

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>





SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES

Review of Reviews... This is the magazine upon our library table that is open with more confidence than the Review of Reviews.

There is no magazine upon our library table that is open with more confidence than the Review of Reviews. An article of the constitution guaranteed, in the name of the French people, the right of every citizen to be heard.

The law was passed on May 19, 1892, the rubric was "Education" and the decorative badges determined. Every subject was to resist any attempt to restore feudalism in all its attributes.

Message of the Sacred Heart. An inspiring article from the pen of Henry S. Shepherd on "Pere Marquette and How the People of the West have built his Monument."

Popular Astronomy for September. Thonow's new Popular Astronomy begins vol. 3 of this most useful and excellent guide to the heavens and their wonders.

The Rosary, September. A bright, healthy and interesting number of the Rosary is this month's. The editor observes that this month is marked in special honor throughout the year as sacred to the nativity of our Blessed Lady.

The poetry of the September Century includes two ballads: "The Constitution's Last Fight" by James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot.

Ladies' Home Journal—September. A notable number in a special cover exceedingly artistic and attractive, is the September issue of the Ladies' Home Journal.

Arthur Sept. 5.—General sorrow has been occasioned by the sad and sudden death on Monday evening, about 9 o'clock of Mr. Peter J. Madden, a son of Mrs. Madden, and a young man of about 24 years of age.

point part of the school life of a child or the present understanding of the teacher's capabilities and the existing conditions in our school buildings will never be reached and removed.

Canadian Poets and Poetry. The subject of a series of sketches and illustrations by The Hon. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., in "The Catholic World" magazine for September.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES FLETCHER. BROOKVILLE, Sept. 10. Mr. James Fletcher for many years a trusted employee of the Grand Trunk Railway, died yesterday evening at his home on Hill street, after a short illness.

MISS MARY MCGINTY. The funeral of Miss Mary McGinty was held at the residence of Rev. Father McEntee, on Wednesday last week. Solemn requiem Mass was sung by Father McEntee, assisted by Rev. Father Croppin, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, as pastor, and Mr. Sullivan as reader.

MRS. JOHN O'DAY. The death has taken place of Mrs. John O'Day, of Brooklyn, Ont., at the age of 85 years. The funeral took place from the family residence, to St. Gregory's church, Ottawa, on Friday, Aug. 31, at 10 o'clock.

Very Sudden Death. ARTHUR Sept. 5.—General sorrow has been occasioned by the sad and sudden death on Monday evening, about 9 o'clock of Mr. Peter J. Madden, a son of Mrs. Madden, and a young man of about 24 years of age.

Very Sudden Death. ARTHUR Sept. 5.—General sorrow has been occasioned by the sad and sudden death on Monday evening, about 9 o'clock of Mr. Peter J. Madden, a son of Mrs. Madden, and a young man of about 24 years of age.

Very Sudden Death. ARTHUR Sept. 5.—General sorrow has been occasioned by the sad and sudden death on Monday evening, about 9 o'clock of Mr. Peter J. Madden, a son of Mrs. Madden, and a young man of about 24 years of age.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

Correspondence. To the Editor of the Catholic Register: Sir, I have just spent a couple of very enjoyable hours going through your recent numbers of your invaluable paper.

THE LATEST. JOHN LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT AWARDED GOLD MEDAL. At the World's Great Exhibitions.

EAST KENT ALE—Perfectly pure, recommended to all physicians and all classes of consumers. PORTER—Combines the most beautiful qualities.

Oxford Boilers and Radiators. For Hot Water and... Steam Heating. Have unexcelled records. OUR RADIATORS depend upon no secondary material.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000.

MATCHES THAT LIGHT in any climate and at any time are the only ones to be relied on. These are just the kind. We make no other, and they are called E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK. Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN. No. 25 Maitland Street, Toronto.

Ask for BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS. Always Reliable and of Superior Quality.

PSYCHINE. The public are cordially invited to call and inspect the various works, and we promise that they shall be well repaid, as the above system is the most perfect in existence.

The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT THE OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD STREET TORONTO. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE. TRAVELLING AGENTS Messrs. Patrick Mulgrew, C. N. Murphy, John F. Mallon and L. O. Byrne. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

- September 13—Patronage of St. Joseph (from May 5th). 14—Exaltation of the Holy Cross. 15—Most Holy Name of Mary. Plenary Indulgence for Living Souls. 16—Blessed Imelda, O.P., a Virgin, Patroness of First Communicants. 17—Stigmata of our Holy Father St. Francis. 18—St. Cornelius and Cyprian, Martyrs.

The Catholic church in the United States has sustained a distinct loss by the death of Rev. Dr. Quinley at Toledo, Ohio on Aug. 31. The New York Freeman's Journal says: "His scholarship was vast. No subject could be broached that he did not seem to have made a special study. His powers of conversation were fascinating."

It is right for the Archbishop of Canterbury to believe that the Anglican communion seems marked by God to bring the churches of Christ to a better understanding. Certainly there is no church which has educated more converts to a thorough understanding of the truth of the Roman Catholic faith, and when the Anglican Archbishop sees an adequate conception of Christian unity rendered more potent by the message of his Holiness to the English people, it is another sign that England is certainly turning to conversion.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, a Protestant minister, has been telling his fellow-Protestants in New York why religion amongst them has been a failure. The key-note of his declaration is found in the following statement: "There are one thousand secret orders in New York and they have not a single woman member, and three hundred churches the membership of which is three-fourths women."

That's it. The men join the lodges and the women join the churches. The secret societies of America are all religions, varying from devil worship to Neoplatonism, and all are in deadly opposition to Christianity, particularly when they patronize it on parade days. Protestant ministers are beginning to find this out.

A bright and observant Englishman, Mr. H. Somers Somerset, who has returned from an exploring trip through remote Alberta and British Columbia, has written a book entitled, "The Land of the Muskies," in which he tells many wholesome truths. Whatever he has to say this writer is not afraid to say it, and if English mission folk read and profit by his advice they will know how to govern themselves accordingly. He has nothing but praise for the Catholic missionaries, and he further declares: "To me it is perfectly absurd to keep ministers of religion in a foreign land simply to convert the members of a dying race to Protestantism, when the Catholics have made them about as Christian as they are capable of being."

The Irish statistics published in this issue in our old country news columns are extremely interesting. The Irish people are decreasing in the old land still through emigration, but the virtuous home stock is a guarantee of prosperous colonization wherever the sons and daughters of Ireland settle in foreign lands. The Irish are the most virtuous of living races, and Catholic Ireland is an example for all. Note that in mixed Ulster the illegitimate birthrate is 8.9 per cent.; in more Catholic Leinster and Munster it is lowered to 2.7, and 2.2, which in almost purely Catholic Connaught it dwindles down to 0.7. Do the great virtue loving people of England realize what the British Empire is losing when Irish boys and girls have to look for bread under other flags?

and now in the Methodist Church the clergyman who is not a politician does not know his business. The professional politicians have long foreseen some of the possibilities suggested by the new order of things, but a note of warning for the ministers has been sounded from England where a preacher at Earls Colne in Essex was away on his holidays at election time and the deacons had promised his vote to the Liberal candidate. The unfortunate man found it inconvenient to come to the poll, and upon receipt of peremptory orders was compelled to send in his resignation. Old fashioned priest riding may go out of date altogether, and if supplanted by people ridden preachers that will be indeed the irony of fate.

To Abolish the Viceroys.

It was recently stated in these columns that hints had been dropped from Conservative sources of an intention to abolish the Irish Lord Lieutenant. A Conservative peer has now framed a resolution on the subject which is to be moved in the House of Lords early next session. The resolution reads:

"That in the opinion of this House it is expedient to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in lieu thereof to appoint a Chief and Under Secretary for that country, and to move also that an humble address be presented to Her Majesty praying that a royal residence be established in Ireland."

The resolution is in the right direction, but is entirely too vague to invite discussion at this time. It however promises the abolition of the office of the Viceroy by some means.

We are well aware that in Ireland today, even amongst the Nationalists themselves, there are wide differences of opinion respecting the abolition of vicerealty in the country. O'Connell was an advocate of the Irish court, which reminded him that Irishmen must never stop their demands for the autonomy which it should symbolize. Many of the Nationalists of today take the same view, and it is almost certain that if the motion above referred to be brought forward as a straight Conservative resolution it will meet with strenuous Irish opposition. Still in Irish popular opinion, which takes the more practical view, the Viceroy has only represented Dublin Castle rule, and for from claiming the sympathy of the people it has ever repulsed them. In the Freeman's Journal of August 31, there is an article which recounts all the efforts made in the past to abolish the office:

The question of the abolition of the Vicerealty has been debated on four occasions within the past seventy years in the House of Commons, and strangely enough in the light of these days the proposal always emanated from Liberal sources. It was first raised in Parliament as long ago as 1823 by Joseph Hume, the great English political and social reformer, a good friend of Ireland during his long career, in years when Ireland had few English advocates in the House of Commons—who argued that the Irish Government was in fact a Colonial Government, and as such was contrary to the spirit of the Act of Union. At that time, prior as it was to Catholic Emancipation there was no one in the house competent to speak the sentiments of the Irish people on the matter. But in 1839, when Hume again moved a resolution in favour of the abolition of the Vicerealty, Daniel O'Connell strongly opposed it on the ground that the office afforded an outward and visible sign, the Act of Union notwithstanding, that Ireland was not completely incorporated with the rest of the United Kingdom, but was still recognized as a distinct and separate nationality. Nothing came of the motion on either of these occasions, nor in 1844 when Hume with characteristic tenacity of purpose again returned to the subject. But Hume lived to support a Bill for the abolition of the Vicerealty, introduced in 1850 by Lord John Russell, as Premier of the Whig Government. It was a short simple Bill. It briefly proposed that the Queen should, by "Order in Council" or, in other words, by the exercise of her royal prerogative abolish the office, and that the duties cast upon it by Acts of Parliament should be carried out in other ways. This measure was part of the Whig programme for the better government of Ireland, following on the collapse of the insurrectionary movement of the Young Irelanders in 1848. It was supported by Mr. Gladstone. Sir Robert Peel gave it a hesitant and wavering support. The bulk of the Irish representatives—National and Orange—united in opposition though actuated by different motives, and they had the aid of Mr. Disraeli. The second reading of the Bill was, however, carried by 205 votes against 170, or by the enormous majority of 225, notwithstanding the fact that the Duke of Wellington, then in the closing years of a long life, availed of the presentation of a petition against the Bill from the Dublin Corporation, to deliver, in the House of Lords, a powerful appeal in support of the Vicerealty. This may have influenced the

Whig government, or it may have been the pressure of other political events; but in any case the bill was dropped.

Students of history have read in Gilbert's "Vicerealty of Ireland" that the office was initiated in the reign of Henry II. when Dublin and its castle were committed to the custody of Hugues de Lasei, who, as the representative of the king, was handed the sword of authority and the cap of maintenance. It is instructive to look so far back in order to comprehend the tyrannous character of English rule which the Act of Union long after fettered upon Ireland. It has been indeed a rule of bloodshed and the sword from first to last, although the gloom has occasionally been broken by the sympathy of a representative like Aberdeen. Lord Cadogan, the latest of the viceroys, and perchance the last, is a nobleman, towards whom personally Irishmen feel nothing but good will. Yet he received upon entering Dublin the other day a welcome which was but an official mockery of his actually unwelcome position—the English bailio of Ireland and her people.

The question is really one for Irish public opinion to settle. This, however, is more easily said than accomplished. There is little doubt that a royal residence in the country would dissipate all love for the present court. It seems utterly absurd to look upon a Viceroy who is breathing only the life of party government in London, who is born with the government of the day and dies with it, as a figure-head of Irish autonomy in any sense. But the Freeman knows whereof it speaks when it tells us:

There has always been amongst Nationalists, to a large extent, a sort of "sneaking regard" for the Vicerealty. For "the absurd and irritating anachronism" known as a Dublin Castle to quote Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in his latter days they entertain scorn and loathing born of centuries of oppression, of which the Castle was the seat and fountain-head. For the Lord Lieutenant as the head and front of English government in Ireland they had had before 1850—with the exception of a few distinguished occupants of the office—never a good word, and the "tin-pot court" (as it is often called) has always evoked just scorn and sarcasm in Nationalist lips. But to the office of Viceroy, they—or at least those of them who regard O'Connell as their guide and exemplar—have always looked upon it with respect, for to them it is an obvious sign and symbol that Ireland was once an independent nation. The Conservatives, for a contrary reason, desire the abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy. They believe the abolition of the office will not alone bring about the complete incorporation of Ireland with the other countries of the United Kingdom, which, because of the office, the Act of Union failed to accomplish, but that, as the office was an important factor in both of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills, its abolition would also greatly contribute to the difficulties of drafting in the future a scheme of local government for Ireland. They propose to give us instead a Secretary of State for Ireland—at present we have only a "Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland"—but the benefit of increasing the dignity and emoluments of the office would only go, so far as I can see, to its occupant; but above all they propose to give us a Royal residence, which has always been a great English panacea for the misery and discontent of Ireland.

If the Irish people are at last to have a royal residence it will be but history repeating itself, for the idea goes back to the remotest history of the viceroys, and it never got a fair chance from the ruling sovereigns.

Heathenism in Quebec.

All efforts seem vain and fruitless that have for their object to disabuse the Protestant mind of its prejudices against our Catholic fellow-subjects of the Lower Provinces. A few weeks ago The Presbyterian Review boldly made the assertion that: "It cannot be denied that our French fellow countrymen are under a bondage which is far more deplorable than that of the French people in the 18th century—that was political—this is spiritual," and that it is the policy of the Presbyterian Church to set them free, and bring them gospel light as well as liberty.

The week following in the St. John Globe, August 27, we find the Baptists assembled in solemn convention, who maintain that "every effort should be concentrated on the work of evangelizing heathen Quebec." Such clerical arrogance, such Pharisaical inappropriety, such gratuitous insults thus offered week after week to the intelligent and practically Christian communities of the French Province is difficult to account for. Either the

writers of the religious weeklies and the rev. speakers at Protestant synods must be sunk in the crassest and most unpardonable ignorance of their French fellow-countrymen, or they must be imposing on the credulity and unsophisticated innocence of their supporters. These are called upon periodically to dig down deep in their pockets and contribute large sums. But the feelings of the audience must be stirred and hearts must be reached to their depths before gold is struck and the mine pans out. What more likely to create sympathy than the harrowing picture of a noble people sunk in Luthenianism at our very doors—in spiritual bondage and doomed to perdition? The misrepresentations and downright lies told at those conventions may prove a source of profit to the rev. traders on Protestant gullibility, but when translated into the French papers of Montreal and Quebec, and make the rounds of the village weekly press, they do infinite injury to the best interests of our common nationhood. No people can bear patiently with insult and calumny, much less the French sensitive natures thus wantonly and gratuitously attacked by men who prate of gospel salvation, and who at every step and word contradict the most vital and most essential demands of Christian charity.

A few quotations from the deliverances at the Baptist convention held in St. John may be cited as specimens of clerical voracity and good breeding. Rev. D. King said: "Many baptisms were taking place even among the French priests." No doubt a large number of them were dipped in the nearest creek. But who ever heard of such? Aro names given? Rev. T. Bosworth, a missionary from the Grand Ligne, said: "There were a million and a half of people being brought up in the Catholic faith who should be converted." And he was the man to do it. He gave an account of the religious customs of the people, and he denounced the custom or idea of "buying God's grace and pardon by penance."

We were under the impression that the senseless charge of taxes for pardon of sin made against Catholics was long ago exploded. It must be that a portion still remains in St. John, N.B., who will listen patiently to foolish aspersions of this character. We may tell Rev. Mr. Bosworth and his admirers that no Catholic congregation could be found in Quebec or elsewhere to swallow lies so glaring and so palpable against Christian ministers of any denomination.

"Buying God's grace and pardon for sins by penance" constitutes the crime of Simony—against which the Catholic Church has issued her most solemn condemnation, and for the commission of which a priest or bishop would be liable to excommunication.

Rev. Mr. Weeks said: "The convention should not dismiss too hastily. It was the greatest problem before the country. Every effort should be concentrated on the work of evangelizing heathen Quebec. If it was not evangelized it would paganize the whole Dominion," and so forth, and so forth.

In Praise of the Poets.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., whose pleasing and scholarly articles we read in many of the leading magazines of the continent, contributes to the September Catholic World a paper on "Canadian Poets and Poetry." Mr. O'Hagan does a great deal here to restore the poets to the place they occupied in the public heart before they embarked on their meagre re-orientation. He treats them with all-round generosity, and tells them that our Canadian literary skies "are rosy with the promise of the morn." This should remind them that long ago in living Greece, when "music heavenly maid was young," there occurred a scene amongst the poets of a far happier description than the time our sweet singers of Canada have been giving us for more than a little while now. After they have read Mr. O'Hagan's article they will see what a height they are fighting upon, and how grievous will be their fall if they are seriously contemplating literary homicide upon one another.

Mr. O'Hagan's generosity is grounded on his pride of patriotism, and every true Canadian who takes his paper up will feel some of the glow of his spirit. No more interesting contribution from any Canadian pen has been given to magazine literature in a long time.

Disposal of Sewage by Home Consumption.

Toronto is treating its Exhibition visitors this year to pol-luck, which is old fashioned hospitality. When they fill their bath tubs with city sewage in the morning they will know how to appreciate some of the possibilities of municipal government. They will, indeed, have the opportunity of studying an unique system of its kind. Here is a brief outline of the theory of it in one department, which is typical of the others.

The city slants towards the bay and is drained into it. Every thoroughfare is generously supplied with man-holes on the street level, so that diphtheritic sewer gas is thus furnished directly to the inhabitants while they are engaged in their ordinary occupations, and free of cost. The sewage itself is emptied into the bay, whence it is pumped back again into the houses through a large steel conduit floating on the water, and very much resembling the interesting gear-structure which so many mariners have described. Nothing could be more simple and at the same time more sagacious, for nothing is lost from the precious sewage.

When the visitor walks along the streets, if of an agricultural turn, he must quickly realize that he is in the middle of a sewage farm, and he will note that it is run upon an up-to-date plan. The sewage is scattered over the streets from vats or receptacles, some propelled by electricity and others drawn by horses. The practical results of these operations he will have to study out for himself, as the citizens have not yet even taken sufficient interest in the experiments to endorse them or to stop them.

All of the inhabitants do not drink the sewage, although they seem to like breathing the gas escaping from it, and having it liberally distributed over the blood-paved streets where any germs that may have escaped assimilation with the sewer gas are brought to rapid maturity. The observant stranger will also notice that about meal hours water carriers go around from door to door and distribute one painful of clean water each to the housewives of the city, who may be seen sitting out on their door stoops waiting patiently. The adoption of this touch of Orientalism has been more or less generally commended by heaven-born school-board men and others of recognized administrative ability.

This new method of disposing of sewage by giving the public the full benefit of it in one way or another, and making it a medium of constant circulation is an achievement for which the corporation of the city of Toronto claims all the credit. They probably reason that if sewage is good for turnips and cabbages it must be equally nourishing to human beings. This is one of the most important points for the visitor to bear in mind. The aldermen of the city have had their way in the matter, ignoring all opposition of the engineers in the employment of the corporation. It is sufficient for them that in the economy of nature nothing is lost, and they do not see why the sewage of Toronto should be lost to the city.

If, however, the observant visitor should have opinions of his own on this subject, and should feel surprised that the people of the city are advised by the aldermen rather than by the engineers and the men of science, it may not be uninteresting to learn how Toronto aldermen are elected. Theoretically they are the representatives of the people, but practically this is false. They are elected by secret societies which flourish exceedingly here. These societies, beginning with the Orange society, are absolutely secret, and are governed by oaths and strange ceremonies. As they do not represent all the citizens it is only natural to find that non-members have no voice in the decisions of the aldermen, and no part in the civic service.

Roman Catholics, for example, although one sixth of the population and controlling many of the largest financial interests in the city, are to all intents disfranchised, although they are permitted to vote. As the aldermen, or their controllers, the lodges, are not entrusted with the selection of municipal voters, that power belonging to the Provincial Government, the explanation is readily found of the curious anomaly of permitting people of a particular religion to vote while they are refused any actual representation in the government and service of the city.

Perhaps the observant stranger may ask, "Does the whole system work well?" For the lodges, yes; for the ratepayers, no. It costs. But as the situation is susceptible of the clearest possible understanding. Besides the lodges are aided by an influential body of well meaning gentlemen known as the Ministerial Association, who are really the most advanced believers in the home consumption of sewage. Between the aldermen and the Ministerial Association street cars have been forbidden to run on Sunday, and thus the citizens, whether they like it or not, get the full advantage of the system seven days a week.

It is well to do things thoroughly, and if the people were permitted to escape into the country on Sundays this irregularity might interfere with the success of the treatment. The ministers at least are very logical.

Dr. Grant in Manitoba.

Principal Grant has very frequently illustrated freedom of speech amongst us, and when it was announced that The Globe, with characteristic enterprise, has engaged with him for the publication of a series of letters on the education in Manitoba no one could very well have doubted that the renowned Doctor's correspondence would on this as on many previous occasions, be found the unflinched independent article. Principal Grant is a practical man, willing perhaps to attribute to others his own homely, and as an authority upon educational matters, more than ordinary value attaches to his opinions. In his letter to the Globe he has avoided all the fine drawn rights and wrongs which only cloud the present main problem of education in Manitoba, and he tells us candidly:

"I have met no one who does not condemn Mr. Martin's conduct and Sir Macdonald Bonnell's remedial order. . . . And it is provoking to think that this question, in its present position, is so long in coming to the whole Dominion, as an unnecessary, and upon Manitoba in 1890 from within, and it is now being forced upon it from without, there is a quarrel now, and it is a fair question to ask, 'Who began it?' Up to 1890, the school system in Manitoba was denominational. The Board of Education consisted of two sections, one embracing the Protestants and the other the Roman Catholic members. There was a superintendent of the Protestant and a superintendent of the Catholic schools, and these two were the secretaries of the board. Under this system the schools were in my opinion, as well taught and managed as was possible in the circumstances of a Province so sparsely settled, and with the winters so severe that to this day, in not a few sections, the schools are closed from December to April, and partly to make up for that—there is no midwinter vacation. There was no religious difficulty then, and yet religious instruction was given to all the children of all schools. We are sometimes told that Protestants cannot agree on this subject. That is a delusion. There has never been any difficulty in the Protestant schools of Quebec. There was none in Manitoba."

That the people of Manitoba do not feel jubilant over the action of the federal authorities is not hard to understand, but that they primarily blame the original maker of the mischief, Mr. Martin author of the school law of 1890, with unanimous voice for his "unnecessary" legislation is an important representation of provincial opinion. Nor is it less important to learn from so respectable and competent an observer as Principal Grant, whose knowledge of Manitoba is not the impression of a first visit, that under the old system the schools were "as well taught and managed as was possible in the circumstances of a Province so sparsely settled"; also that "there was no religious difficulty then."

We thank Principal Grant for having attended to Mr. Bifton's wild outburst against the abolition of the Catholic schools. But that was only an election incident, albeit it has been made much of. Principal Grant goes to the root of the trouble when he declares that Mr. Martin plunged the province into the whole trouble unnecessarily; as everyone knows to wreat a partisan victory at the cost of years of misunderstanding and heart burning. And as he acted in 1890, so political partisans will not scruple to act in the future. Bear in mind the legislation was "forced" upon the electors, and they may be subject to relapses of such lamentable political debility. The only way to restore permanent quiet, and we say this with all respect to Dr. Grant's opinion that the electors should be given the opportunity of publicly repenting their weakness in 1890, is to put the power of making more mischief beyond the reach of men like Mr. Martin. Principal Grant's theologian enough to know that contrition is a supernatural sorrow, and that it has its place in the creed of politicians at election times. If the people were tempted and fell in 1890, the constitution provides how the account may be settled.

The Latest Engagement.

The routing of his forces in South Kerry is likely to have a sedative effect upon Mr. T. M. Healy. It appears he could not be easy until he had received this severe drubbing. If he has not had enough we are informed by the cable that he stands a good chance of being kicked out of the party altogether. The general opinion is that Mr. McCarthy has been too patient with him. He certainly has been so in South Kerry, where Mr. Healy played the braggart most offensively. In that constituency, of which the town of Kenmare is the capital, Mr. Healy rejoiced exceedingly in the strength of his man, Mr. W. M. Murphy. Murphy is a Dublin contractor, also carrying on the business of a general merchant in the town of Ennis. This along with local contracts gave him what Mr. Healy in his egotism fondly regards as invincible strength in the district. Besides, both Healy and Murphy are natives of the place. But they continued without respect to the sturdy independence of the Irish voter. They have been buried in their own cabbage garden, and it is to be hoped this is their political end. It is most satisfactory to know that they have been so treated where they were best known.





ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.

STANDARD MAGAZINE.

The study of the human character in its many complex forms has always been of deep interest to the doctor. From long practice, he becomes to a great extent able to read his many patients, and some characters appear to him as if they were the pages of an open book. His hopes, fears, aims, and motives which influence the human soul are laid before him, even in the moment when the patient imagines that he is only giving him a statement of some bodily ailment. The physician believes fully in the action of mind on body, and can do little good for any patient until he becomes acquainted with his dominant thought, and the real motive which influences his life.

For the purpose of carrying on what has become such an absorbing study of my own life, I have often visited places not at all connected with my profession in the hope of getting fresh insight into the complex workings of the human mind.

Not long ago, having a day off duty, I visited the Old Bailey while a celebrated trial was going on. The special case which was engaging the attention of judge, learned counsel, and twelve intelligent members of the British jury was one which aroused my professional curiosity from the first. The man who stood in the prisoner's dock was a gentleman by birth and appearance. He was young and good-looking—his face was of the keenly intelligent order—his eyes were frank in their expression—his mouth firm, and his jaw of the bulldog order, as regards obstinacy and tenacity of purpose. I judged him to be about twenty-eight years of age, although the anxiety incident to his criminal position had already slightly sprinkled the hair which grew round his temples with grey.

His name was Edward Bayard—the crime he was being tried for was forgery—he was accused of having forged a cheque for £5,000, and I saw from the first that the circumstantial evidence against him was of the strongest. I listened to his able counsel's view of the case, watching the demeanour of the prisoner as I did so. He leaned the whole time with his arms crossed, the rail of the dock, looking straight before without a vestige of either shame or confusion on his fine face. I observed that his intellect was keenly at work; that he was following the arguments of his counsel with intense interest. I also noticed that once or twice his lips moved, and on one occasion, when a very difficult point was carried, there came the glimmer of a smile—a satisfaction round his firmly-set lips.

The counsel for the prosecution then stood up and pulled the counsel's argument for the defendant to pieces. The case seemed black against the prisoner—still he never moved from his one position, and stood perfectly calm and self-possessed. The case was not finished that day. I went away, and the next day I returned to see the trial. I resolved at all hazards to return to the Old Bailey on the following afternoon. I did so—the case of Edward Bayard occupied another couple of hours—in the end, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and the prisoner was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I watched him when the sentence was pronounced, and noticed a certain droop of his shoulders as he followed his gaoler out of the dock. My own firm conviction was that the man was innocent. There was nothing for me to do, however, in the matter. A jury of his countrymen had pronounced Edward Bayard guilty. He had been employed in the diplomatic service, and hitherto his career had been irreproachable; he was now out of court. He had metaphorically stopped down, gone out, vanished. His old place in the world would know him no more. He might survive his sentence, and even live to be an old man, but practically, for all intents and purposes, his life was over.

I am not given to sentimentalize, but I felt a strange sensation of discontent during the remainder of that day; in short, I almost wished that I had taken up the law instead of medicine, in order that the chance might be mine to clear Bayard.

That evening at my club a man I knew well began to talk over the case.

"It is a queer story altogether," he said; "it is well known that Leveson, the man who prosecuted, is in love with the girl to whom Bayard was charged."

"Indeed!" I answered. "I know nothing whatever of Bayard's private history."

"Until this occurred," continued Teesdel, "I would have trusted Bayard whom I have known for years, with gold—the evidence against him, however, has been so overwhelming that, of course, he had not the ghost of a chance of acquittal; still I must repeat, he is last man I should ever have expected to do that sort of thing."

"I was present the trial," I answered, "and followed the story to a certain extent, but I should like to hear it now in brief, if I may."

name is Lady Kathleen Church. She has lived with Leveson and his sister for the best couple of years. Lady Kathleen is only nineteen, and it was whispered a short time ago in Leveson's circle of friends that he intended to make the fair heiress his wife. She is a very lovely girl, and, as she will inherit a large fortune when she attains her majority, is of course a great attraction in every way. Lady Kathleen met Bayard at a friend's house—the young people fell in love with each other, and became engaged. Bayard was rising in his profession—he was far from rich, but was likely to do well eventually. There was no reasonable objection to the engagement, and Francis Leveson did not attempt to make any. Leveson took Bayard up—the two men were constantly seen together—the engagement was formally announced, although the wedding was not to take place until Lady Kathleen's majority. One fine morning it was discovered that Bayard's banker's account was augmented to the tune of £5,000, that Leveson's account was short of precisely that sum, that a cheque had been presented by Bayard at Leveson's bank, with Leveson's signature, for exactly that sum of money. The cheque was, of course, a forgery. Bayard was arrested, prosecuted, and found guilty. His version of the story you have, doubtless, followed in court. Leveson is in Parliament, and has a secretary; Bayard was in money difficulties. He asked Leveson to help him, and declares that the cheque was handed to him by Mr. Franks, Leveson's secretary. There is no evidence whatever to support this story, and Bayard has, as you know, now to expiate his crime in penal servitude. Well, I can only repeat that he is the last man in existence I should ever have expected to do that sort of thing.

"We none of us know what we may do until we are tried," said a man who stood near.

"The story is undoubtedly a strange one," I answered. "I have listened carefully to the evidence on both sides, and although the verdict is evidently the only one which could be expected under the circumstances, my strong feeling is that Bayard did not commit that forgery."

"Then how do you account for the thing?"

"I wish I could account for it—there is something hidden which we know nothing about. I am convinced of Bayard's innocence, but my reason for this conviction is nothing more than a certain knowledge of character which from long experience I possess. Bayard is not the sort of a man who, under any circumstances, would do himself to the extent of committing a crime. The whole thing is repugnant to his character—in short, I believe him to be innocent."

My words evidently startled Teesdel; he gazed at me attentively.

"It is queer that you, of all men, should make such a remark, Halifax," he said. "You must know that character goes for nothing in moments of strong temptation. It was clearly proved that Bayard wanted the money. Franks, the secretary, could not have had any possible motive for swearing to a lie. In short, I can't agree with you. I am sorry for the poor fellow, but I am afraid my verdict is on the side of the jury."

"What about Lady Kathleen?" I asked.

"Of course the engagement is broken off—people say the girl is broken-hearted—she was devoted to Bayard, I believe Miss Leveson has taken her out of town."

I said nothing further. It was more than a year before I heard Bayard's name mentioned again. Walking down Piccadilly one day I ran up against Teesdel; he stopped to speak to me for a minute, and as we were parting turned back to say:

"By the way, your face reminds me of something—yes, now I know. The last time I saw you, you had just come from poor Bayard's trial—well, the latest news is, that Lady Kathleen Church is engaged to Francis Leveson—the engagement is formally announced, and she is to be married within a month; the wedding is to be one of the big affairs of the season."

"Poor Bayard!" was my sole exclamation.

I parted with Teesdel after another word or two, and hurried off to attend to my duties. A week later two ladies were ushered into my consulting-room. One was elderly, with thin, somewhat masculine, type of face, shrewd, closely set dark eyes, and a compressed mouth. She was dressed in the height of the reigning fashion, and wore a spotted veil drawn down over her face. Her manner was stiff and conventional. She bowed and took the chair I offered without speaking.

I turned from her to glance at her companion—my other visitor was a girl—a girl who would have been beautiful had she been in health. Her figure was very slight and willowy—she had well open brown eyes, and one of those high-bred faces which are associated with the best order of English gentry. In health, she probably had a bright complexion, but she was now ghastly pale—her face was much emaciated, and there were large black shadows under her eyes. Looking at her more closely, I came to the conclusion that the state of her bodily health was caused by some mental worry. The melancholy in her beautiful eyes was almost overpowering.

I drew a chair forward for her, and she dropped into it without a word.

"My name is Leveson," said the older lady. "I have brought my ward, Lady Kathleen Church, to consult you, Dr. Halifax."

I repeated the name under my breath—in a moment I knew who this girl was. She had been engaged to Bayard, and was now going to marry Francis Leveson. Was this the explanation of the highly nervous condition from which she was evidently suffering?

"What are Lady Kathleen's symptoms?" I asked, after a pause.

"She neither eats nor sleeps—she spends her time irrationally—she does everything that girl can do to undermine her health," said the older lady, in an abrupt tone—"in short, she is childish to the last degree, and so silly and nervous that the sooner a doctor takes her in hand, the better."

"What do you complain of yourself?" I said, turning to the patient.

"I am sick of life," said the girl. "I am glad that I am ill—I don't wish to be made well."

"It is all a case of nerves," said Miss Leveson. "Until a year ago there could not have been a healthier girl than Lady Kathleen—she enjoyed splendid health—her spirits were excellent—from that date she began to droop. She had, I know, a slight disappointment, but one from which any sensible girl would quickly have recovered. I took her into the country and did what I could for her; she became better, and is now engaged to my brother, who is deeply attached to her. They are to be married in a month. If over a girl ought to enjoy life, and the prospect before her, she ought."

"Ill-health prevents one enjoying anything," I answered, in an optimistic voice. "Will you tell me something more about your symptoms?" I said, turning again to my patient.

"I can't sleep," she replied. "I do not care to eat—I am very unhappy—I take no interest in anything—in short, I wish to die."

"Your manner of speaking is most reckless and wrong, Kathleen," said the older lady, in a tone of marked disapproval.

"Forgive me, but I should like to question Lady Kathleen without interruption," I said, turning to Miss Leveson.

Her face flushed. "Oh, certainly," she answered. "I know that I ought not to speak—I sincerely hope that you will get to the bottom of this extraordinary state of things. Dr. Halifax, will you please allow me to return to common-sense."

"May I speak to you alone?" suddenly asked the young lady, raising her eyes, and fixing them on my face.

"If you wish it," I replied. "It may be best, Miss Leveson, to allow me to see Lady Kathleen for a few moments by herself." I continued, in a low voice. "In a case like the present, the patient is always much more confidential when quite alone with the doctor."

"As you please," she replied; "only, for Heaven's sake, don't humour her in her fads."

I rang the bell and desired Harris to take Miss Leveson to the waiting-room. The moment we were alone, Lady Kathleen's manner completely changed; her listlessness left her—she became animated, and even excited.

"I am glad she has gone," she said; "I did not think she would. Now I will confess the truth to you, Dr. Halifax. I asked Miss Leveson to bring me to see you under the pretence that you might cure my bodily ailments. My real reason, however, for wishing to have an interview with you was something quite apart from anything to do with bodily illness."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in astonishment.

"What I say," she answered. "I think I can soon explain myself. You know Mr. Teesdel, don't you?"

"Teesdel," I replied; "he is one of my special friends."

I love another man passionately, deeply, distractedly.

"And that man is now enduring a long and painful imprisonment—has he not?" I interrupted.

"Yes, yes. But Mr. Teesdel told you that I was once engaged to Edward Bayard?"

"He did," I answered.

"It is true," she continued. "we loved each other devotedly—we were as happy as two people could be—then came the first cloud—Edward in a weak moment signed his name to a bill for a friend failed, and Edward was called upon to pay the money. He said that he would ask my guardian, Francis Leveson, to help him. He did so in my presence, and Francis refused. Edward said that it did not matter, and was confident that he could get the money in some way. Immediately afterwards came the horrible blow of his supposed forgery—he was arrested—and I was together when this happened. At the same moment to go out of my life at once—she went over. There came the trial—the verdict, the terrible result. But none of these things, Dr. Halifax, could quench my love. It is still there—it consumes me—it is killing me by inches—my heart is broken—that is why I am really dying."

"If you feel as you describe, why do you consent to marrying another man?" I asked.

"No wonder you ask me that question. I will try and answer it. I consent because I am weak. Constant, ceaseless worrying and persuasion have worked upon my nerves to such an extent that, for very peace, I have said 'yes.' Miss Leveson would like the marriage; she is a good woman, I wish she were a particle of sentiment or romance. She believes in Edward's guilt, and cannot understand how it is possible for me to love him under existing circumstances. She would like me to marry her young man because I have money and because my money will be of use to him. She honestly thinks that he will make me a good husband, and that after my marriage I shall be happy. I respect her, but I shrink from him as I would from a snake in the grass—I don't believe in him. I see certain that he and his secretary, Mr. Franks, concocted some awful plot to ruin Edward Bayard. This certainly haunts me unceasingly day and night. I am a victim, however, and have no strength, to resist the claim which Mr. Leveson makes upon me. When Mr. Teesdel called, however, and told me that you believed in Edward, a faint glimmer of light seemed to come into my wretchedness; I resolved to come and see you. I told Miss Leveson that I would like to see a doctor, and spoke of you. She knew your name, and was delighted to bring me to you—now you know my story. Can you do anything for me?"

"I can only urge you on no account to marry Mr. Leveson," I answered.

"It is easy for you to say that, and for me to promise you that I will be true to my real lover while I am sitting in your consulting-room; but when I return to my guardian's house in Piccadilly I shall be a totally different girl. Every scrap of moral strength will have left me—in short, I shall only be capable of allowing matters to drift. They will drift on to my wedding-day. I shall go to church on that day, and endure the misery of the marriage ceremony between Francis Leveson and myself—and then I only sincerely trust that I shall not long survive the agony of such a union. Oh, sometimes I do not believe my mind will stand the strain. Dr. Halifax, is there anything you can do to help me?"

The poor girl was trembling violently—her lips quivered—her face wore a ghastly expression.

"The first thing you must do is to try and control yourself," I said.

I poured out a glass of water, and gave it to her. She took a sip or two, and then placed it on the table—her excessive emotion calmed down a little.

"I will certainly do what I can to help you," I said, "but you must promise on your part to exercise self-control. Your nerves are in a very weak state, and you make them weaker by this excessive emotion. But my hope is largely that you have not sufficient strength to resist the iniquity of being forced into a marriage which you abhor. You have doubtless come to me with some idea in your mind. What is it you wish me to do?"

"I have come with a motive," she said. "I know it is a daring thing to ask, you can help me if you will—you can make matters a little easier."

"Pray explain yourself," I said.

"I want you to do this, not because you are a doctor, but because you are a man. I want you to go and see Edward Bayard—he is working out his sentence at Hartmoor. Please don't refuse me until I have told you what is exactly in my mind. I have read all the books I can find with regard to prisons and prisoners, and I know that at intervals prisoners are allowed to see visitors. I want you to try and see him, and then tell him about me. Tell him that my love is unalterable—tell him that when I marry Mr. Leveson, I shall only live to condemn him to circumstances, but my heart, all that is worth having in me, is still his, and his only—I tell him, too, that I shall always believe in his innocence as long as I live."

"You make a strange request," I said, when she had finished speaking. "In the first place, you ask me to do something outside my province—in the next, it is very doubtful, even if I do go to Hartmoor, what I shall be allowed to see the prisoner, and deliver your message. It is true that stated intervals prisoners are allowed to see friends from the outside world, but never alone—a warden has always to be present. Then why disturb Bayard with news of your marriage? Such news can only cause him infinite distress, and where he is now he is not likely to hear anything about it."

"On the other hand, he may hear of it any day or any hour. Prisoners do get news from the outside world. Newspapers are always being smuggled into prisons—I have read several books on the subject. Oh, yes, he must get my message, he must know that I am loyal to him in heart at least, or I shall go quite mad."

Here the impatient girl walked to one of the windows, drew aside the blind, and looked out. I saw that she did so to hide her intense emotion. "I can make no definite promise to you," I said, after a pause, "but I will certainly try if it is in my power to help you. I happen to know the present Governor of Hartmoor, and perhaps indirectly I may be able to communicate with Bayard."

"You will do more than that—you will go to Hartmoor—yes, I am sure you will. Don't call this mission outside your province. You are a doctor. Your object in life is to relieve illness—to soothe and mitigate distress. I am ill, mentally, and alleviate my sufferings."

"If possible, I will accede to your request," I said. "I'm afraid I cannot speak more certainly at present."

"Thank you; thank you, I know that you will make the thing possible."

"I can at least visit the Governor, Captain Standish; but remember, even if I do this, I may fail utterly in my object. I must not write to you on the subject—you must assure that I will do my utmost for you."

She gave me her hand, turned aside her head to hide her tears, and hurried from the room. I thought a good deal over her sad story, and although I was doubtful of being able to communicate her message to Bayard, I resolved to visit Hartmoor, and trust to Providence to give me the opportunity I sought.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"That woman ran right into my arms." "Well, what did you do? Didn't you apologize?" "No; I embraced the opportunity."

THE BEST ARTISTS USE WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL AND WATER COLORS, CANVAS, ETC.; ETC. Brilliant and permanent effects. All dealers have them. Take no other.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents for Canada. Residence 2 D'Aray St. Telephone 2677.

CALL UP JAS. J. O'HEARN, FOR YOUR PLAIN OR ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, Oil, Enameling and Paper Hanging. Shop, 161 Queen Street West, Opposite Osgoode Hall.

TORONTO CARRIAGE WORKS. MANUFACTURERS OF CARRIAGES & WAGGONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. CULLERTON & MCGRAW, 76 AND 81 AGENY STREET, TORONTO. Repairing and Re-painting a Specialty. Moderate prices.

E. A. BLACKHALL, Book Binder and Paper Ruler. Literary & Magazine Work a Specialty. BEST FINISHES AND GOOD WORK. SEND FOR ESTIMATES OR CALL AT 34 Lombard Street, Toronto. Bookbinders Machinery and Supplies, Relief Stamping and Embossing of all kinds, Society Badges at close prices.

HEINTZMAN & CO., PIANOS. The Artistic Standard of the World. Have stood for nearly fifty years without a peer. Played and endorsed by the world's most eminent musicians. In the homes of the best families the Dominion over. Recipients of medals, awards, diplomas, and kind words from thousands of Canadian citizens. Over 12,000 pianos sold.

HEINTZMAN & CO., 117 King St. West, Toronto.

QUICK CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE. DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE. GIVES HEALTH BY NATURAL MEANS. KEEPS THE THROAT CLEAN AND HEALTHY. DELICIOUSLY REFRESHING. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. WOULD SUFFERERS ENJOY.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of September, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns: Class, a.m., p.m., a.m., p.m. Rows include G. T. R. East, G. T. R. West, N. and W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., U.S. West's States.

Effects 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 consumer beautiful wines at \$1 per case and 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on this table. Every well 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.



LOCAL NEWS.

Toronto Ecclesiastical Appointments.

We understand that the following ecclesiastical appointments have been made in the archdiocese. Rev. Father Redden first assistant St. Paul's is appointed parish priest of St. Patrick's church Toronto (vac. Rev. Father Lafontaine is appointed chaplain of Blantyre Industrial School and will take charge at the same time of the church of St. John the Evangelist, Leashville. Rev. Father Small remains at St. Michael's Palace where he is to be chaplain for the Brothers of De La Salle. Rev. Father Whelan remains at St. Paul's as second assistant to Father Hand, Rev. Father McCann remains at St. Mary's church where he will be assistant to Vicar General McCann.

The Archbishop on Temperance.

The Canadian Temperance League recently visited his Grace Archbishop Walsh to become an honorary member. The acceptance has been received by Mr. J. S. Robertson, and reads:

In reply to your courteous letter informing Archbishop Walsh that he had been elected by a unanimous vote an honorary member of your league, his Grace writes me to say that he is deeply grateful for the honor you have done him. He desires me to assure you of his sincere and earnest sympathy with the cause in which your league is doing such splendid work, and while his views on total prohibition as a political issue or a practical principle may be somewhat different from those of the league, he is entirely with you as regards the virtue of temperance, and would be glad to give his hearty co-operation and personal support to the general work of your excellent organization as one of your honorary members. Respectfully yours, F. Ryan, for Archbishop Walsh, St. Michael's palace, Toronto, Sept. 6, 1895.

L.C.B.A. Church Parade.

The members of the Irish Catholic Benefit Society, to the number of about 800, attended 9 o'clock mass at St. Michael's cathedral on Sunday and received Holy Communion. They first mustered at their hall, corner of Jarvis and King streets, and, headed by their band, marched in procession to the cathedral. There were also present at the same service 100 members of the Society of St. Anne, a temporary women's branch of the L.C.B.A., composed of working girls, about 300 members of the central branch of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart, and the cadets of the latter organization. Rev. Father Ryan from the pulpit extended a warm welcome to the members of the different organizations. He complimented the L.C.B.A. on their splendid turn out, and exhorted them to show themselves as good Canadians and citizens as they had proved themselves good Catholics.

Father Ryan on Labor.

Speaking at the Labor Day demonstration at Island Park on Monday Rev. Father Ryan gave an eloquent address, in which he showed that the Holy See had never been adverse, but, on the contrary, had favored the combinations of workmen for beneficial objects. He claimed to be a working man himself, and a member, though some might not believe it, of the greatest labor organization on earth. He praised the profession, its orderliness, its discipline, its esprit de corps, and said without flattery that he had never seen a finer set of men in any profession anywhere. Although a cleric, he never was happier than comparing with the sons of toil. (Applause.) He also, listening to the speeches that had been made, and glancing round that platform, could sincerely state that he was glad to be associated in the cause of labor with his separated brethren. The Catholic Church had through her head spoken fervent and effectual words on behalf of labor in all lands. He cordially echoed those words in the ears of the crowd before him, and again assured them that there is not the least antagonism between the Catholic Church and the laboring class. Cardinal Manning's services amongst the poor and in the London slums Father Ryan extolled. Labor, he proceeded to show, had been dignified since the Son of God worked as the carpenter's bench. Then in an outspoken manner Father Ryan told the crowd of toilers round about him that practically strikes had been failure, and instead of benefiting the workingman and his family had suffered. The precepts of Christianity consistently acted on would solve more than labor question. Difficulties in many spheres would disappear and human kind be the happier. Then the speaker enforced the lessons of sobriety and self-restraint as a duty on those who claimed to be workingmen. In their work, lowly as it might appear, there was nobility. He thanked God religious bigotry had disappeared from the ranks of labor, and would soon, he hoped, disappear from the pulpit. (Applause.) The ranks of organized labor could in this and other respects, teach a lesson to the ministry.

A Century of Catholicism.

Moniqueur Lombard, a French missionary, has recently published a book tracing the progress of Catholicism during the present century, which contains the following statistics:—In 1850 there were scarcely 3,258,440 Catholics in all the Protestant European countries; there

were 8,000,000 in Ireland, 6,000,000 in Germany, 4,000,000 in Poland, and 350,000 in Switzerland. In Turkey in Europe Moniqueur Lombard tells us that there are only 2,400,000 Catholics. There were 381,000 in South America, 17,000 in the Indian Archipelago, 10,000 in the Dutch Colonies, 10,000 in the United States, 1,000 in Canada, 100,000 in the West Indies, 8,000 in Texas and California, 10,000 in South America and only 15,000 in all Spain. The Catholics in England have now increased to 1,000,000. There are 1,620 monastic churches and 2,500,000 Catholics in the British Empire. In the country now called the United States, instead of only 500,000, and in England 1,888,522 in total of 6,000,000. Switzerland now counts 1,800,000, and Russia 2,500,000. The Catholics in the United States increased from 100,000 to 650,000. There were 175,000 Catholics in India in 1800. To-day there are more than 1,000,000. Only five missions existed in China in 1800; there are now thirty, and with 570,000 Catholics. The United States show a return of 7,077, 278 Catholics in 1800, and Canada two millions. Treating of Africa, Moniqueur Lombard says that there are 100,000 Catholics, 200 churches and 220 schools in Algeria, and he gives other interesting details of other parts of the Continent. An Apostolic Prefecture was established in the Sahara in 1808, and in Freetown in 1804. There were numerous flourishing missions in other parts of Africa, and in the East there are now five missions, 200 churches, 20 schools, and 23,100 faithful. The above statistics speak for themselves with regard to the state of the Church all over the world.

HORRIBLE CANNIBALISM.

'The Human Leopards Society'—One of Them a Former Sunday School Teacher.

Liverpool Aug. 27. The African Royal steamer Cabinda, which arrived here to-day from the West Coast of Africa, brings news of an extraordinary case of cannibalism in a British colony as the result of which three men are reported to have been hanged. The Cabinda left Sierra Leone on the 6th inst, on which day three men had been hanged in the Imperial country, at the scene of these crimes. The men belonged to a society called 'The Human Leopards Society.' Covered in leopard's skins they had been in the habit of secreting themselves in the bush near various villages. Anyone who ventured out was set upon and killed, and a cannibal feast was afterwards held. So serious had the matter become that the Sierra Leone Government sent men in pursuit of the murderers. Nine natives were arrested. On investigation it was discovered that they were brought down to Freetown for trial before a jury. Among these was a man named Jowo who was formerly a Sunday school teacher at Sierra Leone, but was subsequently sent to trade in the Imperial country, which is under the Sierra Leone Government. Jowo, in his defence, declared that he had been compelled to join the society by threats. As, however he had been a member of the society for long time, and could have left the country, his plea was not admitted. The defence of the others was that the murders were committed to obtain land, heart, or leg of white to make medicine or 'juju.' The three prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, and it was decided that the execution should take place at the scene of the crimes. A force of frontier police with the prisoners and a scaffold accordingly went down to Imperial country, which is about fifty miles from Sherbro, on the Colonial Government steamer Countess of Derby. A scaffold was erected in the public street, and the bodies of the three men were allowed to hang for forty-eight hours. The scaffold will be left there permanently as a warning to the natives against such horrible conduct as that of which the 'Leopards' were guilty. The murders committed by them were numerous: One girl who had been tied to a tree by these fiends, and was about to be killed and eaten, screamed until her cries brought to the scene a party who rescued her. She was a slave girl and was taken care of by the name of Joseph's Catholic mission at Bonthe; a man was also brought to the mission with terrible wounds inflicted by the 'human leopards.' He died from his injuries.

Some delightfully naive proverbs and sayings have been recently translated from the Armenian by the Rev. G. Bayan. Among the best are:—'If my heart be narrow, what avail to me if the world be large?' 'Birds are caught with grain, and men with money.' 'That which costs nothing is good for nothing.' 'A familiar sound, but we have not heard the following:—'Tears are a language; he only who weeps understands them.' 'He who looks for a friend without a defect will never find one.' 'As great and resplendent as the sun is, the little cloud which passes hides it from our eyes.' 'We commend the quaint saying, 'A good girl is worth two bad boys,' to all whom it may concern. It is a curious omission not to give the boys an epithet, good, bad, or indifferent.

'I am not rich,' he said 'but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, dear Emily—'

'It goes well enough with me, Mr. Spoonbill,' interrupted the fair maiden, 'but how will it go with the butcher, the baker, the grocer? Those people must be considered, you know.'

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths intended for Catholic Readers should be made in THE REGISTER. 50 cents per insertion.

C. O. F.

At the last regular meeting of St. Mary's Court No. 856, C. O. F. the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has called to his eternal reward the beloved Father of our worthy Vice-Chief Ranger, brother Philip Convey. Resolved that while bowing to the will of God we unreservedly extend to our worthy brother and his bereaved relations our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction, and the great loss they have sustained. Thos. Howard, Dennis McFalland, Frank Keenan, Committee.

St. Louis Sanitary Society.

The election of officers for the St. Louis Sanitary Society, of St. Michael's Cathedral, took place on Sunday afternoon and resulted as follows:—President, Rev. J. Ryan; Honorary President, Rev. J. Treacy; President, H. J. Winterberry; 1st Vice President, Francis Flanagan; 2nd Vice President, J. Brennan; Treasurer, Wm. Curran; Secretary, J. O'Leary; Custodian, J. Egan, Leo Sullivan, and J. Swallow.

The membership is now very large, and the chorus singing of the boys, and their attention to the ceremonies of the church is excellent.

LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 11, 1895. There were lighter receipts and better quality of cattle. Cables had no better tone, but they contained in some instances a promise of improvement.

Table with market prices for various goods including wheat, butter, and eggs.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED.

A GREAT ADVANCE IN MEDICAL SCIENCE. A Discovery Which This Painful Disease Cannot Resist. Healed in 14 Days. Details His Experience With the Cure.

Rheumatism has long baffled the medical profession. Medicine for external and internal use has been prescribed, plasters, leeches, cups, and blisters, but all in vain.

Among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Blaisdell, of this town, who is known not only to all our citizens but to residents of this section, and he is highly esteemed as he is widely known. To the editor of the Review Mr. Blaisdell recently said: 'I have reasons to speak in terms of the warmest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they not only saved me a big doctor's bill, but have restored me to health, which was impaired by rheumatism and neuralgia. These troubles were, I think, the after-effects of an attack of measles. After the latter trouble had disappeared I felt an awful pain in my head, neck, and down my back. I tried a number of remedies, but without effect. I was then by advised Mrs. Horning, of Cooper's town, had been cured of paralysis by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to give them a trial. I followed her advice, and after using a box or two I began to feel much better, and with their use I constantly improved in health and am now feeling better than I have done before in ten years. I am satisfied that but for the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been a physical wreck, living a life of constant pain, and I cannot speak too highly of their curative power, or recommend them to those who are suffering. I cheerfully give permission to publish my statement in the hope that some other sufferer may read and profit by it.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strikes at the root of the disease, drives it from the system and restores the patient to health and strength. In case of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and yellow cheeks, broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers send a certain card, at \$5 a box, or six boxes for \$25. By addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'



For the Effects of La Grippe. This is our best remedy for the cure of the following ailments:—Headache, Stomachache, Nausea, Vomiting, Diarrhoea, Colic, etc.

FREE A Valuable Booklet Nervous Diseases and a simple book to read and draw Four pages of the booklet is free. This booklet is sent to you by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. since 1870, and is now used by thousands of people.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at 25c per Bottle. 6 for \$2.50. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 for \$10.00.

The Celebrated Maps of... W. & A. K. Johnston EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.



Celestial, Terrestrial and Blasted Globes.

Over four hundred different Maps and Charts, treating of every subject, the best globes on the market, warranted not to crack or crack.

Business College CAPITAL - \$10,000. CO., Ltd.

LOCATION: Confederation Life Building, TORONTO.

The most efficient and best equipped Commercial School in Canada.

Young Men and Young Women Prepared for all sorts of positions in mercantile life.

BEST HARD COAL LOWEST PRICES.



Elias Rogers & Co. Sentral.

DR. JAMES LOFTUS, DENTIST

A. J. McDONAGH, DENTIST

DR. T. P. WHEE, 53, Charles Street.

POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS, 274 SPADINA AVE.

COSTS ONE CENT A CUP



THE DELICIOUS 'REINDER' BRAND CONDENSED COFFEE Contains Cream and Sugar. Can be prepared for use in a few seconds. NO WASTE. NO TROUBLE. Samples mailed to any address in Canada.

The Tru-o Condensed Milk and Canning Co., Ltd. Toronto, N.S.

LISTEN! M. J. CROTTIE, 888 and 844 YONGE STREET, Can sell you

Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, Shirts, and Collars.

Lemaitre's Pectoral Syrup CURE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Frederic G. Steinberger & Co. 37 Richmond Street West. TORONTO.

BRITISH AMERICAN Business College

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, LTD.

MASTERS, BREWERS and BOTTLERS, TORONTO.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE No. 284.

EYESIGHT PROPERLY TESTED MY OPTICIAN, 159 Yonge St., Confederation Life Bldg. TORONTO. 10-3m

... SOUVENIR ...

THE WONDERFUL Aerated Oven: The Handsomest Range in the Market, with every known improvement.

Will do More and Better Cooking and Baking Than any other Range Made. Burns Less Fuel. Is Not Expensive to Buy. Is Unbreakable. Will Last a Lifetime.

THESE ARE COMMON SENSE REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY THIS STOVE.

The Gurney-Tilden Co., Ltd. HAMILTON, - ONT. Sold Everywhere by Leading Stove Dealers.

Toronto General AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS, YONGE AND COLBORNE STS. TORONTO.

Capital, \$1,000,000 Reserve Fund, \$250,000

Hon. Ed. Blake, Q.C., M.P., President. E. A. Meredith, M.A., J. H. Hoskin, Q.C., M.A., Vice-Pres.

ALL SECURITIES AND TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE INSURED IN THE COMPANY'S OFFICE IN THE CITY OF TORONTO.

SAVES IN THEIR BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, (In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

Under the special patronage of his Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Bullian Fathers.

FULL CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non professional certificates.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting.

SADLER'S DOMINION SERIES.

Sadler's Dominion Reading Charts, 20 Reading Charts and a Chart of colors mounted on 14 boards, Size 2 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches.

THE WONDERFUL Aerated Oven

