railway employes secure greater certainty of their positions, and of the right to promotion, compensation for injuries, etc., it will be time enough to consider such strict regulation for them as we can now justly apply to railroads, whose rights are protected by laws, and guarded by all the advantages of greater resources and more concentrated control."

## Costly Pipes.

The Turkish hookah and Persian nargile are the most magnificent and expensive of all pipes.

The tubes through which the smoke is drawn are made of leather covered with velvet, or with gold or silver among the very wealthy, richly ornamented with precious stones, while the receptacle for the water is usually formed of glass handsomely cut, or engraved and gilt, or of precious metals decorated with enamels.

The liquid in this bowl is frequently rosewater or other delicately perfumed distillation, adding considerably to the fragrance of the smoke. The tobacco is lighted in a receptacle at the summit of the pipe, which is also formed of gold or silver and studded with magnificent diamonds and other gems. The tubes vary in length from five to ten yards, and the whole paraphernalia is often borne behind a nobleman on horseback, so that by this means he can continue his smoke as the inclination takes him.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CAN RECOMMEND IT. Mr. EGOR BORN-BERRY, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it.

## Irish Surnames.

A distinct addition to the philology and ethnology of the Emerald Isle is (says Lloyd's) made in a British Parliamentary return just published—as an appendix to the report of the Registrar-General—on "Surnames in Ireland." It seems that the commonest name in the country is Murphy, the number of those who bear this cognomen being estimated at 72,600. The following come next in order:—Kolly, 55,000; Sullivan, 48,600; Walsh, 41,700; Smith, 34,700; O'Brien, 33,400; Byrne, 33,800; Ryan, 32,000; Connor, 31,200; O'Neill, 29,110; and Reilly, 29,000. It is interesting to compare these with the commonest names in Great Britain. These are in England and Wales: Smith, 258,600; Jones, 242,100; next following Williams, Taylor, Davis and Brown; while in Scotland they come in the order. Smith, McDonald, Brown, Thompson, Robertson, Stewart, and Campbell. In Ireland it is remarked that many of the Celtic names occur both with and without the prefixes "O" and the "Mac" in the same record—"Mac" meaning son of, an "O" descendant of. Thus McDermott is son of Diarmid, and O'Toole descendant of Tuathal. Many of these names are still localized while others are spread over the country generally; and it is added that a large number of the English families have adopted Irish surnames. It is still considered that the great bulk of the common names are Celtic, not infrequently combined with word "Giolla," servant. This root appears in Kilbride, servant of Bridget; Gilchrist, servant of Christ, and Gilfoyle servant of Paul. In addition to those of Celtic derivation, Ireland exhibits traces of Danish, Anglo-Norman, English, Cornish, Welsh, Scottish, Huguenot, German, and Jewish settlers. In regard to local distribution Murphy (ancient Mac-Murrough—from the old regal family of Leinster) is most prominent in Carlow, Wexford, and Armagh; Berne, in Dublin, Louth, and Wicklow; Kelly in Kildare, King's County, and Roscommon; Sullivan in Cork and Kerry.

## Nuns May Teach.

Justice Dean of the State Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has handed down an opinion in the case of John Hysong et al. versus the school district of Gallitzin borough, an appeal from Judge Barker of the court below, who refused an injunction to prevent nuns from teaching in the public schools, dressed in the garb of the order. Justice Dean affirms Judge Barker's decision.

Justice Dean in his opinion says: "The school board committed no unlawful act in selecting these Catholic women as teachers because by moral character and certified attainments they were qualified, and their religion did not disqualify. The dress is but the announcement in part that the wearer holds a particular belief."

Justice Williams filed a dissenting opinion.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

## THE LATE J. R. COTY.

## Death of a Young Seminarian.

On Saturday last, after an illness of some months, there passed away at the residence of his mother, Oakville, Mr. John Romuald Coty, son of the late Louis Coty of that place, and brother of Rev. J. H. Coty of Hamilton, Secretary to His Lordship Bishop Dowling.

Mr. Coty was in the twenty-third year of his age having been born on February 13th, 1872. His early studies were made in the separate school, Oakville, the public school, Mount



THE LATE J. R. COTY.

Forest, and the high school, Oakville. In September, 1888, he entered St. Michael's College, Toronto, where his course was marked by a series of successes. In his third year he carried off the Elmsley Bursary scholarship. In September of 1893, having completed his first year of the study of philosophy he went to the Grand Seminary at Montreal and began his second year's study of that subject under the direction of the Order of St. Sulpice.

It was while there that he was first seized with the illness which has now resulted fatally.

Mr. Coty, while at St. Michael's College, was a prominent figure not only in the school classes but in all the college societies and in the athletic associations of St. Michael's and the University of Toronto.

At Oakville on Sunday evening after Vespers Father Burke advanced to the railing and in a few impressive words recalled the story of Mr. Coty's sickness and death and dwelt upon the truly Christian character of his disposition and preparation.

At 10:30 on the morning of Monday, Nov. 19th, a solemn Requiem High Mass was sung at St. Andrew's Church, Oakville. Very Rev. B. J. O'Connell, of Mount Forest, uncle of the deceased, was celebrant, Rev. J. H. Coty, deacon, and Mr. J. Sullivan, sub-deacon. There were also present Monsignor McEvay, Chancellor Craven and Fathers Hinchey, Brady and Lehmann of Hamilton, Rev. F. O'Reilly, Caledonia, and Revs. J. R. Teefy, L. Brennan and E. Dumouchelle of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

After Mass had been sung Rev. J. R. Teefy delivered a short and impressive address, in which he referred to the character and attainments of the deceased, applying to the occasion the lessons of the Church on the vital doctrines of Purgatory and the immortality of the soul.

The funeral then proceeded to St. Andrew's cemetery, the pall bearers being Messrs. John Kelly, Chas. Anderson, Jas. McDermott, John Malonie, Jas. Fitzgerald and J. C. Walsh.

The character of Mr. Coty was aptly defined by Rev. Father Teefy in the course of his address. "He had

been called by God to His holy priesthood, and gave ample promise of being an earnest, zealous and capable bearer of the sacerdotal office. He was amiable, obedient and talented.

## A. O. H. Div. No. 4.

A largely attended meeting of Div. No. 4 took place on Sunday, Nov. 11, in their hall, corner King and Berkeley streets. Among many subjects dwelt upon the most important was the question of raising funds to pay the Division's share towards the endowment of the A. O. H. Chair in the Catholic University at Washington. Two years ago, in Convention assembled at New Orleans, the National Officers of the A. O. H. pledged themselves to raise the sum of fifty thousand dollars from the members of the Order for the purpose of establishing and endowing a professorship in the above named University, the object of which should be to preserve and teach the language and literature of Ireland, to save from oblivion the olden tongue, and to instill into the minds and hearts of the young men of Irish descent in this country the glories and sorrows of their Fatherland.

With this very laudable end in view the members of Division No. 4 intend holding, at an early date, an entertainment, the proceeds of which it is hoped will go a long way towards paying their share of the necessary assessment which has been levied by the National Officers. The Right Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, the National Chaplain of the A. O. H. of America, has been made treasurer of this fund, which has met with the heartiest sympathy and co-operation of the entire Clergy of the United States and Canada; and where is the Irishman the world over who does not sympathize with this worthy object of this grand old Irish organization, which is ever ready to assist by every means within its power the welfare of the exiled children of Erin? The Rev. Michael Mullin powerfully appeals to Irishmen upon this subject in his beautiful poem, "The Celtic Tongue," the concluding stanza of which is:

"Oh Irishmen, be Irish still; stand for the dear old tongue  
Which, like ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung.  
Oh snatch this relic from the wreck, the only and the last,  
And cherish in your heart of hearts the language of the past."

Young men, Irish by birth or descent, thinking of joining any Society should first carefully ponder which should have the first claim upon them, and there is no doubt but their reason will tell them that it is the Society which has always endeavored through every difficulty, to elevate the Irish people, both at home and abroad, which seeks to bind the scattered links of our race together for mutual help and assistance, that they may all the more successfully stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of all they hold dear. This has always been the aim of the A. O. H., and it is past understanding why any man with a drop of Irish blood in his veins should pass over this organization. All desirous of joining Div. No. 4 may make application to any of the members, who will gladly give every information desired, or to the Secretary,

J. COADY,  
136 Spruce street.

## Effect of the French Treaty Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large quarter bottles. These are equal to any \$5 and \$6 wines sold on their label. Every swell hotel and club is now handling them, and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

Sovereign has been re-elected Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.

## Obituary.

## Mrs. BERGIN.

Catharine Bergin died at St. Joseph's Convent, Nov. 13th, at the age of 102 years, and was buried on Thursday, 16th, at nine o'clock. Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Fraehon. Among those who attended the funeral were a number of the nuns, several of the priests from St. Michael's College, Hon. T. W. Anglin and her few remaining relatives. Mrs. Bergin was a native of Maryborough, Queen's County, Ireland, and came to this country with her husband, Michael Bergin. They settled in Newfoundland where they remained for four years and afterwards settled on the Penetanguishene Road, about six miles north of Barrie.

They were amongst the earliest settlers there and were the only Catholic family for many years. In Archbishop Walsh's Jubilee Volume of 1892, reference is made to the fact that Father Dempsey having heard of the existence of the family, determined to visit them. He was the first priest they had seen in seven years. Father Dempsey was taken ill and died at their house.

They prospered there until 1857 when her husband died. In 1858 she sold her farm and took up her residence with the Sisters of St. Joseph through the advice of the late Bishop Jamot, then parish priest of Barrie. Mrs. Bergin although very old retained all her faculties until the hour of her death and until the past year attended an early daily Mass. For the past year she had the great comfort of being attended by a grand niece who is a religious there, and who was constantly at her bedside. She was well connected, was a very pious woman, respected and loved by all. She was prayed for in all the Catholic churches in the city. Owing to her very long life her estate is reduced to a very small fraction. She gave generously to every charitable purpose. Her father died at the age of 106 and her brother at the age of 103; both of the latter led exemplary lives, also.

## MISS MATHILDE CHOPITEA.

There passed to her eternal reward on Thursday, the 15th inst., at the Rossin House, one of Toronto's brightest and most talented young ladies, in the person of Miss Mathilde Chopitea, dearly beloved daughter of Dom Romulo Chopitea, of Delores, Uruguay, South America. Miss Chopitea was one of Toronto's most beautiful young ladies. To many who did not know her personally, her lovely face—a perfect example of a glowing southern type—was familiar. Her tall, willowy figure, her black silken hair, her dark eyes and her exquisitely graceful figure made her an ideal exotic type. This young lady had been for the past three years pursuing her studies, and completing her musical education at Loretto Abbey, from which she graduated a year ago. She had been ill for about three weeks, and everything that medical skill could do was done for her by Drs. Strange, Temple, MacDonald and McKenna, but their efforts proved futile to stay the treacherous malady with which she was afflicted, and after a period of unconsciousness of eight days, her young soul went forth to a better world. To her most intimate friends the blow was a very hard one, and it is hard for them to believe

"That a friend so good and gifted,  
A friend so true and tried,  
How can they realize it,  
That she alas has died."

The funeral took place on Friday, the 16th inst., to St. Michael's Cathedral, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung, after which, for a few moments a number of the nuns, her old school friends, and a number of her teachers at Loretto Convent gazed for the last time on the face of their dear friend and pupil, whom they loved in life and mourn in death. It was indeed a solemn moment to many in

the Cathedral, and many an eye was moistened when the organ pealed forth the chords and the choir took up that beautiful anthem, "Nearer My God To Thee." The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. T. J. Lee, Launcelot Bolster, Bernard Ryan, James E. Day, George Baker and Dr. Fred. A. Fenton. A large concourse of sorrowing friends followed the remains to their last resting-place, St. Michael's Cemetery.

The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, among which were noticed a wreath from the pupils of Loretto Convent, anchor from the Rev. Mother Ignatius, wreath from Mrs. R. L. Patterson, cross from Mr. W. T. J. Lee, wreath from Mr. Bernard Ryan, and an anchor and cross from Mr. George Baker.

## Mr. P. C. McCourt.

Our readers will learn with regret of the death, somewhat suddenly, on Sunday, October 28th, at Washington, D. C., of Mr. P. C. McCourt, the adopted father of Mme. Rosa d'Erina, the Irish prima donna, and for many years her guardian and business manager. Mr. McCourt was the founder and first editor of the Ulster Observer of Belfast, Ireland. Shortly after resigning, the paper became the Morning News, now the best and largest daily paper in the North of Ireland.

The funeral took place from St. Peter's Church, Washington, D. C. Rev. Father O'Brien was celebrant of the Mass. R. I. P.

## C. M. B. A.

The Antigonish Casket has the following to say about the recent convention of the C. M. B. A. at St. John.

It is agreed on all sides that the recent Convention of C. M. B. A. at St. John was one of the most important gatherings of Catholics ever held in the Dominion. Those who were present speak in high terms of the ability and representative character of the leading delegates. It is no small advantage to bring together such men from all parts of the Dominion and make them acquainted with each other. Catholics need to know each other better. With greater mutual knowledge will come increased mutual confidence and respect. There is still among us a lurking suspicion, of which those who entertain it may scarcely be conscious, that in point of culture and of ability, whether intellectual or practical, Catholics are the inferiors of their Protestant fellow-citizens. It is not, of course, difficult to account for this. There are those yet living who remember when there were laws upon the statute book framed for the very purpose of making and keeping us inferior in these respects. These laws affected their object only too well; and when they were repealed their effects could not disappear in a day. Many of our own people cannot realize that they have disappeared yet; hence they entertain the false notion that Catholic institutions of learning, Catholic literary, professional and business men are necessarily inferior. Now a little better acquaintance with one another will assist in dispelling this delusion; and this is one of the good effects that may be looked for from such gatherings as the C. M. B. A. Convention.

## E. B. A.

On Friday last, the 16th inst., the Toronto branches and circles held a very successful concert in aid of the Blantyre Industrial School. The following took part in the programme: Miss Juliette D'Erviex Smith, Miss May Flower, Miss Marguerite Dunn, Mr. A. M. Gorrie, Mr. F. Anglin, Mr. J. J. Costello, Mr. A. H. Harvey, Herr Klengenfeld and Herr Ruth. We understand that a handsome sum was the outcome.

## Thornhill.

On Sunday next His Grace the Archbishop will preside at the opening of the new church at Thornhill.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief, speedily cures. Never fails.

WORDS WITH WOMEN.

By Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan.

As we live the days of this Month of the Holy Souls there are recalled to the mind descriptions of "Dead Chapels." Two of these are very vivid in my mind, one the chapel in a German church in Baltimore, where the walls are painted in a very realistic representation of the flames and sufferings of Purgatory; another is the Dead Chapel in the Capuchin Church in Rome. Those who have imagined this latter a Chamber of Horrors should read Eliza Allen Starr's description in "Pilgrims and Shrines" when a very different idea will be conveyed to them.

It is a place full of sunlight and full of consolation for the souls we are careful to pray for all our lives, but especially in November. Speaking of the skeletons of the monks dressed in their own habits and standing in the niches in the chapel she says: "In some cases the cowl was so arranged, or the figure stood so much in profile, that the fleshless bones of the face were all in shadow, the slender fingers resting on the staff in so pathetic a way that the dead monk seemed to sigh. "Pray for me all ye who pass by the way!" And not only were these figures pathetic in their expression, but a singular piety, a piety as habitual and unpretending as that of Saint Francis or of the Saint Felix resting incorrupt in the chapel above, marked the attitude of each one; so that it was not necessary to see as they did, the beads hanging from their girdles or from their hands, or breviaries in the hands of those who had been priests, to know they had lived lives of prayer." This Dead Chapel consists of several chapels leading into each other and in one all the ornaments of the altar, even the candlesticks are made of the bones of the dead Capuchins.

What a splendid audience greeted the Concert in Massey Music Hall in aid of Blantyre Industrial School, and what an enjoyable programme was rendered. Miss Dunn's recitations were a charming variety in the musical programme. Her animated presence, musical voice and skilful interpretation and graceful movements seemed thoroughly appreciated by the audience who were enthusiastic in their recalls.

On the occasion of the brilliant entertainment tendered His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto on the anniversary of his consecration the remark was made to me: "What a strong programme, and by distinguished professionals too, might be given by former pupils of the Loretto Nuns. There is the delightful violinist, Miss Clench, who possesses a continental reputation; Miss Keegan, of whose success on the London (Eng.), dramatic stage we so often read, Miss Ryan, both pianist and vocalist, and right here in the hall is Mrs. J. C. Smith, whose sympathetic voice and magnetic presence so charms her audiences."

I have often wondered that no Alumnae Society exists in connection with this institution, and thought that perhaps the publication of the Convent quarterly, Leaflets of Loretto, would be instrumental in bringing about the formation of such a desirable society.

It was very sad to read of the death last Thursday, Nov. 15th, of Miss Mathilde Chopitea, a young lady of Monte Video, Uruguay, who had but just finished her course of studies at the Abbey and whose amiability, beauty and accomplishments had made her beloved by all who knew her.

The new Catholic Almanac of Ontario, published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood appears in a characteristic and attractive cover, a novel and

useful substitute for the Christmas card.

Christmas is in the air; the Annual Christmas Sale of the Sisters of the Precious Blood opens on Monday Nov. 20th. The ladies in charge of the Refreshment table will serve a substantial lunch at very modest figures during the week of the Sale in the Confederation Life Building corner of Yonge and Richmond Streets. It is a noticeable feature of these Sales that reasonable prices are on every article.

Some one was asking the other day "what are Crown Sables?" The Crown Sables are the very best Russian Sables, paid as tribute by some of the Asiatic peoples to the Czar. The best sables have always been considered an imperial requisite, though occasionally a parcel finds its way to that great centre of the fur trade London, and is eagerly bid for by furriers the world over. Many imitations of sable are manufactured. Marten skins can be dyed and dressed in such manner as to deceive all but the experienced.

This is a good time of the year to speak of something now in the now indispensable sachets and flower sachets are really new and charming. Indeed, as one bright girl observed, they are too pretty to hide away even among laces of the costliest sort. Those that I have seen are in the shade of the calla, the wild rose, the pansy and the tulip, but many kinds can be made. The one essential is the choosing of a flower of simple form. Complicated blossoms like the cultivated rose are impossible or at the least too intricate to serve, as these others will, to lay between the folds of a ball gown or to keep stored among your filmy veils.

Drawer sachets retain all the favor of the past and are, perhaps, the best of any that can be used, as they serve to perfume many things and save the handling of a number of smaller size. The very prettiest is made of Japanese linen over primrose yellow silk, and has the sweet flowers of the spring scattered over it as if by the wind.

The embroidery is all done solid in the natural colors, and with the best wash silks, so that, dainty and charming as the sachet is, the linen cover will wash again and again. The peculiar quality of the Japanese linen is its silky appearance, which no number of cleanings can destroy even in part. It has the transparency of sheer linen lawn, and so takes the tint of the color beneath, while at the same time it is durable as the strongest made.

Hamilton.

The choir of St. Mary's has an enviable reputation on account of the numerous musical treats which it gives to the citizens of Hamilton. The programme prepared for last Sunday evening, though not as elaborate as some of the previous ones, reflects great credit on the members, especially on the popular leader and organist, Mr. D. J. O'Brien. A critical and appreciative congregation of all denominations evidenced the proficiency attained.

The Musical Vespers, by Est, was mostly choral; the solos in it were rendered by Miss B. Marks, Miss M. Crowther and Mr. H. N. Thomas. The rendition of Salve Regina, Magnificat (Lambillotte), O Salutaris (Auber) and Tantum Ergo (Lambillotte), was perfect. Ave Maria, a trio, by Kitziger, was given with excellent effect by Miss Broderick, Miss M. Griffin and Mr. O. Marks.

Immediately before Benediction, His Lordship Bishop Dowling briefly addressed the congregation. The substance of his remarks is as follows: The extra decorations on the Altar together with the sweet music prepared by the choir are in celebration of

first two Christian churches erected, St. Peter's in the Vatican City, and St. Paul's outside the walls of Rome. I take this opportunity of explaining to those of our separated brethren who are present, the significance of the candles you see on the altar, and the reason for using the Latin in the hymns and psalms you have listened to. St. John the Evangelist, when persecution raged, found himself one day banished to the island of Patmos. There he had a vision. He saw an altar descending and the lights on it corresponded exactly with those on our altar. The Church being universal, must necessarily be universal in her language. This is why Latin is used throughout the whole Catholic world in her services, it being a never-changing language. Go where you will, enter a Catholic Church, and you will hear the familiar strains you heard at home. Catholics believe in giving to God all that is most beautiful and elevating. This is why we offer Him the sweetest music, the most admirable architecture, the finest sculpture, and the brightest of decorations.

In conclusion, he expressed his thanks to the members of the choir for the manner in which they rendered their several parts and to those assembled, for their presence.

The collection, which was for the benefit of the choir, was a very liberal one.

League of the Cross.

A more than usually interesting meeting of St. Paul's Sodality of the League of the Cross was held in their hall on Power street on Sunday afternoon. Mr. W. H. Cahill presided. The Rev. Father Reddin administered the total abstinence pledge to seven young men who become members of the sodality. Rousing addresses were delivered by the President and Mr. Geo. Duffy. Soctary J. J. Moran read one of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER editorials of a late date on education in the North-West, and at the same time urged upon the members the necessity of reading and supporting the Catholic press even if they had to deny themselves the comfort (?) of the evening papers which very often were not fit for the children of the home to read.

Mr. Tumpano gave a reading and Messrs. Richard Mahony and Wilkinson contributed to the vocal part of the programme.

In the evening the members attended at St. Paul's in a body to hear the Rev. Father Ryan.

Lecture.

The St. Paul's Young Ladies' Literary Society have arranged for an open meeting on the evening of Monday next, at which Mr. W. T. J. Leo will lecture on Robert Emmett. Mr. J. H. Cameron, comic vocalist, will also take part.



Tenders for Supplies. 1895.

The undersigned will receive Tenders for Supplies up to noon on MONDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1894, for the supply of Butchers' Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Potatoes, Cordwood, etc., for the following institutions during the year 1895. viz:— At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville; and the Blind at Brantford.

Two sufficient sureties must be furnished for the due fulfilment of the specifications and for the completion of the work on making a contract. Tenders to be opened at 10 a.m. on Monday, Dec. 3rd, 1894, at the office of the undersigned, N. B. ... supplies London nor for

I'll Take That Overcoat

Said a man yesterday after trying on the second coat. You can be fitted just as easily, but maybe you would prefer to see other shapes and patterns before deciding. It affords us pleasure to have you see all the different styles and shapes we have. The stock is large and comprehensive.

Any Style of

Overcoat or Ulster

You may fancy is here, and you can take it away for very little money.

OAK HALL,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

115 to 121 King Street E.,

TORONTO.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of November, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.		
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
G. T. R. East	6 00	7 40	7 15	9 30	
O. and Q. Railway	7 45	8 00	7 35	7 40	
G. T. R. West	7 30	3 25	12 40	8 00	
N. and N. W.	7 30	4 50	10 05	8 10	
T. G. and B.	7 00	4 30	10 55	8 50	
Midland	7 00	3 35	12 30	9 30	
C. V. R.	7 00	3 00	12 15	8 50	
		noon	9 00	2 00	
G. W. R.		6 30	4 00	10 40	8 20
			10 00		
U. S. N. Y.	6 30	12 00	9 00	5 45	
			4 00	12 30	11 00
U.S. West'n States	6 30	12 n.	9 00	8 20	
			10 30		

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at 11 p.m.; on Fridays at 7 15 p.m. Supplemental mails close on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at noon. The following are the closing times for the mails to the various ports:—



LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XVI.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR — I visit daily the Public Library, and give a glance at the barometer and thermometer, and spend a couple of hours reading the old journals and magazines, tracking the footprints of Time, the tomb-builder through the scenes where, dark, stern, pitiless, he holds his dread career. Having made copious notes from these mouldy records of bygone days I will tell you of some sad and stirring events of the last century—the history of the oppression of Ireland by a sister country, the only parallel to which is Russia's tyranny over Poland. This oft told tale seems so much more touching in those ancient journals. I shall commence with Tom Moore's appointment to Bermuda and residence there.

In 1803 Moore made his tour to America, during which time he composed some exquisite poetry.

In 1804 Moore came to Bermuda, having been appointed Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty. This remote and secluded island was simply a place of exile to the talented author of "Lalla Rookh," the genial and versatile poet who was accustomed to the gay society and the busy world of England's metropolis. After enduring for some months this banishment from his home and country, this separation from a life he held dear, and not finding in lonely Bermuda that "Dolce far niente" which he perhaps expected, the poet procured a deputy to attend to the duties of his office and returned home. While in Bermuda, alluding to the very slow and inefficient mail service of that period, Moore used to say, with the Cockney accent, that he was an "exile of hearin'" as well as an "exile of Erin."

A noted authoress, writing of Thomas Moore's poetry, says. "His charmed numbers flow on like the free current of a melodious stream, whose associations are with the sunbeams and the shadows, the leafy bough, the song of the forest birds, the dew upon the flowery bank, and all things sweet and genial and delightful, whose influence is around us in our happiest moments, and whose essence is the wealth that lies hoarded in the treasures of nature."—Mrs. Ellis.

The following quotation is given to illustrate the justness of this criticism, though I think Moore has written many sweeter verses than this. However, "Lalla Rookh" is undoubtedly his finest poem:

"I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;  
I came where the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
The bark was still there but the waters were gone."

Moore was decidedly one of the greatest poets of his time, the golden age of poetry. If he had been an Englishman instead of an Irish Catholic, what a difference it would have made to his fortunes! If we compare Moore with Tennyson with Moore we

Several other poems are anything but flattering to the first gentleman of Europe; of these the following is a typical verso:

"Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,  
While his (the Prince) short cut to fame  
Is the cut of his coat;  
Philip's son thought the world too small  
For his soul,  
But our Regent's found room in a laced  
button-hole."

Tom Moore once said of George IV., when Prince of Wales: "I am sure that the powder in His Royal Highness' hair is much more settled than anything in his head or in his heart."

Lord Byron also satirized George IV. as "Fum" in "Don Juan," Canto XI.:

"Where's Brummel? Dished. Where's Long Polo Wellesley? Diddled.  
Where's Whitbread? Romily? Where's George the III."

Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled.)  
And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our "royal bird?"

Gone down, it seems, to Scotland, to be fiddled

Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard.  
'Caw me, Caw thee'—for six months had been hatching  
This scene of royal itch and loyal scratch ing."

Fum is a Chinese fabled creature, a combination of goose, stag and snake, with the beak of a cock, described as a mixture of jolly, cowardice, malice and conceit. The following epitaph was written on Frederick Louis, the father of George III., who was killed by a cricket ball in 1760:

"He was alive, and is dead  
But as it is only Fred,  
Why, there's no more to be said."

Lord Byron wrote some of the most stinging political ballads of the day against the Government and its corrupt methods. It took a great deal of bribery to pass the Act of Union. Endeavor was made to buy up the Irish Parliament, money was lavishly paid the poorer members, titles offered the more wealthy and a general promise made that Catholic Emancipation would soon be granted. To so many was the bribery effective that the Irish Parliament divided on the question, standing 105 members for and 106 against the Act. Lord Byron thus assails with caustic irony one of the bribed. Lord Fingall, on whom had been conferred the Order of St. Patrick:

"Will thy yard of blue ribbon poor Fingall recall  
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs  
Or hast it not bound thee the fastest of all  
The slaves who now hail their Betrayer with hymns."

William Pitt openly advocated bribery, and used to say "Every man has his price."

I will give you some extracts from Moore's verses regarding the Act of Union between England and Ireland, which was passed in 1800, and which is so much vaunted lately by Ulster Unionists in connection with the agitation for Irish Home Rule. To explain Moore's bitterness against the Act of Union and the relation it bears to Home Rule I must enter on a brief disquisition concerning that subject. Perhaps you have forgotten the circumstances attending the passing of the Act of Union, for they seem almost lost sight of at the present time.

In my next I shall give you an

lashes those traitors  
who accepted bribes:

freedom hung  
burned on Fox's

market

course

That I enjoy them, though by traitors sung,  
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue."

This is addressed to Pitt:

"Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near me now

To see how Spring lights up Erin's brow;  
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod,

Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod;

And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,

That warns the soul of each insulted slave,  
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart

Would burn to think that such a blooming part

Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms

And filled with social souls and vigorous arms,

Should be the victim of that canting crew

So smooth, so godly—yet so devilish too;

Who, armed at once with prayer books and with whips,

Blood on their hands and Scripture on their lips,

Tyrants by creed and torturers by text,  
Make this life Hell in honor of the next."

Here are a few pasquinades of that period, hundreds of which were published replete with sarcasm:

"And the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels."

This points at Union Lords:

"Great families of yesterday we show  
And Lords! whose parents were  
The Lord knows who!"

"Unnumbered suppliants crowd I-referment's gate,

A thirst for wealth and burning to be great."

The following verses show how patriotically Moore defied the party in power:

"To place and power all public spirit tends,  
In place and power all public spirit ends:  
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,  
When out 'twill thrive—but taken in 'twill die."

"Thus Pitt began and thus began his apes,  
Thus devils, when first raised, take pleasing shapes;

But O, poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet,  
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit,  
For withering insult—for the Union thrown

Into thy bitter cup, when that alone  
Of slavery's draught wanting—if for this  
Revenge be sweet, thou hast that Demon's bliss;

For sure 'tis more than Hell's revenge to see  
That England trusts the men who've ruined thee."

"These hacked and tainted tools, so foully fit  
For the grand artifice of mischief, Pitt."

It was Tennyson's happier lot to flourish under the reign of the gentle Royal Lady whose virtues now adorn the British crown—VICTORIA.

"May she rule us long  
And leave to us rulers of her blood  
As noble, till the latest day!  
May children of our children say,  
"She wrought her people lasting good,  
Her court was pure, her life serene,  
God gave her peace; her land reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen."

Vive la Reine. PLACIDIA.

A TALE FROM WINNIPEG.

HOW TWO PROMINENT CITIZENS OF THE PRAIRIE CAPITAL RE-GAINED HEALTH.

One Suffered from the Effects of Malaria and Indigestion, the Other from Nervous Prostration—Their Story as Told a Tribune Reporter.

From the Winnipeg Tribune.

The modern world is decidedly skeptical, and in the case of cures by advertised medicines, it is sometimes remarked that they occur at long distances. Recently, however, the Tribune was told that a Winnipeg gentleman had passed through an experience as remarkable as any of those published, and in inquiry into the matter revealed the fact that several prominent citizens of Winnipeg had been greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of those citizens is Mr. W. A. Charlesworth, the well known contractor, who during his residence in Winnipeg has added to the beauty and wealth of the Prairie Capital by erecting some of its finest and most substantial buildings. Naturally what Mr. Charlesworth would say as to the merits of a medical preparation would be read with interest by the many citizens who have met him in business and socially, and a Tribune reporter was detailed to get from him some particulars in the matter. Mr. Charlesworth was seen at his beautiful and cosy home on William streets a few days since, and while unwilling to attract publicity, yet, for the benefit of those suffering as he once was he consented to give a simple statement of his case. About thirteen years ago, while living in the southern part of Illinois, near Cairo, he had several attacks of malarial fever and ague, which left his blood poor and thin, and so deranged his system that for about ten years after he was a sufferer from chronic indigestion. He came north after residing there for some years in order to try to shake off the effects of the malaria, but without much success. He has not had, while in the north another real attack of ague, but every season he has had incipient attacks, which were only warded off by the prompt use of quinine. Bilious fever also threatened in the same way. He also suffered severely from indigestion. Determining to make a decided effort to get rid of his complication of disorders, he began in the fall of 1891 to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the advertisements of which he read in the newspaper. Mr. Charlesworth began to use the pills in October, and for the first month scarcely felt any improvement. However, from that time on improvement was rapid and the effect marvellous. The cold of the winter of 1891, as will be remembered was intense, and yet so great was the toning up of the system and the enrichment of the blood, that he scarcely felt the cold at all that winter. His indigestion was removed, and since that time he has not had another attack of malaria fever. He continued taking the pills up to about the middle of January. In closing his interview Mr. Charlesworth said:—"However, do not reply upon my authority alone, but see Mr. Fairchild, who has used the pills."

The Mr. Fairchild, it is needless to say, is Mr. Frank Fairchild, the largest dealer in vehicles and farm machinery in western Canada. Mr. Fairchild's name is too well known to readers of the Tribune to need any further introduction. He was also seen and fully confirmed what Mr. Charlesworth said. Some time ago Mr. Fairchild suffered from nervous prostration brought on by overwork, and suffered also from a dull pain in the back of the head. After spending some time at a famous Chicago sanatorium he was advised to take something to build up his blood, the doctors mentioning Pink Pills in their list of things advised. At first he took a fluid preparation, but as he found this unhandy to take with him as he travelled, he decided to try Pink Pills, as Mr. Charlesworth had very strongly recommended them. He found great benefit from their use and continued taking them until restored to health. He has no hesitation in recommending them as a great builder up and purifier of the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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**A MARTYRED MISSIONARY.**

Details of the Death of Father Jozeau in Korea.

Father Pasquier, a missionary has written to his former professor, relating the circumstances. Early in August the position of the priests became so intolerable that they were directed to repair from their outlying missions to the capital. Having received this order, Father Jozeau prepared to depart. On the eve of that day, Saturday, July 28, Father Jozeau, flying from the rebels of Tjyello and going to Seoul, was passing along by Kong-tjyou on horseback, accompanied by a single companion. His servant, a catechist, a seminarist, and a porter followed at the distance of a day's journey. The Father, without stopping at Kong-tjyou rested for the night at a league (about three miles) from the city. On Sunday morning, July 29, he continued his journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at the inn of Hpalpoung-tjyang nearly fifteen miles from Kong-tjyou, where a troop of Chinese barred the way. He was summarily interrogated almost in these words (a Christian who was there related them to me).—"From what country are you?" "I am a Frenchman." "Where did you come from?" "From the neighborhood of Tjyen-Tjyou in the Tjyellatto." "What were you doing in Tjyellatto?" "I was only doing one thing—teaching the Christian religion." "Why, then, did you leave Tjyellatto?" "I was forced to do so by the Tong-hak rebels." "Where are you going now?" "I am going to Seoul." "Since you are going to Seoul, let us return first to Koang-tjyou, from thence we'll make our way together to the capital." Father Jozeau, no doubt, clearly saw the trap, and from that moment he might prepare for death. The Tong-hak had reached Kong-tjyou before him, and had formed a junction with the Chinese soldiers, and it was doubtless at the instigation of these traitors that the missionary was arrested. Although it was insufferably hot, they obliged the prisoner to march with his hands bound behind his back, often walking through water and mud along a journey of about fifteen miles. About three miles from Kong-tjyou he was again questioned. Two Korean mandarins from the city went to meet the Chinese horde who were bringing the prisoner, questioned him again and in concert with the Chinese, sentenced him to death. This report was brought by Pagans and there was no Christian present at that moment. Just then the servant and the three others who were following the missionary at a distance arrived at Kong-tjyou, but unable to get any information about the Father, continued their way and only heard the news of his arrest when nine miles off. However, some Christians, apprised of Father Jozeau's transit, made their way to the place of execution. A horrible spectacle awaited them. Two of them, who told me these details, were eye-witnesses. They saw the Chinese gang arrive. Father Jozeau, whose tall figure rose over the heads of these brigands appeared in the midst of them. Our two Christians, recognizing Father Jozeau, guessed all; they drew as near as possible and remarked that the martyr's legs were drenched with water and mud—they had made him walk through more than one rut. The Chinese immediately formed a circle around him. At that moment the Father raised his head and gazed at them, one after the other, without betraying any emotion. At a word of command from their chief three Chinese rush upon the missionary, plunge their knives in his loins and all round his waist. Surprised by the pain the Father makes a bound and falls face forward upon the earth; then these miscreants fling themselves upon him, slash at him with cutlasses, and soon the martyr's body exhibits one gaping wound. The head one arm

and one leg are half severed, and the whole body is covered with horrible wounds, whence the blood flows in streams. After this dreadful butchery these tigers fling the corpse into the river, after stripping off its clothes. One of them brings back triumphantly the martyr's cross, beads, and scapular, and, after washing them, shows them to the people, uttering some Chinese words, which our Christians could not understand. The missionary's companion was also seized, summarily questioned and executed, they fired two revolver shots into him and finished him with knives. He had been baptised only two or three days. The old followers of Father Jozeau heard of his death a few hours afterwards, and as I was the nearest to Kong-tjyou they sent a messenger, who brought me a soutane, the breviary, and three note-books of the martyred Father. I found in one of these note-books five photographs of Father Jozeau, as well as his will, dated only a few days before. He expected his death, and in that will he made the sacrifice of his life for his Christians, and asked prayers for the repose of his soul. I at once sent a messenger to Seoul. Monsignor heard the fatal news four or five days after the execution. Then I gave orders to get the martyr's remains and inter them in a suitable place until better times should permit us to transfer them and pay them the last honours in a more solemn manner. The body was recovered from the river on the night of the 1st of August and provisionally interred at a short distance, in view of the present perilous times. The writer proceeds to say that the Christians were in daily expectation of death, that Fathers Beaudouin and Villemot had fled to the mountains disguised as Koreans and closely pursued by Tong-hak bands, that he himself had been directed by Mgr. Mulot to take to flight, that on the night of August 6th he had gone to Father Ourlier, and the next day the rebels had assembled at a place three miles off with the intention of massacring them all. The Fathers, therefore, left their residence on August 6th and reached Seoul on the 10th, where the sad news daily reached them of the destruction of Christian settlements, the pillaging of their houses and chapels, the flight of the Christians, and ill-treatment and death of several. Father Beaudouin and Villemot, at the time of writing, were still in the mountains without any shelter, sleeping in the open air, exposed to all the inclemencies of the most trying season of the year, having no food but cold rice, conveyed to them with the greatest precautions by some faithful Christian, all outlets of escape being watched by the rebels. It will take many years, the writer says, to recover from their misfortunes and reconstruct the Christian settlements devastated by the rebels.

The marriage of the Czar Nicholas and Princess Alix will take place on November 30.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

Nov. 23—St. Clement, Proto Martyr.  
24—St. John of the Cross.  
25—St. Catharine.  
26—St. Sylvester.  
27—Feria.  
28—Feria.  
29—Vigil of St. Andrew.

## A Wrong Impression.

In the Globe of the 10th inst. appeared one of these letters from the Province of Quebec which are written by a member of that paper's editorial staff, Mr. John A. Ewan, of whom it may be said that there is nothing in his character which would predispose him to a wilfully bigoted attack upon any institution which Catholics as such hold in veneration. That such is the case appears from the generally impartial tone of the letters that have appeared as the result of the trip.

The last paragraph of the letter contains a statement which is likely to be even more widely regarded as accurate by reason of this impartiality:

"Throughout this district the ecclesiastical prohibition of the retail liquor traffic prevails. I have reason to believe, however, that it is liable to slip a cog now and then, and the fact has caused me much pondering. In Rimouski more than one of the hotels sell liquor. There are no regular bars, but a man or a group of men can go into a comfortable room, and get intoxicants of various brands and powers of inebriation. Rimouski has its regularly-constituted village drunkard, a man who is in a perennial state of intoxication, whom the villagers will point out to you as one of the features of the place. Here in Matane it is notorious that a good deal of liquor is consumed. Not long before I arrived one man bit off the ear of another in a drunken fight, and in commenting on it it was admitted that a good deal of drinking and drunkenness existed, notwithstanding clerical prohibition. Now, what puzzles me is this: The men who sell the liquor doubtless confess their offence to their spiritual advisers. What follows? I presume a penance is exacted. What is that penance? If it took the nature of financial punishment, or if the offenders were disposed to be more liberal in their church contributions, it can be seen that the revenues of which the prohibition edict deprives the Province and municipality are being collected in the form of penances by the church. From hints dropped, I imagine this is about the position."

Mr. Ewan has unfortunately missed the true import of the situation he has set out to describe. It is true that there is much of liquor selling and much of immoderate drinking in the places mentioned. Rimouski in particular has suffered in this regard. The public sentiment on the question has been of the most disappointing character from time out of mind, and is now obstinate and seemingly incorrigible.

When the extract informs us that there is an ecclesiastical prohibition, it bears testimony meagre and all insufficient to the efforts most generous and most persevering on the part of the clergy to eradicate the evil. Unfortunately it must be said that their efforts are not seconded by either the officers of the law or the more promi-

nent and influential of the inhabitants. Still the zealous clergy labor on in the hope that with time and God's grace good will arise.

The last sentences, however, contain a charge, unfair to these zealous priests and offensive to all Catholics because of such a character as to bring discredit upon the ministry of the confessional. We are glad to have the very highest personal authority for saying that there is absolutely no truth in the statement that monetary fines are exacted from liquor sellers or immoderate drinkers through the administration of the sacrament. The fact is that the priests have recourse to the civil law in order, when occasion offers, to secure the punishment of such as sell liquor without license and of drunkards. But that is all. And it were well if the example were followed in all civilized communities. Dr. Parkhurst has just come successfully out of a battle in the same crusade.

But the statement may be unequivocally made and as freely accepted that in the confessional the priests impose none but the spiritual penances which theology allows. It is probable that the charge had its origin in a mistaken concept of the Sacrament of Penance which one ignorant of the doctrines of the Church might readily form. In making the statements he has, Mr. Ewan places himself in the ranks of that interesting, because ingenious class of thinkers who miss that which is and expound the functions of that which is not. The late James Anthony Froude and Mr. Goldwin Smith are its foremost representatives among writers of history.

Meantime, the Globe has disseminated an erroneous statement which from its very innocence and apparent reserve of presentation will be accepted at twice its par value by non-Catholic readers of that paper, and will be viewed with regret or feelings stronger than regret by Catholics.

## Through Colored Glasses.

In a recent issue the Ottawa Free Press was pleased to designate the REGISTER as "Catholic from a Tory point of view."

This serves to illustrate the paramount importance of "the point of view." It is easy to locate the point of view of the Free Press. Whoso has politics for predominant passion disposes all things into two classes—for his party and against his party. This is the optical malady of the Free Press. Concerning the REGISTER it may be said it is not Catholic from a Tory (or Liberal) point of view; nor Tory (or Liberal) from a Catholic point of view, but Catholic from a Catholic point of view, purely, simply, solely, and there's an end on't.

The particular occasion of offence to our esteemed contemporary consisted in a reference to Mr. Mercier. That reference had nothing to do with the political opinions of the great man who had gone. But in the day of Mr. Mercier's power Catholics took unto themselves loyally and without complaint some measure of the blows aimed at him by bigots. When he was reviled, it seemed to thousands that his religion more than himself was struck at. The time came when these defenders had to blush for their champion.

## Quebec and Toronto.

Rev. Calvin Amaron, editor of the "Aurora" interdenominational organ of the Protestant sects in Canada who speak French (and their name is not legion) has delivered a number of lectures, quoth the Presbyterian Review, in several of the leading churches in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec and elsewhere on the French-Canadian problem.

The speaker while holding very strong views on the baneful influence of Romanism in Quebec and the whole Dominion, speaks with a calmness and moderation which give his words great force. In an address at the Provincial Convention of Christian Endeavorers at Richmond, Que., Mr. Amaron said "that in his judgment the work of French evangelization was the most important missionary work of the Canadian church, and that on its wise and successful prosecution hung the destinies of this country." Referring to the condition of things in Montreal, just now, he said municipal reforms were impossible so long as the moral and religious life of the population that elects dishonest civic officers remains what it is. A mighty upas tree overshadows the province and it is necessary to go to the root with the Gospel axe, if the tree is to be destroyed."

Recent police court developments in the City of Toronto demonstrate the necessity of extending the clearing process beyond the confines of Quebec Province. Why not induce Rev. Calvin Amaron to fetch along his Gospel battle axe—and Scriptural pruning knife—and apply both to the roots and branches of the upas tree, that has blossomed forth so much boodlesism in our city? It was while the great revivalist Moody was declaiming against every vice and reprimanding immorality under every form, that Judge McDougal was pushing his searching investigations into alleged corruption and dishonesty among the civic representatives of Toronto's enlightened population. It is evident Mr. Moody's eloquent efforts have not produced all the fruit that was expected of them. Rev. Calvin Amaron's "Gospel axe" is just what we want here in Toronto.

We quote from the Globe: Judge McDougal, after listening to what evidence was forthcoming, said: "If these aldermen were put in the box and if they had been in corrupt negotiations, they probably would not hesitate to add to their offence by giving fatal evidence. . . . He had been thinking a good deal during the past two days as to the best way of probing into the charges of corruption. He proposed making a report in the present case, and in a rider to that report he would ask the city to give him wider powers to dig up evidence of corruption by officials or aldermen in the letting of contracts. . . . If the Council gave the powers asked for he would be enabled to unearth the question as to who the boodlers are who sit in Council, if there are any such."

Many admitted facts go to prove beyond any possibility of doubt that boodling has been committed, and

approaches made to corruption of aldermen—whether successful or not time will unravel. The unwillingness of Wheeler and Rogers, the contractors, to appear in the witness box, the use of cipher messages, and the admissions made by Alderman Stewart are conclusive evidence as to the very unsatisfactory condition of the moral atmosphere in which Toronto's civic interests are just now involved.

As a rule we leave to our daily contemporaries the task of attending to serious delinquencies of this nature. We feel called upon in the present instance to refer to them in order to show how sometimes "chickens come home to roost" and how advisable it is to attend occasionally to the wise counsel of the Heavenly moralist: "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

## The Shoe on the Other Foot.

The late Archbishop Tache once summarised the attitude of the Protestant denominations into following sarcastic statement: "Leave us our Protestant schools with the amount of religious instruction which has satisfied us in the past and will satisfy us in the future. Leave in our schools the Bible, the teaching of the Commandments, etc., etc. It is enough if you are to leave the management and the discipline of our schools in Protestant hands, and if all the books are to be chosen according to our own views. But by all means, destroy the schools of the Romish Church, and if you are not able to do that, at least dear governor and state, surround those Romish institutions with such difficulties that at least a few of the non-practical Catholics will object to their support at their private expense, and then we will have Catholic children under our influence. Moreover be cautious. Henceforth call our dear institutions 'Public non-sectarian schools.' The name you know goes for everything at a distance, and that name will sound effectively in Ontario and across the waters. Some of us will send our declaration to the privy council and it will have an important effect on the decision. The name will do our work and we shall have our Protestant schools exactly as we had them."

How well this stated the position appears from the fact that now when there is some likelihood of the present modicum of religious instruction being dispensed with and the Manitoba Schools being made what the Government claims they are, purely secular, the Anglican Archbishop of Rupert's Land writes, according to the Mail, to the Church Congress at St. John, N. B. A strong protest against secularization on the ground that it will give us in the future a population devoid of respect for religious things. In the Presbyterian Synod of Manitoba also notice has been given of this motion. "That the synod deems it seasonable and important to affirm its satisfaction with the fact that an unsectarian system of education has been instituted in the Province of Manitoba, and that the synod would deprecate any change in the system of education which

would forbid the use of the Scripture at the opening or closing of the schools when the trustees so desire."

So long as the state of affairs met their own views, they could see no grievance open to the Catholics. But once their own ideas of propriety are interfered with there is a different kind of story to tell.

If the Government persist in their determination to make the schools altogether secular, there is a possibility that the real convictions of the Protestants will be brought into the conflict and there may yet be hope that the rejection of such a measure by the people will lead to a reconstruction on the old and only fair basis, secured it is to be hoped by enactments less susceptible of evasion than the Manitoba Act of 1870.

### The Retort Courteous.

The outspoken strictures made by Cardinal Vaughan upon the claims of the Anglican Episcopate have given rise to several very pretty rows, but for downright petulance the Archbishop of York has distanced all competitors. The appended correspondence will explain:

RIGHT REVEREND SIR.—Speaking at a meeting at York on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, you are reported, according to the Daily Telegraph, to have described Archbishop Vaughan as "an Italian Cardinal." I have the honor of filling the post of chaplain to the Vaughan family, and I herewith avail myself of the liberty of reminding you that your statement is not true. Cardinal Vaughan is an Englishman, and a member of one of our oldest English families. It cannot be that you were ignorant of the nationality of Cardinal Vaughan.

If you consider that your language can escape the charge of misrepresentation because Archbishop Vaughan is a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, allow me to remind you, further, that this very title, before the event mis-called the "Reformation" took place, was given to Archbishop of Canterbury. I can scarcely suppose that anyone would be so silly as to describe Archbishop Langton as an "Italian Cardinal" because he is called, in the preamble to Magna Charta "Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Canterbury." Are the Primates of France, Spain, or Austria to be called "Italian Cardinals" because the Holy See has honored them with the Roman purple? Finally, let me remind you that every Prelate who occupied the See of York, down to Nicholas Heath, the last legitimate Archbishop, derived his jurisdiction from the See of Rome. Were they all Italians?

One has a right to expect that a person who occupies an official position in the State Church should not give expression to utterly baseless statements such as you are reported to have made at York.—I am, Right Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,

OWEN C. H. KING.

This is the reply of the Archbishop of York to Father King:—

BISHOPSTORPE, York,  
4th November.

DEAR SIR—The Archbishop of York desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to express his regret that you should be so imperfectly acquainted with the history of the Church in your own country as to make the statements which your letter contains.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BOOKER,  
Secretary.

### The Beginning of the End.

The highest tribute to the personal popularity of Chief Justice Meredith has just been rendered by the electors of London who have returned his old opponent, Mr Hobbs, by a majority of 800.

From what we can learn this election may be regarded as the beginning of a revulsion of popular feeling. The underground order which for the past couple of years has been appropriating a prominence in the affairs of the country altogether out of proportion to the value of its expressed views on public questions has here received an unmistakable intimation that its pretensions have been examined and soberly rejected, that the distrust created by its outpourings of bigotry has subsided, that its attempts to subvert the functions of the franchise have been unavailing.

It is to be regretted that the new leader of the opposition should have flung himself into this ignoble contest at his first trial of strength. In his speech of Nov. 14th at London after a set of bitter references to the Church he came fairly into the open. He seemed to be elated with the prospect of P.P.A. success. He said: "It is a great pity we ever had Separate schools. If I could remove them, I would. If it can be done I am willing to assist in doing it. And in doing this I believe I would be doing what is in the interests of the Roman Catholics themselves." This pleasant hint that the Catholics are a pack of fools who do not know what is good for them and that they would be vastly better off to accept the saving advice of their enemies seems to have been resented not only by the Catholics themselves but by a reasonable general electorate.

It is a significant fact that on the morning following the election there appears in the Mail an interview which goes to show that the process of disintegration is already pretty far advanced. The person interviewed was for some time the treasurer of the organization. He gives the interesting information that "at the meeting in Hamilton last January action was taken compelling members of the order to vote for the nominee of divisional councils, by which action ten or twelve men control the votes of three or four thousand."

Surely the good sense of the country which boasts its respect for and adhesion to British political institutions must be sick and tired of this bureaucracy working like moles underground, and tired too of the puny and disingenuous defence made for it by its public advocates. When thieves fall out honest men get their due; and it will not be surprising if after the dust is laid the standing of Catholics with their fellows will be better than ever before.

### Mr Blake.

The cable announces that in a recent speech delivered before his constituents at Longford on his return from America Mr. Blake expressed his intention of remaining in his position as member of the Imperial House until the close of the present Parliament, but intimated that after that he was not prepared to

promise a very constant attendance as he could not but look upon his exile from his home and family without very painful feelings.

There can be no doubt that with his advancing years the prospect of remaining thousands of miles from his home instead of resting after the toils of a life spent in public service, cannot be of the pleasantest nature. Nevertheless those who beheld with admiration his gallant response to the call of the Irish party can scarcely refrain from the hope that he will remain until the object for which he gave up so much of the joys of life has been attained, a time which, there is every reason to hope and to think, will not be long delayed.

### Editorial Notes.

There died a few weeks ago in Paris the widow of a man whose name will ever be held in regard by Catholics. This was Madame Ozanam, the widow of the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. When Archbishop Ireland was in Paris some time ago in the course of an address he recommended Frederick Ozanam as the model Catholic layman. Next morning he was called upon by an elderly lady who, to his surprise, thanked him for his tribute to her husband. Ozanam died in 1853.

Signor Crispi has a prospect of bad times ahead. It seems likely that he will soon be replaced by Signor Zanardelli, who was elected premier two years ago. He now heads a strong party formed for the purpose of defeating their old friend and chief, Signor Crispi. Of late Crispi has been acting as a dictator and has suspended the National Constitution in several provinces. When the legislature meets in a few weeks he will have to answer for his temerity.

Another of the pet traditions of anti-Catholics is likely to soon crumble into nothingness. There has been a statement looked upon as of almost scriptural veracity that the Jesuits were the heart and soul of the Guy Fawkes plot. Father Gerard, S.J., has just published an address containing the result of his investigations on the subject. They are of a nature such as should forever dispel the bigoted charge. Father Gerard sums up his remarks by pointing out that the plot was the doing of a handful of desperate men; that it admirably served the purpose of the Minister who made the utmost use of the circumstances, and did not hesitate to indulge in every species of fraud in order to incriminate men utterly innocent of the crime, who have been held guilty ever since by Protestant tradition.

Two religious, Sister Marie Zélie d'Ermonet and Sister Justine de Beaumont, recently were awarded by the Societe Fraternelle des Sauveteurs of the Seine-et-Oise medals for saving life. Both had shown heroic self-abnegation in nursing patients stricken with terrible contagious diseases, and by their admirable conduct had saved lives which must otherwise have perished. One of the Sisters was present at the festival of the society, which was held at Pontoise, and when she went forward to receive her medal the applause was tumultuous.

### The Tales My Father Told.

For the Register.

When the day's hard work was over,  
And the evening's meal was done,  
As the moon from out the Heavens  
Chased afar the loitering sun,  
Then we gathered near the turf-fire,  
Made a circle round its light,  
Held our breath, expectant, waiting  
For the children's great delight.

Over in the warmest corner  
Lies old "Gray" our faithful dog.  
In his dreams he's chasing rabbits,  
Through the bush, and by the bog,  
Near him "Pussy" gently purring,  
Blinking with maternal pride  
At the kit, so fat and fluffy,  
Cosy napping by her side.

And my Father, may God rest him—  
Tall and fair, and true of heart,  
Greatest hurler, finest wrestler,  
But athlete in Ballingart—  
Lights his pipe, and stirs the embers  
Showering shadows on the wall,  
Lifts young "Patsy" in his strong arms,  
Casts a glance of love o'er all.

Little Bridgie, sweetest fairy,  
Rests her head on "Daddy's" knee.  
While the little colleen Mollie  
Snuggles closer up to me;  
And our mother, fondest woman,  
Strokes wee Willie's hair of gold  
Listening in a very rapture,  
To the tales my Father told.

Soon began the short night's pleasure,  
Tales of warrior, patriot, saint,  
Stories of dear Ireland's glory,  
Fairy lore and fables quaint.  
Most we loved to hear him telling  
How upon the battle-field,  
Brian and his noble courtiers  
Made the roving Danes to yield.

Then upon the walls of Limerick,  
Watching its defenders brave,  
Heard them shout their wildest war-cries,  
Saw the fiercest blows they gave,  
Saw O'Hanlon and his followers—  
Saw Dewey so strong and bold,  
Saw them living, breathing, fighting  
In the tales my Father told.

Now would come a touch of sadness,  
And the tears would fill our eyes,  
As we knelt in Boden's churchyard  
Where Willie Tone so lonely lies.  
And this grief was oft redoubled,  
When we heard brave Emmet's name,  
And we called him hero, martyr  
Worthy of the highest fame.

But through all the joy and sadness,  
Like the veins in marble white,  
Went the hope that in the future  
We would see the glorious right  
Of our country's freedom dawning.  
See her brightest days unfold,  
Kindled was this fond desire,  
By the tales my Father told. H. W.

### In Memoriam Honore Mercier.

O, true and gentle, kind and brave!  
Detractors now may stand aside,  
While we who loved thee, by thy grave,  
Recall the virtues thy denied.  
We know thee in thy strength and power,  
We know thee when affliction came,  
And proudly at this solemn hour,  
Shall vindicate thy worth and fame.

Stand back! Let faction hold its peace;  
We knew him as a man—a friend,  
Stand back! and let your slander cease;  
You had your triumph—gained your end.  
But he is now beyond your hate,  
But not beyond the love we bear;  
For love above all things is great,  
While hate is parent of despair.

He's far beyond your cruel rage,  
This patriot by traitors sold;  
Most faithful in a faithless age,  
Feltic without guile or gold.  
In friendship ever firm and true,  
In fortune's smile or frown the same,  
True heart that never falsehood knew!  
Pure soul serene and free from blame!

Aye! free from blame! His fame will shine  
Among the noblest of our land,  
Whose glory was their faith divine,  
In virtue and the helping hand.  
Peace! Peace! O, let the great dead dwell  
In silence! Let the living weep,  
For He who doeth all things well,  
Has given His beloved sleep!

—Carroll Ryan.

Earthquake shocks have occurred at Milazzo, on the north coast of the Island of Sicily, and the fact that the volcano of Stromboli is nearly in a state of eruption is accepted as proof that the disturbances are of volcanic origin. The inhabitants of Milazzo continue in a state of greater terror. They are living in huts hastily erected in the fields. Elsewhere the feeling of alarm is subsiding, and business is resuming its normal course.

Escaped the Police.

At eight o'clock on the evening of October 20th, James Lynchehan, the man charged with the attempted murder of Mrs. M. Donnell, of The Valley, Achill and with burning the Valley House, escaped from the police at his father's house, near Achill Sound. The announcement of his escape caused considerable excitement throughout the district, and cars laden with police have been pouring into the island of Achill. Lynchehan was removed from Castlebar jail on that morning, and conveyed to Murrans by the 11 a. m. train. He was present in the cabin at the Valley, where Mrs. M. Donnell lay, when Mr. Horne, R. J., took a further deposition from the unfortunate lady. The prisoner was sent from the Dugort Police Station in charge of two constables named Muldoon and Ward, to be relocked in Castlebar jail. Lynchehan's father lives about a mile from Achill Sound, en route from Dugort, and at this point it appears that the prisoner was not handcuffed at all, though he had manacles on a few minutes previously. A brother of his, who was on horseback, met the police-escort with their prisoner near the house of the prisoner's father and stopped them, saying he had brought an overcoat for him, which he asked that his brother should be allowed to put on. No objection was made. Of course the handcuffs had to be removed, and the prisoner had scarcely put the coat on when he leaped off the car and ran up a passage in the direction of his father's house. The night was dark, but from the light in the doorway the constables are positive that he did not enter the house but passed round the end of the gable, and there several house close by, but the police have so far failed to find the slightest clue to his whereabouts. The escape took place in the wildest part of the Corraun mountains, on the shore of Blackhead Bay. The two policemen, Muldoon and Ward, who were made responsible for the safe-conveyance of the prisoner back to jail, have, it is understood, been suspended from duty, and the Constabulary authorities will probably take proceedings against them. The wife of one of the men—a man who had fifteen years service—died rather suddenly next day. Upwards of four hundred policemen are now scouring the country, under the direction of Divisional-Commissioner Cameron, for Lynchehan. It is believed he is concealed either in some of the caves of the Corraun mountains or that he got away in a boat.

Abp. Ireland Meets Dr. Parkhurst.

Among the distinguished persons gathered in the Pulitzer Building in New York on election night to hear the returns were Archbishop Ireland, Bishop McGillick, of Duluth, and Thomas Cochran, jr., of St. Paul. The Archbishop was very deeply interested in the returns and very much delighted and surprised with the manner and promptness with which the returns were presented.

But more interesting was the meeting between him and Dr. Parkhurst. They had never seen each other before, and it is a significant thing that these two great men of such diverse religious beliefs, should come together in a newspaper office.

When Dr. Parkhurst entered the room the Archbishop arose and advanced rapidly towards the doctor. He took his hand and with the other hand grasped his arm.

"How do you do, Dr. Parkhurst. I am delighted to see you," said the Archbishop, without waiting for an introduction. "I want to congratulate you with all my heart."

A slight blush came into Dr. Parkhurst's cheek, then these two sat down and chatted for half an hour.



James E. Nicholson.

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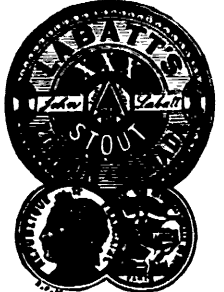
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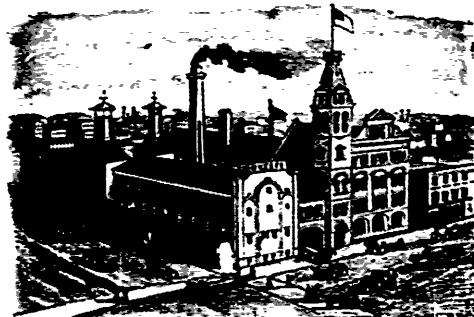
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim

A tragedy which was enacted in Larne on Saturday night, October 10th, reached another stage on the 23rd, when an unfortunate woman, named Lizzy Barr, was charged with the murder of Adam Maxwell, who lost his life through a stab of a penknife, received in Mission Lane, Larne, on the former date. Of the locality in which the dispute took place, all that need be said is that it is not an inviting one, the houses being of a dingy appearance, while Mission Lane is an unusually narrow street or lane. The woman Barr was removed from the County Jail to Larne in custody, and after being arraigned was remanded on the application of the police.

Armagh

At the Armagh Quarter Sessions, on Oct. 10th, before County Court Judge Kinley, John V. Bond, D. L., J. P., brought a civil bill against a respectably farmer named James Finn, who resides in Ballynashole, for £10 damages for cutting a number of trees on his farm and converting them to his own use, plaintiff being owner in fee of the property. The defendant pleaded that, as tenant, he thought he had a right to cut and use the trees, which were small and only four in number. The Judge in giving his decision, stated that what the defendant had done was a gross outrage, and he had just as much right to cut the timber as he would have to put his hand in the plaintiff's pocket and take his purse. He would make an example of this case, and would give a decree for £4 and the usual costs.

Clare

At the Quarter Sessions, in Ennis, County Judge Kelly gave decrees for £2 10s. and costs against Denis McInerney, Hon. Secretary Ennis Young Ireland Society; Jas. Spelliasy, Michael Carmody, and Daniel Egan, for breaking into the Town Hall on the occasion of the O'Donovan Rossa lecture in Ennis. An appeal will be taken in all the cases.

Cork

The Schull Guardians (according to the *Skibbereen Eagle*) have discovered a case of insomniacs in that workhouse which possibly is without a parallel. A man named De-courcy, who is half-witted, has, it is alleged, been 380 days without sleep, day or night. He is over seventy years of age, eats his meals regularly, and is in excellent health.

Derry

The Nationalist and Liberal Committee of North Derry have just completed an analysis of the results of the recent revision of voters' lists in the division, which shows that the net gain for the popular side amounts to 538. The effect will be that North Derry can no longer be regarded a Tory stronghold.

Dougal

Mr. Jerome Joyce, of Donegal, who was lately appointed to the Commission of the Peace by the Lord Chancellor, has been sworn in before Mr. Patrick Gallagher, J.P., Donegal. Mr. Joyce is County Delegate of the Irish National Federation.

Dowry

There has just been completed to the order of the Sisters of Poor Clares, High street, Newry, a new school with all the modern improvements. The building is very large and commodious, and looks remarkably well, both interior and exterior. Special attention has been paid to ventilation, which is all that could be desired, and the structure, architecturally and otherwise, reflects the highest credit on Mr. Richard Hynes, who prepared the plans, and on Mr. Dennis Neary, who executed his work to general satisfaction.

Ennis

The "Three Rock Mountain" was snowed on Saturday October 20th, and there was a very considerable fall in the temperature, followed by heavy rain and thunder storms. At Ballydoyle, a six-roomed house belonging to Mr. Dunne was fired by lightning, and in a brief period a house adjoining it was also in flames. By the time the Fire Brigade arrived the houses were enveloped in flames, and the roofs had fallen in. The brigade at once laid down two lines of hose, and soon succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The houses, the second of which belonged to Mr. McGrane, were unoccupied, but they had been furnished. All the furniture was destroyed. It is understood the damage is fully covered by insurance.

Galway

Early on Tuesday morning, October 23d, while the crew of Mr. E. O'Flaherty's boat, the *Hero*, were hauling her herring net, off the Arran Islands, one of the men, named John Ryder, a brave young fellow of seventeen, the only support of his destitute and feeble parents, was swept overboard and lost his life. It was blowing a strong gale at the time and the sea was running high. The crew did their utmost to rescue their unfortunate companion, but they were so rough that all their efforts were unavailing, and young Ryder sank before they could come to his aid. Much sympathy is felt for the poor parents, who are thus deprived of their only bread winner.

Kerry

A terrible drowning fatality occurred, on October 24th, in Kenmare Bay, a trawler boat, belonging to Rosmore Island, with a

crew of four being lost in the terrible storm of that morning. The old fellows composing the crew set out to draw their nets at an early hour, when the sea was comparatively calm; but, when midway in the channel, the boat became unmanageable and drifted to the opposite shore at Ardea Castle, where she was upset, and went on a reef. The crew were composed of John Connor, the owner, who leaves eight children to mourn his loss; Daniel Kelly, farmer, unmarried; Pat. Kelly, a widow's son, unmarried; and Michael Shea, a farmer's son. Pat Kelly clung to the wreck, and after having been tossed about by the waves for a considerable time, washed ashore in an unconscious state, and was taken to a neighboring farm-house, where he revived, but soon died from exhaustion, without being able to give any particulars of the accident. The boat was picked up on the shore, next day, and two of the dead bodies of the crew were found.

Kildare

Thomas J. Whelan has been re-elected Chairman of the Athy Town Commissioners for the ensuing year.

Kilkenny

Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, has made the following appointments and changes in the diocese:—Very Rev. Michl Barry, late President St. Kieran's College, is appointed parish priest of Ballyregan, vacant by the death of the Rev. John McGrath. Rev. Tobias Walsh, Adm., the Cathedral, Kilkenny, is appointed parish priest of Freshford, vacant by the death of Rev. James Shortall. Rev. James Doyle, late Bishop's Secretary, is appointed President of St. Kieran's College. Rev. James Bowe, late C. C., St. John's, Kilkenny, goes as Dean and Professor to St. Kieran's, Kilkenny. James Dillon, Adm., St. Patrick's replaces Father Walsh as Administrator at the Cathedral. Rev. Richard Keogh, late C. C., St. Patrick's is appointed Adm. St. Patrick's. Rev. William Costigan, late Chaplain, the Monastery, Castletown, replaces Father Bowe, as C. C., at St. John's. Rev. Father McGrath, recently ordained at St. Kieran's College, goes as Chaplain to the Monastery, Castletown.

King's County

On the afternoon of October 23d, Ballycowan, about two miles from Tullamore, a number of men and horses were engaged bringing a threshing machine to the house of a farmer in the locality, and to reach their destination it was necessary to cross a steep bridge which spans the Grand Canal, at Ballycowan. A man named James Grennan, residing at the adjoining townland of Ballinacraggi, was leading the horses attached to the engine. While thus engaged he accidentally stumbled and fell, and the horses were carried away by the momentum of the heavy engine, which bounded down the steep declivity with terrible rapidity. Grennan fell under the wheels, which passed over both legs below the knee joint, inflicting terrible injuries. Work was at once despatched to Tullamore, and Rev. James Murphy, C. C., was on the scene in a few minutes. Dr. George Alexander Moorehead, J. P., arrived soon afterwards, and everything possible was done to alleviate the unfortunate man's sufferings. He was in an unconscious condition and had lost a great quantity of blood. Dr. Moorehead having arrested the hemorrhage, Grennan was conveyed to the County Infirmary, where he remains in a precarious condition.

Lestrims

At their last meeting, the Manorhamilton Board of Guardians proceeded to elect a Veterinary Inspector for the Union. Applications were received from Mr. S. G. Hamilton, Sigo, and Mr. P. D. Reery, Ballyshannon. On a division the latter was elected by 19 votes to 7. Mr. Reery is a thorough Nationalist.

Limerick

The quarterly Muster Fair was held in Limerick on October 25th. The supply of horses was up to the average, but hunters, which found ready purchasers at remunerative prices, were somewhat limited in number. The demand for farm and carriage horses was small. Buyers attended from Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford, and other centres; but there were only a few from Great Britain.

Longford

At Longford Quarter Sessions, on Oct. 24th, before County Court Judge Curran, Bridget Maguire, of Drumsanna, sought to recover £50 damages from Mr. William Robinson, sub sheriff for the county Longford, for that he did, on the 2d of August last, break and enter into the house of plaintiff, and then and there beat her. The plaintiff was the second wife of a former tenant, who died, having made a will dividing his farm between the children of the first and second wives. The children of the wife were made executors of the will, but endeavored to suppress it, when an equity suit was instituted and the will established. Then the landlord refused to consent to the sub-division mentioned in the will. The executors deliberately let the rent fall into arrear, for the purpose of getting possession, and they (James and Pat Maguire) having succeeded in doing this, went behind plaintiff's back and had ejectment decrees granted against her at the suit of the landlords.



INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

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- HAROLD ENGELBACH, Secretary.

Agents: J. H. EWART, General Agent, 16 Wellington St. East, Toronto. Correspondence is invited as to Agencies at unrepresented points in Ontario.

London

On October 16th, the funeral took place, at Dysart, of John McKenna, aged 35 years, who had been one of the Plan of Campaign tenants on Lord Massereene's estate. The deceased was a tenant of a farm of ten acres under Lord Massereene, at Lawestown Hill, and when the Plan of Campaign was entered upon he joined it, and lost his comfortable holding. He lived afterwards until death in a little hut. Lately he was very poor, and the grants of money from the funds have been scanty.

Meath

On October 26th, a quarrel took place between two milsmen on the railway, at Navan. The parties, whose names were Gorman and Murray, had heated discussion about politics. Murray was seen to fall, and was at once conveyed to the gatman's box, where he soon expired. It appears that the men had been paid their wages that day, and had taken some drink. Murray was about 55 years of age, and leaves a wife and 7 children to mourn his loss. Gorman, who immediately informed the police, was at once placed under arrest.

Monaghan

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the clergy and delegates of the I.N.F. in the barony of Farney, county Monaghan, held recently in Carrickmacross. Rev. W. O'Doherty, C.C., presiding:—Moved by the Rev. T. F. Maguire, P.P., Iniskeen, seconded by Mr. Pat Mac Dermott, I.N.F., Magheraclon, and passed unanimously:—"That speakers invited to address the meeting in Carrickmacross, on November 1st be requested not to make any reference in their speeches to matters at present in controversy between different sections of the Irish Parliamentary Party."

Queen's County

Early on the morning of October 21st, a report reached the police at Stradbally that a man named Jeremiah Kelly had been murdered at Kilroy, nine miles from Maryborough. They at once proceeded to the place and arrested a man named Martin Walsh. It would appear that Walsh and Kelly were in Stradbally on the previous day, delivering corn, and were drinking together, when some old family quarrel was brought up, with the result that blows were exchanged. They then parted. Kelly had to pass Walsh's house on his way home, and about six o'clock a man named Clegg found Kelly on the road near Walsh's house. When lifted up he was unable to stand, as he was suffering from spinal paralysis caused by his neck being broken. He was placed in a cart and taken home, where he died four hours later. Before his death he made a statement to the effect that Walsh had pulled him out of his car and broken his neck; and he added, "I forgive him and may God forgive him."

Roscommon

The ceremony of dedicating the new church of Elpin took place on October 21st, in the presence of a vast concourse of the faithful from miles around. In the absence, through illness, of the Bishop of the diocese, the ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. B. Cane, P. P. V. F. Boyle. Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coventry Bishop of Clonfert, preached at the 15 o'clock Mass, and Very Rev. John Clancy, Professor, Maynooth College, preached in the evening. Unusually large congregations attended both services, and the handsome sum of £400 was collected. The largest benefactors of the building, up to the present, have been Most Rev. Dr. Gilhooly, who has contributed £210, and Very Rev. Joseph Egan (late P. P.), who bequeathed £300 towards its erection.

Sligo

In the Dublin Commission Court, on Oct. 26th, before Justice Holmes and a city jury, Martin W. Phillips, who had been postmaster of Sligo, was indicted for having committed wilful and corrupt perjury in the Court of Bankruptcy. The traverser pleaded no guilty, and on the case being given to the

jury they failed to agree, and were therefore discharged, and on the application of Sergeant Dodd the case was adjourned to the next Commission, and the traverser was released on bail.

Tipperary

A very severe thunder-storm broke over Tipperary districts on the evening of Oct. 24th, causing considerable destruction to corn, hay, and other property. The country roads leading through wooded districts were strewn with trees pulled up by the roots, and the roads rendered impassable.

Tyrone

The Tories have evidently lost all hope of holding the seat for South Tyrone, at the next election. October 24th, Mr. T. W. Russell, addressing a meeting of his constituents at Clotger, said it was quite possible the seat might be lost at the next election, but he had set his back to the wall, and, conscious of the justice of his cause, would fight the battle out at all hazards.

Waterford

On Oct. 22d, information reached Dangarrone of the suicide of an old man named John Nagle, aged 70 years, who lived at Ballycul-lace a townland about four miles from the town, on a small farm. He was a widower, and his only son had got married on the previous Sunday week. On the following Sunday his son and daughter in-law left the house to spend the evening at a neighbor's in the district. The old man was in bed as they were leaving. On their return the son went to the father's room, and not finding him in bed he went to an adjoining room and there found the old man hanging from the rafters.

Wexford

On Oct. 24th, the barometer suddenly fell from 33 to 28, which presaged a charge of a violent character in the weather. About half an hour afterwards a dreadful storm of wind and rain, lasting for a full hour, swept over the town of Wexford. Loose slates were blown off several houses, but there was no further damage caused. The storm subsided as suddenly as it arose. While Henry Rowe, of Hallyhrann, a laborer in the employment of Mr. Sinnott, was going home, he was overtaken by the storm at Park, and a tree, which was blown down, struck him on the head causing him serious injury. He was unconscious for some time, and lost a great deal of blood before he was conveyed to the County Infirmary.

Wicklow

We regret to chronicle, this week, the death of Sergeant Col. Quinlan, which took place at his residence, Merry Meeting House, county Wicklow, on Oct. 22d. The deceased's death was rather sudden and unexpected. For a number of years he resided at Newtown House, Kilkenny, and only changed to his late residence within the past few years.

Although in very good health, the Pope has given orders for the preparation of his own tomb. The celebrated sculptor Signor Maccaignani has received a commission to set about the work. The monument, which is to be of white Carrara marble, is to be a sarcophagus, on which will repose a lion, with its fore paw resting on the Papal tiara. To the right there will be a statue of Faith, with a torch in one hand and the Scales of Justice in the other, and to the left a figure of Truth, the hand laid on the coat of arms of the Pecci family. The only inscription on the tomb will be: "Hic Leo XIII., P. P. Petrus Erat." By his will the Pope directs his remains to be buried in the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine used for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

**THE KNOW NOTHINGS.**

Reminiscences of the American Movement of Fifty Years Ago.

The Life of James Campbell.

The American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, in the current number of their "Records" publish an account of the life of the late James Campbell, sometime a Judge, and Postmaster General of the United States in the administration of President Franklin Pierce.

Daniel Dougherty once made the remark that it was his early ambition to be elected Senator from Pennsylvania, but that as he became familiar with the ways of the politicians he came to the conclusion that one could not attain to such a position and stand well with his self respect. Judge Campbell took the more militant view that a man could remain secure in his own estimation under whatever stress of circumstances, and while his worldly successes proved that public honors were not to be denied even to a Catholic, the uniform good opinion in which he was held by all with whom came in contact showed that it was not necessary for him to sacrifice his personal honor in order to obtain public prominence.

He was born in Philadelphia September 1st, 1812 and died in that city January 27th, 1898. At twenty one he was admitted to the bar. He was but little past twenty-nine when he received an appointment as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas taking his seat with judges vastly older than himself, and immediately began to make a record for himself as a worthy coadjutor to his seniors, one of whom, Judge King is described as one of the ablest, most learned and scholarly of men. This appointment was due to his participation in the political life of the state. President Harrison, "Tippecanoe," as he was called, grandfather of ex-president Benjamin Harrison, had died in 1841, and was succeeded by the vice-president, John Tyler, of Virginia. Though still under thirty, Campbell was already one of the leaders of his party in Philadelphia, and had attached himself to the interest of Tyler. In the cabinet reconstruction following the death of Harrison, Tyler saw in Campbell a shrewd young leader. Consequently, when a vacancy occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, Governor Porter called Campbell to the position.

In 1844 the wave of Native Americanism, known as the Know Nothing movement, which was bitterly hostile to all of foreign birth, but especially Irish Catholics, and through them Catholics generally, swept over the continent and the crusade of bigotry spared nothing, respected no one. Judge Campbell threw himself into the controversy and organized the Catholic voting forces. To such a degree did he arouse the enmity of the rioters that a mob attacked his own house and his life might have paid forfeit for his courage, had not one of the chiefs of the Know Nothings, a man with whom Campbell had been on terms of the most intimate friendship since boyhood, a man of great size, invincible courage, and dauntless and impressive bearing rushed fiercely to the rescue and by sheer personal resolution overawed the rioters.

In 1850 the new law was passed which which made the judges of court elective rather than appointive. Judge Campbell was chosen to head the ticket of his party. When the election came on it was found that all except himself were elected by majorities of about twelve thousand, while he, the head of the ticket was in a minority of more than three thousand. This result was due, purely and simply to the fact that James Campbell was a Catholic.

That his Catholic supporters felt bitter about this desertion on the part

of their party friends goes without saying. But their turn was to come.

The election for Governor came on in 1851. The assistance of Campbell was essential to the success of the party which had deserted him. Wisely he gave that assistance. Immediately after the election he was rewarded by being appointed Attorney General of Pennsylvania. This position he held until in 1853 he was called to the cabinet of President Pierce as Postmaster General of the United States. This position was tendered to him by Pierce at the solicitation of W. M. Hirst, a leading lawyer and chairman of the Democratic Committee, who well knew the importance of Campbell's service to the party in Pennsylvania which was then the pivotal state. This appointment opened the floodgates of Know Nothing wrath. Gav. zzi filled the ears of eager listeners with imaginative fabrications. But President Pierce held to his decision.

Campbell introduced the registry system, stamped envelopes, perforated stamps, began the movement for low rates of postage and heroically opposed all unbusinesslike contracts.

One of his associates in the cabinet was Jefferson Davis, afterwards President of the Confederate States, but then Secretary of War. Davis was at that time a very handsome and a very brilliant man; his versatility was always a surprise. He had a knowledge of military affairs exceeded by few tacticians of the time. He could discuss medicine with readiness and accuracy, and his powers of oratory were such as to command the admiration of the most competent judges. Long afterwards there was a conversation between Davis and Campbell the account of which is worth reproducing. It was just before Lincoln's election to the Presidency. Davis was on his way south. He had an idea that the Democrats would carry Pennsylvania.

"I told him, that Lincoln would carry Pennsylvania and be the next President. He was dumbfounded. But he said he had never known me to be deceived, and believed what I said."

"I don't think I shall ever forget the scene. Davis sat on the sofa and listened to me gravely and intently. After I had mentioned the Lincoln matter, I waited to see what effect it would have upon him, but he said not a word. Then I continued:

"If you permit Mr. Lincoln to serve out his term, I pledge my life that his successor will be a Democrat. A severe struggle was going on in his mind. After a few moment's study he rose and paced the floor in an excited manner. 'Campbell, I love the old Union!' he broke out; my father bled for it, but my God! you cannot conceive the amount of feeling that exists in our section at the present time. Unless you come among our people in the South, you cannot begin to estimate the bitterness of feeling that has already been engendered—a feeling that will increase and grow in bitterness in the event of Lincoln's election."

The man who could come into such honors as fell to Judge Campbell in times when the present venerable Archbishop Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia was obliged to seek personal protection, and still maintain his reputation as an active and devoted Catholic, was cast in no common mould. When he passed away, so high was the estimation in which he was held, and such the splendor of his example that Bishop O'Hara felt constrained to reject the expressed wish of the deceased that there should be no sermon, in order to point out the merit of his life and to recommend his works as a Christian example.

"I escaped being a confirmed dyspeptic by taking Ayer's Pills in time." This is the experience of many. Ayer's Pills, whether as an after-dinner pill or as a remedy for liver complaint, indigestion, flatulency, water brash, and nausea, are invaluable.

**COLOSSAL SALE OF FALL GOODS.**

We fire the First Gun at Competition to show our strength as Genuine Bargain Givers, to beat all previous records.

**OF IMPORTANCE**

We have bought the entire stock of a Montreal wholesale house, consisting of Silks, Black Dress Goods and Colored Dress Goods, at less than 50c. on the dollar. This purchase will enable us to make the lowest prices in

**Fine Silks, Black Dress Goods and Colored Dress Goods**

ever named by any reliable house in Canada. All are invited to the Slaughter. Everybody come. City merchants, country merchants, pedlars—all are welcome. New Goods for half what jobbers ask.

ONE CONDITION—Bring your money with you. You'll want lots of it when you see these goods. For we will sell for cash only. Don't miss a single item of our advertisement. Each line is fraught with interest to you. Now go on and read.

**IN COLORED SILKS**

IT'S THE PRICE.

- 22 in. in handsome shades of figured India Silk, was 50c. now 15c.
- Beautiful shades of Colored Surahs, was 50c. now 15c.
- Beautiful shades of Changeable Satins, was 50c. now 15c.
- 22 in. Faile Francaise, all pure silk and warranted, was \$1. now 39c.
- 22 in. Heavy Colored Satin Rhadames, all pure silk, was \$1. now 39c.
- 22 in. All Pure Silk Colored Gros Grains, was \$1. now 39c.
- All shades in Silk Velvets, was \$1. now 39c.

**IN BLACK SILKS**

IT'S THE PRICE.

- 22 in. Armure Royal (warranted), was \$1 25. now 49c.
  - 22 in. Black Peau de Soie, warranted, was \$1 35. now 49c.
  - 22 in. Black Satin Duchess, warranted, was \$1 25. now 49c.
  - 22 in. Black Gros Grains, warranted, was \$1. now 49c.
- If you are ever going to need a Silk Dress now is the time to buy.

**IT'S THE PRICE IN UNDERWEAR**

- Ladies' Fine Egyptian Fleeced Vests and Drawers, was 60c. 25c.
- Ladies' Half Wool Vests and Drawers, was 60c. 25c.
- Men's All Wool Shirts and Drawers, was 75c. 25c.
- Misses and Children's Fine Merino Shirts and Drawers, was 35c. 15c.
- Men's Heavy Flannel Shirts and Drawers, was 75c. 39c.

**IN BLACK DRESS GOODS**

IT'S THE PRICE.

- 36 in. All Wool Serges, was 40c. now 19c.
  - 44 in. All Wool Cashmeres, was 45c. now 19c.
  - 40 in. All Wool Black Brocade Dress goods, was 50c and 60c. now 19c.
  - 42 in. All Wool Camel's Hair and Venetian Serges, was 50c. now 19c.
  - 42 in. All Wool Henrietta, was 60c. now 25c.
  - 42 in. Boucle Novelties, was 40c. now 19c.
  - 44 in. Black Soliel Dress Goods was \$1. now 50c.
- Choice of any piece of Black Goods in our house worth up to \$1 50 and \$2 for 75c.
- Now is the time of all times to buy a Black Dress.

We will sell 1,000 pairs of 10 4 and 1 1 4 Blankets, worth \$1 50, \$1 75 and \$2, for 75c.

Again we demonstrate that when it COMES TO GENUINE BARGAINS we acknowledge no competition. Never in all time to come will you have such an opportunity to buy goods at 50c on manufacturers' prices.

**C. S. HERBERT** 219-221 YONGE ST. CORNER SHUTER.

**IN COLORED DRESS GOODS**

IT'S THE PRICE.

- 36 in. All Wool Serges, was 25c. now 9c.
- 36 in. Fancy Figured Flannel, was 25c. now 9c.
- 36 in. Scotch Chevlots, was 25c. now 6c.
- 36 in. Fancy Figures, Strips and Plaid Effects, was 25c. now 9c.
- 46 in. All Wool Plaid Mixtures, was 45c. now 19c.
- 45 in. All Wool Cashmeres, was 45c. now 19c.
- 54 in. Ladies Cloths, all colors, was 50c. now 19c.
- 44 in. All Wool and Silk and Wool Novelty Dress Goods, was 50c. now 19c.

**READ OUR LIST AT 25c.**

NOTE IT WELL, IT WILL PAY YOU.

- 56 in. All Scotch Mixtures, was 75c. now 25c.
  - 56 in. All Wool Scotch Chevots and English Tweeds, was 75c. now 25c.
  - 44 in. All Wool and Silk and Wool Novelty Dress Goods, was 50c. and 60c. now 25c.
- Choice of any piece of Colored Dress Goods in our house, worth up to \$1-25, 50c.
- If you will ever need a Colored Dress now is the time to buy.

**IT'S THE PRICE IN HOSIERY**

- Ladies' Seamless All Wool Black Hose, 3c. 19c.
- Ladies' All Wool Cashmore Hose, high spliced heels and ankles, was 50c. 19c.
- Ladies' Ruffled All Wool Hose, was 50c. 25c.
- Misses' All Wool Hose was 25c. 15c.
- Men's Merino Socks, was 25c. 19c.

**A FEW SPECIALS**

- All of our 9, 12, 16, 22 Pure Silk Ribbon in plain and fancy, worth up to 50c. 5c.
- 50 pieces of All Wool Insertion worth 15c. 3c.
- 120 pieces of Mohair, Hercules Braids, all widths, all colors, 3c.
- 50 pieces of Pure Silk Black Bourdon Laces, worth 25c. 3c.
- 50 pieces of Mill Point de Ireland Lace worth 25c. 3c.
- 20 pieces of Fine Twill Silasias, worth 15c. 9c.
- 50 pieces of Fine Twill, 36 inch Shirt Linings, 1 3/4c. 5c.
- Wide White Embroiders, worth 15c. for 3c.
- Pure Silk Veiling, worth 25c. for 3c.

**VIN MARIANI.**

For Body and Brain.

Since 50 years, all eminent physicians recommend

**VIN MARIANI.**

The original French Coca Wine, most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere. Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes, Strengthens the Entire System; most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation.

**PALATABLE AS CHOICEST OLD WINES.**



To my good friend A. Mariani, beneficent discoverer of that admirable wine which has so often restored my strength. GORDON.

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & Co., Sole Agents in Canada for Gold Lack See Champagne, 28 and 30 Hospital St., MONTREAL.

**Meanest Woman on Record.**

The Medical Record tells of a woman in Ohio who utilized the high temperature of her phthisical husband for eight weeks before his death, by using as an incubator for hens' eggs. She took a number of eggs, and wrapping them in cotton batting, laid them along side the body of her husband in the bed, he being unable to resist or move a limb. Fifty was the number of eggs first used as an experiment, and after three weeks she was rewarded with forty-six lively young chickens. The happy result of the first trial prompted her to try again, and this time she doubled the quantity, and was again rewarded for her ingenuity with another brood of chickens. Another hundred eggs were placed in the bed, but this time her husband was so near the end that the necessary heat was lacking, and he passed away, leaving one hundred half hatched chicks behind him. The scheming wife, not to be outdone by grim death, placed the eggs in the oven, thinking to finish the work her husband had failed to complete. During the bustle and excitement of the funeral, however, she allowed the fire to get too hot, and the eggs were all cooked. The editor says he hopes there is no incubator awaiting this woman in this world, at least!

**THE MARKETS.**

Toronto, November 21, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 58	\$0 59
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 56	0 57
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 53	0 55
Oats, per bush.....	0 31	0 31
Peas, per bush.....	0 55	0 58
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 44
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 06	0 05
Dressed hogs, per cwt.....	5 00	5 25
Chickens, per pair.....	9 35	0 45
Ducks, per pair.....	0 55	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 05	0 06
Butter, in pound rolls.....	6 20	0 21
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 20	0 22
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 25	0 35
Colery, per doz.....	0 30	0 35
Onions, per bag.....	0 75	0 85
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 50	0 55
Beets, per bag.....	0 20	0 60
Lettuce, per dozen.....	0 15	0 20
Radishes, per doz.....	0 10	0 15
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	1 50	2 50
Hay, clover.....	7 00	8 00
Hay, timothy.....	5 50	9 50
Straw, sheaf.....	5 00	5 50

**AT THE CATTLE YARDS.**

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to-day:

<b>CATTLE</b>		
Good shippers, per cwt.....	\$ 3 00	\$3 50
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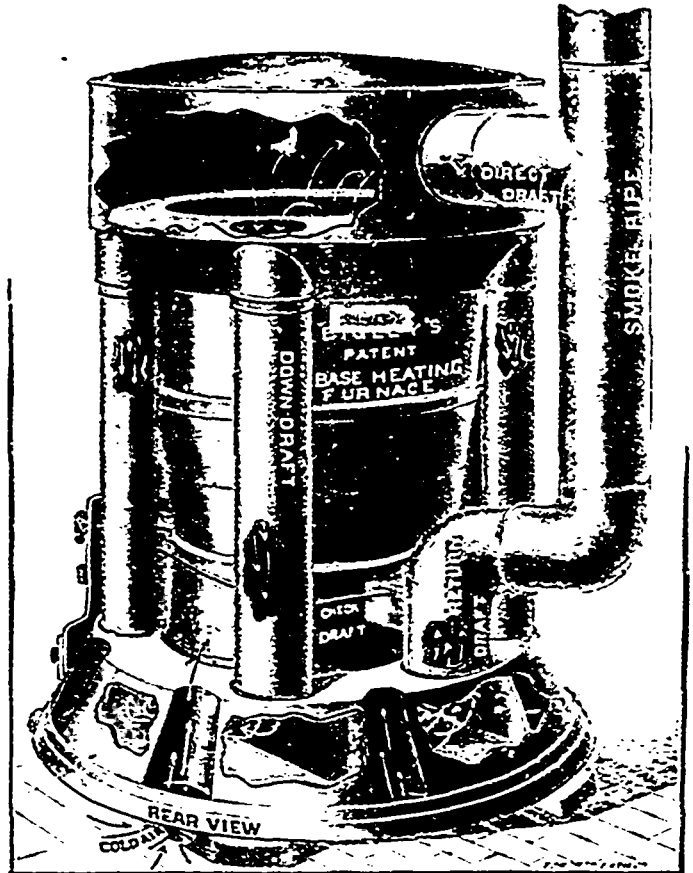
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## The Abbe Constantin.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

Jean had seen "every little of the world. Paul had taken him perhaps a dozen times, to balls, and parties at the neighboring chateaux. He had come away with a feeling of constraint, of embarrassment, and *ennui*. He concluded that such entertainments were not for him. His tastes were simple and sedate. He liked solitude, labor, long walks, open space, horses, books. He was somewhat rustic and provincial. He loved his native village and all the old relics of his childhood, which spoke to him of by-gone days. A quadrille in a salon struck terror to his heart, but every year at the *fete patronale* at Longueval, he danced merrily enough with the farmers' wives and daughters. If he had seen Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival at home, in Paris, in all the splendid luxury, and brilliant elegance of their surroundings, he would have looked at them for a distance, with curiosity, as charming *objets d'art*. Then he would have gone home, and slept, no doubt, as usual, as peacefully as possible.

Yes, but that was not the way it had happened; and hence his surprise, his trouble. These two women, by the merest chance, had appeared to him amid surroundings which were familiar to him, and which for that reason had been singularly favorable to them. Simple, good, frank and cordial, they had been that first day. And charmingly pretty, in the bargain, which never hurts anything. Jean fell under the charm at once—and he was there yet.

At the hour when he was dismounting at the quarters, the Abbe Constantin was starting joyfully on his campaign. The old priest's head was completely turned. Jean had not slept very much, and the poor cure had not slept at all.

He rose very early in the morning, and with all the doors closed, alone with Pauline, he counted his money over and over, spreading his hundred louis out on the table, and taking as much delight in handling them as a miser. All that money belonged to him! to him! that is, to his poor.

"Don't go too fast, Monsieur le Cure," said Pauline. "Be economical. I think a hundred francs is enough to distribute today."

"It is not enough, Pauline, it is not enough. I can have but one such day in my life, but I shall have that. Do you know how much I am going to give away, Pauline?"

"How much, Monsieur le Cure?"

"A thousand francs."

"A thousand francs!"

"Yes, we are millionaires now. All the treasure of America is ours, and shall I practice economy? Not to-day at any rate. I have no right."

At nine o'clock, having said Mass, he started out, and there was a shower of gold all along his way. They all had their share; those who confessed their poverty, and those who tried to conceal it. Every gift was accompanied with the same little speech:

"This comes from the new owners of Longueval, two Americans—Madame Scott and Miss Percival. Remember the names, and pray for them to-night."

Then he went away, without waiting for thanks: across the fields, through the wood, from hamlet to hamlet, from cottage to cottage. A kind of intoxication possessed him. Everywhere that he went there were exclamations of joy and astonishment. All these gold pieces fell, as by a miracle, into these poor hands accustomed to receive only little pieces of silver.

The cure committed follies, real follies. He did not know what he was doing, he was beside himself. He gave even to those who did not ask.

He met Olando Rigal, an old sergeant who had left one of his arms at Sebastopol, now growing gray, for time passes and the soldiers of the Crimea will soon be old men.

"Here," said the cure, "here are twenty francs for you."

"Twenty francs! but I ask for nothing, I do not need it, I have my pension."

"His pension! seven hundred francs!"

"Very well!" replied the cure. "this will buy you some cigars; but listen, this comes from America." He repeated his little story about the new owners of Longueval.

He visited a good woman whose son had been ordered to Tunis.

"Well! how is your son?"

"Very well, Monsieur le Cure, I received a letter yesterday. He is very well, and he does not complain. Poor boy! I have been saving for a month, and I think I shall soon have ten francs to send him."

"You can send him thirty. Take this."

"Twenty francs, Monsieur le Cure! You give me twenty francs!"

"Yes, I give them to you."

"For my boy?"

"For your boy. Only listen, you must know where they come from; and you must be sure to tell your son when you write to him."

The cure for the twentieth time repeated his panegyric of Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival.

He reached home at six o'clock, exhausted with fatigue, but joy in his soul.

"I have given it all away!" he cried, as soon as he saw Pauline, "given it all! given it all!"

He dined, and then went in the evening to recite his service for the month of Mary; but when he went up to the altar, the harmonium was mute. Miss Percival was no longer there.

The little organist of the day before was at that moment very much perplexed. Spread out on the two divans in her dressing-room were the marvelous waves of a white toilette and a blue toilette; and Bettina was trying to decide which of these two dresses she would wear that evening to the opera. Both were charming, but it was necessary to make a choice. She could wear only one. After hesitating a long time, she decided on the white one.

At half-past nine the sisters were going up the grand staircase at the opera. As they entered their box the curtain was rising on the second scene in the second act of *Alda*—the act with the ballet and the march.

Two young men, Roger de Puy-martin and Louis de Mortillet, were sitting in the front row of a box on the floor of the house. These gentlemen having nothing to do, amused themselves by looking around the house.

The appearance of Miss Percival made quite a sensation for them both.

"Ah! ah!" said Puy-martin, "there she is, the little nugget of gold!"

Both turned their opera-glasses upon Bettina.

"She is dazzling to-night—the little gold nugget—a young girl, and yet a woman!"

"Yes, she is exquisite—and made of money in the bargain."

"Fifteen millions, it seems; fifteen millions in her own right, and silver mines increase in value."

"Berulle told me, twenty-five million, and Berulle is well-posted on American affairs."

"Twenty-five millions! A nice little plum for Romanelli!"

"How for Romanelli?"

"Report says that he is to marry her, that the marriage is decided."

"It may be that a marriage is arranged, but with Montessan, not with Romanelli. Ah! here is the ballet at last!"

Mr. Scott watched the evolutions of the ballet with much interest and plea-

sure; but Bettina suddenly became thoughtful as she saw in a box on the other side of the house, a tall, dark young man. Miss Percival was debating, and said to herself:

"What shall I do? How shall I decide? Must I marry that tall handsome young man opposite me who stares me so, through his opera-glasses—for it is I he is watching—he will come here presently during the *entr'acte*, and when he comes, I have only to say to him, 'It is done! Here is my hand—I will be your wife'—and it would be done. Princesses, I would be Princesses! Princesses Romanelli! Princesses Bettina! Bettina Romanelli! It harmonizes well, it sounds very agreeable: 'Madame la Princesse is served.' Will Madame la Princesse go to ride tomorrow morning? Would it amuse me to be Princesses? Among all the young men in Paris who for a year have been running after my money, this Prince Romanelli is the best of them all. I must make up my mind to marry, some day. I think he loves me. Yes, but do I love him? No, I think not; and I would like so much to love! Oh! yes, I would like it so much!"

At the very hour when these thoughts were occupying Bettina's pretty head, Jean was sitting alone at his desk, with a big book under the lamp shade, looking over the history of Turenne's campaign, and taking notes. He had been instructed to deliver a course of lectures to the non commissioned officers, and he was very prudently preparing for the next day's duty.

But all at once in the midst of his notes, *Norlingen, 1645, less Jumes, 1658, Mulhausen et Turheim, 1674—1675*, there appeared a sketch—Jean did not draw badly—the picture of a woman came of its own accord under his pen. What was she doing there in the midst of Turenne's victories, the pretty little woman? And then, which one was it? Mrs. Scott or Miss Percival? How did he know? They were so much alike! And painfully and laboriously Jean returned to the history of Turenne's campaigns.

At that same hour, the Abbe Constantin, on his knees beside his little walnut bedstead, was calling all the blessings of heaven on the two women who had caused him to spend such a sweet happy day.

He prayed God to bless Mrs. Scott in her children, and to give Miss Percival a husband after her heart.

CHAPTER V.

Formerly Paris belonged to Parisians, and that formerly is not very distant: thirty or forty years, at most. The French at that period, owned Paris—just as the English own London, the Spanish Madrid; and the Russians, St. Peterburg. That time has passed. There are yet frontiers for other countries, there are no longer any for France. Paris has become an immense tower of Babel, an international, miscellaneous city. Foreigners do not only come to visit Paris; they come to live there.

We have now in Paris, a Russian colony, a Spanish colony, a Turkish colony, an American colony; these colonies have their churches, their bankers, their physicians, their newspapers, their ministers, their priests, and their dentists. Foreigners have already made conquest of the larger part of the *Champs-Elysees* and the *Boulevard Malesherbes*; they advance, they spread—we retreat, driven back by the invasion; we are forced to expatriate ourselves. We are obliged to round colonies in the plain of Posen, in the plain Monceau, in quarters which formerly were not Paris at all, and which are not yet altogether Paris.

Among these foreign colonies, the most numerous, the richest, the most brilliant, is the American colony. There comes a moment when an American feels that he is rich enough; a Frenchman, never. The American then stops, takes breath, and while taking care of his capital, no longer

saves his income; he knows how to spend, the Frenchman knows only how to save.

A Frenchman has only one single luxury, his revolutions. Prudently and wisely he saves himself for them, knowing well they cost France dearly, but that at the same they will be the occasion of very advantageous investments. The financial history of our country is only one long loan, perpetually open. The Frenchman says to himself:

"Hoard! hoard! hoard! Some of these days there will be a revolution which will make the five per cents fall to fifty or sixty francs. I will buy some. Since revolutions are inevitable let us at least try to derive some profit from them."

It is continually told how many people are ruined by revolutions, but a still larger number of people are enriched by revolutions.

Americans yield readily to the attractions of Paris. There is nowhere in the world a city where a fortune can be spent more easily or more agreeably. By reason of their parentage and origin, this attraction was felt by Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival to an extraordinary degree.

Canada, which no longer belongs to us, is the most *French* of our colonies. The recollection of the mother country is still strong and sweet to the heart of the exile in Quebec and Montreal. Suzie Percival had received from her mother an entirely French education, and she had brought up her sister in the same love for France.

As soon as the avalanche of millions descended upon them, the same desire took possession of both; to live in Paris. They desired Paris, as one's country is desired. Mr. Scott made some opposition.

"When I am no longer here," said he, "and only come to spend two or three months of every year in America, to look after your interests, you will find that your incomes will diminish."

"What does it matter!" replied Suzie, "we are rich, too rich. Let us go, I entreat you. We will be so contented! so happy!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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"You may have all the money," said the Bushman; "but I want the cask of brandy. I will set the roof alight in six places, for a Dutchman burnt my mother once alive in a hut, with three children."

"You are sure there is no one else on the farm?" said the navy.

"No, I have told you till I am tired," said Dirk; "the two Kallirs have gone with the son to town; and the maids have gone to a dance; there is only the old man and the two women left."

"But suppose," said the navy, "he should have the gun at his bedside, and loaded?"

"He never has," said Dirk; "it hangs in the passage, and the cartridges too. He never thought when he bought it what work it was for! I only wish the little white girl was there still," said Dirk; "but she is drowned. We traced her footmarks to the great pool that has no bottom."

She listened to every word, and they talked on.

Afterwards, the little Bushman, who crouched over the fire, sat up suddenly, listening.

"Ha! what is that?" he said.

A Bushman is like a dog; his ear is so fine he knows a jackal's tread from a wild dog's.

"I heard nothing," said the navy.

"I heard," said the Hottentot; "but it was only a coney on the rocks."

"No coney, no coney," said the Bushman, "see, what is that there moving in the shade round the point?" "Nothing! you idiot," said the navy. "Finish your meet: we must start now."

There were two roads to the home stead. One went along the open plain, and was by far the shortest; but you might be seen half a mile off. The other ran along the river bank, where there were rocks, and holes, and willow-trees to hide among. And all down the river bank ran a little figure.

The river was swollen by the storm full to its banks, and the willow trees dipped their half-drowned branches into its water. Wherever there was a gap between them you could see it flow, red and muddy, with the stumps upon it. But the little figure ran on and on; never looking, never thinking; panting, panting! There, where the rocks were the thickest; there, where on the open space the moonlight shone; there, where the prickly pears were tangled, and the rocks cast shadows, on it ran; the little hands clenched, the little heart beating, the eyes fixed always ahead.

It was not far to run now. Only the narrow path between the high rocks and the river.

At last she came to the end of it, and stood for an instant. Before her lay the plain, and the red farmhouse, so near, that if persons had been walking there you might have seen them in the moonlight. She clasped her hands. "Yes, I will tell them, I will tell them!" she said; "I am almost there!" She ran forward again, then hesitated. She shaded her eyes from the moonlight, and looked. Between her and the farmhouse there were three figures moving over the low bushes.

In the sherry moonlight you could see how they moved on, slowly and furtively; the short one, and the one in light clothes, and one in dark.

"I cannot help them now!" she cried, and sank down on the ground, with her little hands clasped before her.

"Awake, awake!" said the farmer's wife; "I hear a strange noise; something calling, calling, calling!"

The man rose, and went to the window.

"I hear it also," he said; "surely some jackal's at the sheep. I will load my gun and go see."

"It sounds to me like the cry of no jackal," said the woman, and when he was gone she woke her daughter.

"Come, let us go and make a fire, I can sleep no more," she said; "I have heard a strange thing to-night. Your father said it was a jackal's cry, but no jackal cries so. It was a child's voice, and it cried, 'Master, master, wake!'"

The women looked at each other; then they went to the kitchen, and made a great fire; and they sang psalms all the while.

At last the man came back; and they asked him, "What have you seen?" "Nothing," he said, "but the sheep asleep in their kraals, and the moonlight on the walls. And yet, it did seem to me, he added, "that far away near the 'krantz' [precipice] by the river, I saw three figures moving. And afterwards—it might have been fancy—I thought I heard the cry again; but since that, all has been still."

Next day a navy had returned to the railroad works.

"Where have you been so long?" his comrades asked.

"Keeps looking over his shoulder," said one, "as though he should see something there."

"When he drank his grog to-day," said another, "he let it fall, and looked round."

Next day, a small old Bushman, and a Hottentot, in ragged yellow trousers, were at a wayside canteen. When the Bushman had brandy, he began to tell how something (he did not say whether it was man, woman or child) had lifted up its hands and cried for mercy; had kissed a white man's hands, and cried to him to help it. Then the Hottentot took the Bushman by the throat, and dragged him out.

Next night, the moon rose up, and mounted the quiet sky. She was full now, and looked in at the little home; at the purple flowers stuck about the room, and the kippersol on the shelf. Her light fell on the willow trees, and on the high rocks, and on a little new-made heap of earth and round stones. Three men knew what was under it; and no one else ever will.

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Among the Books.

There are two kinds of libraries—one a storehouse of knowledge, the other a completion of the house, whose value to the house is little more than that of a good sideboard—simply a bit of ornament. If the old adage "Show me your companions and I'll tell you what you are" be true, how much more true is the saying "Show me your library and I'll tell you what your intellectual training is."

I desire to speak now of good books and their value in determining character and life.

"They are," says Bacon, "the true friends that will neither flatter nor dissemble; be you but true to yourself, apply that which they teach unto the party grieved and you shall need no other comfort nor counsel."

Most people read too much, talk too much, think too little and write too little. You find now in many of our universities professors who have ranged through a wilderness of books and yet have little definite to give you. They have retained the drift of the book but have not digested it.

Take for instance the works of the late Brother Azarias. Any Catholic Literary Society might profitably devote a whole winter to a study of them. This is a nervous, restless, anxious age desirous of reaping the harvest of a century from the toil-sown fields of a decade of years. It cannot be done. Patience above all is necessary to assure solid scholarship. Turn a man loose in a good library and let him possess patience, judgment and good taste and I will show you in time a scholar.

The course of American scholarship to-day is its hurry of acquirement. Do you know anything of the patience which characterized the library labor of Brother Azarias? Ask those who knew something of his steady toil and method of labor. D'Arcy McGee was a highly gifted and brilliant man. Do you know how carefully his great speeches were prepared? Run your eye over the subjects that are being discussed in many of the Literary Societies of to-day and you will see evidence of this nervous desire to cover ground. One member will read a paper on Cardinal Newman and forthwith one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century is exhausted. Another will read an essay of ten pages, perhaps less, on the Spanish Inquisition, and this very vexed and debatable question has received its quietus forever. I am not criticizing the earnestness and sincerity which the zealous members of those Literary Societies and Reading circles bring to their work but the tendency there is nowadays to shallow and useless work.

No person would think of dismissing a great and gifted friend after the companionship of an hour or a day. Why then turn your back upon a great and good book after having enjoyed its companionship perhaps but for a few hours. That most gifted woman of the nineteenth century, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, says in "Aurora Leigh":

"We get no good

By being ungenerous to a book. And calculating profits—so much help by so much reading. It is rather when We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound, Impressed for its beauty, and salt of truth—

"Tis then we get the right from a book."

A chair in our Universities for the purpose of directing the students as to how and what to read would be a commendable innovation in a moderately equipped professoriate and much more sane than many which now have a place in the curricula of students.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.



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