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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 42.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The dullness of last week was relieved by another political picnic. It is very much with politicians as with ladies—what the neighbors have they must have, and if possible go one better. It was Mr. McCarthy's turn this time, and he pitched his tent at Lis-towel last Thursday, accompanied by Colonel O'Brien. The latter, addressing the crowd, considered that there were two elements at work in this country altogether dissimilar and yet producing the same results—the one ecclesiastical, striving to exercise an influence which ought to be confined to spiritual matters, and the other is the trade policy, which, however useful it may have been in its time, has fallen into the disrepute of the gallant colonel. It is not a question of the country choosing between God and mammon—the scene presents to the eyes of McCarthy and O'Brien the strange picture of religion and mammon combining against the country. He criticised severely Sir John Thompson's course in regard to the Manitoba Schools, and particularly "the decision of the Government to pay the costs of the appeal to the Privy Council." What was more terrible was that every man and woman had been compelled to contribute to the cost of that appeal "to enable the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba to override the majority after the Privy Council had declared that the majority was in the right." That is a one-sided way of putting the case, more calculated to arouse bitterness than establish justice. Roman Catholics have no wish to override their neighbors, but they will not, and at the proper time they will prove their word through the length and breadth of the land, they will not have demagogues trample upon them and what they hold dearest and most sacred.

The speech made by Mr. McCarthy contained nothing new. A repetition of what he has frequently said before, a variation of Col. O'Brien's tune, it traces briefly the history of the Manitoba Schools. He then appealed to the Ontario people who had sent their sons to the West not to allow the question to be changed. But either the weather or the cause was at fault. The leader of the third party aroused no enthusiasm.

The salutary policy and the diplomatic talent of the Holy Father appears in his action on the patriarchal See of Venice, which was vacant a few months ago. Austria and Italy had both contended for the right of nominating a candidate. The former's claim was based upon the fact that the right had been given the Emperors by previous Popes. Italy contended that since the unity of the

Peninsula Austria had been forced to give up its pretensions to Venice, and she had no right to nominate Bishops in territory not her own. The Holy Father stepped in and argued that the privilege had never been given to Italy, and as it had been given to Austria under conditions which could no longer be fulfilled, it therefore belonged to neither of them. His Holiness appointed Monsignor Sarto, and thereby prevented a breach in the Triplo alliance.

This decision did not satisfy King Humbert. After his nomination Cardinal Sarto applied for what is called the *exequatur*, without which he cannot enjoy his benefice or appoint any parish priest. If he does so all such benefices pass to the empty coffers of the Quirinal. So far the Government has not granted the decree. Thus does the usurper strive to take vengeance on the venerable Head of the Church.

The full text of another encyclical from the Holy Father appears in our English exchanges in regard to the establishment of clerical Seminaries in the East Indies.

Dwelling briefly upon the labors of St. Thomas the Apostle and of St. Francis Xavier the Supreme Pontiff reminds the Catholic world of the establishment of regular dioceses by himself in 1886. But the point to which he calls special attention, and which is of the gravest importance, is the raising up of a native clergy, "a clergy who shall not only assist the foreign missionaries, but shall themselves be able to undertake the administration of Christianity among their own people. Such a clergy would understand the disposition and customs of their countrymen, and would dwell amongst them without aversion or suspicion. The lack of sufficient numbers which would decrease rather than increase should political difficulties arise between Europe and Asia, show the necessity thereof. Finally the history of the Church from Apostolic times teaches that it has been the custom everywhere, first to instruct the multitude in the doctrines of Christ, and, next, to choose out from amongst the people certain persons to be ordained to the Priesthood, and to be promoted to the Episcopate itself."

In order to advance the great work of the education of candidates for the priesthood of India the Holy Father appeals to the Catholics of all lands.

The martyr of charity amongst the lepers, Father Damien, is not to remain unhonored. The National Leprosy Fund of Great Britain, of which the Prince of Wales is Honorary President, present a monument to his memory, consisting of a marble cross,

which stands at Molokai, the scene of his labors, his suffering and his death—the scene of perpetual horror. It was lately unveiled with becoming ceremony. The Bishop of Panopolis and Vicar-Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands, robed in his Episcopal habit, blessed the cross, which was formally presented to his Lordship by the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, Mr. Stiles. The English Church Bishop of Honolulu and several Government officials were witnesses of the affecting scene, which opened with the leper band playing *Nearer my God to Thee*. Mr. Stiles, during his speech, touched upon the life of Father Damien, and making the presentation, said:

"Your Lordship and the people of Kalawao, I have been delegated by his Excellency the President of the Provisional Government to come hither and place in charge of the Catholic Church this memorial monument, the gift of the National Leprosy Fund of Great Britain, the Honorary President of which Association is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. This monument—the type of enduring faith—brings you this message. All that human effort can do for you is being done. It is a token from a far distant land, assuring you of the sympathy and compassion of the outside world in your affliction. In the busy mart of the world's commercial centre, amid the strife for gain and political supremacy, a philanthropic organization has sprung up Phoenix-like from the ashes of a humble servant of the Catholic Church—Father Damien composed of men renowned in the service of the State, the Church, in the profession of medicine and surgery, and in civil life, whose leader is England's future King. Their sole aim and object is to discover a balm for those afflicted with leprosy, to bring the torch of medical science to enlighten the gloom that has so long surrounded thousands of its victims in every land and clime. It is the wish of the donors that this tribute to the memory and life-work of Father Damien should be placed here in your midst. It is not only an evidence of their reverence and esteem for the dead Father, and for the purpose of honouring his last resting place, but also an assurance to you, his fellow-sufferers, of their earnest and continued efforts for your relief.

"A humble servant of the Catholic Church, a noble Christian Martyr, his best efforts and, finally, his life, were freely given to the task of solacing both spiritually and physically those that are compelled to dwell in this valley. How appropriate, therefore, are the words inscribed on this stone by his English admirers: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The cross was then unveiled, and the Bishop of PANOPOLIS, addressing Mr. Stiles, said:

In the name of the Catholic Mission I accept this beautiful monument, sent here by a Committee of English people, presided over by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and erected by the Hawaiian Government. I beg you to convey my heartfelt thanks to both His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Hawaiian Government for their appreciation of the good deeds of good Father Damien. I know him very well because I spent the first five years of my missionary life with him, and I was present when he knelt down and asked the Right Rev. Bishop Maigret to grant him leave to come here and spend his life for the consolation of these poor afflicted ones. So of him, and of the Fathers and Sisters now living here, we can truly repeat the words engraved on this monument, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Another of Oxford's great scholars, Professor Jowett, and one who was in an honorable position when the Tractarian movement was at its height,

has been removed by death. Born in 1817, educated at St. Paul's School, a fellow of Balliol College in 1839, and a Tutor from 1842 till 1870, when he was appointed Master, his influence was second only to that of Newman. In earlier years the warm friend of W. G. Ward, he seemed at one time nearing the Catholic Church, but, like many another, drifted away, and belonged to the Broad Church party. He formed one of the seven authors of the celebrated Essays and Reviews written some thirty years ago to counteract the influence of the Tractarians, to which series Jowett contributed an essay on the interpretation of Scripture. But his reputation is more firmly established upon his knowledge of Greek, and especially his incomparable translation of Plato.

The Russian fleet have paid their visit to Toulon in France, where they were received with great cordiality. Festivities of all kinds were the order of the day, and the citizens vied with one another in showing their visitors all possible attention. Germany looks calmly on, with an expressed understanding that Russia prefers to revive closer relations with her rather than to risk an alliance with France, whether the commercial convention now in hand is signed or not.

The celebrated yacht race for the American cup took place off Sanly Hook last Friday, and resulted in a victory for the American yacht, *Vigilant*, against the English yacht, *Valkyrie*, belonging to Lord Dunraven. It took the *Valkyrie* 2 hours 6 minutes and 45 seconds, and the *Vigilant* 2 hours 8 minutes and 35 seconds to make the 15-mile beat, with a slight advantage for the English yacht. The *Vigilant*, although a half a mile behind at the turn, managed to pick up on her rival and closed on her weather quarter. The Englishman took a hand in the same game and again shot ahead. In the midst of one of these mishaps occurred to the English yacht, when a little split appeared in the inner back of the cutter's spinnaker, and the *Valkyrie* lost the race and left the cup to America.

Sir Thomas Wyndham Quin, Earl of Dunraven and Mount Earl, to whom the yacht *Valkyrie* belongs, comes from an Irish family of great antiquity. The greater number of Irish noblemen are of Norman extraction, but the Dunraven family are purely Celtic. They trace, like the O'Brien family, their origin directly from Connac Cas, son of Gillium Olum, who was King of Ireland somewhere about the middle of the third century of the Christian era. In ancient times they had their stronghold at Inchiquin, which derives its name from the Quin's. Another way of spelling the name is Coyne.

## A PROTESTANT SERMON.

The A. P. A. and Catholics.

The *Catholic Columbian* contains a full report of a sermon delivered at Columbus, Ohio, by a Rev. Mr. Milne, Congregationalist minister of that city, from which we take the following longly but deserving extract. The Rev. gentleman took for his text: "They will put you out of the synagogues: Yea the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God. And these things will they do to you, because they have not known the Father nor me."

Referring directly to the A. P. Association Mr. Milne said:

We have an example of this spirit in our midst to-day in the attitude of a secret organization known as the A. P. A., which letters stand for the American Protective Association. Their avowed aim, as stated in the title and enunciated in the principles as published in the organs which represent the association, one can find very little fault with. Though they are a secret society they have made themselves public to some degree. They have their newspapers; addresses are publicly made by avowed champions of the order; they have gone into politics, and candidates are given to understand that if they do not agree with the ideas of the members of the society they will suffer for it. The community have been practically told that the A. P. A. proposes to see that certain things are done. They are not at all backward in declaring their animosity against a certain class of our citizens—those of the Roman Catholic faith. All these things being so, the public who are outside cannot be blamed for seeking all information accessible as to the principles of this order and the methods they propose to employ. It is a legitimate subject for public discussion. In addition to the information given out by the members of the order, the public have had an alleged expose of the inner working and its obligations made. It is understood, by a force of detectives who made their way into the various lodges or councils, and reported what they saw and heard. The substantial correctness of these reports has not been challenged. If they are at all incorrect, it becomes the duty of the order, having taken such a position in public life, to make the necessary corrections and give the requisite information. What I shall say this evening depends upon the correctness of that expose. A somewhat hazardous proceeding but for the fact that all I care for is one part of it and for the correctness of that I have other evidence from several persons, which puts it beyond question.

Each member of the order takes a solemn oath, placing his right hand upon his heart, and, among other things, swears, "that I will use my influence to promote the interests of all Protestants everywhere in the world: that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, if I can procure the services of a Protestant," at the close of which he says, "To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen." The first clause about promoting the interests of Protestants everywhere is harmless. No Protestant ought to require an oath to lead him to do that. The gist of the oath is in the second clause I quoted: "That I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity if I can procure the services of a Protestant." That I maintain is un-Christian, and I ask you to follow me candidly while I show my reasons for the faith that is in me.

I am well aware of the seriousness of this step. I have lived long enough in the world to learn that one cannot attack the prejudices of others without arousing antagonisms and sometimes, in extreme cases, a spirit of hatred.

Men are not always grateful to those who seek to show them the truth, if the truth is unpalatable. Only a sense of duty would lead me to deliver this discourse. As pastor of this church I am responsible before God for teaching the truth of His word. If I see them going astray I must warn them. If they have wandered unthinkingly from the straight and narrow path, I must endeavor to bring them back. If the church is being compromised before the community I must seek to place her in a right position. I should be utterly unfaithful to my duty as a minister of Christ if I did not attempt to do all these things, even at the risk of misunderstanding, misrepresentation, opposition, abuse and hatred. I will not say that I do not care for these things, because I do; but the burden of a conscious unfaithfulness to Christ would be far heavier to bear. I will bear anything that man may or can do rather than carry such an intolerable weight. I realize, therefore, what I am doing; but I have this helping thought, that the greatest compliment I can pay to any man is to tell him the truth, to appeal to his reason, his judgment, his sense of justice, his love of fair play, his Christian character. To you, then, as to honest men, I appeal and beseech you to hear me fairly, while I seek to show you all that is involved in this oath which the members of the A. P. A. have taken upon themselves.

It is said that there is nothing objectionable in this, that it is simply what we all do, more or less, when we have a preference for our own. Viewed in this light it seems very innocent. There is a natural preference for those who are nearest to us. Our affections and interests are limited. Every man has greater regard for his own wife and children and relatives than for any others. They have the first place in his thoughts; they claim the most tender part of his affections. He may have a benevolent regard for other people outside, but in the nature of the case he cannot have such deep and tender feelings for them as for his own.

If there is any good thing he can do, any help or happiness he can give, he will think first of his own, of those who are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. This is natural; it is a wise provision of the Heavenly Father. But, beautiful and tender as this feeling is, it may be carried too far. It may become selfishness of a larger kind. There may be a family as well as an individual selfishness. The man who thinks only of his own relatives, and has no room in his mind and heart for other friends and interests is not a very noble order of mankind. The highest conception is not, my family against the world, but my family for the sake of the world; as the truest patriot is not he who holds his country against the world, but he who loves his country for the sake of the world. In the same manner there is a natural tendency in the necessary relations of life, to deal with those whom we like, whom we know, who agree with us, who are associated with us in any way. Thus members of orders, secret or not, will help their fellow members more readily than others. In some cases this is the aim of the order—to help one another. They are bonded together for that purpose; they pay their dues with the understanding that they will be cared for when they need care. They get simply what they pay for. But apart from that, in all the relations of life, in business and society, they will naturally prefer their own. Yet, again, we are justified in saying that this may be carried too far. A man's thoughts ought not to be limited by an order. Beyond the order is the community and the nation, and beyond all is mankind.

If this national preference be all that is intended by this pledge,

although we might find fault with it as limited, yet we could not inveigh against it. But this is not all; there is a great deal more. We should not think it very admirable if a man avowed the sentiment that he cared only for his family, his friends, the members of his order or of his church. If he states it, writes it down, declares it the principle of his life, takes an oath before God, that he will live according to it—it becomes a very different thing. An element of intense narrowness and selfishness immediately attaches to it. Now this objection holds against this oath taken by members of the A. P. A. They swear to it in an impressive form. This may seem too subtle or insignificant for you. But there is a great deal more than this. Suppose it takes a negative form. Suppose a man takes a solemn oath that he will not in any way help a certain class of his fellow-men, that, as here, he will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, and it becomes utterly selfish and malicious. The difference between the natural preference a man has for his friends, and his solemn oath that he will not in any way help, but that is too mild, that he will as far as lies in his power make it impossible for other people to live, may seem trifling, but the chasm between the two positions is as wide as that between heaven and hell. For consider what is involved in it. The exact words are "that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity." A man's employment is that whereby he gains his living. It feeds and clothes himself and all those dependent upon him. It surrounds his children with the comforts and advantages of life, gives them pianos, pictures, books, medical attendance, sickness and enables him to bury his dead in a manner befitting a civilized man and a Christian. To take employment from a man means all these things, it means making him and his, his wife, his children, the aged ones who look to him for bread and shelter, outcasts in society doomed to starve or be supported by public charity. You object, and say that you intend none of these things. Perhaps not, but all this is involved in the oath that members of the A. P. A. take upon themselves. If men band themselves together to a certain course they surely regard it as desirable. If the aim is good, the more who seek to realize it the better. If the members of this society are at all honest, they surely must seek the increase of their membership; they strive to get as many as possible to join and take the same obligations as themselves; and their aim can be nothing less than this to enroll every Protestant citizen in their ranks and get each one to swear that he "will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity." That done what must be the result? Either all Roman Catholics must live by themselves, in separate communities, or they will be treated as outcasts in society. They can have no employment, and the Roman Catholic father, deprived of the means of earning his bread, must see his wife and children grow more hollow-eyed, weaker and ghastly with hunger, as the days go by. He must see his child dying in the mother's arms while her hot tears fall upon the wan, pinched countenance of the helpless babe, tears for the bitterness of sectarian hate. All this he must endure, or seek the cold, heartless charity of the poor-house. And this state of affairs we will bring about in the name of God and for the glory of His holy name. O religion, what crimes are wrought in thy name!

But some one has it upon his lips to say, "But, Mr. Milne you have forgotten something. You have left out some words. The oath is, 'I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, if I can procure the services of a Protestant.'" Well, let us con-

sider that calmly and without passion or prejudice to see if it removes the difficulty. What effect can that have upon a Catholic. Nothing more or worse than that can be done to him. It is clear that in nearly all cases (the exceptions would be so few that they are not worth mentioning, our communities being as they are) this would shut all Roman Catholics out of employment. The cases are very rare indeed—I cannot think of any—where Catholics have an absolute monopoly in any line of business. In all cases they have Protestant competitors into whose hands all business would go from their fellow-Protestants. There is no way of softening the harshness of the edict in this. But consider this further suggestion. What is the real meaning of this, "I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity if I can procure the services of a Protestant." When I desire to employ a man, I do not usually think of benefit to him but to myself. He does work for me to increase my comfort, or happiness; he gives me something I desire to have. What does it mean out this, that in case I can not find any one else to do some work I desire, I will employ a Roman Catholic. It would be foolishness for me to go without food simply because I could get no Protestant cook. It would be foolishness to cause myself suffering or inconvenience in any case for the same reason. Of course, then, I will hire a Roman Catholic rather than go without anything. I will not hurt myself any. I am not a fool. Stated briefly, it means this, "I will do all the hurt I can to Roman Catholics, unless it involves hurting myself."

It is no escape from this to say that they do not mean to do any hurt to Roman Catholics. They do not intend to shoot, or poison, or hang them, not even to throw stones at them. No, they take a far more effective means than any of these. They will deprive them of the means of earning their bread and thus they will put them to death by the slow process of starvation. It is but stating the naked fact in the case when we say that the meaning is: "I will do all in my power to hurt Roman Catholics except when it will involve hurting myself." That is, selfishness is added to sectarian prejudice and hatred and men imagine that the injection of this selfish consideration makes it harmless and unobjectionable. Understood then in the logical outcome of its principles are we not justified in denouncing it as un-Christian? Sometimes human language is inadequate to express our thoughts. And I find a difficulty in properly characterizing this oath. It is not only un-Christian, it is absolutely selfish, inhuman and despicable. It seems harmless at first, but it is like a nest of devils hidden among fair and innocent looking flowers. It is an engagement prepared by the spirit of evil to ensnare and to lead astray human souls. It smells of the brimstone of the pit.

The oath calls for a violation of the great principle of freedom of conscience. It is an evidence of a man's insight and love of truth when he sees a principle involved in the case of another with whom he may have in general very little sympathy, and when it is imperilled goes quickly and willingly to the rescue. Liberty means not only liberty for me, but liberty for my neighbour. There is a very striking passage in Macaulay's essay on Milton, "Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the



beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She growls, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be regarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory."

For liberty we plead, liberty for Roman Catholic as well as for Protestant. He who strikes at liberty when she appears by the side of a Roman Catholic is seeking to drive a dagger into the heart of his own best friend. Whether a Roman Catholic shall be elected for this or that office, or whether he shall be employed to do this or that piece of work, may be in itself a small matter, but that any man, Catholic or Protestant, Buddhist or free-thinker, shall have the right to live and enjoy the privileges of citizenship in this country; that is a principle worth fighting for, and if need be, worth dying for.

I am not a fanatic, neither am I rash and hot-headed. Those of you who have been accustomed to hearing me, Sunday after Sunday, know that I am careful in public speech, that when I say a thing I know why I say it. I have not been led into this position hastily. For months I have meditated upon it. I have turned it over and over in my mind and have sought light on it. I have considered it in the rush of day; have pondered it deeply in the calm, clear night, with the mystery of the midnight over and around all; I have looked at it again in the clear, pure light of the morning when the mind is refreshed and strong; I have gazed upon it with eyes purified by prayer, and in the glowing light of God's holy word, and no other conclusion than this can I reach—that this oath is un-American, un-Christian, inhuman, utterly selfish and despicable. Do not misunderstand me as branding all who have taken it as un-Christian and inhuman. Far from that. Its real character is disclosed only by close and careful scrutiny. Many, perhaps most men, who have taken it have done so with the thought that they were doing God service. It was an expression of their patriotism and their desire to advance the truth. That I grant willingly. But I maintain and insist that they have been misled, and if they are true men they will repudiate it as soon as its true character has been disclosed. If they are not true men it makes very little difference what they do. If they will not aid but rather resist the on-sweeping of truth, justice and liberty, they will be crushed.

I appeal to you as true men to set yourselves right in this matter. I have good reason to believe that there are members of this church who have joined this organization and have taken its oath. That they did so with any thought of harm to any one I do not and will not believe. But I should be absolutely unfaithful as a minister of Christ and unworthy of your confidence and love if I did not point out their error and warn them of its consequences. The message is as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones and I cannot forbear uttering it. And I warn you solemnly, as I never warned you before that if you have taken that oath you have not only taken a stand against liberty, but you have joined yourself with the forces of the devil. And I exhort you in the name of our country, and for the honor of our Protestant churches, and for the glory of Christ to come out of the midst of it and cleanse yourself from its defilements.

Believe me, this movement, although started in the name of our Protestant

Christianity is a reproach to it. Our American Protestantism has been disgraced by it. The literature it has sent forth is a reproach to our public school system, an insult to our intelligence, and a damage to our churches. Who are the men who are members of it! No one will deny that great numbers of them are not only not members of our churches but they are very rarely seen inside of them. How much can we value a man's enthusiasm for the Bible when he never reads it? And how much is a man's religion worth who never worships? That man whose sole religious characteristic is a hatred of Roman Catholics has not a very clear title to a place in glory and a crown of righteousness. Shall we seek for the champions of Protestantism among the men who are outside of our churches and not among those who are the leaders of our churches. Protestantism does not want and utterly repudiates help of that kind. If these men want to build up the cause of Protestant Christianity let them be found as faithful members of our churches; loving one another as Christ gave commandment, doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

#### Wedding Wreaths of the Nations.

The wreath which graces the head of the bride on her wedding day has been sung by more poets, even the great ones like Schiller, than any other chaplet of fame or honor. In the early days the Jews saw in the wreath the sign of what, for them, was most beautiful and precious—the promised land, and of the myrtle and bridal crown was woven. Later this myrtle wreath became the symbol of womanly purity, and as such is worn by every girl bride in Germany. In many parts of Germany the sprigs from which the wreath shall be twined must be taken at a fixed hour of the night between certain holidays. And in both Denmark and Germany families possess myrtle trees which have, for quite a generation or more, furnished the bridal wreaths at family weddings. In Greece the myrtle and the rose were considered the favorite flowers of Venus, the twining of the two together signifying the union of love and virtue. In England, in France, and in Poland, as in America, the orange blossom reigns supreme in wedding chaplets. In Italy the white rose has taken the place of the evergreen and fragrant myrtle wreath. In Spain it is the red, red rose that adorns a bride, and Portugal's wedding flower is the carnation.

#### Silence.

Very few men know how to keep still. The Italians have a proverb, "Hear, see, and say nothing, if you wish to live in peace." The man who is bent on telling all he knows generally ends by telling a great deal more than he knows. The tongue is harder to bridle than the wildest horse that ever roamed the prairie. The Germans say truly that talking comes by nature, while silence comes of the understanding.

Simeon adopted the following rules for the conduct of his life:—1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a different account would be given in the matter.

#### The Best Restorative Against Debility.

There is nothing more precious, and particularly efficacious in restoring strength that has been lowered by disease or by difficult digestion, than Almoxia Wine. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all drug gists.

#### Thieving Characteristics of the Mink.

Probably the most cunning of all animals is the mink. Its propensity for thieving is marvellous, and the methods of stealing and the manner of hiding the proceeds of its robberies are unique in the history of the lower species. I do not refer here to the depredations of the mink among poultry; for they only resort to the bonneries when the waters are frozen, or a supply of fish is unobtainable. I allude only to the instinctive love of thieving which is a prime characteristic of this valuable little animal, and I shall illustrate this feature by giving two examples of the skill of the mink when engaged in a robbery.

Two gentlemen were fishing on one of the rivers of Maine. The fish were quite plenty, and as fast as one was caught, it was thrown behind on the grass. After some time one of the gentlemen thought he would take a rest, and at the same time examine his capture. But he could not find a single fish. He charged his friend with having played him a trick; but the friend was as surprised as was he. They now determined to watch their next fish, and their astonishment was unbounded when they saw a mink run out from a hole near by, snatch up the fish, and carry it off to the hole, where they afterwards found their entire capture cunningly hidden under some dead leaves.

In the same manner the mink steals the game which sportsmen shoot. On one occasion a gentleman shot a wild duck, but before the dogs could get to it a mink had stolen it, and carried it off to a hole in the frozen snow, which one mink had prepared while the other was watching for the opportunity to steal the sportsman's game.

Notwithstanding this peculiar characteristic, the mink is a brave as well as ferocious little fellow, and is only excelled in these two qualities by the ermine. He seems to have a particular aversion for the musk-rat, and although the latter is generally more than double his size, the mink attacks him fearlessly, and always wins the battle, after which he drags his dead enemy to some hiding place, as in the cases of the fish and wild duck. They are found in almost every State of the Union, but most frequently in Maine and in the States bordering the great lakes. They are easily domesticated, and Mr. Resseque, of Verona, Oneida County, New York, has nearly a hundred of these interesting little animals, which he has trained as ratters—after the same fashion that ferrets are trained in England. They are also bred and reared in captivity for their fur, which is very valuable, and forms an important part in the furs of commerce. —*Harpers' Young People.*

#### A Brave Young Priest.

While atheism and incredulity are waging a fierce war against religion in France, the clergy is pursuing the even tenor of its way in doing good. Abbe Klein, a young priest of the diocese of Dijon, was employed as a preceptor. As he was taking a walk with his pupils in the country one of them was bitten on the knee by a viper. The leg immediately swelled, and the sore tumefied. They were at a distance from the town, and no medical assistance was at hand. The priest at once made an incision with his pen-knife and commenced to suck the poison with all his might. His mouth was full of the tainted blood; but it mattered not, the child must be saved, and no time was to be lost. After a while the leg resumed its natural condition, and they hastily started home. But the young patient soon became weak and complained piteously. The wound was again assuming an ugly bluish look, and the leg was swelling anew. The work was to be done over; the preceptor again applied his lips to the sore place, and drew the poison with redoubled

energy; at last he succeeded, and the child was saved. Every body looked for the brave young priest to be dangerously sick; but he happily escaped with a slight indisposition. These are the men whom the French republic is persecuting as public enemies.—*Indianapolis Catholic Record.*

#### A Noble Purpose.

There are many joys in life, but few that are so pure, so intense, and so satisfying as the joy of a noble purpose. It is a strange thing that men and women go on year after year fully believing, in spite of experience, that happiness comes only with realization. They are ever looking forward to the time when something will be finished as the season of enjoyment; the time spent in pursuing, endeavoring, achieving is reckoned as a necessary road to be trodden, and made tolerable only by the thought of what it leads to—a needful toil to be performed made endurable only by the results that are to follow. No one seems to think that in the march itself there can be any other pleasure than that of having been over so much ground and being so much nearer the desired object. Yet this is certainly an illusion. It is in the purpose itself and in the active exercise of the faculties required to carry it out, that the chief happiness of life is found.

#### Legend of the Looking Glass.

Who ever heard it stated that a looking glass was first invented to spite a pretty woman? And how would it be possible to spite a woman by showing her a perfect reflection of her own dainty self? Well, according to Japanese mythology, the deity presiding over the sun and furnishing light to the world became infuriated at some trifle and hid herself away in a cave, thus depriving humanity of a very necessary element. In order to induce her to come out the mirror was invented and placed in the cave. The beautiful goddess, seeing another beautiful goddess within those narrow confines, immediately departed, and the people took care that never again should she enter the precincts of a cave. And so that most valued of woman's treasures was invented for spite, but for what a different purpose has it served.

#### A New Toaster.

A toaster that will allow of the bread being toasted on both sides without being removed or handled after being once fixed is indeed a novelty. Such a contrivance has lately been introduced to the house furnishing trade which has the advantage and also does away with the prongs of the ordinary toasting fork. Instead of these tines a clip somewhat resembling a spring clothespin is provided to hold the bread in place. To reverse the bread it is only necessary to turn the toaster top side down, and the bread swings over its untoasted side toward the fire.

#### A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

The death is announced of Charles Purdon Coote, D. L., on Sept. 19th, at his residence, in Malloy. Deceased was a director of the Great Southern and Western Railway company.

Pride dries the tears of anger and vexation; humility those of grief. The one is indignant that we should suffer, the other calms us by the reminder that we deserve nothing else.—*Madame Switshine.*

Conformity to the Divine will is the treasure of a good Christian, and it eminently comprises mortification, perfect submission, renunciation of self, imitation of Jesus Christ, union with God, and in general all the virtues, which are virtues only because they are conformable to the will of God which is the origin and rule of all perfection.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

## THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

As Seen by Rama.

Away down in the east end of the city a stately pile of buildings stands back from the street, behind a high wall that shuts out from the passer-by the sight of the pretty grounds still gay with the glory of the late summer flowers, which contrast so well with the smooth green lawns, overshadowed by many fine old trees.

A palace it is, this mansion of which I speak, and yet within its walls you will find only those who are absolutely destitute of this world's goods—for it is, indeed, a palace of the poor. The name it bears is a very beautiful one when one realizes the meaning of it and the absolute truth of the fact which it implies, a name you will already have guessed, I am sure—the House of Providence.

I spent such a pleasant afternoon lately within its grey walls and I was so touched and interested by much I saw there, that I think you will like me to tell you about it.

"I am going to see the House of Providence," I said to Mary, "don't you want to come with me?"

She was delighted at the idea, and the wee one, having also implied that it was the will of her ladyship to accompany us, we started out, a happy trio, saying, as we walked in the bright sunlight, that it seemed good indeed to be alive on such a glorious day.

Mary has always lived in the west end of the city, and so the quaint old shops and houses one sees east of Berkeley street interested her mightily.

As we passed inside the high gateway, up the wooden walk to the principal entrance, we noticed groups of old men and women out in the grounds enjoying the warm October sunshine, which seemed to me to be typical of the warmth which love and kindness had brought into the declining days of their own lives.

Wee children, too, ran about merrily, as happy and unconscious of aught but the enjoyment of the hour as are any of the petted darlings so safely cradled in the homes of our wealthy friends.

The door was opened for us by a Sister with a bright, cheery face, which was surrounded by the snowy linen worn by the members of her order, the Sisters of St. Joseph.

"Why, certainly, we are always glad to see visitors," was the answer to my enquiry as to whether it would be convenient to show us through the building, and we were at once taken up stairs to a small reception-room, where, presently, two other Sisters came to us, and, after a few words of kindly welcome, offered to be our guides.

First we visited the house chapel, a beautiful place indeed, with gothic arches and cloisteries on either side.

"This chapel is quite full when we are all here," said my Sister, "for there are over six hundred of us altogether."

Of course the doors are always open as they should be in all God's houses everywhere—and, I fancy, it is seldom, if ever, that the quiet chapel is without some silent worshipper within its consecrated walls.

"The Sisters form the choir now since the children over four years of age were sent to Sunnyside," continued my Sister. "We miss their young voices, for they used to sing so sweetly."

We next were taken up more stairs to see the nurseries—first into a room with rows of tiny cribs, in one of which lay sleeping a beautiful baby boy, about six months old, with fluffy curls of gold around his head, and his fat thumb stuck in his mouth, making a picture an artist would love to paint.

As Mary's Sister opened the door into the next room we saw, for a moment, a circle of tiny chairs, containing two tots of from two to four

years, with two or three still younger children playing on the floor in the centre of the ring, while a woman, with a baby in her arms, was amusing them by telling them a story.

I say we saw this for a moment, for as soon as they saw us there was a perfect stampede towards us, and a friendliness shown by uplifted faces and hands held out to us that was quite remarkable. Fear there was none, and it was very evident that, while these children regarded the Sisters as indeed their best friends, they were quite willing to include us also among the objects of their attentions.

Some of them were puny, delicate little creatures, with odd old faces that seemed to speak of hard lives and wretchedness long before their feeble span began.

"Many of them are just left at the gate," said the Sister. "We take them in and try our best to bring them up to live good and useful lives."

The woman with the baby in her arms is a poor young wife, with four children, whose husband has gone away to seek the work he could not get here, leaving her in the meantime destitute.

As soon as her baby can be left she will go out to service, and in the meantime she and her four little ones have found a home and a shelter.

In an adjoining room stood a row of little cradles, nearly all occupied by babies, some asleep, some enjoying a bottle of milk, and one or two sitting up and amusing themselves in true baby fashion. Here, again, there was a marked contrast in the appearances of the children, some being beautiful babies in form and feature, plump and rosy as one of Raphael's cherubs, while others had pinched faces, sunken heads, and that starved appearance which is so piteous when seen in young children.

Two, in particular, looked as if their little lives were ebbing fast away.

"Poor wee lambs," said Sister, as we passed out.

Down stairs again, we went into room after room, devoted to the old women. Cheery old souls, most of them, in spite of the cruel rheumatism which racked so many of the enfeebled frames.

"Well, granny, how are you to-day?" said Mary's Sister, to an old woman of ninety.

"Nicely, thank you, Sister," was the reply.

"How long have you been here? Ever since the house was built?"

"Why, Sister, don't you know? I came before this house was built at all, when we were in the little old house, nigh forty years ago," the old woman answered.

Several of the old women are bed-ridden, either from old age or disease, and one poor creature's hands are so deformed and twisted by rheumatism that they are quite useless to her.

One could not help being struck with the spotless cleanliness everywhere throughout the building, with the cheerful brightness of the rooms, and, more especially, with the good fellowship and affection that evidently exists between the Sisters and the old and young under their charge.

"A bright, merry family they seem to be," I think to myself, as we move about, noting mentally the allusion to jokes and fun which had gone before.

In the large work-room I saw that many of the women were sitting idle, and the Sister in charge explained that their stock of yarn and "pieces" was quite exhausted.

"Poor old women, they love to have a piece of knitting or patching to do," she said.

"You would like some contributions of yarn, then?" I queried, thinking I could rely on the generous hearts of my *Globe* readers to give some.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she said, earnestly, "or patches of any kind, or old

clothes and old linen—indeed, we can use almost anything here."

"I think I can promise you some," I said; and you will help me to keep my promise, dear reader, will you not? for your charity is as wide, I know, as that of these Sisters, who make no distinction of creed or race, but who provide for all who need their help.

And you, out-of-town reader, cannot you make up a parcel now, at once, and send it by mail, express or freight, addressing it simply to, "The Sisters of St. Joseph, House of Providence, Toronto"? If you have any copies of illustrated papers, even if they are back numbers, put them in also, as well as some stories, in good-sized print, and the old eyes that will read them eagerly, and enjoy them, will bless you for the treat you have given them.

One blind girl was doing some beautiful knitted lace, and it seemed wonderful to see how faultlessly she kept the somewhat intricate pattern and how even were the stitches.

Several cases of epilepsy are cared for within these walls, one of which is a young man who, the Sister said, made himself extremely useful in helping to care for the sick and in dressing wounds.

The old men's rooms were a counterpart of those of the women—the beds, with their snowy counterpanes (tufted by the women) and neat pillowshams, looking most inviting.

One man we spoke to had been in bed for sixteen years.

"Well, John, how are you to-day?"

"Quite well, Sister," he answered, brightly.

"A little tired of lying there, though?" she said.

"Well, yes, I do get tired some times," he replied, "but then, you know, it can't be helped."

There are several dining-rooms in the building, the tables in which are covered neatly with white cloths, and the white dishes with which they were set fairly sparkled in their cleanliness.

Down in the basement we visited the big kitchen, with its huge range and iron boilers. A savory smell of soup came from one of them, which made one feel quite hungry.

We next crossed the court-yard to see the laundry, and the Sister in charge showed us the big washing machines and the wringer, driven by steam power, also the long rows of drying racks to which the heat is conveyed by iron pipes.

"Sister has to work very hard," said my Sister, "for the women who help her cannot do very much, and six hundred people make a good deal of washing every week."

On to the bake-house we went, and, as we opened the door, the sweet smell of freshly baked bread greeted our senses agreeably.

Great big ovens are there, you may be sure, for the Sister who works here says that two barrels of flour are used each day to supply the house with bread!

The stone floor, the big bins of flour, and the wide shelves which hold the bread when it is finished, all were duly inspected and admired, and a sample of the bread was tasted, which proved conclusively that it was as good as it looked.

In a low building in the yard there are tailor and shoemaker shops, where some of the men find plenty of work in repairing to occupy their time.

The old convent, at the south end of the grounds, is used for more dormitories for the men, and also provides a large storeroom for extra bedding and things of that kind.

The afternoon was waning by this time, so we returned to the large house to rest a few minutes before we said good-bye.

As we sat and chatted, a kind Sister brought us each a glass of rich milk and a plate of biscuits, "for,"

she said, "I am sure your walk must have made you hungry."

There are at this present time about one hundred and fifty old men, two hundred and fifty old women, and over one hundred young children and infants to be cared for by the thirty Sisters, who devote their lives to this work.

A grant of money from the Government, and a smaller one from the city, together with the proceeds of an annual picnic held in the grounds on the Queen's birthday, and voluntary subscriptions from the charitable supply the money needed for the support of the House.

"People say this is going to be a hard winter for the poor," I said.

"Indeed I fear it will be," was the answer. "Why, already we have many coming here for meals because they are out of work and destitute, and, of course, we cannot refuse them."

"Then you will need even more financial assistance than usual?" I said.

"Yes, we will, for all our expenses are necessarily heavy. For instance, it takes a ton of coal to light the furnace, and the fuel for the winter costs over \$2,000."

"And you take in others than those of your own branch of the church?" I asked.

At this question the Sisters laughed, and Sister Isabel said, "Why, of course, charity must be as broad as the Church—universal. Yes, we have several Protestants here, and would certainly never refuse any who needed our help."

And so our visit came to an end. "You will come back and see us again, said my Sister, "and tell us about the World's Fair?"

"Indeed, I will," I answered.

"That would only be a small return for the kindness you have shown us to-day."

"Why do those ladies live there, with all those poor people?" queried the wee one, afterwards.

And, as I answered her, "there came to my mind those sweet words spoken long ago:—"I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; \* \* \* Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

There is talk of establishing in Florida a home for aged and infirm priests.

The Catholics constitute a little over one-third of the population of the German empire.

Fifty-four Catholic orphans from New York recently found homes in Wisconsin.

On Sunday, the 17th of September, there was a procession through the Tower hill district of London, in honor of Our Lady. Litanies were sung, and a Statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried.

Maurice Francis Egan made some bold suggestions in his address on the needs of our Catholic colleges. Dr. Egan, while he can tolerate the dormitory system for smaller boys, wants to see it abolished for students over 16.

Father Croke-Robinson gave a course of sermons at St. John's Wood, London, during the Sundays of September. On the last Sunday the subject of his discourse was Our Blessed Lady and her relation to England, his text being "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners." He gave the names of a number of places in England that were in past days dedicated to Our Lady, and conclusively showed how England was Mary's Dowry.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.



**CONFIRMATION AT BRANTFORD.**

His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton visited this picturesque city on the 8th instant for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation and of bestowing the Apostolic Benediction upon the parish of St. Basil.

Promptly at half-past ten Bishop Dowling, accompanied by Monsignor Heenan and Monsignor McEvey, entered the Church, where they were welcomed by the zealous pastor, Father Lennon. Slowly up the aisle they marched in solemn procession into the Sanctuary, where his Lordship ascended the throne prepared for him. The Mass was sung by Monsignor Heenan, V.G., with Father Lennon as deacon and Father Feeney as sub-deacon.

After the reading of the Gospel his Lordship, advancing to the front of the Sanctuary, affectionately and enthusiastically greeted his faithful people as their divinely-appointed guide and counsellor, expressing eloquently, in glowing, tender words, emanating directly from a warm, sympathetic heart, his sincere and holy joy in being, once again in their midst, after so long an absence; and his ardent gratitude for his safe return to his own, beloved home, and people, after his sacred journey, and pleasant, enjoyable sojourn in that blessed land, sanctified by the real, bodily presence of our Divine Lord, where, in the holy House of Nazareth, his Lordship had saluted the Immaculate Virgin in the precise words addressed her by the Archangel Gabriel nearly 2000 years ago—had slept in the Stable of Bethlehem, and celebrated the holy Sacrifice of the Mass next morning in the manger—had recited the Lord's Prayer upon the sacred spot on which the Divine Composer had stood while uttering it—had prayed for three nights on the hallowed ground of dark and lonely Gethsemani—and on Good Friday, had formed one of a company of 2,000 pious pilgrims, who, with sentiments of the most poignant grief and tender devotion, had solemnly traversed step by step every inch of the sacred ground so copiously bedewed with the precious life blood of the lacerated Saviour on His last sad journey of the Redemption—slowly, sadly, painfully from Pilot's house to Calvary's awful summit, where our privileged Bishop again celebrated the holy Sacrifice with the agonizing cry of his dying Jesus ringing with fearful piercing distinctness, in his plying ear. On Easter Sunday morn, he had stood at the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre at sunrise, and had celebrated Mass within the sacred tomb at 6 o'clock. He had finally ascended Mount Olivet, and had knelt upon the precise spot on the rock upon which our Blessed Lord's holy feet had rested previous to His ascension into Heaven.

His Lordship then proceeded to speak of the special audience granted him by the Sovereign Pontiff, repeating his reply when interrogated by the Holy Father (always so solicitous for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock) regarding the most pressing needs of the Church in Canada. "More churches, more schools, more priests, and more native students for the priesthood." Then followed an earnest, spiritual appeal to the faithful to strenuously promote, by every means in their power, the advancement of clerical education.

Passing rapidly from the holy joys and blessings of the Church to its necessary and certain tribulations and sorrows his Lordship referred, in tender and eloquent terms, to the profound grief experienced, not only by himself personally, but also by all the clergy and people of the entire diocese, for the sad death of the Very Rev. Doctor Bardou, the beloved, honored pastor of the Church of Cayuga—a true priest, in the highest and noblest sense of the word—a light in the Church—a profound scholar—a distinguished theologian—a constant student—an assiduous and untiring laborer in the vineyard of the Lord—a devout and humble follower in the footsteps of the Divine Master—a true, faithful, generous friend of God's holy poor—a priest so dear to the heart of his Bishop that his death has left a painful void which can never be filled—a priest who had sacrificed his health, strength and youth in the laborious, arduous works of the pioneer missions of Canada—who had left home, friends, society and language to endure indescribable language and hardship in the rude settlements of a new country—who had died the death of the just, surrounded by all the consolations of his holy religion—his dearest and most highly-esteemed friends among the clergy standing by his bedside, while the last scene upon which his dying eyes rested was the sacred hand of his beloved Bishop raised in solemn benediction above him. Fondly and ardently had the good people of St. Basil's cherished and revered their former beloved pastor—profoundly and bitterly, from the depths of crushed and broken hearts, did they now mourn and lament his sad departure from his earthly sphere of holy labor. The sacred, treasured memory, and the honored, precious name of the saintly Father Bardou shall be forever lovingly enshrined within the tender, grateful heart of every devout and sorrowing parishioner of St. Basil.

At the conclusion of an enthusiastic and highly eulogistic tribute to the sanctity and exalted dignity of the holy priesthood his

Lordship most earnestly exhorted the good people of St. Basil's to heartily co-operate with their faithful, indefatigable pastor in all his enterprises and undertakings in the least even as the greatest—so that with the people united with the priest, the priest, working hand in hand with the Bishop, the Bishop fulfilling faithfully the sacred injunctions of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Sovereign Pontiff voicing the will of the Most High, and guiding and counselling in "His Name," the Church of God shall stand forever firm upon the rock of Peter, even though the storms of persecution rage furiously and menacingly around it the winds of heresy howl fiercely and malevolently at its very portals, and the terrific powers of darkness array themselves formidably and determinedly against it. Reference was next made by his Lordship to the good work accomplished in the diocese during his term of Episcopacy. Within the short space of four years the most marvellous progress had been made, no less than ten new churches having been built, ten young priests ordained, a large number of schools erected, and a very remarkable and gratifying increase of three thousand dollars in the ecclesiastical revenue of the city of Hamilton by the erection of a new and much-needed church in a remote part of the city. Our revered Prelate then alluded in highly complimentary terms to the beautiful and spacious Church of St. Basil, expressing the sincere and fervent wish that he would, ere long, enjoy the happiness of responding to the welcome summons to Brantford to consecrate the handsome temple of God, and pronounce it free from debt.

Throughout the whole of his impressive and exceedingly interesting discourse his Lordship spoke with that rare and attractive eloquence so peculiarly his own, which captivates and holds the largest and most critical of audiences. Every word breathed forth the tenderest thought and care for his flock—ardent, glowing love for their souls, and sincere, disinterested zeal and solicitude for their temporal progress and welfare. Truly could each faithful child of St. Basil's feel, that his beloved Bishop held him constantly in fond remembrance, in heart even as in mind. At the close of the holy sacrifice the Pupal Indult was impressively read by Monsignor McEvey, after which his Lordship pronounced the Apostolic Benediction upon all the assembled parishioners, granting immediately afterwards to all who had complied with the necessary sacred conditions a Plenary Indulgence—another special mark of the ardent, spiritual affection, and tender care of His Holiness for his devoted loyal Canadian children.

Then followed the holy ceremony of confirmation. His Lordship first examined in catechism the youthful candidates who were seated before him. Each child replied with that correctness and earnestness which bespoke the careful religious training received, both in daily class and Sunday School. Carefully and faithfully had they been especially instructed and drilled for the proper reception of this beautiful and important Sacrament by the devoted and worthy curate, Rev. Father Feeney.

At the conclusion of the imposing ceremony his Lordship exacted a solemn promise from each boy and girl confirmed to abstain rigidly from the use of intoxicating liquors, excepting when medicinally administered, until he or she shall have attained the age of 21 years.

His Lordship and party then left immediately for Paris, where confirmation was to be administered at 3 o'clock that Sunday afternoon.

**Resolutions of Condolence.**

Moved by Chancellor Harrington, seconded by Bro. Arthur Hawkins:

Whereas this Branch has learned with feelings of profound sorrow and mournful intelligence of the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Bardou of Cayuga, formerly Pastor of Brantford:

Resolved that we the members of Branch No. 5, C.M.B.A., assembled at this our first regular meeting since the sad event was recorded, beg publicly to express the grief we feel at the loss of one who was a saintly and scholarly priest; who by his zeal and devotedness in the cause of our holy religion, had edified us for the many years he was our Pastor, and whose talents and virtues were recognized and rewarded by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., and his Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, by the bestowal of many deserving marks of favor and distinction.

No poor words of his bereaved brothers of Branch No. 5, C.M.B.A. can do justice to the memory of our departed friend and father, because

"He wears a truer crown than any wreath That man can weave him."

But we cannot forget that it was through his instrumentality our Association was founded in Brantford, and to the many efforts and sacrifices made by him in those early days of the C.M.B.A. is largely due the success of this Branch and of our Association in Canada.

Whether as a humble member of a Branch, or in the higher capacity of Chairman of the Canadian Executive Council, he was always animated with true Christian benevolence,

and his heart overflowed with kindness for the afflicted.

We deeply mourn the loss of a priest who adorned the Church of God, and of a member who was among the ablest of the Association; yet in the midst of our sorrow and commiseration we bow submissively to the divine decree, and add our humble tribute to the many that have gone forth, trusting that Providence has placed upon the brow of our late Very Rev. Brother as a reward for a life spent in the service of his Master that incorruptible crown promised by God to all who love and serve Him.

Resolved, that the charter of our Branch be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days as a mark of respect to the memory of our Very Rev. departed Brother.

**Hymeneal.**

On Tuesday last a happy event occurred in the family of Neil J. Harkin, Esq., J.P., Sunnyside, on which morning his charming daughter, Nellie was united in matrimony to Mr. Wm. O'Keefe, of Buffalo, N. Y. The ceremony was performed in St. Patrick's church, Stayner. Rev. Father Kiernan, of Collingwood, tied the nuptial knot, assisted by Rev. Father Cantelon, of Phelpsboro. The bride, who was handsomely attired, was given away by her father, and Misses Dunn, of Toronto, and Sarah Harkin (sister of the bride) acted as bridesmaids, while Mr. Neil Harkin assisted the groom. After the ceremony had been duly performed the party drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous feast was served. Miss Dunn, of Toronto; Miss Dunn of Barrie; R. Paton, Esq., M. P. P., and Dr. Hunt, New Lowell, Messrs. A. D. Gaudaur and A. H. Watson of Creemore, and others, with friends of the family were among the guests. The bride was the recipient of many elegant and costly presents, a few of which were a well-filled purse from her father, a magnificent silver sugar bowl and spoon holder from the groom; Dr. Hunt, silver cake basket; Miss Bertha Corbeau, fancy clock; Mr. R. Paton, complete set fine table linen; Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Harkin, silver butter cooler; Mr. and Mrs. J. Gullfoyle, silver pickle cruet; Miss Mary Innes, handsome toilet set; Miss M. Coyle, silver napkin ring in plush case; Mrs. A. J. Harkin, beautiful tea cruet; Mr. and Mrs. M. Harkin, table linen; Miss Dunn, cheese dish; Mr. N. Harkin, album. The happy young couple took the 4.30 p.m. train from New Lowell for their future home in Buffalo, followed by the best wishes of many friends.—*Creemore Star.*

**St. Alphonsus Association.**

The St. Alphonsus Catholic Association of this city have taken up their winter's programme with an energy that must please those interested in Catholic work among young men. This fall, in addition to the regular meetings, they have already held two special literary evenings. The first was given up to an essay by Mr. James E. Day on "The Jesuits," and the feature of the second evening was an address on the World's Fair Catholic Congress by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., who was the Club's delegate there.

The members are now taken up with the annual elections. Two strong tickets are engaged in a friendly but hard-fought fight, with no small benefit to the Club's finances. The candidates are the following:

- Pres., W. T. J. Lee, L. V. McBrady.
- V. Pres., Jas. E. Day, J. G. O'Donoghue.
- Rec. Sec., { M. Stafford, F. Slattery,
- Fin. Sec., W. Moylan, J. McLady,
- Treas., P. F. Dolan, T. Winterberry,
- Librarian, M. Rocamora, Thos. McDonnell,
- Sgt.-at-A., Chas. O'Toole, C. Custance,
- House, { W. Callahan, C. E. Stewart,
- Com., { W. McCae, J. Mackie, A. Gormaly, Jno. Dalton.

**Pauline Johnson and Owen A. Smiley.**

Our readers will be glad to learn that the two popular entertainers, Miss Pauline Johnson and Owen A. Smiley, will give their annual dual recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, October 31st, when they present a new programme of unique attractiveness, most of their numbers being of their own composition. In a recital given a few evenings ago in the Western Congregational Church the *Globe* says: "The audience was a large and delighted one. Miss Johnson recited two new Indian poems of great strength and tragic power, and Mr. Smiley's numbers again exhibited his undoubted ability as a humorist and tragic elocutionist and character delineator."

**St. Joseph's.**

Arrangement are made for grand musical Vespers to be held on Sunday evening the 22nd inst. Rev. Father Teofy has kindly consented to lecture. The Rev. Pastor, Dr. Bergin, is being assisted by St. Joseph's Court, C. O. F., in making the service most effective. Buses will run to Leslie street on Sunday evening.

On the following Sunday, Oct. 29th, his Grace the Archbishop will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to over one hundred children and adults.

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

	CLOSE	DUE
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West	7.80 8.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.80 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 8.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	noon 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
U.S. West'n States	10.00	
	6.15 10.00	9.00 7.20

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for October: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30, 31.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district, should transact their Savings 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 Postoffice.

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**Connor D'Arcy's Struggles.** By Mrs. W. M. Bertholds. .... \$1.25

**Catholic Belief.** Paper... 20 cents. Flexible cloth..... 40 cents.

**A Lady.** By L. H. Bugg..... \$1.00 Sold by all Catholic Bookellers and Agents.

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## LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

The following Essay by J. O. O'Brien, referred to in our last week's issue, was read at the meeting of the League of the Cross in St. Paul's Hall, Sunday, 8th instant:

Great achievements and wonderful exhibits of the genius and ability of mankind have adorned the pages of history from the time of creation down through long ages of new developments and centuries of innovations. As each century has rolled away it has left its changes and inventions behind, likewise to be handed down to after generations for their use. It has invariably followed that the crude inventions of a past generation have been improved and made more useful by men living a century later. Together with the rapid strides that education, in its broadest sense, has made in the present century comes the first of World's Fairs held in 1851. Several have since been held, each one surpassing the previous exhibit; and when a few years ago the great Exposition closed at Paris, the civilized world began to think what wonders were to follow.

While the rest of civilization seemed satisfied with the progress we had made, progressive America began to act; soon action became practical, and after a year or so of discussion it was decided that to Chicago would be given the opportunity of exhibiting to the world, on the fourth hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, the greatness of nineteenth century inventions, the height to which education has reached, and the products and resources of the earth—in a word, all the wonders that could be displayed. And certainly that great, mammoth Columbian Exposition being held at Chicago is accomplishing that purpose.

In a short time the gates of the Exposition will be closed forever, and the great buildings either torn down or left to dwindle to ruin; but the wonders that have been seen there by millions of people, the ideas that have been infused by practical illustration into the minds of the spectators, will be cherished in memory for years to come. The persons who were fortunate enough to have been afforded the opportunity of visiting the World's Fair have reason to be heartily thankful, and it is with a desire to impart, as best I can, to my fellow members the impression I formed while there that I write this essay. Whatever opinions I pass on any exhibit are simply my own personal views, and, judged from the limited scope of my experience, may in many instances be imperfect and incorrect. Like others who have had but one short week to see the Fair many of its wonders were entirely missed, but I am writing only about what I have seen—not of what I read, or what others have said.

It is said first impressions are lasting. Well, I must confess that my first impressions were rather mixed, as my first glimpse of the Fair Grounds was from the crowded back platform of a trolley car, where I was being crushed by several brawny Scotchmen who had just arrived from Indiana and were sweltering from the intense heat of a July day. It was with a feeling of relief that I heard the conductor call out Cottage Grove avenue of the World's Fair. Bidding good-day to the sociable, though pertly sons of Scotia, I got off the car, and, after bracing myself with a good, square meal, I crossed, bought my ticket, and passing through the turnstile I stood inside the gates of the Mecca that the eyes of the civilized world turn to in 1893—Jackson Park.

The Transportation building was the first one I entered, and here, even more than in the others, are shown by practical illustrations the wonderful inventions of the present century. The modes of transportation used by the civilized world, as well as many used by semi-barbarous tribes, are

displayed in the various sections. Coaches, carriages, bicycles, railway cars and trains, driving wheels, steamship models, Mexican saddles, even the dog trains used in our own Canadian North West are exhibited. As I gazed on the primitive vehicles used in the early part of this century I fully realized the remarkable progress invention has made, and looked with admiration on the exhibits of the power of man's brain. But there is one exhibit in this building that is a striking evidence of a higher power, against which all the ingenuity of mankind is nothing. As I gazed on the model of the ill-fated *Victoria*, and saw how powerfully she was built, what great modern contrivances were used to thoroughly equip and make this ship the pride of England's navy, it occurred to me how frail and weak are the greatest bulwarks that man can raise, compared with the power of Almighty God. The *Victoria*, with all her strength of equipment, intended if necessary to be almost impregnable against any foe, sank, as we all know, in a very short time, within sight of land. All the ingenuity and skill of man could not keep the water of the Mediterranean from closing over the great *Victoria*. Thousands of people daily gaze on her model, and amazement was expressed that such a ship should sink so soon. Another very interesting exhibit in this building is that of the Pullman Car Company. A very unique feature about it is a large model of the town of Pullman, Ill.

I next visited the Administration building, where the offices of the staff are located. Nothing is exhibited here except the great building itself, in the centre of which is a model of a White House built of souvenir United States half dollars. From the Administration building rises a gilded dome which may be seen glittering in the sun in almost every portion of the grounds.

I next visited the Mining building. Every available portion of its spacious floor is filled with exhibits of gold, silver, coal, etc.—in fact all products of mines from all over the world. In one of the main aisles near the Pennsylvania exhibit, is a massive pillar of coal rising about 80 feet. Ontario has a fine exhibit, chiefly of ore, copper and nickel from the north shore of Lake Superior. Pennsylvania has a wonderful exhibit of coal; North Carolina, chiefly mica; Michigan, copper; Montana, silver, a solid silver statue representing Justice; a novel exhibit is that of Kentucky, being a miniature representation of the Mammoth Cave; Ohio, pottery and salt exhibits.

As the first afternoon I was in the Fair was nearly over I walked through a few other buildings; and finally, after many inquiries made from the Columbian Guards, reached the Canadian Headquarters, charmingly situated on the shores of Lake Michigan, near Great Britain's building. The Canadian Headquarters affords but little attraction to an outsider, as it is comparatively a very small building occupied only by a few offices and parlors; but to a Canadian away from home it is a very enjoyable, cozy spot, as all the leading Canadian newspapers are on file, and a register is kept where all Canadians can enter their names and addresses while in Chicago. It is at least home-like. It was evening, and I was tired—for it is a very tiresome job—and it was with a feeling of relief that I sat on one of the benches along the lake shore and listened to the sweet strains of Brandt's Cincinnati Band. Here I formed the acquaintance of a young man from Washington; and as it was now dark we concluded it would be the best time to visit the Electricity building. Many of the exhibits were closed for the night, but both the exterior and interior were grandly illuminated by

electric lights and presented a scene of dazzling splendor. The Westinghouse Electric Company's interior illuminations were particularly striking. Like the great Machinery hall, in order to describe the Electricity building and its wonders one would require to be a practical electrician or mechanic; and not being either, I was incapable of fully appreciating or understanding the exhibits of one or the other.

As the poets would say, "the shades of night had fallen;" and while the Great Fair is a combination of wonders in day time, by night it is a charming place worthy of the name of Fairyland. Heretofore I had looked upon the illumination of the Ico Palace at Montreal's Winter Carnival as a scene unsurpassed, but it fades into a mere nothing compared with the illumination of the World's Fair grounds. The great buildings bordering on the Grand Basin are lined with electric lamps that shine through the darkness with splendid brilliancy along the stone walks. By the waters of the Grand Basin are also rows of small electric lights that cast a reflection on the dark waters in fitting harmony with the illumination above. Gondolas and electric launches plow the waters of the basin, in the west end of which are two electric fountains, changing color and assuming the variegated hues of the rainbow; then suddenly a powerful search light is thrown on the scene, revealing in the east end of the Grand Basin the great statue of the Republic. A short distance away, near the shores of Lake Michigan, sky-rockets begin to shoot high up to the heavens, together with the search-light, and throw brilliant light on the scene, showing assembled along the walks and squares a vast mass of humanity—thousands of people, standing awe-stricken; not a discordant sound is heard. I never saw a more orderly assemblage in my life. Minutes soon fly into hours; and before one can realize it the electric lamps are turned out, the electric fountain ceases to play, the search-light is withdrawn, the great statue of the Republic fades again into darkness, and the outlines of the great buildings stand in the moonlight dark and silent, in strange contrast with the splendor of but a moment before. Turning away, like thousands of others, I passed from the scene that had vanished. The illuminations lasted only a few short hours, but they have left such an impression on my memory that I shall always look back with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow—sorrow, that I can never enjoy such a sight again; pleasure, to recall the brilliancy of the fairy-like scene I witnessed at the World's Fair grounds on the evening of July 24th, 1893.

JAS. C. O'BRIEN.

His Grace Archbishop O'Leary of Kingston completed his pastoral visits in the Eastern portion of his diocese last Friday, Oct. 6th. Wherever he appeared demonstrations were made in his honor and addresses presented.

A tract comprising thirty acres of land in the Green Ridge section of Scranton has been purchased from the Pennsylvania Coal Company by Mother Mary, the Lady Superior of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart. In the near future the order expects to build a handsome seminary for young ladies. The site is most advantageously located. The electric cars furnish easy transportation from the city and from the grounds may be obtained a commanding view of the beautiful Lackawanna Valley.

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Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup."

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For some time I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia, so much so that I completely lost my appetite, and through weakness could hardly walk. Three weeks ago I commenced drinking

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One Angel More in Heaven. Cloth.....	0 50
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Young Girl's Month of October. Paper.....	0 10
The Angelical Virtues. Cloth.....	0 12
The Angel of Consolation. Paper.....	0 10
The Holy Angela. Paper.....	0 05
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Requiescant in Pace. Short Meditations for the Month of November. Paper.....	0 05
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Any of the above books, mailed free of postage, on receipt of advertised price.

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Autumn.

A. C. M., in *Cork Examiner*.

The summer has gone, and the autumn has come,  
The autumn with golden eyes,  
When the woods and the valleys are so beautiful 'neath  
The brown and the red of the leaves,  
When the harvest so ripe is being gathered in,  
And the barns are filled with rich store;  
And the country is smiling on every side  
That was covered with green before.

Oh, sweet are the days of the autumn time,  
More peaceful than summer days,  
And sweet are the evenings when every wood  
Is lost in a golden haze.  
Oh, sweet are the songs of the happy birds,  
And the murmurs of rippling streams;  
And we listen, and wish that the sounds that we hear  
Will follow us into our dreams.

Oh, come where the old gray village church  
Is bathed in golden sheen;  
As the twilight descends over the farm and cot,  
And the pale moon looks down on the scene,  
And the nightingale sings in the greenwood tree  
In a long, sweet serenade,  
Oh, how beautiful then, and how full of peace  
Is the country that God has made.

Yes, autumn, I love thee the best of them all,  
Though thy verdure is dying so fast,  
Though each leaf that has smiled in its beauty so  
green  
Is fading to drop at the last,  
As at each golden sunset the trees droop and sigh,  
Gently smiling in death as in life,  
May our evenings be golden and peaceful when we  
Shall have ceased all our life's care and strife.

The Personal Appearance of Jesus.

A correspondent of the *Washington Chronicle* writes:

"Rev. Newman delivered a discourse upon the humanity of Jesus Christ, in which he stated that nothing had been handed down to us in regard to his personal appearance, many different views being entertained on that subject. Inclosed you will find a letter written by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, and sent by him to the senate of Rome, when the fame of Jesus began to be spread abroad in the world. These are his words:

"There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ whom the barbarians esteem a prophet, but his own followers adore Him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all sorts of disease with a word or a touch. He is tall and well shaped; of a noble reverend aspect. His hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls below His ears, and very agreeably touching on His shoulders parted on the crown of the head, like the Nazarity.

"His forehead is smooth; His cheeks without other spot, save that of a lovely red; His nose and mouth formed with an exquisite symmetry; His beard thick, and of a color suitable to the hair of His head, reaching an inch below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork; His eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness; His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant and grave. No man has seen Him laugh, but He has wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest and wise; a man, for His excellent beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men."

And here it may be out of place also for the description of Our Lord, as given in "Ben Hur": "The head was open to the cloudless light, except as it was draped with hair long and slightly waved, and parted in the middle, and auburn in tint, with a tendency to reddish golden where most strongly touched by the sun. Under a broad, low forehead, under black, well arched brows, beamed eyes dark blue and large, and softened to exceeding tenderness by lashes of the great length seen on children, but seldom, if ever, on men. As to the other features, it would have been difficult to decide whether they were Greek or Jewish. The delicacy of the nostrils and mouth was unusual to the latter type; and when it was taken into account with the gentleness of the eyes, the pallor of the complexion, the fine texture of the hair, and the softness of the beard,

which fell in waves over his throat to his breast, never a child that would not, with quick instinct, have given him its hand and whole artless trust; nor might any one have said he was not beautiful.

"The features, it should be further said, were ruled by a certain expression which, as the viewer chose, might with equal correctness have been called the effect of intelligence, love, pity or sorrow; though, in better speech, it was a blending of them all—a look easy to fancy as the mark of a sinless soul doomed to the sight and understanding utter infirmity of those among whom it was passing; yet withal no one could have observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man; so, at least, would not they who know that the qualities mentioned—love sorrow, pity—are the results of a consciousness of strength to bear suffering oftener than strength to do; such has been the might of martyrs and devotees and the myriads written down in saintly calendars."

An Influential Priest.

There is a Polish priest in St. Louis, Mo., whose influence over his flock is such as to attract the admiring attention of the whole secular community. For fifteen years Father Urban Stawowski has had charge of St. Stanislaus' Church, which, by the way, is an exact reproduction of the cathedral at Warsaw. His relations with his people are those of patriarch as well as priest, and the entire Polish community consult him in regard to any temporal affair which may require adjusting, says the *Ave Maria*. He settles differences, overcomes the waywardness of erring children, adjusts financial disagreements, finds suitable employment for the young people—in short, combines with the office of spiritual father that of worldly judge and counsellor. Over 800 families compose this worthy congregation; and all of them, through the efforts of Father Urban, as they call him, have acquired a reputation for industry, honesty and sobriety. "Priests' Row," as their long line of residences is named, is exceptionally free from visits of officers of the law.

A Dinner Centerpiece.

For a centerpiece on the dinner table nothing is prettier than a jardiniere of silver placed on a fresh linen center worked in flower to correspond with the contents of the jardiniere, or a glass lake, which can be purchased for a couple of dollars, may be used under it, surrounded with tiny glass troughs which are sold for 40 cents apiece, placed about the edge of the lake and filled with natural flowers.

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JEAN VALCOURT,  
Wotton, P. Q. General Merchant.

It is said that Mr. William O'Brien, M. P. for Cork, has fallen in for a considerable legacy on the recent death of M. Rafalovitch his wife's father.

Messrs. Patrick McGuire, T. C.; Hugh O'Connor, P. N. White and Thomas Keating, have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Sligo.

The London and Canadian Loan Agency Company (Limited).

The twentieth annual meeting of the above company was held at the company's offices, 103 Bay Street, on Wednesday, 11th instant, the President, Sir W. P. Howland in the chair.

Among those present were the following:—Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Rev. Dr. Warden (Montreal), Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Dr. Larratt W. Smith, Q.C., Col. Swony, and Messrs. T. R. Wadsworth, C. E. Hooper, John Scott, C. S. Gzowski, Donald Mackay, David Higgins, David McGee, R. D. Moffatt, M.D., Jacob Moerschfeller, George Robinson, E. J. Hobson, Frank Arnold, Q.C., and O. A. Howland.

The following report was submitted to the meeting and duly adopted:—  
The directors beg to submit to the shareholders the twentieth annual report of the company, together with relative accounts to the 31st August, 1893.

Applications for loans were received during the year to the amount of \$2,394,772 on property estimated as worth \$1,763,971; and loans were approved and effected to the extent of \$575,725 90, on property valued by the company's own appraisers at \$1,153,722.

The debentures and certificates of the company issued and renewed during the year amounted to \$736,846 50, making a net increase of \$181,045 93 since last report.

The revenue account, after all interest and charges, have been deducted and all ascertained losses written off, shows a balance of \$77,829 01 from which, deducting two half-yearly dividends, amounting to the tax thereon to \$6,958 77

There remains a balance of \$30,870 24

Of which \$15,000 has been added to the company's "reserve fund" and \$5,870 24 is carried forward to the credit of "revenue account" to next year.

During the greater part of the year, just ended your directors had considerable difficulty in selecting safe investments at remunerative rates, and in consequence ceased accepting the abundant supply of money which our active agents in Edinburgh had been sending us. The indications point to a stiffening of rates, and our prospects of securing desirable mortgage loans during the coming year are improved.

An increase of \$115,823 82 will be noticed in the item of municipal and other negotiable debentures, your directors having taken advantage of the general stringency in the money markets to use the company's surplus funds awaiting investment in purchasing at favorable rates some choice securities of this class.

Payment of interest on mortgages in Ontario has been fairly well met, and is nearly up to the average, notwithstanding that the very low prices for farm produce which have ruled during the year, disposed the farmers to hold for higher figures. Although in Manitoba the same conditions have obtained, the company has received payment of a larger amount of interest from that Province this year than in any previous year of its history.

As usual, all ascertained losses have been written off. The amount has been considerably augmented by the irrecoverable costs in an important lawsuit, which had to be carried to the Privy Council, where the Company's position was upheld. The importance, to investors, loan companies and banks, of the principles involved in this decision, cannot be overestimated.

The Manitoba crop of this season has been safely harvested, and the quality of the wheat crop is generally good. In some districts the yield has been light, but the general average has been satisfactory. The President and Chief Inspector made their annual tour through that Province late in August, and were pleased to observe that mixed farming is becoming more general. Evidences of more careful farming, improved buildings, and in some districts increased population, were plainly manifest. New grain elevators and mills are being erected at many points along the lines of railway; and the cities of Winnipeg and Brandon, as well as the country towns, have increased in size, and their prosperous appearance is marked.

The directors have pleasure in testifying to the efficiency and fidelity of the Manager and Officers of the Company, both here and in Manitoba, in the performance of their duties.

W. P. HOWLAND,  
Toronto, 4th October, 1893. President.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

To the President and Directors of the London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Limited:—  
Gentlemen,—We have completed the annual audit of the books and accounts of the company for the year ending 31st August, 1893, and have found them correct, and the cash balances to agree with the bankers' books.

We have also examined the Company's statement of "assets and liabilities" and "revenue account," have compared them with the ledger balances, and found them correct.

The mortgages, debentures and other securities have been carefully examined. They agree with the schedule submitted

to us, and with their respective entries in the ledger.

The "loans on call, or short date on debentures and securities" have been valued at their respective market prices, and we find that the amounts advanced on them are amply covered.

We are, gentlemen, yours faithfully,  
DAVID HIGGINS,  
J. J. WOODHOUSE,  
Auditors.

Toronto, 4th October, 1893.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES, 31st AUGUST, 1893.

Assets.	
Loans on mortgages and interest	\$9,061,180 27
Properties account—	
Company's offices and building in Toronto	75,000 00
Company's offices and building in Winnipeg	45,000 00
Other real estate vested in the company	98,217 55
Municipal and other negotiable debentures	492,565 16
Loans on call or short date on debentures and securities	104,001 27
Sundry debtors	0,704 32
Cash in hand—With company's bankers in Canada	17,405 05
	\$4,851,018 01

Liabilities.	
Capital stock subscribed, 100,000 shares at \$50 each	\$5,000,000 00
Capital stock paid up—14 per cent.	700,000 00
Reserve fund	405,000 00
Debentures and certificates payable at fixed dates	3,035,583 60
Reserve for interest accrued on debentures and certificates to date	24,726 80
Sundry creditors	17,214 40
Due to company's agents and bankers in Britain	4,638 80
Dividend No. 40, payable 15th September, 1893	28,000 00
Balance at credit of revenue account carried to next year.	5,870 24
	\$4,851,018 01

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st AUGUST, 1893.

Dr.	
Cost of management	\$ 20,045 83
Commission on debentures issued and loans effected during the year and agency charges	20,827 97
Debiture and certificate interest paid and accrued to 31st August, 1893	\$172,078 93
Loss amount reserved last year for interest accrued on debentures and certificates	23,033 70
Dividend No. 39, 4 per cent., paid 15th March, 1893	28,000 00
Dividend No. 40, 4 per cent., payable 15th September, 1893	28,000 00
Municipal tax thereon	958 77
Carried to credit of company's reserve fund	15,000 00
Balance at credit of revenue account carried to next year.	5,870 24
	\$269,827 54

Cr.	
Balance at credit of revenue account, 31st August, 1892	\$15,686 50
Loss amount voted to President and Auditors at the last annual meeting	2,300 00
Net interest, etc., received and accrued to 31st August, 1893, after writing off all ascertained losses	256,241 04
	\$269,827 54

1893.  
August 31st—By balance carried to next year \$ 5,870 24  
J. F. KIRK, Manager.

The following gentlemen were duly elected directors:—Sir W. P. Howland, Sir O. S. Gzowski, Sir D. A. Smith, Donald Mackay, Dr. L. W. Smith, Q.C., T. R. Wadsworth, C. E. Hooper, G. E. T. Cockburn, M.P., and James Henderson.  
At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected board Sir W. P. Howland was elected President and Sir O. S. Gzowski Vice-President.

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## The Catholic Register.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1893.

### Calendar for the Week.

- Oct. 10—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.  
20—St. John Cantius, Confessor.  
21—Office of the Immaculate Conception.  
22—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost. Commemoration of all the Pontiffs of the Roman Church.  
23—Feast of the Most Holy Redeemer.  
24—St. Raphael, Archangel.  
25—St. Boniface I., Pope and Confessor.

### University College Convocation.

Strangers attending the Convocation of University College on the 10th instant must have received rather an unfavorable impression of the dignity and spirit of our highest Provincial educational institution. It was certainly not a case of the house playing to the gallery; it was the gallery playing to the house. Taking into consideration the large number of students in Toronto they are well behaved and orderly. But the very occasion on which they should be at their best is the very one when they are at their worst—noisy and disrespectful. If the students of a Catholic College acted in that way; if they hooted, yelled and sang from the rising of the curtain till the closing of the scene; if they continually interrupted their President in the delivery of his speech; if they "hustled" one another on the street, the city and the country would have heard a good deal more about it. Because such things are done by University students, people shake their heads, and pass it over with a "Boys will be boys you know." So they will, and so they should—but they might have more pride for their Alma Mater than to make her public assembly and convocation little better than a dumb show.

Nor do we think the platform quite free from criticism. When the presentation of prizes is made in a hurried way, and with speeches which hardly reach the standard to be expected from the sources from which they emanate, it is not surprising that six or eight hundred students care little about keeping silence. We miss the rounded periods which turned so gracefully from the lips of the old man eloquent; we miss the balanced sentences that poised with such delicate nicety before the mind's eye; and we miss the extract which used to crown the oratory of the prose with the cadence of poetry. On the present occasion all was matter of fact and practical, yet thorough and earnest, in the address of President Loudon, and was deeply interesting, but the audience was given no chance to hear it. He stretched the teaching, growth and power of the College with the hand of one who thoroughly understood the Institution over which he presides, and looked forward with confidence to the work of the present session—a confidence in which many

will share by reason of the learned President's personal character and intellectual talent.

The Convocation had been looked forward to with special interest as it was expected that the Hon. Edward Blake would be present and would speak. So he was, and so he did. On rising he received a perfect ovation. Noisy students and sedate professors were most cordial in their welcome of the Chancellor, whose generosity towards the University had long ago won them, whose eloquence oft before had charmed them, and whose absence from home on the great battle-field of Home Rule made him a double object of interest and esteem. Though in good health he looked weary as one after a severe campaign whose furlough had not been as quiet or as long as he might wish. Contrary to his usual custom at such assemblies he spoke without notes, and was more free and untrammelled when dealing with the gallery, whom he soon soothed into silence with a couple of well chosen repartees. Those whom he was especially addressing he urged to be loyal to the University, and to a careful study of those subjects which would prepare them to grapple with the ever increasing problems of the age. He assured all that his thoughts frequently turned to the University of Toronto and its President, and concluded by the following prudent advice: "The institution is, as you have said, sir, a complicated institution. I have known many institutions much more complicated work very well, while I have known many institutions much simpler and less complicated work very ill. Much depends, as I have said on former occasions, upon the zeal, the loyalty, the kindly feeling, the determination to work together of those who are interested in the various objects which compose the mighty whole, who can work the institution, complicated though it be, with perfect satisfaction if they work it in that spirit, and who would wreck it very easily, even if much simpler, if they were to work any differently from that. Therefore, I hope that from the highest to the lowest we shall find every one belonging to the institution, and identified with its interests, loyal to the core, and determined to make it the success it ought to be."

### Young Men's Conservative Club.

Ambitious young politicians frequently seize upon what they deem a popular cry, and strive to make the most of it. It may be only a simple debate or an election, or it may be the thin edge of a wedge which is likely to split not only a party but a country. If their opinion does not carry and their side does not win, and they see no help for it, out they rush into the street with a cry of fraud, etc., etc. The Young Conservative Club presents a case of this kind. Whether this Association is an active and integral branch of the party is of little import, but we regret to see a large number of Catholic names dragged into a controversy which can have no direct or indirect bearing upon questions of interest to us. One of the candidates for the presidency of the club, Mr. J. A. Ferguson, threw the

apple of discord amongst the members by stating on his card a policy on the Manitoba Schools: "The crisis for Manitoba is approaching. In this hour the body of our people want tried men, who they know will resist to the bitterest the forcing of Separate Schools in Manitoba. Put on record for Toronto her encouragement of such men. Stamp now with your approval the great and true Conservative principle of the entire separation of Church and State."

The opposite party, who were running Mr. Kane as their candidate, if not so bitter and aggressive, were more shrewd. They quietly brought in a list of new members containing 650 names, which being so large, the regular reading of them was dispensed with by the consent of the meeting. The next day the followers of Ferguson found themselves in danger of being swamped. Some of their number interviewed Mr. Chas. Long, the Secretary of the Toronto Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association, and now come forward with affidavits, which, in their criticism of the Secretary, are mere mental apprehensions. One of these gentlemen, John A. Oliver, a barrister, swears: "I have read the supplementary lists containing over 620 names, and am of opinion that they do not contain the names of twenty genuine Protestant Conservatives in the whole number. They resemble rather a list of the Alphonsus Society." To swear to the resemblance of one list of names to another, if one saw both lists, is not very difficult. But did Mr. Oliver see the list of the St. Alphonsus Society? If not, how can he swear to it? To swear to his convictions upon certain points as that the lists are fraudulent, and again: "I know that there are on said lists the names of many Roman Catholic Reformers who, I am firmly convinced, never at any time were in any way connected with the Toronto Y. M. C. L. A.," betrays the partizan but not the jurist. We are not criticizing the affidavit in defence of Mr. Long's action, which may have been all right and may not have been. We expect that in the proper place and at the proper time—and a regular meeting of this Association is the occasion—he will establish his position in the whole proceedings. This he owes to himself and his Catholic fellow-citizens whose names are involved. Our contention now is that the affidavits before us do not prove much.

We repudiate the capital which the anti-Manitoba School party is trying to make out of it. When young demagogues like Mr. Ferguson are striving to rouse feeling and bring themselves forward let them not do so at the expense of our co-religionists. In an interview with a *Globe* reporter Mr. Ferguson stated: "I am opposed by Roman Catholic members, and priests are canvassing against me, because of my declaration on the Manitoba School question."

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How we wonder what you are."

If "my declaration" has no more effect than it has on the priests of Canada he will be left for many a year in the obscure corner of his self-conceit. But these are days when loud talking counts for much, and aggres-

siveness is mistaken for bravery, and cheek for talent—so that the author of "my declaration on the Manitoba School question" need not despair. He will find Catholics ready to receive him without any canvassing on the part of their clergy, who are too much engaged to bother about the snarl of every insignificant cur that now-a-days happens to be at the heels of the Catholic Canadian flock.

### The Christian Sacrifice.

We have seen that Sacrifice is the spontaneous outcome of man's religious nature. The primitive ordinances and sacrificial traditions, whether among Pagans or Jews, have been so universal and comprehensive that from the time when the first altar was erected on the plains of Mesopotamia down to our own days, a holocaust and a priesthood have been found in every temple, civilized or barbarian, if we except the houses of worship of those who have held or still abide by the "Real Principles of the Reformation." We are then perfectly justified in asserting that a new religion instituted by Christ, with the most perfect organization, but devoid of sacrifice, would be not only paradoxical, but utterly incompatible with the providence of God. That such a sacrifice exists, however, is amply shown from many scriptural texts. We read in the Prophet Malachi (ch. i., 10-11) that God, having rejected the sacrifices and Priesthood of the children of Aaron, promised a "clean oblation" which should be worthy of a holier people, and would be more efficacious and acceptable to the Divine Majesty. "For from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof my name is great among the Gentiles and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation, because my name is great among the Gentiles saith the Lord of Sabaoth."

That there is here expressed the promise of a sensible though unbloody sacrifice is apparent from the word used to designate it, viz: *mincha*, the genuine term for unbloody sacrifice among the Jews. Such is the sense attached to it, in Genesis (ch. 4, v. 5) where God rejects the "fruit offerings" or unbloody sacrifices of Cain. The same term is frequently employed with similar meaning in the Pentateuch and in Numbers (4-16), the oblations of coon and oil, which were daily placed before the Lord, receiving the like appellation. This will be further confirmed by parallel existence of the same prophecy in the 109th Psalm, where the priesthood of the Messiah (therefore His Sacrifice) is said to be according to the order of Melchisedech, who offered bread and wine as a prototype of the Eucharistic Victim.

Again, this sacrifice is to be daily offered, and in every place throughout the world, in perpetual acknowledgment of God's supreme excellence. A contrast was thus instituted with the Jewish sacrifices, which were restricted to one determinate place in the temple of Jerusalem. Moreover, the new sacrifice was to be the clean oblation of the nations converted to Christianity, who should supplant the carnal Jews in the birthright of the

Goepol. "Your kingdom shall be taken from you and be given to a people producing fruit." "Those shall no longer be His people, who have betrayed Him." (Dan. 9, 24). All this is apparent from the reading of the context. Now, either that prophecy has never been fulfilled, and then we are reduced to the absurd and blasphemous consequence that God deceived His prophet and the people, promising to perform in the old what He had never intended to fulfill in the new covenant. He would have contradicted Himself, when He declared by the voice of the Apostle that "All those things were shadows and signs of those to come." Not being prepared for such an assertion, as unsound as it is impious, we are forced to admit that herein is contained a veritable promise of the New Sacrifice of Christianity.

But what was this sacrifice of which the Prophet speaks? The reply must be either the metaphorical Sacrifice of Prayer and Thanksgiving (which, we believe, was first introduced by Melancton), or the Sacrifice of the Cross, or else the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Catholic Church. No other conclusion is advanced. That it was not the metaphorical Sacrifice of prayer is easily deduced from the fact that the word *mincha*, used to designate it, always conveys, as we have seen, the idea of a real and sensible sacrifice, which is further verified, if we refer to the prototype of the new oblation, viz.: the sacrifice of Melchisedech. Assuming for a little that herein is the foreshadowing of the Sacrifice of Prayer, does not the context itself reject the supposition. The offerings of the Jews were no longer acceptable to God because the altars were served by unholy ministers, and the victims which they offered were polluted and unclean. As a substitute God promises a new sacrifice, which should be a clean oblation of such transcendent purity that it could neither deteriorate of itself nor could its efficacy be weakened by the unworthiness of the offerers. Can such data be attributed to the Sacrifice of Prayer? Certainly not, since the efficacy of prayer depends altogether on the worthiness of the person who offers it. "The prayer of the just ascends like incense in the sight of the Most High, but the prayer of the wicked man availeth not."

Moreover, the promised sacrifice is compared and contrasted with the Jewish oblations which it was to supersede; but comparison or contrast can exist only between things of the same specific nature, or else having similar qualities in common. Whoever thinks of instituting a comparison between a horse and a cornfield! In the same way you cannot contrast prayer with sacrifice, except indeed you wish to compare their efficacy. But in this prophecy the contrast or antithesis is immediately and directly instituted between the oblation of the new and the sacrifices of the old Law. They had, therefore, the same sacrificial qualities in common. The sacrifices of the old Law were real; then must this sacrifice of the new Law be likewise real. This is confirmed by an analogous comparison of the two priesthoods. No one denies the real-

ity of the priesthood of the children of Aaron; therefore the comparison supposes the Christian priesthood to be not metaphorical but real in the most rigorous sense of the word. A man's smile is something very realistic indeed, but the "metaphorical" smile of the "sweet-scented lawn" assuredly is not, and nothing but the poet's imagination could ever realize such an absurdity.

It was not, then, the Metaphorical Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving. No more can it be the Sacrifice of the Cross, for the very potent reason that the characteristics attributed to the promised Sacrifice do not correspond or iota to that of Calvary. This sacrifice of the new covenant is denominated in the prediction of Malachy "*Mincha*"—that is, an unbloody sacrifice, while that of the Cross was a bleeding victim, which would thus receive the Greek appellation of *Thusia*, i. e., a bloody sacrifice. Even here do we not see the fallacy of Archdeacon Farrar's reasoning? Because, forsooth, the word *Thusia* has never been applied in any scriptural text to the Lord's Supper, we are to accept as his sequence. Therefore the Lord's Supper was not a sacrifice at all. Given, as we have just intimated, that the word *Thusia*, used absolutely, is applicable only to a bloody sacrifice, as all biblical commentators, whether Protestant or Catholic, admit, how could it be applied to the Lord's Supper, which was not a bloody sacrifice?

The other relative characteristics of the sacrifice foretold by Malachy show it to be a daily offering for all the nations of the earth, in perpetual acknowledgment of God's infinite excellence. Now these qualities can never be attributed to the Sacrifice of Calvary. In the first place, Jesus offered Himself but once on the Cross to His Eternal Father: whereas the sacrifice of the new covenant was to be daily, nay hourly, placed on the altar of God—"ab ortu solis usque ad occasum." Again, this new oblation, which God would give to the nations of the earth, was to be as universal as the Church for which it was instituted—Catholic in time and place; not restricted to one temple alone, neither to Sion nor yet to Garzein, but diffused as it were through time and space, and entering, like the sacrifices of old, into the daily life of the religious people. Yet Calvary's holocaust was offered in one place alone, and that the most obscure part of the civilized world.

The prophecy, then, of Malachias cannot be attributed, much less realized in the Sacrifice of the Cross, and the absurdity of its application to the mere Sacrifice of Thanksgiving is but too apparent. May we not, then, justly conclude that this prophecy has been, and could only have been, realized in the Eucharistic Sacrifice of Christianity; for, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, what other sacrifice is daily, nay hourly, offered throughout the entire world? From the barren stoppes of Siberia to the parched sands of Arabia; from north to south, in civilized Europe as well as uncultured Africa, in every city, village and hamlet, where is found the Catholic priest, there is offered to God's name and in God's honour the "clean oblation" of the Gentiles—the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Catholic Church.

### Literary Notes.

*The Success of Patrick Desmond.* This very interesting story, first published in the *Ice Maria* appears in book form. To mention that it is written by Maurice F. Egan is a guarantee for the Catholicity of its tone and the purity of its plot and literary style. Young people might look for a different ending; but it was right that the noble heroine of the novel, Eleanor Redwood, should, as the hero, Desmond, himself says, "choose the better part." Patrick Desmond made a success of his life by his fidelity to his religion, uprightness of heart and singleness of purpose, and is a character artistically portrayed amid the simple surroundings of village life. What he did to succeed every one can do; for every one can, by correspondence to principle, answer Desmond's mother's prayer; "that her son may be an honest man." With the exception of a few descriptions which serve no great end the plot unfolds itself in natural and unflinching interest. That Patrick Desmond may attain financial success and find a deserving place in every Catholic library, is our best wish.

*Month of the Holy Angels.* This little volume, prepared by a Sister of the Visitation, is made up from the life, and writings and spirit of St. Francis of Sales. Many of the meditations contain explanations upon the dignity and office of the different choirs of angels, with practical resolutions based upon their special virtues and qualities. Devotions to the Angels who ministered to our Lord in some of His mysteries—e.g., the Angels who announced His birth to the shepherds, to those who comforted Him in His passion, to those who were found by the holy women in the tomb on Easter morning—form chapters by themselves, and will all serve to increase the devotion towards our Blessed Master Himself. Another form is dwelt upon showing how the angels of our friends and of those for whom we wish to pray, may receive from us devotion which will benefit those over whom these angels are the guardians when we cannot reach them directly. The Book is from the press of Benziger Bro's, and is dedicated to the pupils of the Visitation.

A new edition of that most excellent work *Catholic Belief* has been issued by Benziger Bro's, edited by Father Lambert. Without any of the acid of controversy this work gives a clear explanation of all doctrinal and controversial subjects. It is the most complete work of the kind we know, and is an invaluable aid for Catholics and for others who wish to learn something about our Holy Church. The American edition appears with an introduction warmly approving it from Bishop Ryan of Buffalo.

Two prayer books—*First Prayers for Children* and *Simple Prayers for Children*—have been also received from the firm of Benziger Bro's. They are most commendable for the simplicity, shortness and unctious of the prayers they contain. As books of devotion are frequently too abstruse for children, these will admirably fill the void. Better binding would secure better care from those who use them.

*The Leaflets of Loretto.* Welcome again to our sanctum—the more so as the autumn leaves are falling, and the wind and rain of October are moaning and weeping with the sadness of the dying year! A new editorial staff has taken charge of this very worthy school periodical; and if this first number is a criterion, we have every confidence that *The Leaflets* will prosper under their care, energy and talent. The number opens with an appropriate selected poem on Our Lady of Sorrows, followed by a well written Introductory, which is wholly occupied with giving an account of the last Distribution of Prizes at the Abbey. Miss McEachon favors her readers with an admirable article upon "Woman as a teacher of Ethics," and concludes by telling us: "Woman's power is mighty, woman's empire is noble, woman's mission is sublime." 'Tis true indeed, and ever will be, as long as there are such institutions as Loretto Abbey, and such homes of charity as the House of Providence. Woman's power is mighty by gentleness, silence and prayer; her empire is noble because it is her own home; and her mission is sublime because it is the mission of heavenly love and mercy. It was a Magdalene that anointed our Lord's feet, and a Veronica who wiped His blood-stained face upon the way to Calvary. "Thoughts on Autumn" is the title of a graceful poem by Miss Alice Gray. The stories—"A Trust Betrayed," and "The Tempter Foiled," add a charm to the contents which, agreeable though they may be, are enhanced thereby.

*Donahoe's Monthly* for October contains very interesting articles upon (1) The Catholic Congress; (2) Declining Influence of the Editorial Column; (3) The Irish Argonauts; (4) Loo—The Doctor's Story; (5) How Home Rule is Hated; (6) The Real Victims of Hard Times; (7) Father Mathew in Old St. Mary's; and (8) Ten Years of a Noble Work.

*The Canadian Magazine.* The articles in the October number of this periodical are of a high literary character, and display great care in the preparation, and choice in the selection. "Fruit Growing in Annapolis Valley" and "Down the Yukon" are copiously illustrated and set forth to advantage the capabilities and beauties of the Eastern and Western portions of our fair Dominion.

Not less interesting is the sketch of "An Old Provincial Statute Book," by Prof. Russell. The volume which it reviews covers the period from 1758 to 1776. What treatment Catholics received in those days may be gathered from the fifth chapter of the book in question, where it is enacted that "Every Popish person exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and every Popish priest or person exercising the function of a Popish priest, shall depart out of this Province on or before the twenty-fifth of March, 1759." Although the Professor does not defend such legislation, we are rather surprised that he strives to excuse it on the ground that those who prepared the statute "had as honest and genuine a fear of the Pope as old Cotton Mather had of the devil."

## The Priest's Revenge.

One day, in the year 1793, the inhabitants of Fegreac, France, and the surrounding hamlets were assembled together to celebrate one of the solemn feasts of the Church. The Abbe Aurain was at the altar; the holy words of consecration had been pronounced; the God of heaven was now present in that rustic temple. The pious crowd was engaged in silent adoration, when suddenly the dreaded sound of the alarm bell resounded through the building. Instantly all the men in the church sprang to their feet; the women huddled trembling together; the priest alone showed no emotion. "My friends," he said, "The Sacrifice is begun, and it must be finished. God is with us; let us pray. Pray, my brethren."

Then, bending over the altar, he humbly struck his breast, and consumed the consecrated Elements. Meanwhile the tumult outside increased; some of the peasants had hastily left the church, when a child rushed in, crying, "O, save him! save the pastor. The Blues have entered the village; they are following close after me." The priest took of his chasuble, stole, and alb. Two dragoons of the republican army came to the door of the church; the priest, seeing them, quickly descended the altar steps, and passed through the sacristy. In the churchyard he met two other soldiers, who attempted to seize him; but he dexterously eluded their grasp, and scaling the low wall of the cemetery, reached the open country. The republicans followed. As he was strong and active he leapt over the fences and enclosures of the fields. His pursuers followed and were rapidly gaining upon him, when he found himself on the precipitous bank of a river. Without pausing to consider he plunged into the water and swam across. When he reached the opposite bank, he looked behind him, and saw one of the two soldiers rushing into the water after him.

Continuing his flight, the abbe ascended the hill that rose before him; he increased his speed, and never paused until he reached the summit. And now he is out of sight and reach of those who sought his life;—he is saved. But scarcely had he reflected with deep thankfulness on his escape from his pursuers when a cry of distress struck his ear. He paused, and listened, and again he heard the same piercing cry. Hastily retracing his steps to the brow of the hill, he saw one of the soldiers struggling in the water, and on the point of sinking to rise no more. The priest, who had ever inculcated lessons of charity and preached forgiveness, who had taught men to return good for evil, was not deaf to the voice of an enemy in distress. With the same speed with which he had fled from his pursuers did he now hasten to the rescue. When he reached the bank of the river the soldier had disappeared; but he plunged into the stream and dived again and again to seize the drowning man. At length he reappeared above the water, bringing back to land the senseless body of the dragoon, which he continued to chafe with his hands until animation was restored.

In a few moments the soldier opened his eyes, and recognizing the priest of Fegreac, he gasped in faint accent, "What! is it you who have saved me—you whom I was pursuing, and whose life I had sworn to take?"

"It is so," said the priest calmly; "and now I am your prisoner; I have now no power to escape. Do you still wish to kill me?"

"I would rather die first," replied the soldier. "I will not touch a hair of your head. But how we have been deceived! We have always been told that the priests were our most determined enemies, that they thirsted for blood, and breathed nothing but revenge."

"My good man," said the abbe, "you now see whether we thirst only

for revenge. Every priest, nay, every Christian is bound to forgive his enemies, and to requite evil with good. In being able to save your life, I have been more than usually fortunate, that's all; and I thank God for it. Do you thank Him also; and cease to persecute those who believe in God, and serve Him."

"Go, go quick!" said the soldier; "here come my companions; we soldiers can only obey. Fly while you can. I will go and meet them, and tell them you have escaped. They may not share my feeling. Farewell! I shall never forget you. Here they come; save yourself!"

They separated, never to meet again.

## Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HOBSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

## LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY,

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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

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## Poultry Notes.

A well-known poultry dealer gives this advice in regard to the care of fowls in the winter, which is better late than never: "If we expect eggs we must give our chickens good care. They should have a place to roost where there is plenty of fresh air, but no draught. My chickens have roosted in a house with several panes of glass out, but not one of their combs has been frozen this winter. The perches should be arranged so they can be taken out when the weather is very cold and the chickens allowed to roost on the floor. About a foot of straw should be thrown on the floor for their comfort, and should be changed twice a week. A mixed feed should be given in the morning, consisting of scraps from the table, chopped cabbage leaves, onions, or anything green, mixed with screenings and corn. This should be warmed and some salt and pepper sprinkled in. This they will enjoy on a cold morning. Give them oats at noon, and in the evening shelled corn; pour boiling water over it and let it stand till it is warmed thoroughly. Change this feed occasionally by putting ears of corn in the baker in the morning, leaving them there all day; if it should get parched they will like it all the better. Chickens will never get into the way of roosting out in the cold if care is taken in the fall to place them on their roosts.

The earlier in the spring you can get your chickens hatched the more profitable, for it is the early pullets that lay the best in the winter. If you can get them hatched by the first of April you may expect good results."

This kind of feeding is excellent for the winter, but for the spring and summer corn, with plenty of grass or young vegetable growth in the yards, is everything needed. As wood ashes contain nearly one-half their bulk of lime, if the waste bones are burned and mixed with the ashes from the kitchen stove, they will supply all the lime needed for six eggs per hen per week. This is what a majority of my hens are doing. They are Plymouth Rocks, laying for the first time.

## Housekeeping Hints.

That house-cleaning should not be begun until the furnace pipes can be taken down.

That dust and the marks of children's fingers can be removed from windows by rubbing with a sponge which has been dipped in ammonia and water.

That steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting by covering the steel portion with mutton tallow, then wrapping them in paper and putting away.

That matting should never be washed in anything but salt and water—a pint of salt to half a pailful of soft water. Dry quickly with a soft cloth. Twice during the season will probably be sufficient washing for a bedroom, but a room much used will require washing much oftener.

That a mixture which is excellent for removing grease stains from the carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine and an ounce of ether. Out the soap in small pieces and dissolve it in one pint of water over the fire, then add two quarts of water and the other ingredients. This should then be mixed with more water in the proportion of one teacupful to one ordinary sized pailful. The soiled articles should be thoroughly washed in this.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.



**Broken Measures.**

*Ne. England Magazine.*

Life is full of broken measures,  
Objects unattained;  
Borrows intertwined with pleasure,  
Losses of our costliest treasures,  
Ere the heights be gained.

Every soul has inspiration  
Still unattained;  
Memories that wake vibration  
Of the heart in quick pulsation,  
At the gifts denied.

We are better for the longing,  
Stronger for the pain;  
Souls at ease are nature wronging—  
Through the harrowed soil come thronging  
Seeds in sun and rain.

Broken measures, find completeness  
In the perfect whole:  
Life is but a day in fleeciness—  
Richer in all strength and sweetness,  
Grows the striving soul.

**Selected Receipts.**

**IRISH SCONES**—Put one pint of white cornmeal into a bowl; put in the centre a tablespoonful of shortening; pour over sufficient boiling water—about one cupful—to scald the meal. Stand aside for an hour. Beat one egg, stir into the mixture, then add sufficient boiling water, about another cupful, to make a soft batter. With an egg beater beat constantly for five minutes. Drop tablespoonfuls on greased griddle; bake slowly. Turn.

**VEGETABLE MARROW SOUP**—Cut the marrow in small slices, boil until tender, pass through a colander, and, to make it finer, a sieve as well. Boil half a cup of rice in a saucepan; when well done also pass through sieve; to the rice and marrow, add one quart of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg; if this quantity makes it too thick, a little water may be added. Boil a few minutes, season to taste. A great improvement is an onion boiled with the rice. (Contributed.)

**BOILED CHICKEN AND RICE**—Stuff, tie in a mosquito netting, put in hot water and boil, not violently, twelve minutes to the pound. One half hour before serving take out one cupful of liquor, skim, strain and season. Soak one cupful of rice two hours, boil ten minutes, drain, add to this the broth and set in double boiler. Simmer till rice is soft, but do not stir it. When soft stir in with fork one teaspoonful each of butter and minced parsley and one beaten egg. Cook one minute, take from fire, make into flattened mound and lay the fowl on it. Serve with white sauce or pot liquor.

**STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS**—Green peppers stuffed with the material that chicken salad, hash or meat or croquettes are made of and baked, are cheap, appetizing and satisfying. In preparing them, cut the top so as to form a lid; remove the seeds, fill the space with the dressing; close the lid and fasten with a bit of toothpick. As the vegetable is quite hot, little or no seasoning should be put in the dressing. Most cooks make the filling too dry. A nice way is to mince any delicate meat with a little raw potato, raw onion, lettuce or celery, and add enough gravy, soup stock or mayonnaise dressing to make it about like chicken salad. Men like this dish. With a chop and a roll, preceded by a dish of strong soup, and followed by a green salad, a baked pear, and a cup of black coffee, it is a dinner.

**TOMATOES STUFFED AND BAKED**—Choose some round, well shaped and very ripe tomatoes, cut a round off the stalk end of each, so as to be able to scoop out the interior without splitting the tomato. Put what you have taken out into a saucepan, with a little butter, some chopped parsley, onion, a wee bit of garlic, salt, pepper and let it reduce over the fire, then pass through a sieve. Mix in a little bread-crumbs previously soaked in stock to give consistency, some butter, and the yolks of two eggs. Put the tomatoes in a dish that will stand the fire, with the above mixture, strew some dried and brown bread crumbs over, put a

little butter on the top of each and place the dish in the oven for about 10 or 15 minutes.

**PLAIN PLUM PUDDING**—One pint of stale bread crumbs, one cup of flour, one cup of stoned raisins, juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of washed currants, one cup of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half nutmeg, grated; one-half cup of molasses, three eggs, one-half pound of suet, one half pound of citron, one-half teaspoonful of baking soda. Mix well all the dry ingredients. Beat the eggs, add molasses. Dissolve the soda in a tablespoonful of hot water, add to it the molasses and eggs, then mix into the dry ingredients and pack into a greased mould; boil four hours. Serve with hard or brandy sauce.

**Farm Notes.**

To let stock or the crops stand still is almost sure to retrograde.

The margin of profit in farming is too small to admit of any unnecessary waste.

Keep all tools under cover. It is better to stack the hay out if there is not room to house both.

Increasing the size of the pieces of seed potatoes increases the yield; result of three years trial.

Soften up the collars of the working teams by pounding with a stick and kneading with the hands.

Every farmer should feed his products so as to make all the manure possible, and then apply it wisely.

With really good roads, the farmer six miles from town or the railroad station would find the cost of transportation no more than one now three miles away.

The foundations for success, in live stock farming lies in the economical production and use of feeding stuffs. Then, given good stock, the problem is pretty nearly solved.

The beginner is specially warned against spending his money for any novelties in bees unless he wishes to test them in comparison with what are recognized as the best, and can afford to spend money for such purposes.

It has been found at Ellerslie, Mr. Morton's famous Guernsey farm, that one acre of ground will produce ensilage for from three to five cows, while it takes two acres to produce a similar supply of hay.

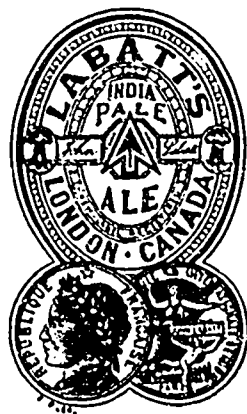
The total yield, or the yield of straw and grain, was some fifteen per cent greater on the plots irrigated at night, and the ratio of straw to wheat was therefore much greater on the plot irrigated at night.

Worn-out farms have been brought up in a few years by farmers keeping no stock, but depending on commercial fertilizers and clover alone. If they can be protected from dogs, a few sheep are good things to have around.

A farm so operated that all the produce sold off it reduces its fertility, will in time reach the little end of the horn. More care of rotation and a thorough dressing of barnyard manure is necessary. These two things can not be dispensed with altogether, though commercial fertilizers postpone the evil day.

Few farmers finish cleaning their barnyards every spring. They stop the work because the manure scattered and hard to get at, often, too, because the season is so late that probably not enough rain will fall to give the manure its best effect. Yet these bottom deposits accumulating year after year, are often much richer per load than is the coarser and more bulky manure, which can so easily be loaded on the wagon, which in dry seasons often does far more harm than good.

**THE HORSE**—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.



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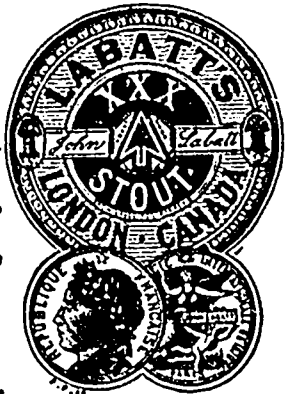
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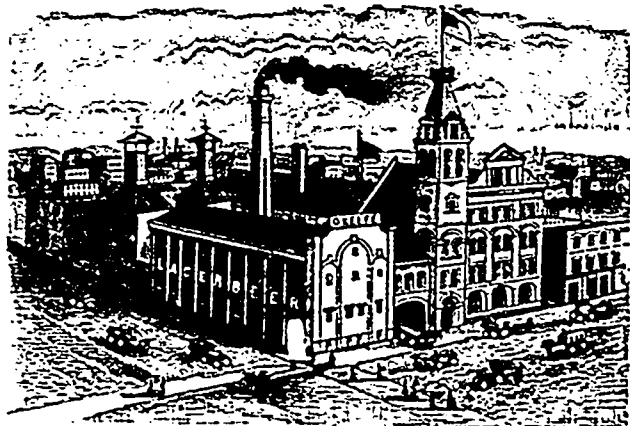
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## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

On Sept. 29th, there died, in Belfast, Mr. F. D. F. O'Connor, a gentleman who some years ago was very well known on the Belfast and Dublin Press, where he had acquired a reputation as an able and vigorous writer. Lately his health had declined, and for months he was unable to be out of doors.

## Armagh.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran and his chaplain, Very Rev. Dr. O'Hara, left Armagh, on Sept. 28th. Cardinal Logue, with whom they had been staying as guests for the previous week, accompanied them to the train. Cardinal Moran expressed himself as highly satisfied with his short stay in Armagh, on taking an affectionate leave of his host. He will leave for Sydney about the end of October.

## Cavan.

On the 12th of September, at the Dominican Convent, Lubbeck, Belgium, the ceremony of religious profession took place. The two young ladies who had the happiness of consecrating their lives to God were Miss Beasy Goldrick, Ballyjamesduff, county Cavan, Ireland (in religion Sœur Marie Dominica); and Fraulein Felicitas Moeller, daughter of Herr F. Moeller, Luisbourg, Germany (in religion Sœur Dominique Marie). High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Monsieur Paaps, Dean of Lubbeck, assisted by his Vicar, the Rev. Monsieur Mertens, and the Rev. John Dominick, Professor at the Catholic University, Louvain.

## Clare.

We regret to have to announce the death, on September 14th, of Dr. Molony, of Tulla. The deceased physician had attained the age of 71 years, and was for years one of the leaders of the profession in the South of Ireland. During almost the whole of his professional life he was an active worker in the Irish Medical Association, of which body he was for many years a Councillor, and in 1882 its President, and as local Secretary of the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund for Ireland he rendered most valuable service.

## Cork.

Mr. James J. Murphy, principal of Lady's Well, Brewery Cork, it is said is to be co-opted a member of the directorate of the Great Southern & Western Railway Company, instead of Mr. Pardon Coote, of Mal-low, deceased.

## Derry.

The Rev. Canon Richard Babington, Rector of Clooney, Waterside, Derry, died suddenly, on Sept. 22d, from heart disease. He had assisted at an ordination, and on returning from church was seized with illness, dying in a few minutes. Canon Babington had taken a prominent part in politics (on the Orange side) in Ulster.

## Donegal.

On the night of Sept. 23d, while a man named Denis Grayson, of Ballyshannon, accompanied by a servant boy named Philip McGinny, was driving a car on the road between Belleek and Ballyshannon, the horse bolted, and both men were thrown into a drain by the wayside. McGinny, on recovering, went to look after his companion, and found him lying motionless. He then went to the house of a neighbor, Mr. A. Dixon, of Templeview, and asked assistance. Mr. Dixon at once accompanied him and brought Grayson into the house, when they found he was dead. The sad news created much excitement in Ballyshannon, where the deceased was well and widely known; and much regret was expressed at his untimely end. Mr. Grayson was a man who held very advanced political views, being prominently identified with the Fenian movement in 1867. On a charge of writing a threatening letter to Mr. Bloomfield, of Belleek, he was sentenced to and served seven years' penal servitude in Spike Island.

## Down.

Dr. Nolan, Assistant Medical Officer of the Richmond Lunatic Asylum (Dublin), has been appointed to the Resident Medical Superintendentship of the Downpatrick Asylum in place of Dr. Tyner, deceased. The news of the appointment was received by the Nationalists of Downpatrick and district with great delight. The Nationalist bands paraded the town in honor of the new appointee.

## Dublin.

The Irish agricultural statistics for the present year, which have just been issued, show that the influence at work in England have been felt at the Irish side of the Channel also. The Irish farmer continues to decrease his acreage of wheat and enlarge that of oats. He keeps more horses, mules and donkeys than ever before. The high price of bacon has induced him to go in more extensively for pigs; but the effect of imported foreign meat is traceable in the slightly diminished head of cattle, and a considerable falling off in the number of sheep. Peasants seem to be finding out that goats are not profitable, but are largely increasing their stock in poultry. In Ireland as in France, an annual census of the cocks and hens and turkeys and geese is taken, though it has not been done hitherto in Scotland and England.

## Galway.

Mr. Patrick S. Golding, second son of Mr. John Golding, of Derrycononde, Eyrecourt,

has been sworn in a Solicitor of the High Court of Justice in Ireland. He was apprenticed to Messrs. Dutton & Doyle of Limerick, and intends practicing at Ballinasloe.

## Lerry.

Rev. T. O'Sullivan, P. P., Aunascal, has been transferred to the charge of the very important parish of Rathmore, in succession to the late lamented Canon Walsh.

Rev. David O'Leary, President of St. Brendan's Seminary, Killarney, is conducting a competitive examination at the Intermediate and University School, Denny Street, Tralee, for a free studentship of two years, value £60, in the Diocesan Seminary, Killarney.

## King's County.

On Sunday, Oct. 22d, one of the most imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church will be performed at Tullamore, when the beautiful new Catholic cemetery at Spillinstown will be solemnly consecrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath.

## Lettin.

It has been suggested that there should be a memorial to the late Surgeon-Major Parke, the Irish African explorer. Of all the brave men who shared Stanley's enterprises, none was more beloved than Dr. Parke, whose modesty enhanced his strength, and whose gentleness illuminated his courage.

## Limerick.

The barque *Beaie Young*, which went ashore off Castletown Harbor, County Cork, during the recent gales, has become a total wreck. She was chartered by Messrs. Spaight & Son, Limerick, and had a cargo of 500 tons of coal. The loss of the cargo is covered by insurance.

## Louth.

On Sept. 26th, Cardinal Moran arrived in Drogheda and visited the round tower of Monasterboice, the new memorial Church, and other historical places in the vicinity. He was the guest of the Right Rev. Monsignor Murphy, Rev. John Woods, and the priests of St. Peter's. On the following day, he left by the afternoon train for Dublin.

## Mayo.

Mr. E. K. Dixon has been appointed County Surveyor of South Mayo.

## Sligo.

The death-rate in Sligo Town and District, for the week ended Sept. 23d, was 15.2 per 1,000 inhabitants. The highest death-rate was 33.5 in Dundalk, and the lowest 3.8 in Galway.

## Wexford.

At the Convent of Mercy, New Ross, on Sept. 21st, Miss Brigit Keogh (in religion Sister Mary Berghmans), daughter of Mr. Patrick Keogh, Glenogue, pronounced her solemn vows of sacred profession. The Bishop of the diocese, Most Rev. Dr. Browne, presided on the occasion.

## Wicklow.

On September 25th, the beautiful ceremony of Profession into the Presentation Order was witnessed in the Presentation Convent, Castlecoomer, the happy young lady being Miss Treacy, of Liscolman, county Wicklow (in religion Sister Mary Stanislaus). Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg officiated.

## League of the Cross

St. Paul's Sodality held its regular meeting on Sunday afternoon, when the hall was crowded to the doors. The President, Mr. Geo. Duffy presided. The total abstinence pledge was administered to five new members by the Rev. Father Hand, who addressed them at some length on the cause they all have so much at heart. The President also delivered a short address, urging on the members in the good work.

An excellent programme was taken part in by Messrs. Miller, Richard, Duprat, Trudelle and Tompaine. Mr. Miller's recitation of the "Life-boat" was particularly fine.

The committee having charge of the Halloween concert in aid of the poor promise a grand entertainment for that evening.

The members of the League will receive Holy Communion in a body on the first Sunday in November.

## The London and Canadian Loan.

Attention is directed to the twentieth annual report of "The London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company," which appears in this issue of the REGISTER. The capacity and stability of this institution are so well-known and wide-spread that important investments have been negotiated in many of the money centres of the United States, as well as in Canada. The business for the year, it is gratifying to notice, has been very profitable, and the Company's outlook is most encouraging—a condition that reflects much credit on the manager and the directorate.

## Rose d'Erina.

The Queen Irish Music and Song—Rose d'Erina—will give one of her delightful entertainments at the Auditorium (Shaftesbury Hall) on Monday evening, Nov. 13th, under the auspices of Div. No. 2 Ancient Order of Hibernians.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Swiss Catholic Bishops have published a collective letter in favor of total abstinence, pointing out the terrible consequences of intemperance.

Signor Lorenzo Cerasoli, who died lately at Bergamo, in Italy, left half a million lire to the local suminary and one hundred lire to different charities.

Leo XIII. has had a silver medal struck in the Pontifical mint for presentation to all the surviving Papal Zouaves who formed the army of Pius IX.

Rev. Father Filliatre, O.M.I., vicerector of the Ottawa University left on Saturday Oct. 7th for France. He was presented with addresses from the Catholic citizens and various Societies of Ottawa, accompanied by a well filled purse.

Father Gerard van Calven, Procurator-General of the Benedictine Congregation of Beuron, has been commissioned by the Holy Father to visit Brazil for the purpose of re-establishing the Benedictine Order in that country.

Dr. George Parsons Lathrop, who is one of the trustees of the Catholic Summer School, began on last Friday his course of lectures on "Hawthorne" before the Brooklyn Institute at the Art Association rooms. The course will be continued on all the Fridays in October.

The celebration of the 25th anniversary of Cardinal Gibbons' elevation to the episcopacy commenced Wednesday morning the 18th inst. Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, and the sermon was preached by Archbishop Corrigan.

The German Empress sat beside Cardinal Krementz at the banquet at Cologne during her recent visit, and had a long conversation with the eminent prelate. Her Imperial Majesty also went over the cathedral and several churches, and inspected hospitals and orphanages directed by religious.

A grand ceremony took place lately at Lourdes as a mark of rejoicing over the successful celebration of the Papal Jubilee. Delegates were present from Holland, Belgium, England, Spain, Germany and America. Cardinal Bourret pontificated. Eight thousand pilgrims of different nationalities were present.

The Catholic Church at Cheniere Caminada Island was completely destroyed by the terrible storm which visited that place last week. It was a handsome edifice erected on a brick foundation. Nothing now remains but a few bricks to mark its location. Father Grimeaux, the pastor, says that seven hundred and seventy-nine lives were lost during the storm.

According to a Shanghai telegram to the Standard, Changh Chih Tung, a governor of many important districts in China where Catholic and Protestant missionaries are at work, is to be degraded from his rank and office if any more disturbance occurs in the districts under his control. Chih Tung connived at, if he did not actually instigate, the previous attacks on European missions and convents.

Rev. E. V. Lobregon, the only Catholic priest in America who preaches in the deaf-mute sign language, is in Indianapolis for the purpose of establishing a deaf-mute mission and an association. Besides the mission for the benefit of Catholic deaf-mutes, he intends to form a "Father de l'Espece Deaf Mute Association." This association is to be open to deaf-mutes of any religious faith and discussions of religion will not be allowed in it.

Mrs. Anna Rowland, a Catholic lady of Boston, recently deceased, made these pious and charitable bequests in her will: St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; Home for Destitute Catholic Children, \$1,000; Little Sisters of the Poor, \$500; Boston College, \$1,000; Associated Charities of Boston, \$500;

Sister Beatrice, at St. John's Hospital, Lowell, \$500, for use of said hospital; St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, \$1,000, pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, for St. Vincent de Paul Society of said parish, \$500. Mrs. Rowland was by no means rich, but contrast her disposition of her worldly goods with that of many men, millionaires many times over, who leave not a dollar in charity.

A Swiss priest lately had an escape from death that was little short of miraculous. A demented shoemaker named Schoenble fired a revolver shot at Father Meinrad Kulin, while he was celebrating Mass at Einsiedeln. The shot was fired at a distance of thirty-nine inches. The ball cut through the chasuble, a little above the centre of the cross, and pierced the alb, soutane and shirt, but left no trace whatever on the skin. It was afterwards found in a fold of the alb. Since then a number of test experiments have been made by military men with the revolver of the would-be assassin, and balls which were found in his possession. At the same distance from which the shoemaker had discharged the revolver, a shot was fired at a pine plank, forty-six millimetres thick, and the projectile passed right through. The other experiments have been attended with similar results.

That lemon stains on cloth may be removed by washing the goods in warm soap suds or ammonia water.

That oilcloth is ruined by the application of lye soap, as the lye eats the cloth, and after washing it should be wiped dry or the dampness will soon rot it.

Don't commit suicide on account of your "incurable" blood disease. The sensible thing for you to do is to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If that fails, why, then—keep on trying, and it will not fail. The trouble is people get discouraged too soon. "Try, try, try again."

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, October 18th, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 61	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 41	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 35	0 00
Peas, per bush.....	0 56	0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	7 50	8 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 07	0 08
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 11	0 12
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 24	0 25
Eggs, new laid, per dozen.....	0 17	0 18
Paraley, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 40	0 00
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 35	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Peas, per bag.....	1 00	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Carrots, per bag.....	0 40	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 50	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	6 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Oct. 17.—For cattle the market was an unusually bad one; cables from England were very depressing, and in consequence the export trade there was dead, only one sale being effected, this was a lot of 18, averaging 1,265 lbs., which brought \$3.40 per cwt. There was a fairly active demand for butchers' cattle, but the quality was poor and the prices low. The top price was 3 1/2c per pound; most of the sales were around 3c, but a quantity sold at 2 1/2c and 2 3/4c per pound, and several small lots of very common cattle were reported sold at even less than 2 1/2c.

There was a fair demand for stockers and feeders at from 3 to 3 1/2c per pound.

Milkers were in small supply, were wanted, and firm at from \$30 to \$50 each.

Calves were unchanged. Good calves will sell, but there is little enquiry for the ordinary and inferior kinds.

Sheep were in light demand at nominally unchanged prices, but the feeling was weak.

Lambs were quoted at from \$2 to \$3.25 with some few sales as low as \$1.50 each.

The market for hogs was firmer at \$6.25 for the best off cars. There were not many stores in. Everything sold and all kinds are wanted.

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## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XVII. (CONTINUED.)

She evaded a direct answer.

"I was very much troubled by the thought—"

"That you might be suspected of a desire to have your music heard?" he interrupted, a furtive smile hovering around his lips. "You may calm yourself so far as that is concerned. However revengeful and hostile I may consider you, I can not accuse you of any desire to please, no matter how much I might wish to do so. I asked you to keep silent—not precisely because you disturbed me—but because I—can not listen to your voice. Of course you are greatly displeased!"

Felicitas, smiling, shook her head.

"My—that is very sensible. But I will tell you something." He bent down and gazed steadily and searchingly into her face. "Your song to-day betrayed a carefully guarded secret."

Felicitas was terribly alarmed. He had evidently obtained some hint of her intercourse with Aunt Cordula. She felt her face grow crimson as she looked at him in timid confusion.

"I know now why you have refused any assistance from us in your future life. Our arms, it is true, can not reach the sphere in which you intend to move—you are going upon the stage!"

"You are mistaken," she answered, very positively, evidently relieved. "Though I consider it one of the greatest gifts that human beings can possess, to have the genius to present the creations of master minds to others, I lack the courage requisite for this purpose. I am a great coward where it is necessary to face the public, and this lack of self-confidence would never permit me to attain any point above mediocrity. Besides, this profession demands a thorough knowledge of music, and that I shall never possess."

"It is entirely in your power to accomplish it."

"Possibly. But, even when a child, I always believed music to be something that could not be learned like reading and writing—something which, like the lessons of Christ, should come direct from heaven, and I wish to retain this childish fancy. That a thing which can move me to tears and rouse my utmost enthusiasm is capable of being reduced to stiff, pedantic rules and placed on a paper in a series of ugly thick notes, which must be carefully counted, is a thought which robs me of all pleasure. It effects me as disagreeably as the remembrance of the fact that every beautiful face is formed upon a skull—I want no view of machinery."

"There we again reach the basis of your nature, which rebels against all law and rule," he said, sarcastically, though he had learned with evident interest her peculiar definition of music.

"So my inference was wrong and your very extraordinary anxiety superfluous," he added, after a pause. "It must be a most remarkable secret! I am almost inclined, by virtue of my office as guardian, to insist upon a revelation of your future plans."

"It would be in vain," she replied, in a quiet, decided tone. "I shall not speak. You have told me that, at the end of two months, I shall be free to do what I choose."

"Yes, yes; that error has unluckily been made," he replied, in a tone of irritation. "But I think—to speak mildly—it seems somewhat bold for a girl of your age to determine the question of her future life according to her own pleasure, without the advice and help of a more experienced person. Suppose the matter to be decided should be the most important step in a woman's life—a union with—"

"In such a case my guardian would be the last person to whom I should apply for counsel!" interrupted Felicitas, her face flushing scarlet. "I should have been already bound forever to a

man utterly devoid of character, save for the boldness of wishing to decide so important a question for myself. You would gladly have said yes and assent to what was termed Herr Wellner's honorable proposals, had I been weak enough to allow myself to be intimidated by harsh treatment and threats."

The reproach cut like a two-edged sword—for it was just. The professor bit his lips, and his eyes wandered restlessly over the stone pavement at his feet.

"It is true that I believed it would be the best conclusion to the task allotted to me by my father," he said, after a painful pause; his voice had lost its usual firmness. "It was an error, but I did not obstinately persist in it, as you know. Though, at my mother's representations, and by her advice, I gave my consent without minute inquiry, I made no attempt to oppose your decision by persuasion or harshness. But the words I uttered just now shall be my last effort to exercise my right as guardian," he added, not without bitterness. "I must leave you to your faith. You anticipate it with hope and joy."

"Yes," replied the young girl, with sparkling eyes.

"And you believe that you will be happy in your new environments?"

"As surely as I believe in a happier life beyond the grave."

While asking the last question the professor had fixed upon her one of those keen, searching looks, which he had as her face only grew still more radiant he turned away, either in irritation or anger, without a word. Holding out his hand absently to little Anna, he touched his hat, and slowly returned to the house.

The same evening Rosa was sitting in the servants' room. A heap of transparent blue material filled her lap and her fingers were flying with almost feverish haste. Frederica was bearing her company. The maid would be obliged to sew till midnight, and the old cook had offered to make a cup of strong coffee to keep them awake.

The clock had struck ten long before. Felicitas had gone to her room to prepare for bed, but the ceaseless chatter of the two women over their coffee made the close little chamber unendurable. She threw the window wide open, sat down on the sill with her hands clasped on her knee, and looked out into the court-yard. It was not yet quite dark—the lamps in the second and third stories were still burning, and long rays of light streamed through the high windows upon the stone pavement, touched the glittering jet of the fountain, flashed on various dull glass panes in secluded corners, and cast a pallid reflection on the distant front of the back building. Over the square of buildings inclosing the court yard stretched the glittering heavens. Changeless, as in long distant ages, the stars looked down into this quiet space peopled by tradition with many a spectral legend; they had beheld the living forms of those who were now said to haunt the place as wailing shades, noble knights and stately merchant princes, aristocratic dames in silken robes, and wives of rich citizens. Eyes radiant with happiness had been raised to them, and eyes blinded by self-conceit had wandered coldly over God's most wondrous creations; timid eyes, behind which lurked the consciousness of guilt, and children's eyes swimming in tears, all were now moldering in the dust, their light was extinguished, but Nature's great lesson, the transitoriness of all earthly things, remained unlearned. Generation after generation of human beings had opened their eyes and closed them again, and between these two moments there had been nothing save struggle and strife for a bit of earth, titles, and honors, full coffers and gorgeous garments. And the one trait in human character which moves the world had been here also; the desire to rule, the

base desire to drag down others and tread them under foot, and where external circumstances and innate strength of character had not sufficed, men had wrapped themselves in the incense-clouds of piety. Nothing is more distorted and used for purposes of worldly profit than the word of God, never have worse sins been committed than in His name.

While these thoughts were occupying Felicitas's mind, Frederica's harsh tones and the maid's shrill soprano voice kept up an incessant chatter in the next room.

"Yes," said Rosa, suddenly bursting into a laugh, "my mistress looked as though she had suddenly dropped from the clouds when the professor came in this evening and said that he was going on an excursion into the Thuringian forests with a party of ladies and gentlemen the day after to-morrow—he go with such a party! Good heavens! In Bonn he sits over his books year in and year out, visits his patients, and goes to the university—that's all. No balls, no entertainments! Horrible! I can't bear such ways in men."

"Fy! Shame on you, Rosa!" cried Frederica, angrily, "Suppose your mistress should hear you."

"Well, well, everything has its limits! When he was at school he would have liked to do without eating and drinking in order to be more holy and saint-like—none of the scholars could abide him."

"People are abominably wicked. And I suppose they don't like him any better now?"

"Oh, now—now they all worship him. He began I don't know, but his students are wild about him, and as for the women, it's really horrid—they would actually like to kiss his hands when he writes a prescription. My mistress is not a whit better than the rest. I'm often provoked beyond all patience. If he were only handsome! But he's such an ugly man—with his red beard and rude manners. He cures everybody with harsh words. For instance, my mistress once went to bed in violent spasms; he came up, looked at her as though he meant to pierce her with his eyes, and said, 'Calm yourself, Adele. Get up at once. I will leave the room for a few moments, and when I come back I shall expect to find you sitting in that chair—do you understand?' And when he came back there she sat, and the spasms never returned. But tell me yourself, wasn't it outrageous to treat a lady so?"

"He might have been a little more civil, certainly," said the old cook.

"He tyrannizes over her horribly. Her great delight is to dress elegantly. I tell you, Frederica, in Bonn we have wardrobes full of handsome clothes—you would never be tired of looking at them; and whatever new fashion comes up is always added to the lot. But because this bearish professor is constantly preaching simplicity my mistress never wears an elegant dress when he is near. Muslin, nothing but muslin! If he only knew how much this white trash costs! He wanted the poor woman to stay at home on Anna's account, but some of the party came and urged her so strongly that he had to give in. This blue dress will be very becoming to her, don't you think so, Frederica?"

The maid's thoughtless talk made an unpleasant impression upon Felicitas. She slipped down from the window-sill to go back to the servants' room; perhaps her presence might prevent further disclosures of things that certainly ought not to reach the ears of strangers. Her eyes again wandered aimlessly in the direction of the opposite building—she started. The astral lamp, burning on the landing of the second story, cast its light into the long corridor leading to Aunt Cordula's apartments. The first two windows were quite brightly illumin-

ated; the whitewashed wall of the passage, against which the brown beams stood forth in strong relief, could be distinctly seen. Along this wall a figure was slowly moving, but it was no transparent, spectral form—it was the man the lady's-maid considered so ugly. Felicitas plainly distinguished the outlines of his head, the waves of the thick beard, the massive shoulders, which certainly precluded any idea of elegance. He strode along the whole length of the corridor, mechanically stroking his beard with his hand, until he reached the landing with the painted door, which was but dimly illumined by the rays from the distant lamp, then he turned back again. He was doubtless taking his nightly walk, and as the rooms occupied by the councilor's widow and her sick child were directly under his own, he had chosen this solitary, secluded passage. What made him so restless? Was he pondering over some medical problem, or was he conjuring up the image of the lady for whose sake he was forced to lead a life of loneliness? Felicitas thoughtfully closed the window and drew over it the old faded green curtain which had guarded for generations the slumbers of the cooks in the ancient mansion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the garden beyond the town, the lawn shaded by the chestnut trees had been lately mowed, and a refreshing, strengthening odor exhaled from the the heaps of hay, on one of which Anna had comfortably stretched herself. Felicitas stood leaning against the trunk of the largest tree, which had always been her favorite. Her light feet had climbed it often in the days of her childhood, when not only the patch of turf below, but the whole wide, beautiful earth, had seemed strewn with flowers. Her eyes glided over the giant trunk to the dark mass of foliage above, from which the strong boughs shot boldly into the air in all directions. Life was throbbing under the rough bark; the rising sap was streaming into the delicate veins of the leaves, which stretched like feelers far out into the world, and were probably hard for the old stem to understand—they trembled in every breeze, rustled when a rough wind swept over them, and drooped under the scorching breath of the sun; but no matter how they might tremble, sigh and rustle, the trunk stood motionless. And human beings! How easily they broke down when the storms of fate swept over them!

This gloomy thought, often as it is verified, was not quite justified in the case of the young girl whose white brow gleams in such strong contrast to the dark trunk against which she leans. This young creature, with her deep, sensitive feelings, had defied tempests which would have hurled thousands of her sex into the dust. Perhaps the sorrowful reflection sprung from some vague fear, the sudden presentiment of approaching peril which would subjugate her iron will. How little we can understand our own mental life—we receive intimations from our own souls more blunderingly than it would be possible for the veriest stranger to do! Not until the catastrophe is over do we perceive that we have had warnings of its approach.

Two days had passed since the departure of the professor and his cousin. The former had entered the traveling-carriage with the expression and bearing of a man who is throwing off a heavy burden which he gladly leaves to the pleasant little town of X—. In the hall he had shaken hands with Rosa, Heinrich, and the old cook, but he passed Felicitas by as coldly and indifferently, merely touching the brim of his hat, as if those girlish lips had never uttered a bitter word, those eyes vexed him by their defiance—as if, in short, she were a stranger. Well, this was perfectly sensible and right, Felicitas thought with compressed lips, exactly

as it ought to be. The young widow had taken her seat opposite to him. She had flitted past the members of the household like a fairy in the midst of airy blue clouds, and her face beamed as radiantly under her straw hat as though she anticipated bringing back from this journey some long-desired happiness.

This was the second afternoon that Felicitas had been permitted to spend in the garden with Anna. These had not only been peaceful hours, but had brought her something pleasant—wonderful, she herself termed it—from the world without. The adjoining garden, separated from the Hellwig estate only by a hedge, had recently passed into the possession of the young lawyer's family. The day before he had exchanged greetings with her over the hedge, and to-day an old lady, dressed in black silk, her pleasant, comely face framed in a snow-white cap, had suddenly appeared and spoken to her. It was the young man's mother. She led a very retired life, devoted to her husband and her only son, and was highly respected by everybody in the town. In view of Felicitas's approaching departure from the Hellwigs, she offered the young girl her advice and assistance—an unheard-of ray of sunshine to fall upon the path of the despised player's child. Yet Felicitas now stood leaning against the old chestnut, lost in somber thought. A light breeze stirred the dark boughs above her head, she smiled sorrowfully, the whispers seemed like echoes from a lost paradise. Her childhood passed before her, and now the faint whispering seemed like a prediction that she would be forced to struggle and suffer until her last breath. But no warning voice came to tell her that at that very moment fate was crushing beneath its iron tread all her fairest hopes for the future.

Heinrich had come to the garden gate a few moments before; at first he seemed about to rush up to Felicitas in the utmost haste, then he disappeared behind a cypress hedge. Now he appeared more slowly. The first sight of his broad, honest face, distorted by some great emotion, told the young girl that he had bad news. But from what quarter? She darted up to him anxiously and seized his hand.

"Oh, Fay, I can not help you—you must hear it," he said in a hollow tone, brushing the back of his hand across his heated brow and averting his eyes. "You know, poor child, that it is the natural course of events."

"Go on!" she interrupted harshly, almost with a shriek; then she clinched her teeth convulsively.

"Oh, dear—the Lord have mercy on us, if you are going to act so, how shall I tell you? The old mam'selle—"

"Is dead!" she screamed.

"Not yet, Fay, not yet; but it is almost over, she doesn't know anybody, she has had a stroke of apoplexy. And, oh God, she was all alone! The maid found her lying on the floor in the room where she kept her birds—she had just fed the poor little creatures—"

His voice broke, and he wept like a child.

Felicitas stood as if petrified; every drop of blood had ebbed from her pale face, she mechanically pressed her hands upon her throbbing temples, but no tears sprung to her eyes. For one moment a bitter smile hovered around her lips, then with strange composure she took her hat, which was lying on a pile of hay, called Rosa, who was sewing under the acacias, and gave the child into her care.

"Are you ill?" asked the maid. The statue-like appearance, the unnatural rigidity of the girl's ashen face alarmed her.

"Yes, she is ill," Heinrich answered, in Felicitas's stead, as she hurried toward the gate.

"Be careful, Fay," he said, walking part of the way by her side, "the mistress is with her—it's lucky poor mam'selle doesn't know it. Doctor Boehm

has just gone away—he can do nothing more. And that it should have happened to-day, this very day. Oh, what an unlucky girl you are!"

Felicitas did not hear what he was saying; the words buzzed unmeaningly passed her ears, just as she failed to see the people she met in the street. Unnoticed by Frederica, she entered the house and went upstairs. On the upper landing she flung her hat into a corner. The door of the bird-room was ajar, it echoed with shrill chirpings. How carefully it had always been watched, that no fugitive should escape. Now Felicitas passed without touching it—the forsaken little creatures might seek their food under the open sky, they had no protectress.

She entered the large sitting-room; from the adjoining chamber Frau Hellwig's monotonous, droning voice resounded through the apartment which for long years had heard nothing save the language of music or the rare melody of a woman's gentle, loving tones. The great lady was reading in a loud voice one of those old hymns which, composed for a people still on a low plane of intellectual culture have wholly lost, both in their guiding thought and in their mode of expression, all power to act as mediators between God and the human soul at the present day. How unnatural it seemed that those rudely made rhymes, filled with the most commonplace, material similes, should be read to the dying ears of one whose whole life had been devoted to the culture of true beauty, and who had expressed her reverence for God in the things that had emanated from His own spirit in poetry and in the divine melodies of the masters whose genius He had bestowed. Felicitas glided into the room as noiselessly as a shadow. Frau Hellwig read on without noticing her. There, beneath the white curtains of the bed, which waved gently to and fro like wings in the breeze from the open window, as if ready to receive and bear away the departing soul, lay an ashen face. Oh! how cruel death is to disfigure, before our eyes, the loved ones we are to see no more on earth, so that we gaze with involuntary terror at the features where we were wont to read the language of love and tender sympathy. The drooping lids were not yet quite closed. The eyes rolled restlessly to and fro, a low rattle accompanied each heavy, gasping breath; from time to time the right arm was feebly lifted, then the clinched waxen fingers fall heavily upon the coverlet again. What a terrible spectacle for the young girl, for whom the last ray of love that had brightened her wretched life must soon be extinguished. Felicitas went up to the bed. Frau Hellwig raised her eyes from her hymn-book and fixed them in boundless amazement upon the pallid, tearless face bending over the invalid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

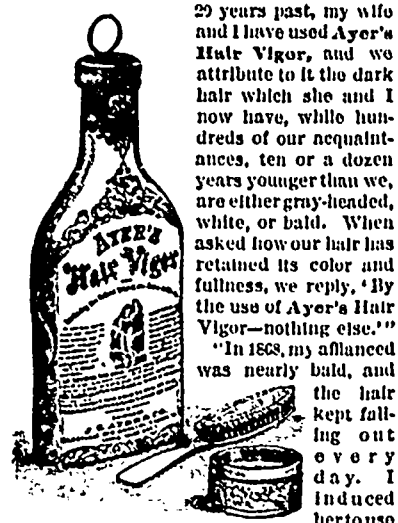
Notre Dame University, whose faculty have contributed so many valuable works to Catholic literature, adds another in the book which Rev. L. J. Miller, O. S. C., publishes in refutation of modern errors concerning man's destiny. Father Miller's work is a volume of some 400 pages, and the author deals clearly and effectively with the erroneous doctrines which he combats.

Monsignor Satolli's praise of Yellowstone Park is now being printed by a western railway as an advertisement to induce travellers to take the trip over its line. The Apostolic Delegate has already expressed his amazement at the fertility of invention on the part of American enterprise, and it must amuse him to find his name appearing in big letters over the head of a railway advertisement.

If you wish to secure a certain and speedy result, when using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, be careful in observing the rules of health, or the benefit may be retarded. A fair and persistent trial of this medicine never fails, when the directions are followed.

## A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For



29 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.' "In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

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Hamilton.

Sunday, Oct. 15th, being the feast of St. Teresa, was selected as the day for the reception of the veil by postulants in St. Joseph's Convent. The following young ladies presented themselves: Miss Stack of Arthur, in religion Sister Mary Benigna; Miss Reccho, Hamilton, in religion Sister Mary of the Rosary; Miss Burns, Hamilton, in religion Sister Mary Ethelberta; Miss O'Connor, Dundas, in religion Sister Mary Josephine; Miss Golden, Guelph, in religion Sister Mary Loyola; Sister Mary Lorentia also made her professional vows.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling celebrated Mass in the beautiful chapel of the Convent. The assistant priests were Mgr. McErvay, Rev. Chancellor Craven and Rev. Father Hinchy.

Catholics are so well acquainted with such ceremonies that a description would be superfluous. The appearance of the young ladies, accompanied by several little girls, who acted as bridesmaids, all robed in elegant dresses of white silk and Brussels' nett veils, excited varying emotions in the breasts of the assembled friends. Regret at the parting was mingled with joy at the thought that their lives were to be devoted so entirely to God.

Owing to building operations part of the Convent was unfit for use, so that much of the ceremony observed on such occasions had to be dispensed with.

Extensive alterations and extensions are being made on St. Joseph's Convent and Orphanage on Park street. The estimated cost of the improvements, including steam heating, is about \$10,000. When the work is completed this will be one of the finest and most convenient Convent buildings in Ontario.

There was a special sermon given by his Lordship Bishop Dowling to the congregation on Sunday afternoon. The Church was well filled with as fine a body of men as could be gathered together in any place. His Lordship said. In this month of October, which is devoted to the Holy Rosary, it is meto that the subject should be Prayer. He explained the Lord's Prayer and then devoted considerable time to the proper manner in which to pray, citing the instance of the Pharises and Publican. Then passing to the Holy Rosary he entranced the congregation with his lucid description, and concluded his discourse by eloquently impressing upon his hearers the necessity of good example, and exhorting them to cultivate the practice of family prayer.

Next Sunday evening at Vespers his Lordship will deliver a lecture descriptive of his recent trip to the Holy Land. The proceeds will be devoted to St. Vincent De Paul Society.

St. Mary's Cathedral is one of the churches in which service is held every evening in the year. At half-past seven o'clock the Rosary is recited. During the month of October the Blessed Sacrament is exposed during the recitation of the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given. It is edifying to note the large number of pious souls who attend these devotions.

Obituary.

Died at Alnwick, County of Hastings, Ontario, Mr. Patrick Masterson, in the 80th year of his age.

Mr. Masterson was born in Butler's Bridge, Co. Cavan, Ireland, on March 17th, 1813, and emigrated to Canada in June, 1837. He was married by the Rev. Father Kiernan in Cobourg, on May 2nd, 1841, to Anne O'Rourke. They first resided in the vicinity of Port Hope, but in April, 1854, removed to Alnwick, and bought the farm upon which they since resided until their decease. Death called the wife some eight years in advance of her husband, the latter passing away on the date above mentioned. They had a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters. The sons are Hugh and John of Alnwick, and Thomas of Wisconsin; the three daughters are Mrs. Wm. Bibby, Gravenhurst, Ont., Mrs. Thos. Gouin, Los Vegas, New Mexico, and an unmarried daughter, Margaret.

Surrounded by his children and grandchildren he peacefully breathed his last. On September 30th the very large funeral procession, headed by Rev. J. Quirk, Hastings, proceeded to the church at Burnley, where Rev. Father Sweeney celebrated Mass for the repose of his soul, and the body was then laid in its last resting place in Burnley Cemetery.

An earnest and devout Catholic, an ardent and patriotic Irishman, a good citizen and neighbor, a true friend, his door was ever open to the stranger and the needy. He lived and died beloved of his own, respected by all. May his soul rest in peace.

Knight's of St. John.

St. Mary's Commandry, No. 216, R.C.U. Knight's St. John, held their last regular meeting on Monday evening, Oct. 2nd, 1893, in their hall, corner Bathurst and Queen Streets, Toronto. In the absence of the President the Vice President occupied the chair. A correspondence from the advisory

board was received and read, requesting our opinion on the advisability of the formation of a provincial board for Ontario. After considerable discussion it was approved by this Commandry.

A committee was appointed for the purpose of getting up a concert in November, when the Commandry will be a year in existence, the proceeds to be given in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The Sick Committee reported one member sick, having received the necessary attendance.

A committee was drafted to prepare a programme for entertainments on meeting nights.



**THE WEAKEST SPOT** in your whole system, perhaps, is the liver. If that doesn't do its work of purifying the blood, more troubles come from it than you can remember.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts upon this weak spot as nothing else can. It rouses it up to healthy, natural action. By thoroughly purifying the blood, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system.

For all diseases that depend on the liver or the blood - Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the "Discovery" is the *only* remedy so unfailing and effective that it can be *guaranteed*.

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On these terms, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh in the Head.

**HOME RULE!**

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

**ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.**

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

**P. MUNGOVEN.**

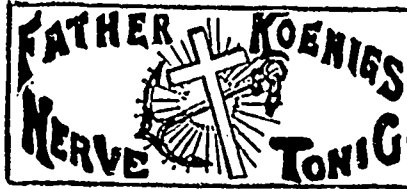
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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: **JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.**



Used With Satisfactory Results.

JOLIET, ILL., March 10, 1891. 2  
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used for the past 12 years with satisfactory results by our Sisters troubled with nervousness.

SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.  
STRATTON, ILL., Dec. 5, '90.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the very best I have ever found. I certainly deem it a great blessing to all persons afflicted. May the blessing of God be upon it. Yours most respectfully,  
SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS, O. S. F.

DELIH, Ohio, Feb., 1890.

A young man 28 years old who is subject to a rush of blood to the head, especially at the time of the full moon, an 'ho at such times raves and is out of his mind. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic helps him every time. So says  
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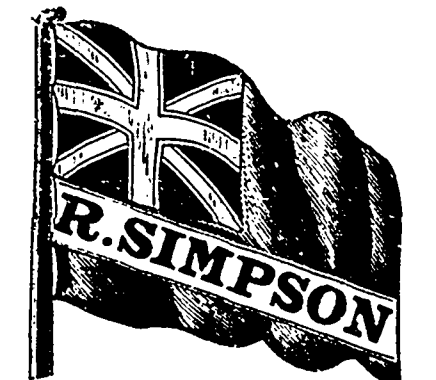
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**JACKETS:**

In Boucle Cloth, nutria fur Collar, black, navy and brown, very special, \$4 95.

Fit e Serge, heavy butterfly collar, black, \$5.

Boucle Cloth, large nutria fur collar and fur roll front, black and brown, \$8.75.

Black Cloth, butterfly cape, real astrachan fur collar, \$9.50.

Boucle Cloth, black and brown, large Princess May collar, fur collar and edging, \$11.

Beaver Cloth, brown, black and green, sable collar and edging, \$17.60.

**CAPES:**

In black and brown, double butterfly shoulder, \$6.

Black Cloth, butterfly cape and collars, edged with nutria fur, \$8.

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Beaver, seal brown, double shoulder cape, collar and cape edging nutria fur, \$10.50.

Diagonal Cloth, black, butterfly cape and collar, trimmed military braid, silk ornaments, \$12.

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