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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 13.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

On Tuesday, 22nd inst., Mr Casco brought up the question of the speech of Mr. Wallace before an Orange gathering in Kingston. He quoted a portion of this speech, and also from speeches made by Dr. Kane and Johnston of Ballykilbog, stating the intention of the Orangemen of Ulster to take up arms in case the Home Rule Bill were passed. The speaker then expressed his opinion that no man had a right to incite citizens to rebellion, and such a course was particularly blameworthy in a Minister of the Crown. He asked Mr. Wallace to give the House a distinct statement of what he really did say.

Mr. Wallace acknowledged that the report of his speech printed in the Kingston News was correct, and refused to withdraw a single word of what he had said. Gentleman on the other side could not accuse him of disloyalty. His record was the best argument against that. He was no more disloyal than Lord Salisbury, who had spoken in a similar strain. The Government was not responsible for his utterances. He had a perfect right to express his views upon British politics, and the views he had expressed were in the direction of maintaining the union of the Empire.

When this avowal was made Mr. Dawson of Addington, who is said to be the only Orangeman in the House who is a member of the Reform party, rose to his feet, and, after condemning the Controller of Customs as having incited people to sedition contrary to good citizenship and to the principles of their Order, moved his resolution of censure, a copy of which appeared in our columns last week.

Mr. Devlin said he had nothing to do with Mr. Wallace as Grand Master of the Orange Lodge; but as Controller of Customs his speech was open to censure. He (Mr. Wallace) had pained the feelings of many loyal Canadians when he wished to deny to a portion of the Empire the rights in which Canadians rejoiced. If the honorable gentleman wished to cross the ocean to fight against the Queen in her old age, he might go, but none of the Canadian people would go with him.

Mr. Kenny at first condemned the motion as being introduced to harass the Government, but he afterwards decided to cast his vote for it.

Mr. Mill (Bothwell) said the motion was not a want of confidence motion, unless the Government wished to make it so. Members should bear in mind that the Controller had not denied or withdrawn his disloyal utterances, but had reaffirmed them, and in supporting him they would give approval to the disloyal sentiments in the speech.

Mr. Foster doubted the good faith of the gentleman who introduced the

motion. Mr. Wallace's speech did not contain, in his opinion, the disloyal sentiments which others had seen in it; and, moreover, they must distinguish between the Minister of the Crown and the private individual. Under a Reform Administration Mr. Huntington, the Postmaster-General, had attacked the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, and Mr. Mackenzie disclaimed all responsibility in the matter. Mr. Wallace's utterances did not bind the Government in any way. At most, he saw in them nothing more than the action of advocates of Home Rule, who were collecting funds for the peaceful support of that measure. He did not think that solid, sensible members would support the motion. He hoped, indeed, that it would be withdrawn.

Sir Richard Cartwright was willing that the motion should be withdrawn if the Government would repudiate the language of its Minister. Solid, sensible people would think it a gross breach of faith for a servant of Her Majesty to advocate armed resistance to her laws. The Controller's speech might not do much harm, but it was bad principle to let such words pass. He recognized in the speech the kind of loyalty which led to the assault on Lord Elgin in Montreal, and the threats to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne. He felt that the people of Canada would repudiate the sentiments of the honorable member.

Mr. Hughes condemned the motion. Mr. McInerney deprecated the introduction of the question, but condemned the utterances of Mr. Wallace.

Mr. Costigan said a great principle was involved. In this country men had paid the penalty of their lives for resisting authority, and allegiance to the constitution was something every citizen should observe. He would vote for the motion.

Mr. Curran regretted that the Controller had allowed the discussion to arise; but since he had assumed the responsibility of his speech, and allowed members to interpret him as meaning active aid, he (Mr. Curran) would have to condemn him.

Mr. Bergin spoke in a similar strain. He had at first looked upon the speech as a mere post-prandial outburst, but the action of Mr. Wallace in the House had made the question serious. He asked Mr. Foster whether the Government wished to make the resolution one of want of confidence. Mr. Foster answered that if it passed it would not be by the aid of friends of the Government. Mr. Bergin upbraided the leader for leaving members in the dark as to his intentions. It made him lament the more the absence of his leader in Paris. If he was taking his political life in his hands, he would vote for the amendment.

Mr. Wood recalled how the leader of the Opposition had on one historical

occasion declared that if he were on the banks of the Saskatchewan he would shoulder the rifle against the volunteers.

Mr. Davin made the speech of the evening. "The Controller of Customs," he said, "is one of my leaders, and I am told that it does not matter what a leader says on so important a question as taking up arms against the Queen. If Mr. Wallace were in Ireland he would render himself liable to penal servitude by his utterances." He (Mr. Davin) was an Irish Protestant, and Mr. Wallace was no representative of the loyalty of Irish Protestants. The question before the House was not whether the motion would disturb the Government, but whether it was a proper one. He suspected the Controller had used this language to fill his political sails. In a meeting held by the Protestant Conservatives to discuss the Jesuits' Estates Bill Mr. Wallace had urged his brother Orangemen to vote with the Government, regretting that his position forced him to vote for disallowance. This statement brought forth numerous denials, but Mr. Davin held to it. He said his word was good; he was no heeler with an axe to grind. Mr. Hughes had said he would lose his seat if he took action in this matter, but he did not wish to hold his seat if he held it by favor of the Controller or Mr. Hughes. He was glad he had not risen to office by bleating and pleading and weeping. He hoped he would not wriggle up from the base of the tree to the top, and be the same dirty little worm at the top he was at the base. He concluded by saying he was an enemy of all sedition.

Col. Tisdale, Mr. Frechette, Col. Denison, Sir Adolphe Caron, and Mr. McNeill, all spoke in the same strain against the motion, disapproving of Mr. Wallace's language, but opposing the censure on the ground that it was introduced simply to embarrass the Government.

Mr. McMullen spoke in favor of the motion. Sir Hector Langevin did not consider it as a want of confidence motion. He had been a Conservative member for 35 years, but he intended to vote for the motion. Mr. Mulock asserted the majesty of the law. He called the Controller's attention to laws passed under William III. to punish traitors.

Finally, about midnight, the House divided, and the motion was rejected by a vote of 74 to 105—Messrs. Costigan, Bergin, Curran, Lepine, Pelletier, Kenny, Adams, Hearn, Davin, McDonald (King's), McInerney and Sir Hector Langevin voting for the motion.

The following is the interesting reply made by the Holy Father to the Cardinals who presented their congratu-

lations upon the fifteenth anniversary of his coronation as Pope, March 3rd:

The three joyous anniversaries which you, Signor Cardinal, have just referred to—Our birth, Our elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate and Our episcopal consecration—are so many motives for us to raise Our eyes on high, and exult with grateful heart, the goodness of the Lord. It is His mercy which prolongs Our days and His paternal providence which in the laborious ministry of the universal Apostolate, sustains us affectionately, in tempering with unexpected consolations Our frequent sorrows.

It is not, indeed, a slight consolation which We enjoy on the present occasion of Our Jubilee, saluted everywhere with affectionate rejoicing and solemnized by means of extraordinary demonstrations in this beloved city, which has beheld vast crowds of people, representatives of cities and legations from princes, pressing forward to render Us homage.

Amidst so many expressions of filial piety, that which you were enabled to witness on the 19th day of February in St. Peter's will never be forgotten. No spectacle can be imagined more beautiful than that of sincere enthusiasm overflowing from the hearts of Italians and of strangers fraternally united in one same thought and gathered together in such vast numbers that the greatest basilica of the world appeared too limited to contain them all.

Our soul rejoices in declaring these facts, for they turn to the glorification of the Church, and bear with them the seed of good hopes.

The final scope of the present festivities is more elevated than Our Person; they express the honor rendered to the Bishop of souls, a homage to the Father of the great Christian family.

And such sentiments, so firm and ardent in the hearts of some, will make way, sooner or later, with the help of God, into the hearts of others; since that in the midst of so many disillusionments and so profound a revolution of ideas and of manners, the very instinct of their own salvation admonishes the people to press more than ever around the Church, in whose hands is the ministry of salvation, to adhere firmly to this fundamental Rock, away from which neither justice nor the social order have any available basis.

Meanwhile, may the Lord grant fulfillment to the wishes which you, Signor Cardinal, have expressed to Us, in the name of your colleagues and which We, as is just, receive with most special sentiments of satisfaction and gratitude. On Our side We invoke all most desirable graces on the Sacred College; and, as a pledge of them, receive the Apostolic Benediction, which to it, as likewise to all the bishops, prelates and all others here present, We bestow with Our whole heart.

We see by *L'Univers* that on March 2nd the Canadian College at Rome was *en fete*. The Directors, Fathers Palin d'Abonville, Leclair and Vacher, invited to a banquet the representatives of Canada, who were visiting the Eternal City at the time, as well as well as other distinguished prelates. Amongst those present were Cardinals Richard, Logue and Vaughan; Mgr. Begin, Coadjutor of Quebec, Bishops La Fleche of Three Rivers, Dowling of Hamilton, de Goesbriand of Burlington, Emaré of Valleyfield, MacDonald of Harbor Grace, and the rectors of the various national colleges at Rome. Our friend Father McEvay, Secretary of Bishop Dowling, was also amongst the guests.

As the prospects of the Home Rule Bill brighten, the hate of its opponents becomes more desperate and unscrupulous, and their filibustering louder and more outrageous. The Tories—only to think of it—are introducing an obstruction policy. It will be a satisfaction to see the cloture applied to those who were always so ready to use it when they found it convenient.

## "IS CHRISTIANITY PLAYED OUT?"

MADAME BELLOC'S ANSWER.

One of the latest literary sensations in London was that caused by the publication of a series of letters under the caption "Is Christianity Played Out?" Madame Belloc, one of the foremost English writers, a convert to the Church, was prominent in the controversy. The correspondence continued for a month, and called forth sermons at the Abbey, St. Paul's and many churches and chapels. Madame Belloc, writing in the *London Daily Chronicle*, under date of January 28, 1893, answered the question as follows:

"In common with innumerable readers, I have watched the battle waged round these words, and I have wondered that nobody, unless it be Mr. Bramwell Booth, has tried to call attention to what Christianity is actually doing, and even he has understated the case in an extraordinary degree. When 100 years ago the Frenchmen of science quarrelled vigorously as to whether a fish floating in the water weighed less than a fish on dry land, it was a long time before anybody thought of weighing the creatures under either condition. This has become a stook jest, yet nobody has seriously thought of weighing the body politic with and without Christianity.

"I am myself a Roman Catholic, and therefore I will begin with Protestant work. Did Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Le Gallienne ever hear of Clewer? Passing over Howard and Mrs. Fry as gone beyond modern ken, can anybody who either knew Catharine Booth or read about her, or saw the omnibuses on the day of her funeral driving up to the Bank with black flags, doubt that the force which moved her is not "played out"? Suppose if you like that Mrs. Booth was a delusion, and that her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, is also a delusion, and throw in Miss Rye, and the Girls' Friendly Society, and Dr. Bernardo, and Lord Shaftesbury, who to my personal knowledge slaved year in and year out like a negro slave, and take Miss Davison of Friedenheim and Mrs. Meredith of a dozen works, and the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who watches the police cases (as I know), and Canon and Mrs. Butler (the one dead the other surviving), and the noble mission men and women of various denominations, fretting to pieces lives which might otherwise have been full of æsthetic calm and delight—take, I say, all these various people from every shade of Protestantism and call them humbugs and delusions—what a huge delusion is that which set them all going, and how very far it is from being "played out!"

"Next, let me speak of the Roman Catholic world. Perhaps people think of that as an extinct delusion. The scholastic philosophy, whatever it was, is popularly supposed to be dead. Thomas Aquinas has quailed before Francis Bacon. Theology has gone to rejoin miracles. But there is one thing which has survived, and which nothing can kill. Tear it up by the roots in one part of the world and it puts forth leaves in another; how it got there baffles the onlooker—it is Catholic charity. What a preposterous delusion! Stamp on it, dance the Carmagnole over it—it is quite useless. Catholic charity, says the philosophic observer, is really driven of a devil. It is a Juggernaut, absorbing the lives of men and women. Only listen. The last computation of the white-bonneted Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul was 17,000. When earlier in the century the cholera fastened on Naples, the General of the Jesuits flung the Sisters at it as an officer flings regiments. They died and others took their place. What the rector of Eyam did in Derbyshire 200 years ago (a story of the plague) Monsignor de

Beizunco did in Marseilles. Poor deluded clergymen, both of them!

"In modern days look at the Irish Sisters of Mercy and Charity; two separate Orders founded within the century. Those of mercy are literally all over the place. For one thing, they have a house in Great Ormond street, where they have fifty beds, and while they have a corner to spare they will take in not only passing ailments but cancer and consumption, and nurse them to the end. For another example, they have a refuge in Crispin street, just beyond the Great Eastern Railway, where they have been putting shoulders to the wheel for nearly forty years. They have been driven by that remorseless dignitary, Monsignor Gilbert; I have had the honor of his friendship for nearly that space of time, and can bear witness that something has never ceased to drive his reverence and the clergy under him. And, lastly, it may interest Liberal politicians to be told that I hear from California that the most noted Sister of mercy in the Golden West is Mother Russell, the sister of the Attorney-General. When this Order kept its jubilee, in 1880, it had 212 houses in all parts of the world. And the Irish Sisters of Charity, whose founders, Mrs. Aikenhead, only died in 1859, are spreading in the same way. Schools, hospitals, girls societies, there really are no end to them. Why, the Hospice for the Dying in Dublin alone has 108 beds. If you want to die in peace and quietness, and under loving care, go there—and then make room for somebody else!

"It seems to me that to write about Christianity being played out is as wide of the mark as to write of the extinction of potatoes or roses. Looked at merely as a natural or supernatural phenomenon, the modern world might as well try to get rid of Niagara or the oil wells.

## Irish Minstrelsy.

The minstrels of Ireland are not all gone from the highways and byways of Erin. The mournful harp and plaintive pipe may have given way to the breezy banjo and crooning violin, but the songs which these accompany are the songs of Ireland still. Down by the rotten claddagh wharves of old Galway town I recently came upon a rapt audience enthralled by the dulcet notes of Tim Brennan, the "wandering minstrel of Tipperary"—one of the sweetest singers I ever heard, and one who would have been great were it not for his love of "the cinder in it," as they aptly term the west of Ireland mountain dew.

I had seen Tim many, many times before in Ireland. Our trappings had brought us into the same relations of artist and responsive auditor so many times that, as he tipped me a comforting wink of recognition, and I noticed that his violin had been replaced by the temporary though ample makeshift of a banjo wrought from the head of an ancient Irish churn, in the pause following his ballad, I felt emboldened to toss him back his wink with the query:

"And, Tim, why didn't you bring the churn with its head?"

"Faith, yer honor," he replied in a flash and with a winsome smile, holding the churn-head banjo aloft so all could see, "faith, I never argue wid a lady—an', yer honor, a bould Irish woman stud at its other end!"

I had got a taste of his sprightly and never vicious wit, and he as quickly got my shilling for that same; more power to the quick hinges of the nimble tongue of the wandering minstrel of Tipperary.—*Edgar L. Wake-man.*

"For a long time I suffered with stomach and liver troubles, and could find no relief until I began to use Ayer's Pills. I took them regularly for a few months and my health was completely restored."—D. W. Esino, New Bern, N. C.

## Religious Persecution.

At the Roman Catholic foundling asylum, in Sixty-eight street, near Third avenue, says the *New York Times* of Sunday, March 6, are a quiet, good-looking young Polish woman and her 6 weeks-old babe. The woman tells a curious story of persecution by her father because she gave up Judaism, married a Roman Catholic and refused to return to her home and her father's religion.

Josephine Kikola is her name. She said yesterday that she was born at Stara Vis, in Poland, near Warsaw, where her father, Shimake Feserman, owns a large dairy farm, having 300 cows. The butter and cheese made on this farm are sent to the Warsaw market.

Josephine is about 18 years of age. When she was somewhat over 15 she became converted to Catholicism through the efforts of the village priest. Knowing that her father would soon find out that she had changed her religious views she went to a nunnery in Warsaw. Her native village is also the home of Countess Krajenska, who, taking a great interest in the young convert, invited her to stop at her house. About a mile from the countess' house there lived a worthy young glazier, Yosef Kikola, who belonged to the Catholic church. Kikola and Josephine fell in love with each other, and the young glazier proposed marriage. The wedding was celebrated in the countess' house. Josephine continued to live with the countess, as she was afraid that her father might send people to injure her during her husband's absence.

One day the countess sent Josephine to Warsaw. In a store there she was seized by several men and carried to the cellar. Her father appeared and begged her to return home. He told her that he would secure a divorce for her, and would get her a much handsomer and a very rich bridegroom, and would settle a large amount of money upon her if she would only renounce Christianity and return home. Josephine refused, and her father ordered the men to take her away. They forced her into a carriage and took her to Graef, near the Prussian frontier. They kept her there eight days trying to persuade her to return to Judaism. Her father could not follow her to Graef because he had his hair trimmed according to the orthodox Jewish style, which was unpopular at Graef.

Her maternal grandfather, however, called on her, and made a final appeal to her to return to her home and old religion, but she still refused. Then he said to the men: "Take her away anywhere, I cannot do anything with her." He gave them \$150.

Josephine was smuggled across the border and taken to Hamburg by three men, one of whom was a pedler, Mordke Zelko.

At Hamburg she was put on board a steamer bound for New York, and Zelko accompanied her. On their arrival in New York Zelko took her to 120 Division street and put her in charge of Mrs. Mirka Mint. Here she did some embroidery work and managed to write her husband a letter. Some time later she received a letter from her father saying that he had intercepted her letter to her husband. "Yosef," he said, "has been drinking his own blood and eating his own flesh with anxiety about you, and now he is trying to drink my blood and eat my flesh since he found out that I took you away from him."

In the house in Division street lived a Catholic Polish woman, Mrs. Karelava, and one day Josephine asked her where the Polish Catholic church was.

"You are a Jewish girl," replied Mrs. Karelava, "what do you want of the Catholic church?"

"I'll tell you my secret, if I can safely do so," replied Josephine.

Mrs. Karelava became greatly interested, hurried out, and returned with several sturdy Poles. They took her to 186 East Thirtieth street, where lived another Polish woman named Mrs. Geneskovska. Here she staid six weeks, and then Mrs. Genesheveka took her to the Catholic Mothers' Home in Eighty sixth street, where she gave birth to a little girl.

She sent her husband a registered letter, advising him to come over to America, because if she returned to Poland her father would give her no rest.

After leaving the hospital, one of her Polish friends took her to General O'Boirne, assistant commissioner of immigration, to whom she told her story. She then went to the sisters in Sixty-eighth street, where she will remain until her husband can come or send for her.

## St. Anthony's Shrine at Butler, N.J.

At a call recently made at the Franciscan Fathers' little convent, after inquiring how St. Anthony was getting along on his "begging journey for stones" for his new shrine, was told that, though the "holy beggar" did not succeed in getting a stone at every door he knocked, it could nevertheless be stated that a universal interest throughout the States was taken in the erection of his shrine. To comply with the request of the many thousands of the Saint's clients, the writer of these lines intends to inform the public from time to time how things are progressing. As one may judge from the list of benefactors, it is not only the laity that seeks the Saint's intercession by sending their mite for the erection of his shrine, but the clergy seem to be no less in favor of the enterprise, since nearly 200 names out of the Rt. Rev. and Rev. clergy are already enrolled as benefactors, which no doubt will make a good impression upon the people, who, in such things, as is well known, are greatly inclined to follow the example of their shepherds. For every one of the various intentions of the benefactors who ask a favor through the Saint's intercession, the miraculous Responsorium, "if you ask for miracles," is recited for 9 days before the altar of the Saint, and if desired, copies of the Responsorium are sent gratis to any address. As there are still some who inquire how letters should be addressed, be it hereby again be made known, that the address is simply: Franciscan Fathers, Butler, N.J.

Great preparations are already being made for the first public pilgrimage to take place on June 13, when several bishops will participate in the festivities. Meanwhile may St. Anthony find yet many generous friends who will send him a "stone" for building up the walls of his church. E. CLEARY.

## Poultry.

Rev. T. S. Brooke, pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Clarksburg, W. Va., U. S. A., says: "I saturated a piece of yeast bread, the size of the end of your thumb, with St. Jacobs Oil, and forced it down the throat of a chicken that was in the last stages of the disease. I repeated the dose immediately, and in half an hour it was eating heartily. The next day I repeated the dose and again on the fourth day. In less than a week it was as well as ever. Finding that all my chickens were affected, I shut them in the henhouse, giving them nothing to eat until 2 p. m. I then mixed up some corn meal dough, and poured into it enough St. Jacobs Oil to make it smell strongly, and giving them nothing but plenty of fresh water, they soon ate it all. I then turned them out. This I repeated every alternate day for a week. I saw no traces of the cholera afterwards, but my flock was in a healthier and generally better condition than it had ever been." All raisers of poultry use it.

## The Power of Nature.

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PIGEON-HOLE PARAGRAPHS.

From the Irish Monthly.

It is extraordinary how men like Gladstone find something appropriate to say to every sort of audience. I have preserved this scrap for the sake of the words addressed to the students of Glenalmond, which prepares young men for the Anglican ministry. The admonitions as far as they go, might be taken to heart by candidates for the priesthood: "The one thought that comes to the mind of the old man when he speaks to the young is this: "Oh, that it were possible to make them know how precious are the hours, how fraught with consequences of incalculable importance, which now fill up each and every day of their comparatively easy lives. I would not ask you to relax your attention to the games that fill up your leisure hours. On the contrary, I should regard it as a great misfortune were there to prevail a laxity and an indifference in the pursuit of youthful and innocent sports; but, I say, let every one, with the same energy with which he plays cricket or football, with the same energy with which he applies himself to leaping or running or to any exercise whatever his of corporal powers—and he wants very little exhortation, so far as my experience goes, to be energetic with that portion of his duties—let him carry the very same spirit into the work which is intended to develop his mental faculties. The extension of Government employments has given an enormous enlargement to what may be called the official classes—in fact, there are a much larger number of professionals competing now than competed together in the days when I came into the world; but, depend upon it, the profession of the clergyman, if it be more arduous than it has ever been, is, on that account nobler than it has ever been."

The Times once wrote: "It has been proved beyond a doubt that Lord Mulgrave has actually invited to dinner that rancorous mouthed ruffian O'Connell." Even the Times would speak very differently of O'Connell now, though it might not have the magnanimity to adopt what Gladstone said at Limehorse on the 16th December, 1888: "O'Connell was their leader because he was a man incomparably elevated in talent, power, and devotion to his country over any contemporary, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, throughout the length or breadth of Ireland."

There is a maxim of worldly wisdom which may be very useful in our spiritual concerns: "Short accounts make long friends." When we don't pay in ready money, when we order goods freely, if not recklessly, and keep no account of our outlay, it is pretty certain that, when the bill at last is furnished, we shall be greatly startled at the total amount. "Is it possible? Surely I can't have got all that wine? Did that cost so much?" And we are apt to dispute the account, if possible, or, at all events, to pay with a bad grace, and perhaps part on bad terms. Whereas, if we had forced ourselves to settle our accounts at certain short intervals, if we had tried to pay our way for the most part in cash—for "ready money is a great check to the imagination"—the effort would make us curtail our outlay, the necessities of life would be found not to be quite so necessary, our debts would be kept within reasonable limits, we should be better satisfied with our merchants and they with their customers, and our accounts, almost as short as our tempers, would be in a normally satisfactory state. The application of all this to our consciences is obvious enough; and this is fortunate, for there is not time now to enter into particulars.

Lord, give me grace and strength of character to tear myself away promptly

from what, if not bad, is less good, and to give myself earnestly, diligently, self-denyingly, to the better and the best.

We should not waste regrets on the irrevocable past, but to force ourselves to use well the fleeting present. Of course, we are bound to be sorry also for the past, so far as we have misused it. A little boy gave it as his idea of heaven, "the place where you are never sorry." Certainly that description does not hold for this earth. If you are good for anything, if you have any proper ideal, you are sure to be sorry very often to escape being sorry by being very dull, and worthless, and heartless, is far worse than any amount of trouble and sorrow. Coarser natures, like ours, are not likely to have an excess of regret and self-reproach, and we ought to use our faculty of remorse to good purpose. Regret the shortcomings of yesterday or of half an hour ago, in order that you make amends and avoid similar mistakes to-day or in the next half hour. "No use watering last year's crops," said Mr. Poyser. Tears will not make the flowers to spring up which we ought to have planted last year, and did not, but take your watering-pot into your hands to refresh the drooping flowers that are pining in your garden this minute, so pale and sickly as rather to be eyesores than ornaments, weeds rather than flowers.

God pity the wretched creatures who cannot get enough of sleep; and God convert the still more wretched creatures who take habitually too much sleep. The writer of the following list of doggerel belongs to neither class. Not to the first: since one of his subjects of thanksgiving is that he has never lost a night's rest in his life and has never been obliged to have recourse to any more dangerous narcotic than a sleeping draught of Hail Marys. Not to the second: for on the contrary these rhymes open with self-reproach for having cut down the sleeping time too much—and also the time of prayer, which sometimes comes too near deserving the other name also:—

More sleep, more prayer!—  
Then do and dare  
All that you can  
For sinful man,  
Yourself the first,  
God knows if worst,  
So will God bless  
With true success  
(Which oft is known  
To Him alone)  
Whatever you  
Think, say and do  
From morn to night  
In heaven's sight,  
Till your last breath—  
Then welcome, Death!

That is a useful peculiarity in the German manner of naming the days of the week, which calls Wednesday *Mittwoch*, "Midweek." With Sunday as the first of the week, we have three days before and three days after, and Wednesday is the middle point, so that we may say, "here we are, half way through another week." It will be well for us to make Wednesday another warmer of the flight of time, as noon separates morning and evening, and in the declining hours of every day it is easier to feel that our life is verging towards its close. Let every Wednesday exhort us to spend better the last half of the week.

Dr. Frederick Kolbe, the clever editor of the *South African Catholic Magazine*, throws into the form of "a modern fable" his refutation of the pretensions of sundry sectarian bodies to represent the Apostolic Church: Once there was an Oak tree, which having stood many years of storm and sunshine, was all gnarled and knotted with age. A wind arose in the early spring and tore off one of its outer twigs. Now the twig, lying on the ground and comparing itself with its neighbours, said to the oak, "Behold you seedling just springing from the acorn—a true Oak in its earliest beauty; see its faint green leaves, its slender stem, just like mine. You, on

the other hand, with your tough stem and huge bare branches, you are as unlike it as can possibly be. Surely then, it is I that have gone back to the early simplicity of the oak and am the true representative of the species, from whose type you have so far degenerated." And the old oak replied, "My poor little broken twig, you talk after the manner of Twigs. That there is a certain external resemblance between you and the seedling that I once was may be true, but if so it is entirely owing to your fast union with me. But where are your roots?" "To-morrow or the day after, your leaves will have withered, your stem shrivelled. Another kind will arise, and some other fresh twig will be lying where you are now; it also will be talking just like you. It is too late for you to learn that the resemblance between the young oak and the old consists not so much in stem and leaves, as in the power to put forth new stems and leaves. Oaks and seedlings grow, not broken twigs." And even while he spoke the twig began to feel limp, and soon the evolution theory interested him no more.



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## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

Mrs. Mary McErlane, of Millquarter, Grange (mother of the late Very Rev. John McErlane, P.P., V.G., Ballymoney), breathed her last, on the 27th ult., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Catherine McErlane, The Bridge, Glenbuck, Killagran, at the advanced age of 88 years. The deceased lady possessed her faculties to the last, and passed away peacefully, surrounded by her sorrowing children and grandchildren, having received the last spiritual consolations of the Holy Church at the hands of Father McCaulay, Dunlow. The greatest sorrow was manifested when it became known that she had passed away, and earnest prayers were offered for the eternal repose of the soul of one who, from childhood, had lived a fervent and practical Catholic, and endeared herself to all classes of the community. The funeral was one of the largest and most imposing that has been witnessed in the locality for many years.

## Armagh.

At the Clonmacate Petty Sessions, March 6th, there were six cases for hearing. The only case of interest was the summons at the suit of a little boy named Bernard Creely against two young men named John George Waugh and Joseph Waugh, for assault on him on the 6th of February. The case partook of a party nature. The presiding magistrate, Mr. N. L. Townsend, R.M., upon the hearing of the cases, bound the two young men over, in one surety of £5 each, to keep the peace and be of good behavior for the period of twelve months. It seems the little fellow, Creely, had a flute, and was passing by the house of the Waughs, who are Protestants, learning to play, when he was attacked and almost choked, only for the timely interference of a man named Smith, who rescued him. Since the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, it is dangerous for Catholics to go through Protestant localities in the neighborhood.

## Clare.

Mr. McAdam, Colonel O'Callaghan's agent, with Mr. A. R. Martin, his special bailiff, and some emergency men and police, made another sudden swoop on the Bolyke tenantry, just after sunrise on the morning of March 4th, and succeeded in effecting a further seizure of a number of head of cattle from three tenants named Michael Curtin, Thos Harrison and Edward Malone. When the tenants became aware of the seizures crowds speedily collected, and there was considerable excitement. One man came into collision with Mr. McAdam, and, it is alleged, attempted to seize his Winchester repeating rifle. The cattle which were seized were impounded at the emergency caretaker's protection post, on the estate, where they were subsequently redeemed by the owners, on payment of the amount due and costs.

## Cork.

Head-constable Byrne, who has been for many years stationed at Kinsale, has been transferred to Mitchelstown.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Michael F. Valpole, T. C., Mallow, which sad event took place at his residence, West End, on March 10th.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Daniel Moynihan, which took place on Sunday, March 5th, at his residence, 31 Leirtrim street, Cork. For many years Mr. Moynihan occupied the position of principal teacher at the Blackpool National Schools, during which period he won a large circle of friends by his courtesy and kindness. He enjoyed perfect health until about a few weeks ago when he was obliged to take to his bed with the illness to which he succumbed. Mr. Moynihan was about 42 years of age, and a native of Brosna, county Kerry.

## Derry.

The remains of Mrs. John Diamond, Ballynock, Maghera, were removed from the residence of her son, Mr. Neil Diamond, Ballynock, at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, March 3d, for interment in the family burial-ground, the cemetery, Glen. The funeral procession was large and thoroughly representative. The attendance of all creeds and classes afforded strong proof of the esteem in which the deceased was held and the respect entertained towards her family in the neighborhood.

The funeral of the late Mr. Andrew McCafferty, solicitor, Derry, who died on Sunday, March 5th, took place on the 7th. About 9.30 a. m. the remains of the deceased gentleman were removed from his residence, Clooney terrace, and conveyed to St. Columba's Church, Waterside, where Mass was offered up by the Rev. John Gibbon, C. C. After Mass, the coffin, which was of polished oak, with brass mountings, and which bore many beautiful floral tributes from friends of the deceased and his family, was again deposited in the hearse, when the funeral cortege proceeded on its way to the place of interment, in the City Cemetery.

## Donegal.

The Lord Chancellor has made the following appointments to the Commission of the Peace for the county Donegal:—Messrs. James Black, Patrick Kelly, Andrew Gamble, Joseph William Gallagher, Ambrose Sweney, Michael White, and John McFadden.

## Down.

Messrs. Patrick W. Russell, James Doyle, William Samuel Young, Patrick Crangle and John F. Green, have also been appointed Magistrates for the County Down.

Mr. Matthew Magorrian, of Ballykinnar House, Clough, has been sworn in a Justice of the Peace for the County Down, before Captain L'Estrange, R.M., in Downpatrick. Mr. Magorrian, whose appointment has given general satisfaction, belongs to an old County Down Catholic family, and is brother of the Rev. Peter Magorrian, P.P., Ballygalgot, and Rev. Hugh Magorrian, P.P., Kandalstown. He was elected for the present to sit at Seanfords Petty Sessions, and will be the first Catholic magistrate who has sat there since the Reformation.

## Dublin.

Early on the morning of March 6th, a laborer named Henry Whyte, aged 28 years, living at 17 Lonsborough place, Dublin, was found dead in his bed, having died during the previous night, from heart disease.

Mr. Gunn, the well-known Dublin Theatrical Manager, in a letter to the Press, states that a sum of £60 is still needed to complete the memorial to the late Barry Sullivan, which the Dublin Committee have in hand. Mr. Gunn explains how far the project has proceeded. There can be little hesitation in prophesying that the matter will be carried out to the end. Barry Sullivan was an undoubted Irish artist, the last representative of the old school of actors, and his name deserves commemoration; and nowhere can it be more worthily commemorated than on the spot of Irish ground where he wished his heart to lie. An Irish sculptor has designed a fitting monument, and Irish purses will enable it to be completed.

## Galway.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Matthew Clayton, of Eyre square, Galway, Notary Public for that city and district.

Messrs. Philip John Hegarty, M.D.; John Nolan, Richard Kearney, John Edward Dowling, Joseph P. Pyo, and James Geraghty have been appointed Justices of the Peace for Galway county. Mr. Richard Berridge, of Ballynahinch Castle, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county.

Mr. James Rabbitt, of Castle-Blakeney, died peacefully at his residence, on February 21st. The announcement of his death was received with the deepest regret by all his acquaintances, he being a man of a most amiable disposition. The deceased had seven children in Chicago, Ill. U.S.; James, Sabina, Luke, Nora, Thomas, and William Rabbitt, and Mrs. Clancy.

## Kerry.

On March 9th, Sister Raphael (in the world Miss Moore, of Dublin), of the Mercy Order, died at the Convent, Balloonagh, Tralee. The deceased lady was upwards of 70 years of age, thirty five of which she had spent in religious life. For some time past she had been in feeble health.

The following gentlemen have been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Kerry—William H. Dodd, Killorglin; Dr. James Trant, Knightstown, Valentia; Dr. George Stoker, Dunloe Castle; James Joseph Behan, Esq., Castlegregory; Michael McMahon, Esq., Manor House, Tralee; Alexander McCarthy, Esq., Roughty, Kenmare.

## Kildare.

Mr. Matthew Joseph Minch has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Kildare.

## Kilkenny.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Richard Doyle, James Cahill, Denis Drenan, Edward Bowers, George Morris, Andrew O'Donnell, Thomas White and Wm. De Courcy to the Commission of the Peace for the County Kilkenny.

The traffic receipts of the Kilkenny Junction Railway, for the week ending March 3d, 1893, were: Passengers, &c. £98; corresponding period last year, £127; goods, &c., £71; corresponding period last year, £131; total, £169, corresponding period last year, £258.

## Leitrim.

With feelings of sincere regret we announce the decease, at the age of 67 years, of Mr. Patrick Guihan, of Drumkeerin. Mr. Guihan had for some time been a victim to bronchitis, and in the spring of last year had a severe attack of it which onfeebled his constitution, which was still further impaired by successive attacks, to which he gradually yielded, until, on February 23th, he died, peacefully, at his residence. Mr. Guihan was a Nationalist in the truest sense of the word. Being possessed of superior educational attainments, his cool and accurate judgment in all matters, won him the unbounded confidence of the people among whom he resided; and that well-placed trust was never abused. Important local changes, to some of which the people of Drumkeerin owe their present freedom from tolls and customs, all owe their origin to his manly course of action. In '82 when the fight was fiercest he was arrested under Forster's Coercion rule, and was imprisoned in Galway, being removed from thence to Monaghan. His release, six months subsequently, was made the occasion of general rejoicing. It is to be regretted that he was

called away ere the realization of our country's hope, for which he had struggled so long. The funeral, which took place on March 2d, was both large and representative; and the principal business houses of the village were shuttered as the procession passed through on its way to the family ground at Curragha.

## Limerick.

An old man named John Ryan, aged 70, a mason, residing in Collooney street, Limerick, was walking across George street, near Cecil street, on March 10th, at 1 o'clock p.m., when he fell, and those that quickly came up to his relief found that life was extinct. The city coroner, Mr. De Courcy, was communicated with, and held an inquest, and verdict was given that deceased had died from natural causes.

The last has been heard, probably, of the opposition to the closing up of Grillon lane, Limerick. At the opening of the Assizes Mr. Herbert traversed the presentment of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral. Mr. Justice O'Brien accordingly fixed March 4th, for the traverse to be fixed by a jury. Mr. Herbert, T.C., however, appeared on that morning, and stated that as he was unsupported in his opposition he would withdraw his traverse. Judge O'Brien said it was a very serious thing for any corporate body to interfere with a right of way, as it might be used as a precedent afterwards. Mr. Connolly stated the Corporation were of opinion that the place was of no public utility. The presentment was slated.

## Louth.

The following gentlemen have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Drogheda:—Messrs. George Daly, Robert H. Supple, James H. Cooke, Laurence Brannigan, and Martin Butterly.

The funeral of Mrs. Matthew McCann took place in Castletown Cemetery, on Wednesday, March 1st, and the procession accompanying her remains was one of the largest and most representative witnessed in Dundalk for many years. The employees of the firm of Mrs. McCann, of Dundalk and Newry, marched, two deep, in front of the hearse. The coffin was covered with a number of the most exquisite floral wreaths.

## Mayo.

Eviction notices have been served on three more tenants on the D. Moore O'Farrell estate, at Ballisker. Father Ruan, C.C., Vice-president of the Ballyhaunis Branch of the National Federation, has been requested by the branch and the tenants to put himself in communication with the landlord for the purpose of endeavoring to effect a satisfactory settlement.

## Meath.

On March 9th, Most. Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, officiated at a reception and profession in the Convent of Mercy, Trim. He was afterwards presented with an address of welcome and congratulation on behalf of the people of the parish, and in reply dealt with the present position of the county Meath, with special reference to the state of things in Trim. The ceremonies at the convent commenced at half past eleven with the profession of Miss Mary Josephine Keogan (in religion Sister Mary Patrick), daughter of Mr. Christopher Keogan, of Navan. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Joseph Keogan, of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Liverpool, brother of the young religious. The ladies received were—Miss Nina O'Brien (in religion Sister Mary Antonio), daughter of Mr. Joseph O'Brien, of Borriestown House, Ardeath, and Miss Mary Clyne (in religion Sister Mary Francis Joseph), daughter of Mr. John Clyne, of Ballymahon, county Longford.

## Monaghan.

On March 4th, Justice Madden opened the Assizes in the Crown Court, Monaghan. The Grand Jury having been re-sworn, the Judge addressing them, said it was his pleasant duty on the occasion of his first visit to their county to inform them that the cases to come before them were few in number and of the most ordinary character. From the information he received from the official returns and from the County Inspector, he was happy to say that the county was in a very satisfactory state. The cases especially reported were few, and he observed in the return of cases not specially reported a considerable decrease in one particular respect—in the number of assaults.

## Queen's County.

Eugene Fran is Hogan, John Treacy, James McMahon, William Mulholland Martin and John Delaney, have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Queen's County.

## Roscommon.

On March 4th the Grand Jury of the county Roscommon passed a presentment guaranteeing £50,000 over the whole county for a line of railway, 12 miles in length, running from Castlereagh to Ballaghaderreen. They conditioned that the line was to be worked by the Midland Company, and that the Treasury should find the remaining proportion of the estimated sum for construction, as under previous Acts. The chief ratepayers of the district were examined, among them Mr. John Fitzgibbon, who gave evidence of the utility and popularity of the undertaking. There was no opposition.

## Sligo.

At the last meeting of the Sligo Board of Guardians, a letter was read, dated Nov

York, February 24th, from Miss Margaret Foley, late schoolmistress of the Union, in which the writer asked that the Guardians would allow her some remuneration for the fourteen years she had spent in the service of the Union. The late schoolmistress (Miss Corbett) after only having served about 12 years got her full retiring allowance, £30 a year, owing to illness. After considerable discussion, the matter was allowed to stand over, no order being made.

## Tipperary.

On March 6th, the Spring Assizes were opened in Clonmel by Chief Baron Palles, who presided in the Crown Court. In addressing the Grand Jury, he said he was happy to be able to inform them there was a decrease of crime, specially reported by the constabulary, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The County Inspector, Mr. Wilson, had informed him that the South Riding was in a very satisfactory state, there was no boycotting and no intimidation, and the only persons under police protection were those in charge of evicted farms. Of the bills to go before them none of them were of such a character as to give any reason for alarm as to the state of the Riding. Justice Harrison presided in the Record Court.

## Tyronc.

On March 7th, in Omagh, Justice Murphy entered the Crown Court and opened the Assizes for Tyrone. Addressing the Grand Jury, he said he was glad to be able to offer them his congratulations on the peaceful state of the country. The bills to go before them were few in number and required no particular observations.

On March 7th, Alexander Brown, bailiff to the Countess of Castle Stuart, was arrested at Tamnashinny on the charge of having fired two shots at William Collins and George Lennon, two farmers, on the previous night. Informations were sworn by Collins and Lennon to the effect that, while standing together on the road at Tamnashinny, the prisoner came up and threatened to shoot them unless they left immediately. In a moment or two he pointed his gun and fired. The two men hurried away and were pursued by the prisoner, who, it is further alleged, fired a second shot. Neither shot took effect.

## Waterford.

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan arrived in Waterford, on March 10th, from Rome, and received a very warm reception from his people. An address was presented on behalf of the Corporation of Waterford, to which the Bishop returned an appropriate reply.

The Office and High Mass for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Patrick J. Flynn, whose regretted death took place on March 2d, was celebrated on Saturday morning, March 4, in St. John's church, Waterford. A large number of the clergy and laity were present. At the High Mass, the Rev. W. B. O'Donnell, Adm. Cathedral, was Celebrant; Rev. R. J. Casey, C. C., Dungarvan Deacon; and the Rev. Thomas Power, C. C. Trinity Without, Master of Ceremonies. After the services the remains of deceased were removed for interment to Ballygunner, followed by nearly all the city clergy and by a number of mourning friends and sympathisers.

## Westmeath.

On March 9th the remains of Mr. P. N. Fitzgerald, J. P., Soho House—well known in Irish and English racing circles—were interred in the family burial ground at the Abbey, Multifarnham, about seven miles from Mullingar, in the presence of a large number of friends. The remains were enclosed in a suit of coffins, the outside being of solid oak, with massive brass mountings. The breast-plate bore the inscription:—Peter Nugent Fitzgerald, died March 5, 1893, aged 56. R.I.P.

## Wexford.

On March 4, Sarah Campbell, an eccentric old woman who resided at Murrincown and was supported by charity, left her home. She was found in the Kildavin river that runs through Johnstown Deer Park, next day. An inquest was held by Dr. Cardiff, when a verdict was returned that the deceased was found in the river, but there was no evidence to prove how she got there.

In Wexford, on the Feast of St. John of God, (on March 8th, Miss Julia Gleeson, of Nenagh (in religion Sister Mary of St. John), was received into the order founded by that saint. The convent at Wexford occupies the site of a convent held in former years by the Knights Templars. Most Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Ferns, performed the ceremony, assisted by the chaplain of the convent, Rev. Thomas Murphy.

## Wicklow.

A petition has been filed in the Landed Estates Court for a sale of the estates of the late Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell. The petitioner is Mr. Alfred McDermott, solicitor, who is connected by marriage with the Parnell family.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL—do not, so far as known exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

**Forty Hours' at St. Helen's.**

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration commenced on Sunday morning last at St. Helen's Church, Brockton. Solemn High Mass was sung by Father Goudreau, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Cassidy and Rev. Mr. Maguire. Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral preached an eloquent sermon in the evening.

On Monday evening his Grace the Archbishop assisted at the devotions, and delivered a very impressive discourse upon the great gift of Almighty God in the Blessed Eucharist. The Very Rev. Vicar General McCann preached on Tuesday evening.

The devotions were well attended throughout, and were characterized by the piety of the people, who in large numbers, were constantly in adoration before the altar of exposition.

**New Catholic Church Dedicated.**

On Thursday, the 23rd, the Feast of the Most Precious Blood of Our Lord, Vicar General McCann, by appointment of His Grace the Archbishop, blessed the new Church of St. Mary at Achill.

There was a large gathering from the surrounding country; Father McCann preached an impressive sermon on the sanctity of the church, and the obligations of Catholics as members of the mystic body of Christ.

Father Gibney sang the Mass. The music and singing of the choir deserve special mention.

The new church of Achill replaces the frame building which was destroyed by fire last year. It is about five miles from the Parish Church of St. James, South Adjala.

It is a brick building, designed by Post and Holmes, and will seat about 400. The structure complete costs about \$5,000. The Pastor, Rev. James Kilcullen, is to be congratulated on the good work accomplished in so short a time.

Among those who assisted were Very Rev. J. Egan, Dean of Barrie; Fathers Walsh of Our Lady of Lourdes; E. Kiernan, P. Whitney, L. Minohan and M. Haydon, O.S.B.

**Thanks.**

The Sisters in charge of St. Michael's Hospital return most grateful thanks to the members of the C. M. B. A. for their generous efforts in making the concert of the 31st January so great a success. Their thanks are also extended to friends and benefactors who were present. The sum realized was \$593.84.

**C. M. B. A.**

Perhaps one of the most pleasant and enjoyable affairs of the kind that has taken place in Barrie for years was the free concert and lecture given by the members of the C. M. B. A. to their friends both Catholic and Protestant, on St. Patrick's night, in Fyfe's hall. At eight o'clock the hall was crowded to the door with upwards of three hundred people. The chair was occupied by the Very Rev. Dean Egan. The opening piece on the program was a chorus by St. Mary's choir, under the leadership of Mr. T. F. O'Mara, which was admirably received. This was followed by a pleasing little song by Miss Gertrude Powell who possesses a fine, clear, musical voice. Then Mr. J. H. Devaney sang a song, for which he received a well merited encore. Mr. Devaney, who, by the way, is no stranger to a Barrie audience, has a rich, full baritone voice, and has won for himself in this town an envied reputation as a vocalist. Miss Laura McGuire acted as accompanist to Mr. Devaney in a very efficient manner. Miss M. Erly followed with a reading which was well received.

A solo by Miss Clara Byrne was sung very sweetly and highly spoken of by some of the critics. This was followed by a piano solo by Miss Mary Moran. This young lady showed great skill as a pianist. Next was one of the best pieces of the evening, a duet by Messrs. Powell and Devaney. Mr. O'Mara followed with a song, and it is needless to say he brought down the house. The Very Rev. Dean Egan now arose and delivered a short but spirited lecture on "Home Rule," tracing back for centuries the persecution of the Irish by the English government up to the present time. The reverend lecturer eulogized the present government under Mr. Gladstone for striving honestly to give the Irish a means of self-government. He proved the absurdity of the idea held by some that Home Rule meant Rome Rule. He also declared that there are no more loyal subjects than the Irish, and as for himself, there is no more loyal subject to the Queen than he. Dr. McCarthy, the medical examiner of the branch, addressed the audience in a few well chosen remarks. A song by Miss Daley was received with much applause, to which she responded. Miss Stritch, who is a favorite in the literary circle of Barrie, gave a reading, showing herself to be an elocutionist of great ability. Miss Carpenter sang a song which pleased the audience very much. Next Mr. Clayton sang a song in which he never appeared to better advantage, and that is saying a good deal. The success of this entertainment is largely due to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Wm.

O'Neill, president of the branch. Mr. J. Rogers moved, seconded by Mr. C. McGuire, that a vote of thanks be tendered those who assisted, especially Mr. Devaney. This was carried unanimously. Mr. Devaney replied. After singing "God Save the Queen" the crowd dispersed.—Barrie Examiner.

**Condolence.**

At the regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., held on March 19th, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed;

Whereas the members of this Division having learned with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, the beloved mother of our esteemed Brother, William O'Reilly;

Be it resolved that the members of this Division do hereby tender their heartfelt sympathy and condolence to Brother O'Reilly and other members of his family in the sad bereavement that an all-wise Providence has been pleased to afflict them with.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother O'Reilly, inserted in the minute book of this Division, and forwarded to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record for publication.

T. McKEAUGH, Rec. Sec.

At the last regular meeting of Columbus Commandery, No. 210, R. C. U. Knights of St. John, it was resolved that:

Whereas Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove by death the beloved daughter of our worthy brother, William Duggan; and whereas He has seen fit to visit our worthy brother and the remaining members of his family with sickness;

Be it therefore resolved that we, the members of this Commandery in meeting assembled, do unanimously extend to our worthy brother in this the hour of his bereavement and trouble our most heartfelt sympathy; and we pray God that, through the infinite merits of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, He will remove from the lips of our brother his cup of sorrow, which seems filled to overflowing.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our worthy brother, and for publication to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.

M. J. O'Connell, Jas. Cashman, T. J. Culliton, Committee on Resolutions.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 175, Kinkora, it was moved by First Vice-President J. Kelly and seconded by Financial Secretary P. J. Finegan:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to His eternal reward the beloved brother of our esteemed Assistant Secretary, Bro. Patrick Carty;

Be it therefore resolved that the officers and members of this Branch extend to Brother Carty our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of his affliction; and we pray that the Great Creator of all good gifts may strengthen him and give him the grace to bear with Christian fortitude the sad and severe loss sustained.

Be it further resolved that this resolution be placed on the minutes of our meeting, and a copy sent to the Catholic Record and CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

P. LAHEY, President.  
JAMES E. STOCK, Rec. Secretary.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 31, C.M.B.A., Guelph, held March 13, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

Moved by Bro. T. P. Coffey, seconded by Bro. M. J. Doran: Whereas the members of Guelph Branch 31 of the C.M.B.A. have learned with deep regret of the death of Brother, William Boyd, on the 3rd instant, at his residence in the city of Guelph; and whereas William Boyd was for many years an honored and useful member of this Association.

Be it therefore resolved that the members of Branch 31 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, at a regular meeting of such Branch, do tender to Mrs. Boyd, the widow of William Boyd, and his children their sympathy for him in the loss they have sustained by the death of a devoted husband and kind and gentle father.

That copies of this resolution be placed on the minutes and forwarded by the Secretary, to Mrs. Boyd, the publishers of the Catholic Record and CATHOLIC REGISTER.

JAMES KENNEDY, Sec.

When the English pilgrimage rolled out of the Charing Cross station on their way to Rome a throng of thousands saluted them with three rousing cheers for the Pope. The English people will soon get accustomed to the sound of the old words, and once familiar to the ear they will sink into the heart and revive the Roman faith of their Catholic ancestors.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thos. H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address BENNETT FURNISHING CO London Ont., Canada

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## A NON-CATHOLIC PAPER

Reviews the Great Life Work of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The London *Guardian* writes as follows:—The Pope has been celebrating his Episcopal Jubilee amidst a chorus of congratulation from all parts of the world and almost all divisions of mankind. Kings and Queens, Emperors and Republics, Catholics and Protestants, have sent their greetings, and in many cases their presents. Devout pilgrims have flocked to Rome by thousands, and all the stately and gorgeous ceremonial which centuries of practice have wrought to unequalled perfection was invoked to adorn the day of the celebration, and impress the multitudes that gathered from every quarter under the dome of St. Peter's. This unanimity is remarkable when we consider the very different feelings with which the Papacy has been regarded by large masses of population since the Reformation. To many it has seemed the incarnation of all that was evil, the embodiment of anti-Christ in religion, the type of all that was crafty, ruthless, and insincere in secular politics. That such feelings, if they exist, are no longer predominant and outspoken is perhaps due to the amelioration of religious bitterness, which has been brought about by increased knowledge and enlarged intercourse. But the general good will which has surrounded Pope's Leo's Jubilee is in no small measure the result of the impression made upon the world by his personal character and actions. He has done much toward bringing the Papacy into line with the advancing forces which mark the century that is now drawing towards its close. There are, of course, some points on which the chief of Latin Christendom cannot but stand aloof from these forces in the attitude of a rebuker. Unbelief, agnosticism, relaxation of morals in the individual and the family, aggression of secular power upon spiritual freedom have received from him nothing but uncompromising denunciation. But, on the other hand, he has been willing to recognize the advance of thought in the domain of general knowledge, and he has conspicuously taken under his protection and endeavored to modify by his guidance the democratic impulse which constitutes the most striking and most powerful feature of our age. The Pope has not been deterred by the fear of the charge of Socialism from expressing his deep sympathy with the woes of the toiling multitude, and his earnest desire to find, if it be possible, some means of diminishing them.

The fifty years of his episcopate have indeed been such as might well bear to a reflecting mind the ripe fruit of a varied experience. They began five years before the revolutionary epoch of 1848, which has remodelled the face of Europe and transformed the aims and motives of its inhabitants. The Three Days of Paris in 1830 had indeed set many new ideas afloat, but they were still fermenting in secret, and kept down by the weight of a stern repression. Gregory XVI occupied the Papal throne, and young Italy still fretted uselessly in the manacle with which it was tightly bound. Then came the sudden release of these forces, when Pius IX. was hailed as the Liberator of Italy.

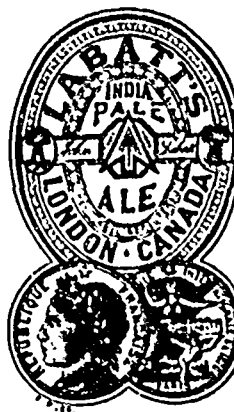
During this time his future successor was not without training for the great affairs in which he was afterwards to take part. Giacchino Pecci had early attracted the notice of Pope Gregory, to whom he became in 1837 a sort of domestic chaplain, under the title of Protonotary Apostolic, and by whom he was sent successively to administer, sometimes under difficult conditions, the districts of Benevento, Spoleto, and Perugia, then still part of the patrimony

of St. Peter. The year, 1843, which witnessed his consecration as Bishop, saw him also sent to Brussels in the important capacity of Apostolic Nuncio to the first King of the Belgians. Pius IX. made him a Cardinal in 1853, but during the long reign of Antonelli as Papal Secretary he kept aloof from Rome. Only after Antonelli's death in 1877 was he recalled to office as Chamberlain, and therefore in control of domestic business. But the appointment was opportune, since in the following year Pope Pius died. Cardinal Pecci then obtained, after three scrutinies, the two-thirds majority of the College of Cardinals which is necessary for the election, and took the place which he has now occupied with so much honor for fifteen years.

He had reached the ripe age of sixty-eight when he thus began to turn his long-gathered experience to account. Englishmen may remember with gratitude that almost his first act was to make Newman a Cardinal. Pope Leo knew how to appreciate the high culture, deep devotion and great service to the faith that Newman gave. But it is in the domain of European politics that the present Pope has made the most striking impression. He found the Kulturkampf at its height in Germany, but by wise and moderate persistence he effected a reconciliation between Church and State, which compelled the most powerful statesmen in Europe to go at least half way to reason. And this he did so skilfully that he not only did not irritate, but even extorted the admiration of his great antagonist. Prince Bismarck recognized the ability of his conqueror when he requested him to assume the honorable office of arbitrating between Germany and Spain in the dispute concerning the Caroline Islands—thus replacing the Pope, after many generations, somewhat in the position of Alexander VI. when he divided the undiscovered world between Spain and Portugal. In France Leo XIII. has lately even taken a bolder and more original line, by severing the old connection between Catholicism and Legitimacy or Monarchy, and thus no longer linking religion to the fortunes of a vanishing party. He has laid down the clear principle that religion is indifferent to forms of government, provided only they respect her proper sphere. That is a principle which enables religious men to take part in a Republican administration, and bear their share in averting the mischief which the enemies of religion in France have hitherto been able to perpetrate almost unchecked. In Ireland, as we know, he has ventured to uphold the supremacy of the moral law at the risk of alienating the party that profess the most zealous devotion to his Faith. It is only in Italy that he has made no effort to efface the feud with the civil power that has been bequeathed to him. He still insists on the right of the Pope to reign alone in Rome, and to be sovereign of the dominion which he claims in theory from the doubtful donation of Constantine, and in fact by the more solid prescription of centuries of possession. He probably sees that the time is not ripe for any arrangement with the Quirinal which shall waive this claim. He has lived through a stormy time, he has seen the efforts which he has made to reduce its warring elements to at least a mutual toleration crowned with a fair measure of success, and he will have the satisfaction of leaving the Papacy a far more important factor in Europe and with far greater hopes for the future, than he found it.

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DEAR SIRS,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B. B. B., which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 143 pounds.  
M. T. MURRAY, Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Que.

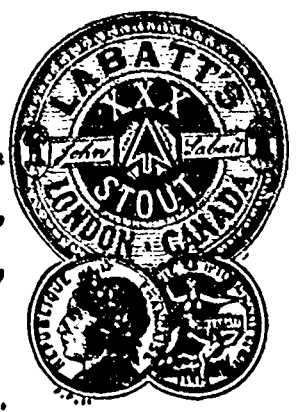


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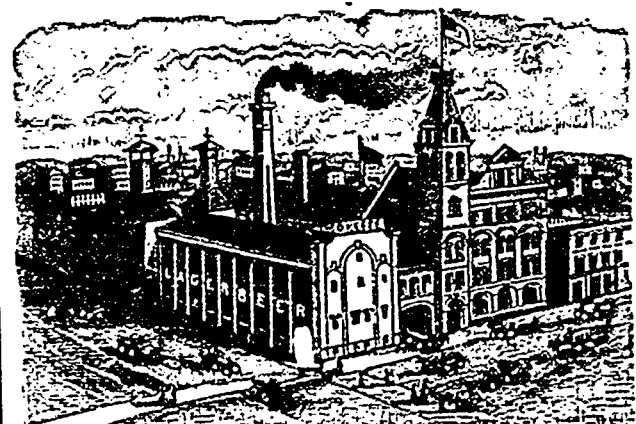
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An Easter-Tide Deliverance, A. D. 480.

By Maria H. Bullfinch

The sun was drowned in the western tide,  
The moon shone pale on the mountain side;  
The heathen host by the camp fire's light  
In feast and revels passed the night.  
They talked of deeds that should be done  
At early dawn of the morrow's sun;  
They laughed in scorn that the Christian band  
Their mighty host should dare withstand.  
The Christians prayed thro' the whole night long,  
Their arms were weak, their faith was strong  
Close pressed the foe on every side,  
But Heaven above was fair and wide.  
The sun that sank in the blood red sea,  
An earthly type of their fate might be.  
The moon that shone with so cold a light  
In vain might seek them another night;  
But Christ, their leader, would faithful be,  
And death in His cause to victory.  
Hours passed, one ray of morning light  
Was on the topmost mountain height.  
On a lofty crag, sublime and high,  
A form stood forth 'gainst the glowing sky.  
The Saint Germanus—he turned his eyes  
Where Easter's sun began to rise.  
No word of sorrow his lips let fall,  
No word of heaven around them all.  
He bared to Heaven his reverent head,  
For Christ this morn arose from the dead.  
Then "alleluia" aloud he cried  
And "alleluia" the rocks replied.  
And "alleluia" from cliff to cave,  
An answering shout the Christians gave.  
The echoes sound it again and again,  
Like the voice of a host of mighty men  
The heathens start, with strange, vague fear,  
"What unseen foes have drawn so near?  
Hath the God of the Christians sent in the night  
His bands of Angels to join in the fight?"  
Then wild with terror they fled away—  
The battle was won that Easter-Day.  
Is life so hopeless, brother, to bring,  
That so noxious death can be to victory!  
Rise thou above thine own despair,  
Forget thyself and thy pressing care;  
Let the voice of praise from thy lips arise,  
Thine alleluia mount to the skies;  
And on thy heart's glad Easter-Day,  
Thy foes, in terror, shall fly away.

What Do You Read?

Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are. If you wish to introduce a Christian rule of life into your household, keep away the daily newspaper. What are these papers good for? They are good for relating to you scandals and crimes. You like perhaps, to read the story of an elopement or of a divorce case, either from the higher or the lower walks of life. In every issue of those papers you will find discriptions of this kind with all the nasty details possible. The recital of murders, suicides, impurities fill the pages of the secular press. Then look at the advertisements. What in olden times was punishable with death is nowadays brought unblushingly to the knowledge of the public. Is it possible that you and your children can read this printed filth and remain pure? It is not possible. Therefore, away with these papers from the Catholic home. Invest a few pence weekly on good Catholic publications, and put away a few other pence with which to buy from time to time good Catholic books, and in a short time your mind and your children's minds will be filled with good pure knowledge and your bookshelves filled with Catholic books.

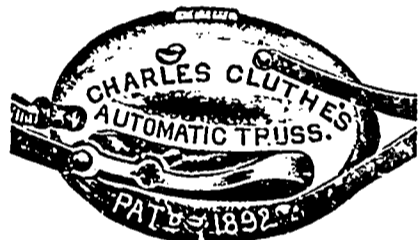
UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN,—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time travelling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co. Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured, and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTYRE

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THIS TRUSS is the only one that enters deeper into the cavity, automatically holding Hernia, Club-foot, and other deformities in place. It is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to last for years.  
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**EVERY MAN** Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.  
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**YOUNG MEN** should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.  
**YOUNG WOMEN** should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.  
For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (25c. per box), by addressing  
**THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.**  
Brockville, Ont.

**FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**  
ALWAYS THE DESIRED EFFECT.  
Minerton, O., June 15, '02.  
Two boys and a young lady of my congregation were cured by that glorious remedy, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The young lady had suffered for eight years from epilepsy, having an attack almost daily and oftentimes even several in a single day. Now she is entirely cured and all by the use of this remedy. I herewith refer all sufferers from epilepsy or other nervous troubles to Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I know from experience and also hear continually from all sides that it always has the desired effect.  
LOUIS GRIMMER, Rector  
Convent of Our Lady of Mercy,  
Worcester, Mass., September 3, '91.  
We are happy to state that the boy on whom Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was used has entirely recovered from St. Vitus' Dance, and has been working for some time with his father.  
**B SISTERS OF MERCY.**  
**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1850 and is now under his direction by the  
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**NOTICE.**  
FRIDAY, the 14th day of April next, will be the last day for presenting Petitions for Private Bills.  
FRIDAY, the 21st day of April next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.  
THURSDAY, the 4th day of May next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.  
CHARLES CLARKE,  
Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.  
Toronto, 11th March, 1893. 12

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The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers  
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From Montreal.  
A very successful literary entertainment was given by the St. Patrick's Society of St. Mary's (Jeauit) College, Montreal, on Thursday evening, March 16th, in the Academic Hall. A farce in one act, entitled "The Turned Head," was excellently well performed by the following cast: Walter Kiernan, Dunstan Gray, E. Bonnetterne, F. Perry, J. Mercier, T. Macdonald.  
Some unusually good addresses were delivered in French and English respectively by Alphonse Gaulin, Joseph McEneaney and Frank Laverty. Too much praise cannot be given to the substance of these addresses and the manner of their delivery. Those upon St. Patrick and the music of Ireland were most interesting, and that in French was particularly noteworthy. It dwelt in glowing terms upon the sympathy which had ever existed between the French and Irish races, and upon the invaluable services which the Irish had rendered to the faith by carrying the Cross to the extremities of the earth. Declamation by D'Arcy McGee, solos by John Galvin and J. McEneaney, a duet by J. McEneaney and R. Smith, and choruses, God Save Ireland, and the Minstrel Boy, were the other attractions of the programme.  
St. Patrick's day was also celebrated, by anticipation, at the flourishing Institute of the Christian Brothers, in Montreal, known as Mt. St. Louis. Its fine hall was thrown open to a numerous audience on the afternoon of Wednesday, 15th March. Sheridan's play of "Pizarro" was given by the English Literary Society of the College in splendid style. The following students took part: E. McMillan, P. S. Battle, J. J. Sweeney, F. J. Patton, E. M. Hart, C. F. Smith, O. E. McGee, B. D. O'Neil, M. R. Sullivan, W. C. Rodgers, O. E. Wilson, J. A. McCarthy, L. D. McIntyre, R. D. McDonald, H. S. Harrington, J. F. Fahey, J. C. Kearney, D. J. Duffy. The several characters were taken with great spirit and to the satisfaction of all present, as evidenced by frequent applause. Other most pleasing features of the entertainment were the overture, the "Salute to Erin," and a variety of choice selections by the Mt. St. Louis orchestra, a violin solo by Ch. de Berriot and a chorus by the Mt. St. Louis choir.  
Thus do the sons and guardians of Ireland's exiled children keep alive the memory of that land beyond the Atlantic, beautiful and poetic, no less by reason of its verdant shores, its classic ruins and its stoned round towers, than because of the pathos of its history, and its lesson of heroic endurance. In the minds of these students are perpetuated the traditions of their older race, and instead of separating them from their fellow students of other races who celebrate the day at their side, it binds all together by new and cordial ties.  
Be One With God.  
Let your will be one with God's will and be glad to be disposed of by Him. He will order all things for you. Who can cross your will when it is one with His will, on which all creation hangs, round which all things revolve? Keep your hearts clear of evil thoughts, for as evil choices estrange the will from His will, so evil thoughts cloud the soul and hide him from us. Whatever sets us in opposition to him makes our will an intolerable torment. So long as we will one thing and he another we go on piercing ourselves through and through with a perpetual wound, and His will advances, moving on in sanctity and majesty, crushing ours into the dust.—Cardinal Manning.  
Restored To Health.  
DEAR SIR,—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try B. B. E. I did so and find myself quite restored to health. HOWARD SULLIVAN, Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.



## The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1893.

### Calendar for the Week.

Mar. 30—Holy Thursday.  
31—Good Friday.  
April 1—Holy Saturday.  
2—Easter Sunday.  
3—Easter Monday.  
4—Easter Tuesday.  
5—Easter Wednesday—with Com-  
memoration of S. Vincent Ferrer.

### Church Union.

The late attempt to unite the various branches of Protestantism has been looked upon by observant Catholics in various lights, according to the motives which each anxious spectator attributed to the spokesman of the different bodies concerned. Some were moved to broad smiles when they saw the farcical attitude of each actor in the apparent comedy. Others again pitied the blindness of those who appeared to approach the important subject with even a semblance of earnestness. One great admission, however, has been wrung from all, that the Church of Christ should be one. This is at least an omen of good. It is a step towards the quarter in which this unity may be found. God grant that they may see the "City upon the mountain top."

Apart from the discussions at the different gatherings in which this important topic was aired, a letter in the *Globe*, of February 25th, from the pen of Dr. Burns of the Ladies' College, Hamilton, is worthy of comment. It does not in any manner throw oil on the troubled waters; but it places the whole subject in a peculiar aspect to the thoughtful critic. All who know the genial President of the Ladies' College (and every Catholic of Irish blood has reason to know him favorably) must admit that he is sincere in his utterances, and bears in his big heart no ill-will for those who differ from him in religious belief. In fact the Doctor wishes to grasp within the broad scope of his theology all who profess Christianity in its widest terms. And on this very score his paper is all the more open to criticism.

He deplores the failure of the discordant churches to unite in the meeting of February—at least *practically*, whatever that means. He is sorry that the meeting ever took place, for it left the impression that it was an earnest effort to secure the desired end, and was an utter failure. "Had it been called to give the representatives of the churches an opportunity of answering, 'Why am I a Baptist?' or 'Why am I an Episcopalian?' it might well be called a success." But here begins the inconsistency of the Doctor's position. Condemning others for their attitude, he but adds to the confusion by giving his views on the matter—or in other words, 'Why he is a Methodist.' As the Spirit called the Gentiles as well as the Jews to Christianity, so should all be admitted

as Christians, who profess "Repentance towards God and Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," whatever all that may mean in the mind of Dr. Burns.

It is not our intention, by any means, to refute the many debatable statements on the matter in question. We wish merely to point out a few of the logical conclusions from this boiled down Christianity. The omission of even one essential truth of the Church of Christ would be, by the very nature of it, disastrous. It would be in direct opposition to the command of Jesus Christ, who said: "Teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Now if there are too many doctrines taught, and if Repentance towards God and Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ be the only essentials, where has Christianity been the last four centuries? After all, this ideal union means simply a new church, a new basis, a new creed. Or if the Doctor admits that Christians may hold their peculiar tenets as before provided they admit, as they all do, the two doctrines formulated, why is he a Methodist? Why did the Methodist body secede from the church of England in the days of John Wesley? Surely Repentance and Faith were doctrines of the mother of Methodism. Again let us run a little farther back. Why are there Anglicans, Baptists, Lutherans, Methodists, etc., since the Roman Catholic Church always held the doctrines of Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and Repentance for sins.

Many indeed are the other logical conclusions pointing back to the Church built upon the Rock. If unity is so seriously desirable, if disunion is so sinful as all admit, whence came disunion? All those sects whose representatives came together in Toronto are historical, but their history begins in the not far distant past. Each split was a move towards greater disunion, and now they seek to be united. Why not go back to the point of digression? Or is it necessary after the lapse of ages to form a new Church? Has the Christianity of the past been a failure? If the Church were a human institution, unity is practically impossible; but if it is divine, then it is what the divine Founder made it, "One as the Father and I are one." Where can this be found? Again we pray that men may see the light.

### Mr. Clark Wallace's Loyalty.

During the stormy debate which arose in the Commons on the memorable night of the 21st instant, in reply to the charge of seditious language and inciting to rebellion preferred against him by Mr. G. E. Casey, member for West Elgin, Mr. Clark Wallace said: "Men whom I represent, and men who hold the views that I do, don't need to take lessons of loyalty from the Hon. gentlemen opposite. The record of these men is one long record of unimpeachable loyalty to the British Empire." If Mr. Clark Wallace had said "conditional" instead of "unimpeachable," his words had sounded far more like the ring which truth gives. The very oath which Mr. Wallace took on the

night when, blindfolded, he was led up by the Tyler to the throne of the "Worshipful Grand Master," and swore on the Gospel that he would be loyal to the Queen of England as long as "she maintained Protestant ascendancy in Ireland"—that same oath and its obligations should cause Mr. Wallace to hesitate before declaring his loyalty "unimpeachable." The men whom he boasts of representing are all bound by a similar oath to refuse obedience or loyalty to Queen Victoria the moment she proclaims religious equality in Ireland. In fact Mr. Wallace and his loyal Orange friends proclaim, by their selfish, blasphemous oath, that the Sovereigns of England need expect no help or attachment from them, unless armed Orangemen are permitted to strike terror into the hearts of their unarmed Catholic neighbours, and treat them as aliens and pariahs in the land that gave them birth.

It was not their "unimpeachable" loyalty that urged Orange mobs to rotten egg Lord Elgin when acting in the capacity of immediate representative of Her Majesty in Canada, or to burn down the Parliament buildings in Montreal, or again to profane the sanctity of the Lord's day in this city by riotous proceedings and public insult offered to the Prince of Wales on his way to morning services in St. James Cathedral. The damning record of Orangemen is one continued effort to establish and keep up a reign of terror in their own country; to frustrate all attempts at improvement or amelioration in the condition of suffering humanity; to ever wield a sceptre of injustice and a rod of iron over their Catholic fellow-subjects; to retard civilization and make social happiness an impossibility in every land cursed with the baneful influence of their arrogance and fanaticism.

The seditious harangue addressed by Mr. Wallace to his brother Orangemen in Kingston, and repeated in the House at Ottawa, is highly characteristic of the blustering braggadocio nature of Orangeism. It flaunts its colours of loyalty amid threats of rebellion; and, while menacing the peace of the realm, it proclaims its love for law and order. On all public occasions where its friends are in great numbers assembled Orangeism fully answers the description of Pope's monument:

Where London pillar, towering to the skies,  
Like a top, heavily lifts its head and lies.

### Christian Socialism.

To the great majority of our readers the title of this article may seem, and rightly seem, paradoxical; for nothing is so strongly criticized and severely condemned by all Catholic moralists as Socialism in any of its forms. That the evils arising from the strange and frequently unjust, distribution of wealth arouses many an earnest thinker and well wisher, to devise some plan of alleviation for the suffering poor, is no subject of astonishment—such a man's zeal is often good in its intention; but, unlike true wisdom, it neither reaches from end to end with might, nor ordains things with sweetness. That religion is called upon in this practical age to throw

its mantle of sympathy, support and charity over the poor goes without saying; but its greater and more important work is to teach the rich the proper use of their wealth; to arbitrate with the equity and love of heaven between capital and labor; and show all society that its true vigor lies in something more ideal, more spiritual and eternal than temporal riches. While religion multiplies in the desert the loaves and fishes to feed the famished, it does something more, it leads them on to something higher even though they find the saying hard, and though a few be scandalized: nowhere else can they go for the saving word of eternal life. Neither benevolence nor state socialism will rescue them from their misery, or provide any lasting remedy.

Without encroaching upon our philosophical confrere, who talks so wisely and well, we are led to this subject by a report of a meeting held on the afternoon of Sunday, the 18th inst., at which the Rev. Mr. Shortt chose for his discourse Christian Socialism. He began by explaining that this "did not mean a different kind of social doctrine from that which was generally accepted amongst the great body of English, German, French and Australian socialists." The phrase was "used to show that atheism was really no part of Socialism, and was repudiated by those Christians who were also Socialists, as he (the speaker) was." In developing the idea of a Socialist the Rev. Mr. Shortt claimed that the system was the co-operation of the city, the state, and ultimately, they hoped, of the world, for the production and distribution of wealth. As to the methods, he claimed for the Socialists that they were not revolutionists but evolutionists; that their Utopian plans would come gradually. And amongst the matters which he considered should be placed under the management of the State, was a church—"a real church of the people."

We certainly think that Mr. Shortt has fallen into the errors of his teaching from mistaken charity—that his heart is too generous. The history of Socialism teems with atheistic examples and revolutionary methods. Whatever the theory may possess noble and worthy of imitation is too dangerous to be made universal or carried out in practice. Religious communities, which are the true forms of Christian socialists, are the only ones which can lay claim to stability or the inviolability of vested rights. But if they are the better part, they are the part of the chosen few; they are safe-guarded by ramparts of the most sacred character and of the most religious origin; that and Socialists in the ordinary sense of the term, meet only because extremes meet. Their motto is obedience, poverty and chastity; and each individual member freely answers for himself and assumes the responsibility imposed.

Such Socialists have been the State's noblest champions and religion's greatest help. The corner stones of modern civilization have been carved and laid in their places by them. Their poverty has been the wealth of Catholicity; their obedience and discipline its power;

and their chastity has been the fruitful mother of virtue, sanctity and good works. But any other form of Socialism lacks that stability which is necessary for the existence and well-being of society; impious in its removing from man his moral responsibility, and fraught with disastrous results because of its false fundamental principles. And when a man claiming to be a Christian minister suggests that the Church should be given over to the State, all we can say is, that he neither knows what are the proper functions of a Church, a State or an individual. The fact that the divine commission of teaching all nations was not given to the State, with all its officers who might easily have aided in the carrying of it out, but to a few weak, unaided apostles, is sufficient proof that it should never be attempted, and can never be done. The work of the Church is supernatural and heavenly; that of the State is natural and earthly. In their origin, their destiny, their results, they are as far apart as the illumined heavens and the darksome earth. But as the lights of the former kindle up the valleys of the latter, so the Church may help the State—but it ever remains above it.

#### Protestant Protective Association.

The London *Free Press* publishes authoritatively the aims and objects of the new secret organization popularly known as the P. P. A. Before discussing the merits of the aims and principles of this new element of social discord, we may be permitted to ask for one plausible reason that calls for its existence. What particular event has occurred lately that would cause Protestants to band together for mutual protection? What have Protestants to dread, at this late day, when the nineteenth century is about closing—what have their Catholic fellow-citizens done or threatened, to make people who are not Catholics tremble for their lives and liberties? Or can it be possible that five-sixths of our population need protection from one-sixth? All honest, God-fearing Protestants, we think, should feel humbled and abashed when told that while in the immense majority, and while surpassing their Catholic neighbours in wealth, in resources if not in intellect, as well as in numbers, they still need protection. And against what? Where lies the danger? have Catholics been shouting defiance of late? Have their prelates and priests commenced the ghost dance? The utter absurdity of all such questions proclaims the utter absurdity of a society established for the purpose of defence and mutual protection of all Protestants. If no enemies exist either in the open plane or lurking places, why borrow trouble—why fancy armed hosts where none appear—why try to create alarm and cause a general panic?

The London *Free Press* and a few (a very few) other journals in this Province are deserving of general censure and condemnation for giving countenance and encouragement to such a prolific source of social rancour and disintegration as the uncalled for and unwelcome new importations, hypocritically and insidiously named the

#### Protestant Protective Association.

The *Free Press* of Saturday last says:

To set at rest conflicting rumors and allegations about the aims and objects of the P. P. A. we have been requested to print the following as being a true statement of the mission of this society:

1. Nationality is not a bar to membership; we ask no man where he was born.

2. We interfere with no man's partizan politics.

3. We attack no man's religion, so long as he does not attempt to make his religion an element of political power.

The recognized organ of the P. P. A. which is printed in London gives every week and in every number the lie direct to the above professions of faith and practice. The most outrageous attacks, the most unblushing and foul-mouthed insults and blasphemies are every week hurled against all who profess the Catholic belief. The sacred character of Priests has been most calumniously aspersed, and their names even given wrongfully to the public. The P. P. A. Organ has not blushed to invade the hallowed precincts of the Sacred Heart Academy and attempt the cowardly work of dishonouring ladies in whose hands the most respectable Protestants have for the last thirty years been committing, with all security and with the happiest results, the young minds and tender hearts of their innocent daughters, whose training and accomplishments are the ornament of society to-day.

The mission of the P. P. A. is to canvass every family, every store, every family, and solicit the proprietor to sign a declaration on oath that he will never vote for a Roman Catholic to fill any office, and never give employment to a Roman Catholic, or keep a Roman Catholic in his employment no matter how valuable his services may be.

No. 4. We unite to protect our country and its free institutions against secret, intolerant and aggressive efforts that are set forth by a certain politico-religious organization to control the Government of the Dominion, and destroy our blood-bought civil and religious liberty.

We maintain that of our knowledge, although named at the Catholic Church, the above clause can have no meaning except in so far as it concerns the P. P. A., Orangeism, and the secret society lately established in Canada under the name and designation of the S. O. E.—Sons of England.

Clause 7, states that:

"It is in our opinion unwise and unsafe to appoint or elect to civil, political or military office in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate or ecclesiastical power, or who are sworn to obey such power."

In fact the P. P. Association, if accepted in Canada, would bring us back to the days of the Penal Code, and land us once more in the midst of the dark ages. While liberal legislation in England is lifting the shackles off the limbs of Catholics, and declaring that henceforth the profession of any particular religion shall be no bar to any man's eligibility for office—even to that of Lord Lieutenant for Ireland—the P. P. A. would ostracise from office or employment every Catholic in the Dominion. The P. P. A. men must be horrified to learn that last week the Princess of Wales, with her children, including the heirs apparent, had a private interview with Pope Leo XIII, and sought and obtained, with his paternal advice, the blessings and prayers of His Holiness. But we are more than confident in the good sense and Christian charity of our fellow-Canadians of every denomination to dread any evil result from so retrograde and debasing an institution as the P. P. A.

#### Holy Week.

The most sublime anniversaries of our sacred religion are crowded into this, the Greater, Week. To-day, in the commemoration of the establishment of the Blessed Eucharist and the Christian priesthood, our Lord opens the very recesses of His treasure house, and bestows upon us the greatest gift of His love, wisdom and power "Having loved His own He loved them to the end," and His delight is to be with the children of men. Accordingly He eats the paschal lamb with His disciples, He takes bread into His hands and consecrates and bids His apostles do likewise in commemoration of Him, and thus He abides with us in the tabernacle forever more.

To-morrow the awful tragedy of Calvary, the master-act of the Master's love, is brought home to us more closely by the solemn ceremonies of the Church. The silence broken by the monotone of the chant, the appeal to all to look upon the wood where hung the Christ, the touching complaint that His passion and death are a strange return for the bringing forth from Egypt, the land of promise, and all the gifts of the fathers—the adoration of the cross—all fill the heart of the faithful with sorrow for sin and gratitude to God for His transcendent mercy. How those professing to be Christians can turn that day of sorrow into a day of pleasure and levity is inexplicable. Instead of spending it in silent sympathy with Him who bore our iniquities and was bruised for our sins, they pass it in worldly amusement. It is true that it is the only civil holiday since New Year's day; but it would be much more consistent with Christian sentiment to have another day, say Easter Monday, as is the custom in England. But Good Friday is too heavily laden with sorrow, too deeply tinged with the crimson light of the Precious Blood, to admit the joy or the glare of the world.

But the day for which the whole year sighs, the day by excellence, which the Lord Himself hath made, is Easter Sunday. Advent, with its anthems of expectation, Christmas with its carols of joy, Septuagesima with its grave, severe thoughts, Lent with its penance and compunction, and Passion Tide are all a preparation for the glory and joy of Easter and the resurrection. The human race had been dead, lying in the dust, buried beneath the sentence which had sealed its tomb. And the Son of God, rolling away the stone, rising from His sepulchre, entering into possession of eternal life, becomes to us the foundation of our faith, the guarantee of our hope, the object of our love. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honor and glory and benediction. Holy Church wishes us to lay aside all fear, all sorrow, and mingle our songs with the everlasting *Allshuia* with which heaven resounds in the Easter of eternity. This joy, with which our soul should be filled upon this great day, is a foretaste of that everlasting happiness of which the resurrection of our Lord gives us such a strong hope. But "if we be risen with Christ let us seek the

the things that are above;" let us ardently desire to live more and more the life of Him, "who was delivered up for our sins, but who rose again for our justification." Our resurrection, our Easter here on earth, is to live this life of obedience to God, love of His blessed will, and hope of our own Easter morn in the general resurrection.

In the Epistle of the Mass St. Paul impresses upon us the consequence of the Resurrection, namely, that we must lead a new life. And he warns the Christians of Corinth that their rejoicing and feasting must not be in the leaven of malice and wickedness, but in the chastened spirit of sincerity and truth. The Gradual is an outburst of joy upon this day of days, and of acknowledgment for the everlasting mercies of God. And the Sequence is full of beauty and touching faith in the Victor King who hath purchased us by His blood. The Easter Mass concludes in the Post Communion with a prayer full of happiness, beseeching God to fill us with the Spirit of His love, that we whom He has filled with the Paschal Sacraments may ever be in accord with his loving kindness.

#### Editorial Notes.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for April is to hand, full of interesting and devotional reading, and contains several illustrations. The frontispiece is a photogravure of Richter's picture representing our Lord raising the daughter of Jairus to life. It announces steadfast Christian Hope as the general intention for members of the League of the Sacred Heart for April.

The *Ontario Medical Journal* for February contains a brief but thoughtful article entitled *National Board of Health*. It is from the pen of a very able member of the medical profession, Dr. Cassidy of this city, whose careful study of hygiene, whose position as Chairman of the Provincial Board of Health, and whose natural talent well fit him to write upon such a subject. The learned writer starts by claiming that the Department of Agriculture, when accepting advice upon sanitary questions, did well, but that is not enough. It would occupy a much stronger position if it were backed by a National Board of Health, consisting of representatives from the various Provinces with an executive for the carrying out of any plan. This necessity grows with the growth of the country, whose "ocean-ports on the Atlantic and Pacific, and land frontier of 2,500 miles open channels for the admission of epidemic diseases." A Board of this character would also be of great service in investigating the diseases of domestic animals, thus begetting a feeling of confidence in foreign countries as to the status of live stock in Canada: "Registration and vital statistics, the adulteration and deterioration of food and drugs would naturally fall under the sphere of such a Board. Finally, even from the low standpoint of expediency, the establishment of a National Board of Health, which need not be expensive, would be a capital advertisement for the Federal Government, showing that whilst Canada is anxious to secure the better class of settlers, she is determined that their health interests, as well as those of the inhabitants of the country, shall be protected from the inroads of preventable diseases."

## JUST IN TIME.

By a REGISTER CONTRIBUTOR.

The wild, free, rollicking March wind frisks and gambols over the smooth lawn, flinging itself in fitful gusts against the windows of an old Irish manor-house among the blue hills of Tipperary, tearing down the valley, running into the mountain torrent, rioting, and ruffling the splashing, sparkling, rushing waters that fight its resistless onslaught, on through the ploughed fields, shivering and shimmering the new grass that rises green and shining beyond the brooks, and back in rustling, playful windings to the quaint old house on the hill.

Through the long windows the sun steals in merry smiles, lighting up the breakfast table, round which a large family are gathered. At the head sits father, ruddy and radiant, holding legal parley with his second son, a youthful member of the Munster Bar, down for the Spring Assizes from Dublin. Their conversation is cut short by the dog-cart appearing round the corner of the drive, and my brother Fergus rises reluctantly to gather his belongings and drive with old Jerry, our ancient coachman, eight miles across the mountains to be in time for the opening of Court. I steal out with him to the hall, and gaze longingly at the bright scene outdoors, drinking in great draughts of the brick, bracing, atmosphere of the hills. I am suddenly seized with an intense desire to be off, and away. I challenge my sister Grace on a long tramp, but she begs to be excused, saying she has letters to write. She always has when I am taken with those wandering inclinations. Fergus joins his appeals to mine, but in vain, and in sheer despair I cry: "Why cannot I go with you?" This little suggestion is not met with that ardour one would expect from an affectionate elder brother. I hold on though, declaring Aunt Geraldine will be so disappointed if I do not come, and I know she and I will have such a delightful day together while he is at Court. As usual I win, but it is a harder struggle this time. Fergus hates his woman-kind around him except when on "pleasure bent." We finally arrange matters satisfactorily; he is to drop me outside the town, and I shall thus avoid the crowd by taking a short cut across the bog to Killeen. He swings me up beside him on his lofty perch. Jerry mounts behind, and we are off down the drive.

The sky is clear, and for once in the Emerald Isle seems as if it could restrain its tears for one day; the sun falls in coy glances on wood and valley, outlining the trees in long shadows, lighting up the swelling mountains in golden patches, and coaxing the yellow daffodils to come forth and revel with the wind. There is a brisk, alert feeling in the air that makes me happy as a bird. The wind is playing outrageous pranks with my hair, sending March dust into my eyes, lashing my poor nose with unruly locks, which nothing could keep respectably smooth on such a day, and tossing my hat into every inconceivable and unconventional position on my noble brow. We fly along, the mare catching the spirit of the wind, and cross the hills with exhilarating speed; pass jaunting cars with comfortable farmers jogging to Court; carriage, phaeton, croyden, and every species of trap, bearing lord, squire and baronet, to meet the Judge, and give the Court the benefit of their superior wisdom, as members of the Grand Jury. We nod, smile and speak at almost every vehicle as we go; every one knows everybody, and all are of one mind to-day, Judge, Jury and Trial being their one absorbing topic. The spires and round tower of the old historic town spring up from the valley; and on its out-

skirts I scramble down, and crossing a stile in the high stone wall, strike out for the bog. I jump a narrow dike with stagnant water, and land on the low, brown, soft soil of the embryo turf fire. A great, wide, level, brown expanse, innocent of tree or shrub, lies before me, and the wind charges down on me as its helpless victim. I take my hat in hand, for the tempest is determined it shall not rest on my hair, and gathering my forces I strike out, fighting for every step on my belligerent way. It is over at last; out on the country road, in through green, waving fields, up a hill through a grove, by a rustic gate, across the lawn and Eureka—Killeen! The old oak door lies open at my approach, and I startle Aunt Geraldine seated before the fire in the low drawing-room, and she greets me as if I had fallen from the skies!

Oh! the luxury of flinging my bedraggled person in an easy chair, and resting my poor, tired, weary body, after my fierce encounter with the elements! How she laughs at my visiting-like appearance, and when I have recovered from a sense of my injuries I join heartily in her witty sallies at my forlorn countenance, and her amused reception of me, is only a prelude to all the charms of the day. Aunt Geraldine and I are delightfully congenial, and to spend a whole day with her is perfect bliss. We visit all her old women, friends of mine, climb a peak above the house, and Uncle and Fergus are back from the Court long before we want them. As they come in the doorway the fine, jovial face, and splendid head of an old gentleman towers above them. He and Aunt Geraldine meet with rapture; he is full of jokes, Hibernian compliments, and she responds with racy repartee and sally. He takes my hand in his with a warmth that is genuine and fatherly, pretending deep admiration, even alarm, at the number of inches I have grown since last he saw me.

Old Mr. Blennerhasset was a College friend of father's, the most brilliant legal luminary of dear old dirty Dublin, with the richest tongue, the raciest brogue, the biggest heart, the brightest head in all the country. We children always doted on him in his rare visits to Tipperary. Seeing Fergus on his way home, he was induced to come back with us and surprise father. After dinner we prepared to leave, and the moon rising above the mountains casts its soft welcome radiance over hedge and roadway. The "Counselor," as he is known through the country, is drawing Jerry out, and laughing like a schoolboy at the old man's humour. "Yer honour," he says, after a pause, "if I didn't see Larry Fitzgerald to-day, and sure 'twas he that was looking well; he told me he was spaking to yer honour, and sure 'twas well he might."

"Yes; he is looking well, and may live another twenty years. Poor fellow for one ten minutes of my life I thought he would swing there," pointing back to the retreating town.

"Oh thin, yer honour, 'twas you that stood to him that day, may God bless you, and left him to his little children."

"Was that the Waldron murder," asks Fergus. "I have heard Aunt Geraldine speak of Larry often, but never knew there had been a trial on the matter."

"Trial! my dear fellow, it was one of the most sensational we have had down here for fifty years, and a memorable one to me."

"Mr. Fergus, asthore, you ought to hear the Counselor speaking to the jury, and it would rise your heart, begor, when it was was over, the boys hoisted him on their shoulder and carried him out of court."

"Oh! Mr. Blennerhasset, when was that," asked Fergus, always eager for a story.

"Just forty years this month. I found a hasty note from your father

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telling me Fitzgerald was in trouble, and asking me to take the defence, but stated he feared I had a bad case, as the authorities were determined to make an example of him. Larry was supposed to have shot Mr. Waldron in the wood beyond Mount Beaumont Gates. I came down, saw the prisoner—a fine, stalwart fellow then, with a young wife and children depending on his day's labour. The case seemed hopeless. Fitzgerald was known to hate even threatened this Waldron, the new agent, at Mount Beaumont, and I must say if ever a man deserved odium it was he. A low upstart, vicious, cruel, unjust; from the first Larry was the object of his dislike, and he never spared him when he got the chance, culminating one day in dismissal. Fitzgerald swore vengeance. Three nights later Waldron, riding home, was shot beyond the wood. Here is the spot," as the mare fell into a walk, passing through a dense growth of trees that completely shut out the moon, leaving us in dense darkness. A wild, weird, lonely spot, meet for a tragedy—and an unconscious shudder goes through me as the "Counselor" continues: "The day of the trial came; it was my first serious case, I was young; I felt keenly for poor Larry, and I determined to make the best of a bad matter. Fitzgerald could not account satisfactorily for his whereabouts that miserable night; an informer turned up, saying he was a vagrant, and coming into town that night, heard the shot and saw Larry jump into the road when Waldron fell, flying into the wood on the other side. The trial was almost finished—lost without a hope. In despair I asked to be allowed to re-examine the witness. The Judge objected; he was worn out, and saw it was but more loss of time, but relented reluctantly in the end. I hammered and browbeat, but the fellow held on to his story. I was about to fling it up when my eye fell on his shoes. They were new! 'Where did you get those?' I rasped out. He rigged, twisted, subterfuged, but I wormed the answer. 'The Police.' 'Torn coat?' 'The Police.' 'Your hat?' 'The Police.' 'All dressed by the Police?' 'Yes.' 'A profitable business this informing,' I roared in withering sarcasm. And now, who advised you to tell all this little story about the prisoner? You did not come forward until a month after the occurrence.' More shifting, more lies and—well, he went to confession, told what he had seen, and the Priest had refused him absolution until he had informed the Police. Something in his face told me I had him caught. From my limited knowledge of the confessional, and my intimate acquaintance with the Priesthood, I felt excessively anxious to have this neat little tale confirmed. 'My Lord,' I asked with a most submissive, innocent, childlike air, will you allow me to summon this Rev. gentleman before the Jury?' 'No, no, Mr. Blennerhasset; we have lost more time than I ought over this trial, and I must leave town this evening.' I pleaded, urged, begged, and for the sake of getting rid of me, he consented to adjourn the Court for two hours. I dispatched a trusty Mercury for the Priest, away beyond

Patumner, fourteen miles from where we stood. Poor Larry, meanwhile, was almost distracted: it was his only chance, and our great fear now was could they find the Father at home. The Court re-opened sharp on time, and at the last moment, an outside car came tearing up the street and an old Priest jumped off. With a shout of joy from the excited crowd he came quietly into court, and the next moment was in the witness box. I could scarcely restrain myself from throwing my wig in the air, before judge and jury; I was but a boy still, when overwrought. I began: 'Can you tell us, Rev. sir, if the witness there, pointing to the informer, went to confession to you on a certain Saturday last month?' 'That would be impossible; he might and he might not.' 'Could you tell the jury if you refused absolution to the witness until he had confessed seeing the prisoner shoot Mr. Waldron?' 'I can tell you nothing of what passed in the confessional.' 'Now, Father, this man told the jury that he went to confession to you on the 24th of January; do you remember that day?' A bright smile shone on the old Priest's face as he answered clear and decisive: 'I remember the 24th very well indeed, for I was in Galway on business, and had not been in the chapel nor in my house for three days before nor three days after that date, so that the witness must be making some mistake I think.'

A suppressed murmur ran through the Court. 'That will do, Father,' I cried, and turning to the jury, asked them how they could convict the prisoner on the sole evidence of a wretch like that with perjury on his lips, a ruffian, an informer! My case was won—it took the jury but five minutes to release poor Larry without a stain on his character.'

We turn in the lodge gates as the story ends, but the scene is so vivid, the language so graphic, that even in the joy of the home greetings, and the wit and merry jests of the pleasant evening that follow the tale haunts me for days and nights after; and I write it now, not alone to relieve my mind, but perhaps to burden that of others.

DOROTHY GRESHAM.

## What the Saints Wrote About the Bible.

"Love the Bible, and God's Holy Spirit will love thee; cherish it, and it will save thee; honor it, and it will protect thee. "Full of delights is the Word of God; from it everyone draws what he needs." "Let the Bible be ever in your hands, that, like a shield, it may turn aside the thoughts that trouble young souls." "Read it frequently, learn as much as you can, and let the sacred page receive your head as it drops asleep." "The Bible changes the heart of him who reads it, drawing him from worldly desires to embrace things of God!" "To neglect the reading of the Bible is as if we were to refuse light in darkness, as if we were to refuse heat, medicine in sickness."

Cardinal Logue is a Donegal man, having been born in Raphoe in 1840. He distinguished himself during his occupancy of the see of Raphoe by his earnest efforts to relieve the poverty-stricken in Donegal. A very large sum of money passed through his hands to the victims of famine. He is regarded with very great affection by the people of that diocese and also by the faithful of the archdiocese of Armagh. Cardinal Logue is a Home Ruler, and in defence of his country's cause has had one or two passages at arms with Lord Salisbury.

**Mother of Sorrows.**

G. Waterall, in Catholic News, Preston, Eng.

O Virgin blest! by whom the bitter draught  
So often has been quaffed,  
That for thy sorrow thou art called by us  
The Mother Dolorous.

Thou from whose eyes have fall'n more tears of woe  
Upon the earth below  
That 'neath thy footsteps in this heaven of ours  
Have risen flowers.

O beaming Morning Star, O chosen Vase,  
O Mirror of all grace,  
Who, with thy Virgin voice, dost ever pray  
Man's guilt and shame away—

Houd down thine ear, and list, O Blessed Saint,  
Unto my real complaint;  
Mother! to thee I kneel, on thee I call  
Who deign'st to hear us all.

O Maid! Immaculate and Undeified!  
Plead to thy Royal Child  
For me to tread the path this Holy Lent  
By which His footsteps went.

**The Christian Heroine.**

Nowhere else in life does woman hold as exalted a place as in the Catholic Church. Next to God alone she is venerated and loved. Her pictures hang upon the walls of our edifices and her deeds and devotions are blended in the prayers and liturgy of the Church. In the lives of the saints the Christian heroine has left her splendid impress upon every page, and the history of the world abounds with beautiful passages of her merit and worth. Her perfectibilities in every epoch of Christian civilization command our highest thought and arouse our loftiest appreciation. All Christian countries paid her homage. Avoiding the subterfuge of woman's superiority over men, and viewing her from the place which she actually occupies in contemporaneous history, we must admit that her skill, talent and ability are indeed prominent factors in our political, professional and commercial life, always socially and domestically, which were doomed without her earnest advocacy and aid. Her work indeed is magnificent and the history of our generation which she is materially aiding to make and mould will place her on a plane higher than she ever before occupied since Christianity first broke loose from the grasp of paganism.

**Getting Even.**

A one-time Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Affre, was traveling in a diligence. He had a number of fellow passengers to whom he was not known, although one of them, a lively-spirited commercial traveler, discovered him to be an ecclesiastic from the episcopal cross hanging beneath his cloak.

The conversation was somewhat general, and the bagman, seeing an opportunity for what he deemed innocent raillery, said:

"Monsieur, can you tell us the difference between a bishop and an ass? You are evidently a learned man, and can certainly inform us."

After a moment's thought the prelate answered, with perfect candor and good nature:

"Well, it doesn't seem such a difficult question, perhaps, and yet I really cannot explain it."

"No? Then I will enlighten you, continued the traveler, who by this time had drawn the attention of the crowd. "It is because an ass bears a cross upon his back and the bishop upon his breast."

This sally was received with roars of laughter, nobody as yet suspecting the religious character of its object.

"And now," began the archbishop, still with perfect affability, "can you tell me the difference between a commercial traveler and an ass?"

The drummer scratched his head, and finally replied he couldn't.

"Neither can I," mildly commented his Grace.

The traveler got out at the next station.

**NEW PREMIUM PUZZLE.**



With this HANDSOME LADY the faces of two others are shown. Can you find them? If so, mark faces and send to us as directed. **LADIES AT HOME** is the Home Magazine of Canada. Its reading matter and illustrations are all of the best. Nothing like it at this price—only 50 cents per year—has ever before been published in this country. It and its sister publications will soon lead all other Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. To ensure this a fair and legitimate premium system has been adopted at much outlay. During 1893 we purpose giving away **Four Elegant Upright Pianos**. W. Willison, ex-Reeve of Ayr, Ont., was awarded the splendid **Rosewood Piano** which was viewed by admiring thousands passing by our showroom during the past two weeks.

We publish **Ladies' Companion**, \$1.00 a year. Also **Ladies at Home**, 50 cents a year. Do not mistake any other—with the word "Ladies" or "Home" in the name—for either of these fine magazines. We also publish **Our Boys and Girls**, at 25 cents a year. **OUR BOYS AND GIRLS** has no connection with a young people's paper published on King st., west, which advertises for subscribers but gives no street number in its address.

**PREMIUM LIST.**

To the first person solving puzzle we will award \$100 in Cash; the next will receive **Gold Watch**; the third a **Silver Water Service**; the fourth a **Milk Dress Pattern**; the fifth a **Basquet Lamp**; the sixth a **Dressmaker's Magic Scale** with instructions; the seventh a **Silver Five O'Clock Tea Set**; the eighth a **Crayon Portrait**; the ninth a **Tobler Set**; the tenth a **Gold Brooch**; the eleventh a **Silver Watch**; the twelfth **Flash Work Case**; to the next nine each a **Handsome Brooch**. To the middle sender will be awarded an **Upright Piano**, valued at \$75. To the ten following, each a crayon portrait of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to July 15th next, will receive a **Sewing Machine**, valued at \$10. The sender next to last will receive a **Silver Watch**; ten preceding, each a beautiful **Gold Brooch**.

**CONDITIONS:**—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with fifty cents for a year's subscription to **LADIES AT HOME**. Address plainly,  
"2" **LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO.**, 166 King St., West, Toronto, Can.

**THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE**  
**A PROSPEROUS HOME COMPANY.**

Assurance in force, Jan. 1, 1893,	\$16,122,195
New Assurances taken in 1892,	2,651,000
Cash Income for 1892,	614,951
Cash Paid to Policy-Holders in 1892,	214,320
Assets, December 31, 1892, over	2,253,984

The 20-Year **SURVIVORSHIP DISTRIBUTION POLICY** now offered embraces all the newest features and is the best form of **PROTECTION** and **INVESTMENT** money can buy. It has no rival. Guaranteed values, attractive options, and liberal conditions.

**THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY, LIMITED.**  
ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000. Subscribed Capital, \$1,750,000.

OFFICE—No. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

**DIRECTORS:**  
HON. FRANK SMITH, Senator, President.  
EUGENE O'BRIEN, Esq., Vice-President.  
WM. T. KIELY, Esq. JOHN FOY, Esq. EDWARD STOCK, Esq.  
JAMES J. FOY, Esq., Solicitor.

Deposits Received from 50c. and upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon.

Money loaned at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment. Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures. Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday—9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, MANAGER.

**P. BURNS & CO.**  
1856. ONLY IMPORTERS OF 1893.  
**Celebrated Scranton Coal and Best Steam Coal IN THE MARKET.**  
HEAD OFFICE—89 King street East.  
BRANCHES—546 Queen street West, and 399 Yonge street.

**THE CRUSLAND & SON'S**  
MEMORIAL WINDOW  
MEDALISTS. CHURCH & SECULAR  
LONDON, ENGLAND, 1856. **STAINED GLASS**  
PISO'S CURE FOR  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**

**A. T. HERNON,**  
The well-known Church street  
**BUTCHER.**  
HAS REMOVED HIS BUSINESS  
To larger and more commodious premises, where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.  
**256 CHURCH STREET**  
Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

**A Heroic Middy.**

In the late Admiral Aube Franco lost a devoted statesman and patriot. The work of later years was the reform of the administration of the French navy. From the time that he entered a naval school as a boy, his career was marked by fine courage, sincerity, and good sense. When he was senior midshipman of the *Tonnerre*, and not yet twenty two years old, he distinguished himself by an act of intrepid daring. The *Tonnerre* was anchored in the port of Genoa. One night a fire broke out in the military arsenal of the place. The commander of the French ship at once sent out a boat with a party of sailors to assist the garrison and the inhabitants. The fire threatened to be terribly destructive if its spread could not be checked. Aube was placed in command of the aiding party. The struggle against the fire was going on well, when suddenly a panic seized the Italians, and they fled precipitately. A sudden breath of wind had changed the direction of the flames. A quantity of debris on a low structure, the roof of which was only six feet above the ground, burst into flames. This structure was the powder magazine. Quick as thought Aube perceived and acted upon the one plan by which he could master the situation. He sprang on the smoking roof, climbed to the ridge, and seating himself calmly, went on directing the men from this point of observation. Electrified by this act of heroism, the Italians retraced their steps, and they and the sailors attacked the fire with vigour and success. The midshipman Aube descended from his perch and tried to retire quietly to his ship, but an ovation was not to be escaped. He was surrounded and carried to the ship's boat, which waited him, in the midst of enthusiastic applause and expressions of appreciation.

**The Pope's Jubilee.**

A curious parallel might be drawn between what is going on at the Vatican and at the Quirinal—between the religious festival of Catholic Rome and the political scandals of modern Rome. But such a parallel would answer no purpose. It is better, therefore, simply to place on record the fact that the rock of St. Peter, in spite of the lapse of centuries and of storms, is steadfast and strong, whereas the edifice built in 1570 is beaten by storms.

There is no reason why children should be allowed to suffer from loathsome scrofulous sores and glandular swellings when such a pleasant, effective, and economical medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be procured of the nearest druggist. Be sure you get Ayer's.

To the late Gen. Beauregard Catholics owed a debt of gratitude. Thanks to his courage, energy and Catholic spirit he crushed out Know-Nothingism in New Orleans in 1857. It is said that he offered his sword in defence of the Papal government after the late civil war. General Beauregard possessed the grand Catholic spirit of his ancestors.

**A Cure For Croup.**  
Croup kills thousands where cholera kills tens. For this dread disease no remedy can compare in curative power with Haygard's Yellow Oil. It loosens the phlegm, gives prompt relief, and soon completely cures the most violent attack.

Native Chinese Catholics are greatly encouraged and consoled by the fact that the English ambassador to their country is a Catholic. This gentleman is Mr. Nicholas Roderick O'Connor, of Roscommon, Ireland. He is an experienced diplomat.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Biokle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

The late George W. Hayward of Philadelphia, a non-Catholic, left \$500 to the Sisters of Charity Hospital of that city.

**In Memory**

Of the late Mrs. J. J. Kelly (Maggie Conlen), who died at Thorold Feb. 14, 1893.

Dear friend, with calm face and sweet, eyes wet with laughter's rain,  
It seems but yesterday we met, yet here we part again.  
Thy life is done, the bell now tolls thy parting knell;  
I kiss thy silent brow, sweet friend, and sadly say farewell.

Farewell, thy rapturous art, thy form so dear;  
Farewell thy voice, that erst our hearts did cheer;  
Farewell the smiles, the joys that now have fled;  
Farewell, dear Maggie, farewell, our lonely dead.

Tis seventeen months or more  
Since a bride she left her childhood's door.  
Death hovered around us at twilight hour,  
When its presence is felt with deepest power.  
Silently and swiftly did the dread angel come,  
And in his pinions folded the sunshine of our home.  
Yes, snatched from us our loved one all too soon,  
When her pathway with love, mirth and beauty was strewn

The crosses three on her breast are laid,  
As clasped in her hand she always prayed.  
How oft, in Te Domine Speravi, did she repeat,  
As preparing she was her God to meet!

In strains deep and grateful, she'll now raise her voice;  
Then weep not, but rather let us rejoice,  
For as one of God's angels hovering o'er,  
The one we have lost has risen to die no more.  
Toronto. E. M. K.

**Miscellaneous.**

The application of Mr. Leonard to the Grand Jury for £4,400, on behalf of Lord Kenmare, for alleged malicious burning of Derrycunihy Wood, was withdrawn.

The Catholic workmen of Paris are making decided efforts to compel the recall of the sisters to the hospitals. They say the sick are badly cared for, insulted, beaten and treated like animals. Already the movement has assumed such proportions as demand immediate attention from the authorities.

The clamorous demands of the Austrian Catholics for the restoration of the temporal power have startled the Italian government and some one has started an enquiry in the chamber of deputies as to the best means of stopping it. Agitation for the temporal power will continue while the decalogue is in force.

People are wondering why Grand Duke Frederick of Baden, uncle of the German Emperor, is going to become a Catholic. The reason is not hard to discover. He wants to save his soul. That is the only reason any man or woman can have for becoming a Catholic. Every worldly advantage lies on the side of Protestantism.

In the Dublin Registration District, the births registered during the week ending March 4th, amounted to 234—124 boys and 110 girls; and the deaths to 186—88 males, 98 females. The deaths—which were 18 under the average number for the corresponding week of the last ten years—represent an annual rate of mortality of 27.7 in every 1,000 of the population. During the first nine weeks of the current year the death-rate averaged 28.9, and was 4.2 under the mean rate in the corresponding period of the ten years 1883-92.

Chief Justice ("Pether the Packer") O'Brien, addressing the Mayo Grand Jury, on March 10th, complained of the absence from the official records of any notice of a meeting near an evicted farm, and said he was sorry he could not indulge in the pleasing task of congratulating them on the state of the country. The kind of "notice" that "Pether" wanted was a police report that would enable him to indulge in one of his stereotyped diatribes about the "lawlessness" of the people generally. He feels that he is not "earning his wages" when not engaged in this kind of work.

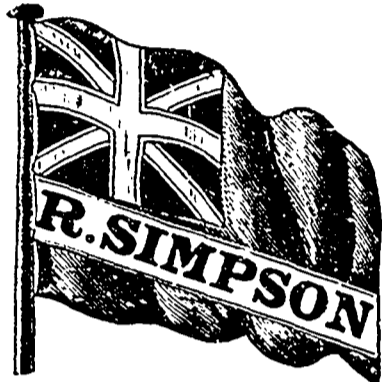
The news of the death of Mr. Bernard McCann, of Knockbridge, was received with surprise and genuine regret by a large circle of relatives and friends. He was a young man in the prime of life, and although his health for a considerable time past was far from being robust, few, if any, imagined he would be cut off so soon. It was not till Sunday, Feb. 26th, that the attack from which he was suffering became serious, and in a few hours, having in the interval received the last rites of Holy Church, he breathed his last. He was a very promising young man, and his industry, business capacity, and exemplary conduct, were to his widowed mother a source of comfort and consolation. With his neighbours of every class he was a general favorite, and by the members of his family he was almost idolized. His remains were interred in Knockbridge Cemetery on February 28th, and were accompanied to their last resting place by a very large and representative concourse.

Honest goods at honest prices are always to be had at the well-known clothing house, Oak Hall. The material and make up of every garment are not inferior to the best ordered work.

**BURDOCK**  
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

**BLOOD**  
CURES  
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES

**BITTERS**



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts

**Building Sale**

THERE'S no occasion to ask your attention particularly to any one section of the house to see bargains.

They're Everywhere.

True to the policy mapped out when this Building Sale commenced, we've made its effects felt in every part of the store. More so every day the bargain advantages increase.

- Shot Silks, heavy, 38c.
- Cashmere Gloves, 2 pairs 25c.
- Fine Kid Gloves, ladies', all sizes, 50c.
- Cretannes, big cut, 12 1/2c.
- Point Lace, 2 1/2-in. wide, 5c.
- Ribbons, No. 5, cent a yard.
- Ladies' all Linen Handkerchiefs, hem stitched, 7c.
- Our Queen Corsets, 45c, regular price, 75c.

**Spring Goods Opening daily.** The range of new prints is worthy your attention.

- English Prints, fancy, 5c.
- English Prints, 7 1/2c, 4c to 10c.
- All-wool French Delaines, over 30-in. wide, 200 designs, 25c, regular 45c goods.
- All-wool Fatamene Serges, 25c.

Ask for April "Style" at Fashion Counter.

**R. SIMPSON,**

S. W. corner Yonge and Entrance Yonge St. Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen St. TORONTO.  
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

**GO TO DILL & O'HEARN,**

FOR YOUR House, Sign or Ornamental Painting, Plain or Decorative Paper Hanging.  
212 QUEEN STREET WEST.  
TELEPHONE 1830.

**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER**  
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

**Some Children Growing Too Fast**

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES  
Of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrappers: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

**TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.** During the month of March, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close	Due
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15 7.45	7.15 10.20
O. and Q. Railway	8.00 8.00	8.10 9.10
G. T. R. West	7.30 8.25	12.40pm 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20 4.10	10.15 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.85	12.80pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.30 4.00	11.15 9.55
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	12.00 9.00	2.00 2.00
	2.00 7.30	6.15 4.00
	10.30 8.20	
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00 9.00 5.45	4.00 10.30 11.00
	10.00	
U.S. West'n States	6.15 10.00 9.00 7.20	12.00 n.

English mails close on Mondays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for March: 2, 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district, should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

**GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.**

**EPPS'S COCOA**

**BREAKFAST—SUPPER.**

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape man, a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

**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 Cuffs.

As cheap as any other store in the city. Call and be convinced. Our stock is always well assorted.

M. J. CROTTIE,

838 and 844 Yonge st., (The Beaver.) North Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 3362.



**\$3 a Day Sure.**

Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

**THE DEAF HEAR**  
WHEN THE DEAFNESS IS CAUSED BY SCARLET FEVER, COLDS, MEASLES, CATARRH, &c. BY THE USE OF THE INVISIBLE SOUND DISC which is guaranteed to help a larger percentage of cases than all other devices combined. The name is in the eye of the patient and the eye is the key to the ear. Write for circular. When unable to write, send name and address to H. A. WATERS, Bridgeport, Conn.

**Music at St. Paul's Church.**

At the joyous festival of Easter it is usual for choirs to put forth their best efforts, and St. Paul's choir is well to the front in this respect. On Easter Sunday, Farmer's Mass in B flat will be given in St. Paul's, with full orchestral accompaniment, and as this will be the first time in Toronto of hearing the beautiful orchestration of this Mass, it will afford a treat to lovers of good music. The choir have been diligently rehearsing under the direction of Mr. D. F. McCloskey, and will, no doubt, give a good account of themselves.

**Home.**

How much would that "charity which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," effect to smooth away the sorrows of life and add to the happiness of home. Home indeed may be a haven of repose from the storms and perils of the world. But to secure this we must not be content to pave it with good intentions, but must make it bright and cheerful.

**Occupation.**

A girl should be taught to detest two things thoroughly—idleness and aimlessness. These two enemies cause ennui, which is pain: Train her hands and stir her brain with the constant assurance that she will find her sweetest satisfaction in that which she is to accomplish in life.

Our readers will observe that the old reliable firm of Kent Brothers are retiring from business, and are offering their immense stock of watches, jewelry, &c., at a reduction of 25 per cent. This affords a rare opportunity of purchasing superior goods.

The Duc de Talleyrand will loan for exhibition at the World's Fair his portrait of Christopher Columbus.

**THE MARKETS.**

TORONTO, March 29, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush	\$0 67	0 68
Wheat, red, per bush	0 66	0 67
Wheat, spring, per bush	0 62	0 63
Wheat, goose, per bush	0 61	0 62
Barley, per bush	0 40	0 45
Oats, per bush	0 35	0 36
Peas, per bush	0 60	0 62
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.	7 50	7 75
Chickens, per pair	0 50	0 70
Geese, per lb	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb	0 13	0 14
Butter, per lb	0 22	0 24
Eggs, new laid, per dozen	0 14	0 15
Parasly, per doz	0 20	0 30
Radishes, per doz	0 00	1 00
Beets, per bag	0 45	0 60
Tornips, per bag	0 40	0 45
Cabbage, new, per doz	0 40	0 50
Celery, per doz	0 50	0 00
Onions, per bag	0 00	1 00
Lettuce, per doz	0 00	0 40
Carrots, per bag	0 25	0 50
Potatoes, per bag	0 95	1 00
Apples, per bbl	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy	9 00	11 00
Straw, sheaf	8 00	9 00

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS.**

TORONTO, March 28.—Only 22 loads came in to-day. The demand was light, local buyers were scarce, and prices were off on cattle from 25 to 50c per cwt. for the commoner grades.

**CATTLE**—Among the most notable transactions which occurred this morning were the following: A lot of 21 steers, averaging 1,183 lbs, sold at \$3.85 per cwt, and \$5 each on the deal; a lot of 20 cattle, averaging 1,160 lbs, sold at \$4 per cwt; a lot of 21, averaging 1,200 lbs, sold at \$3.50 per cwt; a lot of 19 (nearly all steers), averaging 1,150 lbs, sold at \$4.50 each; a lot of 18, averaging 1,125 lbs, sold at \$4.12 1/2 per cwt; a lot of 17, averaging 1,100 lbs, sold at \$3.75 per cwt; and a lot of 23, averaging 1,050 lbs, sold at \$3.50 per cwt. These were the highest transactions, but for inferior stuff a lot of small deals were effected at from 3 to 2 1/2c, and even as low as 2 1/2c per pound for very poor cattle.

**MILK COWS**—About a dozen came in, and more would have sold as the enquiry was fairly active. All sold quickly at firm prices ranging from \$35 to \$50 each. Good forward springers are wanted.

**SHEEP AND YEARLINGS**—We had 175 all sold here, and as the demand was very small prices while scarcely notably changed were easy. As far as the absolute requirements of the trade were concerned it would not have inconvenienced anyone if neither yearlings nor sheep had been received to-day. There were no spring lambs here.

**CALVES**—Scarcely more than a dozen were on sale, though just now there is a steady and growing demand for calves, and especially for choice grades, for which good prices will be given.

**HOGS**—The 350 hogs here all sold, but values were easier; the best price paid was \$6.12 1/2 per cwt. for choice, and very good hogs sold at \$8 per cwt. Stores scarcely wanted, and rough small hogs are a drug on the market.

**Mr. Gladstone's Programme.**

Two things seem to be rendered certain through the course pursued by the Gladstone Government since the opening of Parliament. First, the New Home Rule Bill will, with possibly some amendments, be passed by the present House of Commons. Secondly, although the measure will undoubtedly be rejected by the Lords, the next general election will turn, not solely upon the Irish question, but upon a many-sided programme, most of whose features are calculated to appeal to the local interests of British voters. This, which the Unionists had most to fear, is in the way of being accomplished.

The debate which preceded the first reading of the Home Rule Bill made it tolerably clear that the attack on the details of the measure is destined to miscarry. Mr. Balfour's speech is acknowledged to have been surprisingly weak, and Mr. Goschen, who was counted on to make havoc of the financial proposals, proved unable to subject them to any trenchant criticism. The truth is that the scheme was framed with the purpose of forestalling all possible objections on the part of the most conservative Gladstonians, and thus reducing to a minimum the chance of any organized secession like that which wrecked the plans of Mr. Gladstone in 1886. Such being the case, the more astute Unionist leaders, like Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain, abandoned the hope of making inroads into the Gladstonian ranks, being apparently convinced that even the nine Parnellites would ultimately accept the Bill as an earnest of better things to come. Both Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain confined themselves to denouncing the principle of Home Rule, as if this had not been thoroughly discussed before the last general election, and as if every member of the lower House had not proclaimed his position in regard to it to his constituents.

From this point, Mr. Gladstone's position in the present Parliament is entirely different from that which he occupied in 1886, and it is remarkable that the difference has not been more generally recognized. In the general election of December, 1885, scarcely a single Liberal had promised the electors to accept the principle of Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone himself had not accepted it. On the other hand, at the general election of last year not a single professed Gladstonian had the slightest chance of being returned unless he pledged himself to adopt at least the principle of home rule, to which his leader had been for six years irrevocably committed. The fact makes a tremendous change in the situation. But this is by no means the only advantage possessed by Mr. Gladstone at the present juncture. He was forced, in 1886, to appeal to the people on the single issue of home rule, which was new, startling and imperfectly understood. Now, on the other hand, concurrently with the Irish project, he is pressing through the House of Commons bills which go directly home to the business and bosoms of the natives of Great Britain. Such is the registration reform, by which the required period of residence is reduced from a year to three months. It is safe to say that scores of thousands of voters are interested in this innovation. There again is the Welsh Suspensory bill, which prohibits the acquirement of any new vested interests in Welsh rectories pending arrangements for the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales. This measure was demanded by 81 out of the 94 members for the principality, and its introduction will bind the Welshmen to Mr. Gladstone with links of steel. So, too, a bill largely increasing the powers of the London County Council and meeting the views of the Progressives, who constitute a great majority of the

metropolitan population, is on the point of being submitted to the House of Commons. The promise to create elective parish councils, which are to control the distribution of small allotments of land, has already had such an effect on the agricultural laborers that have won back for the Gladstonians the seat at Cirencester, which was lost last October. Lastly, the sole chance of defeating the demand for "One man, one vote," by coupling with it the equally plausible demand for "One vote, one value," has been frustrated by cutting down the representation of Ireland from 108 to 80 members—a reduction to which Mr. McCarthy and his colleagues have assented.

We do not believe it would be easy to suggest improvements in the political strategy and tactics which Mr. Gladstone has exhibited since the opening of Parliament.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**Trusts Corporation**

OF ONTARIO

And Safe Deposit Vaults.

Bank of Commerce Building, King St. TORONTO.

Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.  
Capital Subscribed, \$800,000.

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Hon. Sir R. J. CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.,  
Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money Invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.

Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.

N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same.

A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

**Toronto Savings & Loan Co.**  
10 KING ST. WEST.

FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposit from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more.

Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks.  
ROBERT JAFFRAY, A. E. AMES,  
24-y President. Manager.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 4th April, 1893.

Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to supply the articles contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE,  
Comptroller N. W. M. Police.  
Ottawa, March 9th, 1893.



**TENDERS.**

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

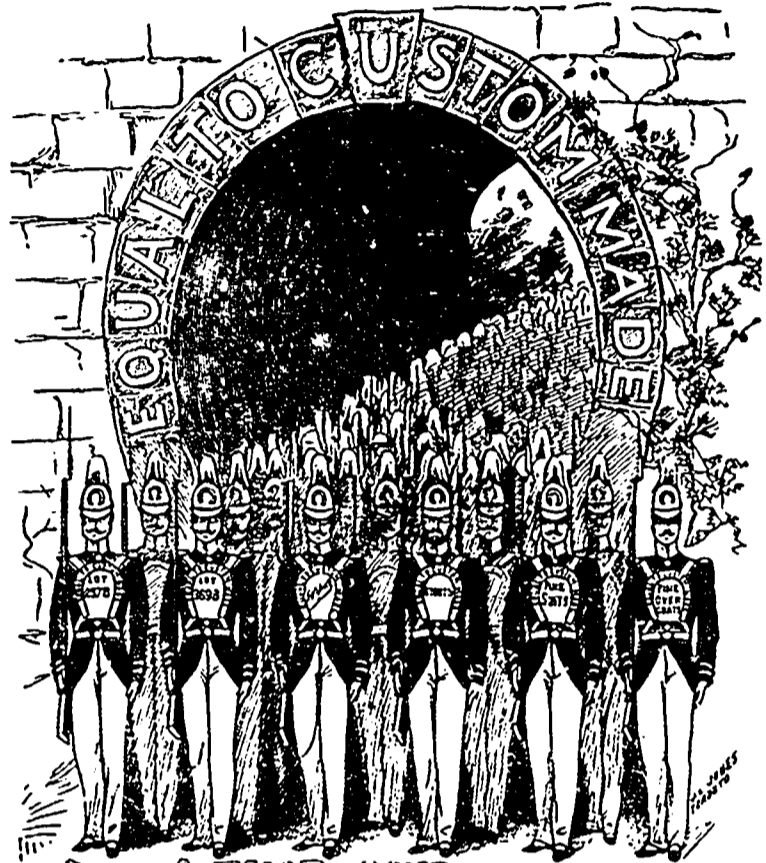
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of THURSDAY, 20th April, 1893, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1894, duty-paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

This advertisement is not to be inserted in any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. VANKOUGHNET,  
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.  
Department of Indian Affairs,  
Ottawa, March, 1893.

**OAK-HALL CLOTHIERS.**



A FINE LINE

Of MEN'S SPRING SUITS  
And OVERCOATS, BOYS'  
SUITS, OVERCOATS and  
PANTS for Easter Wear,  
are Always in Demand.

Our Stock is very complete and comprises all the Best and Newest Styles in Men's and Boys' Garments. Prices are as low as large trading makes possible.

**OAK-HALL,  
Great ONE-PRICE Clothiers,**

115, 117, 119, 121 KING STREET EAST,

Exactly opposite the Cathedral door,

**TORONTO.**

**FARMERS  
TEXAS BALSAM**

Is the only rapid and Certain Healer for  
Scratches, Corks, Galls, Sore Shoulders  
and all Wounds on  
**HORSES AND CATTLE.**

Ask your dealer for TEXAS BALSAM, and take no other. Or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents, by

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No. 6 Wellington East,  
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**F. ROSAR,  
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240 KING ST. EAST,  
TORONTO.  
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115 JARVIS STREET.**  
Painting, Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining and Paper-hanging. A select stock of Wall Papers always on hand.

## RAMONA.

## A Story.

BY HELEN JACKSON.

## CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

It was Alessandro, too, who had picked up in the artichoke-patch all of the last year's seed-vessels which had not been trampled down by the cattle, and bringing one to her, had asked shyly if she did not think it prettier than flowers made out of paper. His people, he said, made wreaths of them. And so they were, more beautiful than any paper flowers which ever were made—great soft round disks of fine straight threads like silk, with a kind of saint's halo around them of sharp stiff points, glossy as satin, and of a lovely creamy color. It was the strangest thing in the world nobody had ever noticed them as they lay there on the ground. She had put a great wreath of them around Saint Joseph's head, and a bunch in the Madonna's hand; and when the Senora saw them she exclaimed in admiration, and thought they must have been made of silk and satin.

And Alessandro had brought her beautiful baskets, made by the Indian women at Pala, and one which had come from the North, from the Tulare country; it had gay feathers woven in with the reeds—red and yellow, in alternate rows, round and round. It was like a basket made out of a bright-coloured bird.

And a beautiful stone bowl Alessandro had brought her, glossy black, that came all the way from Catalina Island; a friend of Alessandro's got it. For the first few weeks it seemed as if hardly a day passed that there was not some new token to be chronicled of Alessandro's thoughtfulness and goodwill. Often, too, Ramona had much to tell that Alessandro had said—tales of the old Mission days that he had heard from his father; stories of saints, and of the early Fathers, who were more like saints than like men, Alessandro said—Father Junipero, who founded the first Missions, and Father Crespi, his friend. Alessandro's father had journeyed with Father Crespi as his servant, and many a miracle he had with his own eyes seen Father Crespi perform. There was a cup out of which the Father always took his chocolate for breakfast—a beautiful cup, which was carried in a box, the only luxury the Father had; and one morning it was broken, and everybody was in terror and despair. "Never mind, never mind," said the Father; "I will make it whole," and taking the two pieces in his hands he held them tight together, and prayed over them, and they became one solid piece again, and it was used all through the journey, just as before.

But now, Ramona never spoke voluntarily of Alessandro. To Felipe's sometimes artfully-put questions or allusions to him she made brief replies, and never continued the topic; and Felipe had observed another thing; she now rarely looked at Alessandro. When he was speaking to others she kept her eyes on the ground. If he addressed her, she looked quickly up at him, but lowered her eyes after the first glance. Alessandro also observed this, and was glad of it. He understood it. He knew how differently she could look in his face in the rare moments when they were alone together. He fondly thought he alone knew this; but he was mistaken. Margarita knew. She had more than once seen it.

It had happened more than once that he had found Ramona at the willows by the brook, and had talked with her there. The first time it happened was a chance; after that

never a chance again, for Alessandro went often seeking the spot, hoping to find her. In Ramona's mind, too, not avowed, but half consciously, there was, if not the hope of seeing him there, at least the memory that it was there they had met. It was a pleasant spot—cool and shady even at noon, and the running water always full of music. Ramona often knelt there of a morning, washing out a bit of lace or a handkerchief, and when Alessandro saw her it went hard with him to stay away. At such moments the vision returned to him vividly of that first night when, for the first second, seeing her face in the sunset glow, he had thought her scarce mortal. It was not that he even now thought her less a saint; but ah, how well he knew her to be human! He had gone alone in the dark to this spot many a time, and, lying on the grass, put his hands into the running water, and played with it dreamily, thinking, in his poetic Indian fashion, thoughts like these: "Whither have gone the drops that passed beneath her hands, just here? These drops will never find those in the sea; but I love this water!"

Margarita had seen him thus lying, and without dreaming of the refined sentiment which prompted his action, had yet groped blindly towards it, thinking to herself: "He hopes his Senorita will come down to him there. A nice place it is for a lady to meet her lover, at the washing-stones! It will take swifter water than any in that brook, Senorita Ramona, to wash you white in the Senora's eyes, if ever she come upon you there with the head shepherd, making free with him, may be! Oh, but if that could only happen, I'd die content!" And the more Margarita watched, the more she thought it not unlikely that it might turn out so. It was oftener at the willows than anywhere else that Ramona and Alessandro met; and, as Margarita noticed with malicious satisfaction, they talked each time longer, each time parted more lingeringly. Several times it had happened to be near supper-time; and Margarita, with one eye on the garden walk, had hovered restlessly near the Senora, hoping to be ordered to call the Senorita to supper.

"If but I could come on them of a sudden, and say to her as she did to me, 'You are wanted in the house!' Oh, but it would do my soul good! I'd say it so it would sting like a lash laid on both their faces! It will come! It will come! It will be there that she'll be caught one of these fine times she's having! I'll wait! It will come!"

## CHAPTER X.

It came. And when it came, it fell out worse for Ramona than Margarita's most malicious hopes had pictured; but Margarita had no hand in it. It was the Senora herself.

Since Felipe had so far gained as to be able to be dressed, sit in his chair on the veranda, and walk about the house and garden a little, the Senora, at ease in her mind about him, had resumed her old habit of long, lonely walks on the place. It had been well said by her servants that there was not a blade of grass on the estate that the Senora had not seen. She knew every inch of her land. She had a special purpose in walking over it now. She was carefully examining to see whether she could afford to sell to the Ortigas a piece of pasture-land which they greatly desired to buy, as it joined a pasturage tract of theirs. This bit of land lay farther from the house than the Senora realised, and it had taken more time than she thought it would to go over it; and it was already sunset on this eventful day, when, hurrying home, she turned off from the highway into the same short-cut path in which Father Salvierderra had met Ramona in the spring. There was no difficulty now in getting through the mustard tangle. It was parched and dry, and had been trampled by cattle.

The Senora walked rapidly, but it was dusky twilight when she reached the willows; so dusky that she saw nothing—and she stopped so lightly on the smooth brown path that she made no sound—until suddenly, face to face with a man and a woman standing locked in each other's arms, she halted, stepped back a pace, gave a cry of surprise, and, in the same second, recognised the faces of the two, who, stricken dumb, stood apart, each gazing into her face with terror.

Strangely enough, it was Ramona who spoke first. Terror for herself had stricken her dumb; terror for Alessandro gave her a voice.

"Senora," she began.

"Silence! Shameful creature!" cried the Senora. "Do not dare to speak! Go to your room!"

Ramona did not move.

"As for you," the Senora continued, turning to Alessandro, "you,"—she was about to say, "You are discharged from my service from this hour," but recollecting herself in time, said—"You will answer to Senor Felipe. Out of my sight!" And the Senora Moreno actually, for once in her life beside herself with rage stamped her foot on the ground. "Out of my sight!" she repeated.

Alessandro did not stir, except to turn towards Ramona with an inquiring look. He would run no risk of doing what she did not wish. He had no idea what she would think it best to do in this terrible dilemma.

"Go, Alessandro," said Ramona, calmly, still looking the Senora full in the eye. Alessandro obeyed; before the words had left her lips, he had walked away.

Ramona's composure, and Alessandro's waiting for further orders than her own before stirring from the spot, were too much for Senora Moreno. A wrath such as she had not felt since she was young took possession of her. As Ramona opened her lips again, saying, "Senora," the Senora did a shameful deed, she struck the girl on the mouth a cruel blow.

"Speak not to me!" she cried again; and seizing her by the arm she pushed rather than dragged her up the garden-walk.

"Senora, you hurt my arm," said Ramona, still in the same calm voice. "You need not hold me. I will go with you. I am not afraid."

Was this Ramona? The Senora, already ashamed, let go the arm, and stared in the girl's face. Even in the twilight she could see upon it an expression of transcendent peace, and a resolve of which no one would have thought it capable. What does this mean?" thought the Senora, still weak, and trembling all over, from rage. "The hussy, the hypocrite!" and she seized the arm again.

This time Ramona did not remonstrate, but submitted to being led like a prisoner, pushed into her own room, the door slammed violently and locked on the outside.

All of which Margarita saw. She had known for an hour that Ramona and Alessandro were at the willows, and she had been consumed with impatience at the Senora's long absence. More than once she had gone to Felipe, and asked with assumed interest if he were not hungry, and if he and the Senorita would not have their supper.

"No, no, not till the Senora returns," Felipe had answered. He, too, happened this time to know where Ramona and Alessandro were. He knew also where the Senora had gone, and that she would be late home; but he did not know that there would be any chance of her returning by way of the willows at the brook, if he had known it he would have contrived to summon Ramona.

When Margarita saw Ramona shoved into her room by the pale and trembling Senora—saw the key turned, taken out, and dropped into the Senora's pocket—she threw her apron over her

head and ran into the back porch. Almost a remorse seized her. She remembered in a flash how often Ramona had helped her in times gone by—sheltered her from the Senora's displeasure. She recollected the torn altar-cloth. "Holy Virgin! what will be done to her now?" she exclaimed, under her breath. Margarita had never conceived of such an extremity as this. Disgrace, and a sharp reprimand, and a sundering of all relations with Alessandro—this was all Margarita had meant to draw down on Ramona's head. But the Senora looked as if she might kill her.

"She always did hate her, in her heart," reflected Margarita; "she shan't starve her to death, anyhow. I'll never stand by and see that. But it must have been something shameful the Senora saw, to have brought her to such a pass as this," and Margarita's jealousy again got the better of her sympathy. "Good enough for her. No more than she deserved. An honest fellow like Alessandro, that would make a good husband for any girl!" Margarita's short-lived remorse was over. She was an enemy again.

It was an odd thing how identical were Margarita's and the Senora's view and interpretation of the situation. The Senora looking at it from above, and Margarita looking at it from below, each was sure, and they were both equally sure, that it could be nothing more nor less than a disgraceful intrigue. Mistress and maid were alike incapable either of conjecturing or believing the truth.

As ill luck would have it—or was it good luck?—Felipe also had witnessed the scene in the garden-walk. Hearing voices, he had looked out of his window, and, almost doubting the evidence of his senses, had seen his mother violently dragging Ramona by the arm—Ramona pale, but strangely placid; his mother with rage and fury in her white face. The sight told its own tale to Felipe. Smiting his forehead with his hand, he groaned out: "Fool that I was, to let her be surprised; she has come on them unawares; now she will never, never forgive it!" And Felipe threw himself on his bed, to think what should be done. Presently he heard his mother's voice, still agitated, calling his name. He remained silent, sure she would soon seek him in his room. When she entered, and, seeing him on the bed, came swiftly towards him, saying, "Felipe, dear, are you ill?" he replied in a feeble voice, "No, mother, only tired a little to-night," and as she bent over him, anxious, alarmed, he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her warmly. "Mother mia!" he said, passionately, "what should I do without you?" The caress, the loving words, acted like oil on the troubled waters. They restored the Tenara, as nothing else could. What mattered anything, so long as she had her adoring and adorable son! And she would not speak to him, now that he was so tired, of this disgraceful and vexing matter of Alessandro. It could wait till morning. She would send him his supper in his room, and he would not miss Ramona perhaps.

"I will send your supper here, Felipe," she said; "you must not overdo; you have been walking too much. Lie still." And kissing him affectionately she went to the dining-room, where Margarita, vainly trying to look as if nothing had happened, was standing, ready to serve supper. When the Senora entered, with her countenance composed, and in her ordinary tones said: "Margarita, you can take Senor Felipe's supper into his room; he is lying down, and will not get up; he is tired." Margarita was ready to doubt if she had not been in a nightmare dream. Had she or had she not, within the last half hour, seen the Senora, shaking and speechless with rage, push the Senorita Ramona into her room, and lock her up there? She was so bewildered that she stood

still and gazed at the Senora with her mouth wide open.

"What are you staring at, girl?" asked the Senora, so sharply that Margarita jumped.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, Senora! And the Senorita will she come to supper? Shall I call her?" she said.

The Senora eyed her. Had she seen? Could she have seen? The Senora Moreno was herself again. So long as Ramona was under her roof, no matter what she herself might do or say to the girl, no servant should treat her with disrespect or know that aught was wrong.

"The Senorita is not well, she said, coldly. "She is in her room. I myself will take her some supper later if she wishes it. Do not disturb her." And the Senora returned to Felipe.

Margarita chuckled inwardly, and proceeded to clear the table she had spread with such malicious punctuality two short hours before. In those two short hours how much had happened!

"Small appetite for supper will our Senora have, I reckon," said the bitter Margarita, "and the Senor Alessandro also! I'm curious to see how he will carry himself."

But her curiosity was not gratified. Alessandro came not to the kitchen. The last of the herdsmen had eaten and gone; it was past nine o'clock, and no Alessandro. Slyly Margarita ran out and searched in some of the places where she knew he was in the habit of going; but Alessandro was not to be found. Once she brushed so near his hiding-place that he thought he was discovered, and was on the point of speaking, but luckily held his peace, and she passed on. Alessandro was hid behind the geranium clump at the chapel door; sitting on the ground, with his knees drawn up to his chin, watching Ramona's window. He intended to stay there all night. He felt that he might be needed; if Ramona wanted him she would either open her window and call, or would come out and go down through the garden-walk to the willows. In either case he would see her from the hiding-place he had chosen. He was racked by his emotions; mad with joy one minute, sick at heart with misgiving the next. Ramona loved him. She had told him so. She had said she would go away with him and be his wife. The words had just passed her lips at that dreadful moment when the Senora appeared in their presence. As he lived the scene over again he re-experienced the joy and the terror equally.

What was not that terrible Senora capable of doing? Why did she look at him and at Ramona with such loathing scorn? Since she knew that the Senorita was half Indian, why should she think it so dreadful a thing for her to marry an Indian man? It did not once enter into Alessandro's mind that the Senora could have had any other thought, seeing them as she did, in each other's arms. And again, what had he to give to Ramona? Could she live in a house such as he must live in—live as the Temecula woman lived? No! for her sake he must leave his people; must go to some town, must do—he knew not what—something to earn more money. Anguish seized him as he pictured to himself Ramona suffering deprivations. The more he thought of the future in this light, the more his joy faded, and his fear grew. He had never had sufficient hope that she could be his, to look forward thus to the practical details of life; he had only gone on loving, and in a vague way dreaming and hoping; and now—now, in a moment, all had been changed; in a moment he had spoken and she had spoken, and such words once spoken there was no going back; and he had put his arms around her, and felt her head on his shoulder, and kissed her! Yes, he, Alessandro, had kissed the Senorita Ramona, and she had been glad of it, and had kissed him on the lips, as no maiden kisses a

man unless she will wed with him—him, Alessandro! Oh, no wonder the man's brain whirled, as he sat there in the silent darkness, wondering, afraid, helpless; his love wrenched from him in the very instant of their first kiss—wrenched from him, and he himself ordered, by one who had the right to order him, to begone! What could an Indian do against a Moreno?

Would Felipe help him? Ay, there was Felipe! That Felipe was his friend Alessandro know with a knowledge as sure as the wild partridge's instinct for the shelter of her brood; but could Felipe move the Senora? Oh, that terrible Senora! What would become of them?

As in the instant of drowning, men are said to review in a second the whole course of their lives, so in this supreme moment of Alessandro's love there flashed through his mind vivid pictures of every word and act of Ramona's since he first knew her. He recollected the tone in which she had said, and the surprise with which he heard her say it, at the time of Felipe's fall, "You are Alessandro, are you not?" He heard again her soft-whispered prayers the first night Felipe slept on the veranda. He recalled her tender distress because the shears had had no dinner; the evident terribleness to her of a person going one whole day without food. "O God! will she always have food each day if she comes with me?" he said. And at the bare thought he was ready to flee away from her for ever. Then he recalled her look and her words only a few hours ago, when he first told her he loved her; and his heart took courage. She had said, "I know you love me, Alessandro, and I am glad of it, and had lifted her eyes to his, with all the love that a woman's eyes can carry; and when he threw his arms around her she had of her own accord come closer, and laid one hand on his shoulder, and turned her face to his. Ah! what else mattered! There was the whole world; if she loved him like this, nothing could make them wretched; his love would be enough for her—and for him hers was an empire.

It was indeed true, though neither the Senorita nor Margarita would have believed it, but this had been the first word of love ever spoken between Alessandro and Ramona, the first caress ever given, the first moment of unreserve. It had come about, as lovers' first words, first caresses, are so apt to do, unexpectedly, with no more premonition at the instant than there is of the instant of the opening of a flower. Alessandro had been speaking to Ramona of the conversation Felipe had with him in regard to remaining on the place, and asked her if she knew of the plan.

"Yes," she said; "I heard the Senora talking about it with Felipe some days ago."

"Was she against my staying?" asked Alessandro, quickly.

"I think not," said Ramona, "but I am not sure. It is not easy to be sure what the Senora wishes till afterward. It was Felipe that proposed it."

This somewhat enigmatical statement as to the difficulty of knowing the Senora's wishes was like Greek to Alessandro's mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Madame Navarro, once known and admired as the celebrated actress, Mary Anderson, is engaged writing her reminiscences, including recollections of the stage in America and Europe.

It is stated that ex-President Harrison was the only chief magistrate of note in the world who did not tender Leo XIII. congratulations on the occasion of his recent golden jubilee. The head of the Anglican church, Queen Victoria, did not fail to do so, but not a word from Mr. Harrison went to Rome last month.

Rev. Father Murphy, a member of the Trappist order, from Canada, spoke at High Mass at the Cathedral of Wheeling, W. Va., on last Sunday. Father Murphy's half hour talk was very interesting. He told of the rigor of monastory life, and took occasion to correct some erroneous impressions in the minds of non-Catholics.

Very Rev. P. F. Hylebos, V. G., of Tacoma, Wash., has been confirmed by Cardinal Gibbons as director of the new Catholic National Indian Bureau; with headquarters at Washington city. Father Hylebos has resided in the state of Washington since 1870 and has been very active in promoting evangelical work among Indians.

Secretary Culp of the World's Fair committee on ceremonies has set apart September 2d a "Catholic Education Day." Festival hall has been engaged for a celebration. The ceremonies will be carried out under the direction of Bishop Spalding. Archbishop Feohan will preside. Among the addresses will be one by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia.

It is said that William J. Scanlan, the actor who has been confined in Bloomingdale Asylum for some time past, is not expected to live much longer. He was reported dying one day last week and his wife was summoned to his bedside. Harry Kornell, another noted comedian, who was a companion in misery, died last week and was buried Wednesday from the Church of the Holy Innocents on West Thirty-seventh street.

One of the earliest callers at the Executive Mansion was the Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University of America, who presented to private Secretary Thurber a letter from Archbishop Satolli, Papal Delegate to America, congratulating Mr. Cleveland on his accession to the Presidency "particularly in the name of His Holiness the Pope." The letter was written in English on the official letter-head of the Catholic University.

King Oscar, of Sweden is a very simple-minded man. When he went to see the Pope he kissed the Holy Father on both cheeks. Such a salute was quite irregular, long usage having established the custom of kissing only the Pope's hand. This rule was only broken once, in the case of the late pontiff, by a president of the United States. General Grant simply shook him by the hands and said, "How do you do, sir?"

Rev. Patrick Corrigan, of Hoboken N. J., addressed his parishioners on the recent effort of the New Jersey Catholic clergy to have a bill passed that would allow them, or, more properly speaking, trustees, to secure part of the state school fund. The cause of the defeat of the bill he laid at Catholic doors and insinuated that more justice could be secured from Protestant legislators than from Catholic ones. He said the matter was not ended, but from this out the priests would educate their people so they would be in a position to demand justice.

It is rumored that President Cleveland is considering the advisability of appointing Prof Maurice Francis Egan of Notre Dame University, Indiana, as Minister to Greece. This may surprise Mr. Egan, who has filed no application, and who is believed to be unaware of any such prospective honors. Richard Watson Gilder of the Century, who is an intimate friend of the Cleavelands and of Mr. Egan, is understood to have asked that Mr. Egan be appointed, and Chairman Harrity, another friend and admirer of Egan, has seconded the request. Truxton Beale, Blaine's young friend, at present holds the place.

The Society of the Secret, an ally of the A. P. A., with much of the secret grip and password, have issued the following circular at St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—Pursuant to the coming city election we solicit your attention to the insidious encroachments of the Roman Catholic hierarchy into the direction of our municipal affairs. The Roman Catholics have monopolized our public offices for thirty years, and we deem it high time for all intolligent citizens to seriously consider this matter and not permit themselves to be intimidated by Roman Catholic politicians, but to cast their ballots against the Romanist on either ticket. Trusting that you will think favorably of our cause, we remain respectfully, THE SOCIETY OF THE SECRET.

Beware of Cholera.

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