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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 5.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

On January 1, the patriarch of the Irish College in Rome, the Most Rev. Dr. Tobias Kirby, titular Archbishop of Ephesus, celebrated his ninetieth birthday. A number of his more intimate friends were invited to dine with him. When the rector of the college, who has just been made a Monsignor by the Holy Father, proposed Dr. Kirby's health, he drew the attention to the fact that "Mgr. Kirby had been the friend of Daniel O'Connell in life, and was present when the heart of the Liberator was brought in its silver case to be laid in the Church of St. Agatha, where the young students of Ireland form guardians around the memorable relic." The Archbishop until recently was the acting rector of the College, and still preserves all his activity of mind. "As a student in Rome the young Kirby was at the Irish College in the *Via degli Iibernesi*," says the Roman correspondent of the *Pilot*, "when the youthful Francis Mahony, better known to the world as 'Father Prout,' was resident there, not a student for he did not stay long enough to study much. It was here, according to a tradition which Mgr. Kirby remembers prevailed about that time, that young Mahony wrote upon the walls of the room he occupied the first stanzas of one of his most celebrated songs, 'The Bells of Shandon.' Amongst the students in Rome at this time was one who has become the most celebrated and honored in the Catholic world, and who came in contact with young Kirby, in competing for a prize for the best essay, on what subject we are not told: the young Pecci gained the prize, but that of Kirby received very high praise. The Holy Father has a very warm friendship for the Archbishop of Ephesus who was a friend in his student days.

It is estimated that the loss in the revenue for the past financial year in Great Britain is £2,000,000. A margin was left for a deficit by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but things have turned out very much worse than was ever expected. At the beginning of the financial year, it was well known, that a time of great depression in trade and commerce had set in. The depreciation of silver seriously affected the export trade with the East, and "the revolutions," says the *Liverpool Times* "in South America injured the commercial relations with that continent. The year that has closed was no less disastrous in banking affairs. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who has tided over such a year with only a deficit of two millions may not be an administrative genius, but he is a minister to be relied on in the day of financial tribulation."

We see by the old country exchanges the annual report has been issued by General Booth of the work accomplished by his social organization. Last year £30,000 was asked to carry on his Darkest England scheme, but the amount has not been subscribed. "There is evidently little faith in the General and his work," says the exchange. It is most probable the enthusiasm caused by the publication of his "Darkest England" has cooled. The project may have seemed feasible at first, but it was not so easy when put in practice. It was thought when the scheme was first proposed, that not only five thousand would find occasional shelter, but about two millions would be able to secure employment. Under the heading of 'A Wonderful Record' which deals with rescue work a solitary English example is quoted by the *Liverpool Times*. "This is the case of a girl whose record we felt it incumbent on us to expose in the interest of truth sometime ago. If the girl," continues the above, "has been reclaimed from her wayward life, we are glad to hear of it. But opportunities of reformation were offered to her both in Catholic and Protestant institutions before she drifted to General Booth's shelter. The work which General Booth essayed to do belongs to the State. The law of England decrees that no man shall starve or want shelter. A modification of the Poor Law would cover the ground on which General Booth works."

Cardinal Gibbons as the spokesman of all the Catholics in the United States, presented Mrs. Anna Dorsey, through the Right Rev. John Keane, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, with an address, in appreciation of her good work in the Catholic literary world. It was accompanied by a purse of \$1,500. The Holy Father sent her his special benediction by the Cardinal for her services to religion through her writings. The University of Notre Dame, Ind., also honored her by presenting her some years ago with its Laetare medal. The *Pilot* speaking of Mrs. Dorsey's literary work says: "Over twenty volumes have come from her pen, and it is the barest statement of the truth that there is not in one of them a line which the most scrupulous might wish to blot, or a thought which may not be offered to the Giver of all good gifts."

Rev. Father Lucey, Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Pine Bluff, Ark., made a pathetic appeal some time ago through the columns of the *Pilot*, on behalf of a church to be erected for the Catholic colored people under his care. He was quickly answered in a very substantial way by numbers of generous Catholic Americans, whose hearts are ever open to assist and pro-

mote a good cause. The first letter he received was from the priests of the diocese of Portland containing \$200. The foundation of the church is to be laid immediately, as Father Lucey by these generous responses to his appeal has received almost enough to build his church.

The meeting in Ottawa on behalf of Home Rule last Thursday evening was a great success. The *Ottawa Evening Journal* says "The meeting from beginning to end may be described in one word—enthusiasm. It was a rousing gathering at which many of the prominent citizens of Ottawa demonstrated their zeal in the Irish cause, not merely by their attendance but by their liberal contributions." A hearty welcome was given the Hon. Edward Blake, the member for South Longford, as he appeared on the platform accompanied by a number of friends of the cause, among whom were: His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. R. W. Scott, Hon. E. H. Bronson, Rev. Father Whelan, Rev. Father McCarthy, Solicitor General Curran, Auditor General McDougal, ex-Ald. Heney, ex-Mayor McDougal, County Treasurer Cowan, Dr. J. A. McCabe, Chas. Mohr, John Harvey (Arnprior), P. Baskerville, ex-M.P.P., Col. Panet, C. Higgins and F. B. Hayes. Hon. Jno. Costigan, as chairman, expressed pleasure at seeing so large and representative a gathering. He assured the speaker of the evening, "that the friends of Home Rule in Ottawa were eager to help the cause financially in as much as they had already subscribed an amount of \$1,200 in this direction and considerable more might be expected from them. After concluding he read an address of welcome to the Hon. Mr. Blake from the citizens of Ottawa."

In rising to reply to the address Mr. Blake was received with warm applause. "His first duty," he said, "was to thank the friends of Home Rule in Ottawa for the substantial way in which they were endeavoring to help the cause, and for the cheering words vouchered in the address. He rejoiced to return to Ottawa, where for many years he had fought for Home Rule in the Dominion Parliament even if it were only to resume for a few hours, the cause, which he had previously advocated here, and to inform the many true friends of the cause, that Home Rule was rapidly gaining more general approbation. What had been expected ten years ago, was now more than realized. The House of Commons had at last adopted Home Rule. Although the irresponsible House of Lords had rejected it, and were now looking for a change—a forlorn hope he believed it to be—at the next election. In obtaining Home

Rule the Irish people would be given power to govern their country in matters of local concern. He had every confidence in the success of Home Rule. After Mr. Blake had finished, the Hon. R. W. Scott rose and in a few words eulogized Hon. Mr. Blake because of his earnest endeavors and sacrifices in the interests of the cause, and in conclusion moved that he be tendered a hearty vote of thanks for his interesting and profitable address." J. L. McDougal, Auditor General, spoke briefly and seconded the motion, which was endorsed by loud applause. Many in the audience went forward and subscribed in response to the urgent appeal made. "The Ottawa Varsity boys were out in full force," says the *Evening Journal*, "and occupied seats in the gallery. After the vote of thanks Mr. John Clarke, the famous tenor of the College, struck up 'God Save Ireland,' and the boys took up the chorus."

After four years' separation the Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck met on Friday last at Berlin, whither the latter was invited to be His Majesty's guest. Whether the kiss of peace with which they saluted each other meant peace for the rest of Europe, whether it signified a complete restoration to favor of the exiled Prince what it meant—is a problem like the Sphinx. Whatever foreign stratagem there may be in it, it was as an act of domestic policy a very wise thing. Bismarck's past services to Germany, although not the wisest, were so great that he could not be suffered to go to the grave without some sign of pardon, gratitude and affection from the highest power in the Empire.

The Holy Father on Saturday delivered an address to about 12,000 persons, suggested by the disturbed state of Italy. "If," said His Holiness, "we would profit by bitter experience let us trace the evils to their origin and seek an effectual remedy. The religious ruin invoked and designated has brought moral and material ruin. Not only justice, but also political expediency must demand the return of the nation to the religion of its fathers, with mutual confidence and affection, and without suspicion of the Pope, whose preaching of the life eternal renders even mortal life happy and prosperous."

The Congregation of rites has pronounced Joan of Arc worthy of veneration.

About one hundred and fifty priests of various missionary Orders, as the Jesuits, Redemptorists, Dominicans, &c., have been invited by Cardinal Vaughan to labor during Lent amongst the London poor.

THE BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH.

In its series of "Preachers and Teachers of the West," the *Western Mercury* devotes a column to the career of the venerable Bishop of Plymouth, England:

For the last thirty-eight years Dr. Vaughan has been to the Catholics of his diocese not merely a teacher, but a guide and a father, a true shepherd of his flock, a true pastor of God's Church. Sprung from one of those grand old English families, which through trouble and persecution remained true to the Faith of their fathers, William Joseph Vaughan was born in London on February 14th, 1814. From his earliest years he aspired to the ecclesiastical state, commencing his studies at the great College of Stonyhurst in 1829, from thence he proceeded to St. Acheul, in France, and afterwards to St. Mary's College, at Oscott. In 1835 the young student visited Italy, and whilst in the Eternal City received the Minor Orders and the Sub-deaconship at the hands of his illustrious uncle, Cardinal Weld. Returning to England, he took up his residence at Prior Park College, near Bath, and on the completion of his studies, was there ordained priest by Bishop Baines, on March 19th, 1838. Strangely enough, the first work entrusted to the zeal of the young priest was at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, a place which on the re-establishment of the English Hierarchy was included in his future bishopric. Here, with his own means, he built a presbytery and schools for the poor, and for three years laboured with that quiet thoroughness and zeal which have been the characteristics of his life work, and which still keep his memory green in the traditions of the mission of Lyme Regis.

But Father Vaughan, like so many other members of his family, was evidently marked out to take a leading part in the building up again of the Catholic Church in England and to fit him for his future exalted position in that Church, he was now called to a work which would bring him more in contact with the poor and the out-cast—to whom faith and religion are the only consolation left—and thus foster in his priestly heart that all-embracing sympathy which the Church of Christ has ever manifested for suffering humanity, and which should be found in every true pastor. The Catholic mission at Trenchard street, Bristol, to which Father Vaughan was now appointed, was one that demanded in its pastor a sacrifice of self and of his own comfort; to succeed in it he must give himself up entirely to his people. The greater part of the congregation consisted of poor Irish families, whom want and disease had driven to seek in Bristol that right to live which was denied them in their own country. They could not expect to find much sympathy from the people amongst whom they had come to dwell—they were as aliens in the land—but fortunately for them they found in Trenchard street an altar, around which they could pray, as they prayed in the old chapel at home; and in Father Vaughan—a priest whose heart went out to them in their sorrow and trial, and in whom they found all that an Irishman could look for in his "Soggarth Aroon." His theme it was to keep alive in those poor but warm-hearted people that Faith which was their greatest treasure and consolation; to instruct them and their children in the practices of a Christian life—to visit them in the poverty and squalor of the homes of the poor in a crowded English city, to help them in their need—to be to their beck and call at every hour of the day and night—and how well he did that work, how nobly he sacrificed himself and his health for his people, is still feelingly spoken of in Bristol by those who remember him in those days.

And if there is one thing more than another that should endear their Bishop to the Irishmen of this diocese, it should surely be the remembrance of the noble work he did amongst their fellow-countrymen in Bristol during the dark days of "Black Party-soven." At the end of the year 1848 Father Vaughan was called upon to take charge of the new and important mission in Clifton. It was an undertaking of considerable difficulty, requiring in the rector great administrative ability, for much had to be done with very paltry means; but it is precisely in this kind of work that Dr. Vaughan has ever been found to excel, and during the seven years he managed the Clifton Mission, he succeeded by his zeal and energy, in making it one of the most successful and notable missions in Catholic England. When in the April of 1855 Dr. Errington, the first Bishop of Plymouth, was called to London to be a Conductor-Bishop to Cardinal Wiseman, the Cathedral Chapter, attracted by the meritorious and efficient services rendered to religion in the neighbouring diocese by Canon Vaughan, deemed him to be the fittest person to fill the vacant see. Pius IX. approving of their choice, he was consecrated Bishop of Plymouth by Cardinal Wiseman, at Clifton, on September 16th, 1856. The new Bishop took possession of his see on September 25th of the same year, and since that date has, with untiring energy, zeal, and solicitude, promoted and watched over the growth of Catholicity in this Western diocese. His episcopal work has been beset with many difficulties; for his diocese, though vast in extent, has but few great centres of population in which Catholics, for the most part poor generally, congregate; and therefore the means at his disposal have been scanty indeed. But what Bishop Vaughan has done, he has done, and lain the burden of it on his own Episcopate and administration; and when his work shall have been completed (for his people's sake, may it be many years hence) he will leave his successor unembarrassed by outstanding debts; the onward march of his Church in these parts unimpeded by the burdens of other years.

Dr. Vaughan has never been a man to seek publicity in his work; but yet he has ever been a public man in the highest sense of that word, for his whole life has been devoted to the welfare of others, a life in which self-aggrandisement was never in view—a life without reproach, to which none can take exception. In Bishop Vaughan members of every Church have found the courtesy of a true English gentleman, his priests a firm, wise, and kind-hearted ruler, his people a true father in Christ. As a preacher, he was distinguished even in the earliest years of his ministry; for the well-known grandeur and dignity of his figure, the impressiveness of his style gave him the command of the minds and hearts of his hearers, as he taught them the truths of the Faith and exhorted them to the practices which modelled his own life. How truly eloquent his preaching was may be seen from the fact that even now one hears old people speak of his sermons preached some forty years ago. And if his sermons were so impressive then, they became far more so when he spoke to his people with all the influence and authority peculiar to the Catholic Episcopate. But now the sunset of his life has thrown round him that halo of veneration and respect which must always accompany such an old age as his, his sermons have become far more impressive still, for he speaks to his flock now not merely with the authority of a pastor, but of a father of the Church, who, looking back through the long vista of eighty well-spent years, knows full well how to instruct his flock as to what they must pursue, what they

must avoid, if they would realise in themselves the ideal of a true Christian. And that he will be long left to them thus to instruct them is the fond hope and prayer of those who are proud to call themselves the spiritual children of William, Bishop of Plymouth.

The Gorge of the Lualaba.

The western head sources of the Congo River were visited for the first time by white men last year, and the story they have told of the great gorge they saw and of the stream that plunges through it, almost as swift as an arrow for many a mile, was entirely out of the common in Congo explorations. The explorers were Liout. Francqui and Dr. Coenot, in the service of the Congo Free State. They traced the Lualaba River from its fountain head, and made a discovery that, as far as is known, is duplicated nowhere in Africa.

Imagine a narrow stream flowing placidly between its rather low banks. It has gradually been gathering volume from little contributions that a dozen or fifteen tributaries have supplied. The channel is quite deep, though not wide. Nearer and nearer the water approaches a mountain pass to the north, which at a distance appears to have no passage through. Suddenly the water rushes into a rift in these hills, and for many a mile it tumbles along, zig-zagging between two gigantic, perpendicular walls of solid rock. Sometimes it falls headlong as a cataract, and then again it is merely a rapid, with a speed five times as great as that with which it enters the hills.

This great gorge has a tortuous course bending first to the east and then to the west. It is nowhere over 120 to 150 feet wide, and it rises 1,000 to 1,200 feet above the level of the stream. The walls rise nearly perpendicular in every part, and are formed of bare crystalline rock. Here and there in some crevice a little soil has formed, just enough for a tuft of grass or a puny tree to take root.

At the level of the stream one can only see a little ribbon of the sky above for a that great height the top of the walls seem almost to touch one another and trees at the top overhang the edge and shut out nearly every glimpse of daylight. At the bottom of the narrow gorge the little river glides swiftly sometimes almost with an unbroken surface, and then again lashed into foam by thousands of rocks, whose tops rise above the surface; and then again the water pours tumultuously over the edge of a declivity, and then plunges on in a series of rapids.

In a distance of forty-three miles the river drops 1,500 feet and then it emerges upon the plain, and, forgetting its mad career, it flows placidly along to join the Lualaba River and at the junction of the two rivers the true Congo begins. No other tributary of the Congo or even the great river itself where it tumbles along in rapids for 232 miles between Leopoldville and Matadi presents a spectacle so savage and so violent.

The Cornell Catholic Club is a society organized among the Catholic students of Cornell University for the purpose of promoting the best interests, religiously, intellectually and socially, of the Catholic students in attendance at that school of learning. It has the nucleus of a good library of Catholic authors, largely contributed through the generous and thoughtful kindness of a distinguished ecclesiastic. The club meets every two weeks, when in interesting discussions, papers and addresses form the main features of the evening's entertainment.

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, Hammonton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.

Catholicism in Persia.

The journal *Missions Catholiques* publishes a letter from a baldan Catholic priest which gives the following interesting details on the present status of the church in Persia:

"This country, so well known in former times for its steadfastness in the faith, and watered by the blood of so many martyrs, till the sixth century, then dragged into heresy by the followers of Nestorius, later terrorized by Mahomet and his successors, lost the faith almost entirely, so that in the Middle Ages, a Catholic could hardly be found in Persia, particularly in the eastern portion of the country.

"In the first half of the nineteenth century, the vast province of Aderbeidjan contained upwards of forty thousand Christians, Chaldeans and Armenians, but all plunged in the darkness of heresy, with a single exception of the vast parish of Khosrova, whose conversion dates from 1789. Among all the Christians of the town of Ourmiah and surrounding country, there was but a family of Polish origin really Catholic. But in the middle of this century, thanks to the brave Lazarist missionaries, Catholicism again meeting with favor in Persia. At first the Catholic religion appeared so strange to the people they knew it only under the name of 'Religion of the French.'

"The Lazarists would have met with greater success had they not been preceded by the Methodists of New York, who had already led astray a part of the Nestorians, before the famous Eugene Dore founded Catholic missions in Persia. But the zeal of the devoted sons of St. Vincent de Paul was not long in bearing fruit. The city of Ourmiah and suburbs already contain several hundred Catholic families, about forty native priests, of whom several have been converted from Nestorianism. Even now conversions are not rare; only recently three remarkable ones took place.

"The first was that of David Benjamin, a native of Ourmiah, and one of the first converts of the Anglican missionaries of London, who several years ago founded a mission at Ourmiah. The Anglicans had sent him to London to be trained as a missionary. But, before his return to Persia, he had the good fortune to become a Catholic. Since the beginning of the year he is in Rome attending the college of the propaganda, where he will study for some time before being ordained to the priesthood. The Anglicans were expecting much from him.

"The second conversion which is much like the first, is that of Rabi Baba, of Kossi, one of the most learned Protestants of Persia. After teaching several years in the Protestant college, he determined to travel in America. He has since become a Catholic. This conversion has been very gratifying to the Catholics and a rude blow to the Protestants, who were proud to count among themselves such a learned man and distinguished preacher.

"The third conversion was that of Lord Audichon Khinou, who, some months ago, declared himself a Catholic. This conversion is due to the zeal of the pastor of St. George's parish, Rev. Benjamin Khoubyar.

"These three conversions will soon be followed by others. God's finger is seen in this great work. Let us pray this good Father of family to send zealous laborers in the part of his vineyard."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a completed cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

THE MIRACULOUS VEIL.

By O. M. O'HARA.

Memorate! O Maria,
That it never hath been known
Earthly pleadings, Sister! A.
Rise unheeded to thy throne!

One of the loveliest nooks along the shores of the Mediterranean is the bright little village of Hyeres, situated a few miles from Toulon, on the coast of Provence.

Like most places of interest in France, this picturesque little town possesses a sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, and in all the bright realms of "Mary's Land" there is no brighter shrine than that of Notre Dame de Grace of Hyeres.

More than a century ago, in a quaint little villa that nestles among the olive groves at the base of the hill, lived a good old couple named Durand. They rejoiced in an only daughter, Marie Agnese, whose birth they looked upon as an answer to their fervent supplications to Our Blessed Lady. In gratitude for the gift of love and sunshine that had come to their home, the Durands consecrated the little Marie to Notre Dame de Grace, vowing her to wear the virginal blue until her sixteenth birthday.

Beautiful, happy, innocent as a flower of her own sunny land, Marie grew into gracious girlhood, a model of piety and virtue, and remarkable, even at her tenderest age, for her loving devotion to Notre Dame de Grace. Hardly was the glorious Southern morning full and radiant over the waters ere the girl might be seen wending her way toward the gilded portals on the hill; and again when the sanctuary was blushed and mellow in the dreamy twilight, the young, slight form in white robe and flowing blue mantle was kneeling before the Madonna de Grace, something of the rapt unearthly beauty of the statue reflected on the upturned face of the maiden at its feet!

The good Cure of the sanctuary, delighted with the girl's piety, made her unutterably happy by giving her full charge of the altar, and all floral decorations pertaining to the chapel. From that day Marie seemed to live in it, and every spare moment was devoted to the embellishment of her beloved charge. Rich, rare exotics from the gardens of Italy, glowing blossoms hidden in fragrant dells among the hills, all were brought and twined by Marie's loving, skillful fingers in garlands for the Shrine "de Grace."

But Marie longed to make some gift more precious and lasting than flowers to her favorite sanctuary. After much deliberation, she decided on working a lace veil for the statue. She had learned cunning devices in the art from her mother, and this talent she was delighted to employ in the service of the Queen of Heaven.

The idea was no sooner conceived than executed; and day after day Marie sat at her task, until a fair, white transparent cloud lay on her lap, and lily-buds, and delicate gossamer-like leaves grew under her clever fingers.

The veil was destined to be finished for the 1st of May, Marie's sixteenth birthday, when she sighed to think she must abandon the consecrated colors and take her place among the marriageable maidens of Hyeres.

Much curiosity existed among these same maidens as to the object of the wondrous veil, for Marie had playfully kept the purpose of her work a profound secret.

"It is the bridal veil!" said one; "Pierre, the Notaire's son, is getting impatient, and wishes all things ready for the sixteenth birthday."

"No!" asserted another, "it is for the reception toilette of Cousin Leonie who has entered the convent of St. Claire."

Marie paid little heed to the questions and inquiring glances of her

companions. Sometimes when pressed too closely on the subject, she would say that the beautiful veil was for a bride, but the words were accompanied with a smile and a rapt, far-away look in the deep, pure eyes, that left her friends incredulous, and convinced them that some unfathomable meaning lay beneath her answer. However, her "intimates," shrewder, or better informed than the others, would insist that Marie Agnese seemed too angelic for any bridal on earth, and they would not be at all astonished if her thoughts were turning to the cloister—it was the fittest nest for such a bird!

The latter surmise was the correct one. Another and a higher thought than earthly espousals or human love was in the girl's mind and making its sweet calm beat of happiness at her heart. But the course of Marie's vocation was not destined to run smoothly. Her parents, proud of her beauty and sweetness, and anxious to keep the sunshine of their old age near them, had quite other views for her and were delighted when the opportunity presented itself of having her happily "established" in the village. An exceptional alliance was offered to them, and it was with no little pleasure they accepted the advances of Monsieur le Notaire, when he came to them on behalf of his tall, bashful son Pierre.

In vain Marie begged and entreated, in vain she pleaded the call of God, her desire for a religious life; her parents were inexorable, even her mother, usually so loving, so sympathetic, was dead to all entreaties.

"No, no," she would say, "thou wilt marry, my darling, and make thy home with us—thou and this good Pierre will minister to our old age and close our eyes in death."

So Marie at last gave a reluctant consent, merely insisting that the proposed marriage should not take place until after the coming month of May, which concession her parents willingly granted. Meanwhile the girl had enlisted a divine and irresistible influence on her side.

With all the fervor and confidence of a true child of Mary, she had laid her little troubles and anxieties at the feet of her good mother, beseeching her to take her client's case in hand, and obtain for her the realization of her desire to be consecrated to God. And when did the cry of a holy desire ever rise to Mary's ear in vain?

The first day of May in Provence broke amid a glory of bloom and sunshine, exceptional even in that land of cloudless skies and swift, sweet, luxuriant flower life.

It was the patronal feast of Notre Dame de Grace, and as such was celebrated with a magnificence and devotion apparently unknown in these days of French infidelity and irreligion.

Mary Agnese and a few chosen companions had been busy in the chapel from early morning arranging fresh blossoms, "cut with the May dew on their lips," and giving to the decorations generally all the improving touches that love and delicate artistic taste could suggest. The little church was filled to overflowing. The feast was a favorite one of the good people of Hyeres and its environs, and they flocked to the shrines in hundreds, with the double object of honoring Notre Dame de Grace, and inaugurating with special devotions the Catholics' ever beloved month of Mary.

The voluminous and much-admired lace veil had been completed in triumph the evening before, and Monsieur le Cure insisted that its presentation should be made the subject of a graceful little ceremony. The "Enfants de Marie," robed in white, and singing an appropriate cantique, slowly defiled up the aisle, each one bearing her offering of flowers, or any gift her piety and taste had procured. Still singing their thrilling hymn, they entered the sanctuary, and, placing their gifts on

the steps of the altar, knelt round it in a circle, while Marie, who had brought up the rear, bearing the beautiful veil—whose purpose was not revealed to her friends—advanced and laid her offering, according to the Cure's instructions, at the foot of the statue. The good priest then, as was sometimes done in those days, blessed the gifts, and, mounting behind the altar, threw it over the head of the image, whence it descended in rich, cloud-like folds, almost to the ground. The chaplet, as the third part of the Rosary is called in Catholic countries, was then recited, and at its conclusion the guardian of the sanctuary addressed a short exhortation to the young clients of Mary.

The functions in the chapel were over, the lights were extinguished—some of the floral decorations were put away—the sanctuary was still and empty, but Marie Agnese remained in prayer before her beloved shrine.

The hours passed on—the sun was high in the heavens, flooding the land in the white intolerable light of the Southern noontide—the mid-day meal was prepared in the home of the Durands, but Marie Agnese was still absent, and her parents began to grow anxious and look at each other questioningly.

"She forgets everything when she is at Notre Dame, that child!" muttered her mother, peeping out for the hundredth time at the side of the drawn "persiennes;" but it was not wise for her to delay so long to-day, and she fasting, too. *Mon Dieu!* what heat! she will be quite faint walking home. She must rest all the day, in order to look bright and happy this evening when she dons her worldly toilette and celebrates the betrothal with this good Pierre!"

The Durands determined to accomplish the project on which they had set their hearts, had more or less in secret arranged a little feast for that evening to which they had invited, for the first time, Pierre, the Notaire's son.

"I will leave the flowers to Marie to arrange," she went on, as the servant brought a huge basket of spring blossoms and left them in the hall. "She has so much taste!"

But no Marie came, although the sun was slanting slightly, and the glare of the day had become less intense. At last, thoroughly alarmed, they dispatched messengers to the shrine, and to the town lest their daughter should be visiting friends—and were awaiting their return with feverish impatience, when the door was dashed open, and Pierre, the Notaire's son, burst in, his face livid with a great anguish, and the name "Marie" trembling on his lips.

"Dead! dead, dead, slain, murdered; how I know not, but dead," was his only answer to the flood of questions and exclamations that pressed upon him; "I can tell you nothing," he cried, "I know nothing; but come I will show her to you," and they went out into the glorious day, whose light and balm and perfume-laden atmosphere had nothing akin with death. The stricken parents wept, following with difficulty the long, swift strides of Pierre. He led them in silence up a sequestered path—Marie's favorite way home—until they came to a tiny rustic bridge, which spanned a deep chasm near the summit of the mountain. One glance at the bridge broken in the middle, told the sorrowful parents all, and with a wild, heart-rung cry, the mother staggered, and would have fallen but for Pierre's prompt aid. With a strong effort she controlled her emotion and prostrating herself on the ground beside her husband and Pierre, gazed down into the dark dizzy abyss, and saw in its rocky depths a mass of white, glimmering like a bed of lilies!

"My God! My child! my child!" wept the old man.

"Marie!" was Pierre's unceasing cry, but the mother did not speak. Life seemed to have suddenly stopped at her heart, and her lips could not utter a word or cry—yet she realized it all. She recognized at the first glance that the fair, still form was her darling dead.

Yes, white and pure as the lamb whose name she bore—her hands folded in the usual fashion on her bosom, and her consecrated robes composed gracefully around her.

Marie Agnese lay at the base of the terrible cliff, *dead*. Dead, but without a wound, or hurt or trace of injury, and oh! miracle of miracles—over her, so near as to almost touch the waxen brow, floated the white lace veil, which they which all the world had seen that morning placed on the statue of Notre Dame de Grace. As if upheld by invisible hands, the fair shimmering cloud lay lightly above, shrouding her from the glare of the sun and almost from the eyes of the beholders, symbolic of the bridal veil for which she had prayed—the bridal solemnized that day in full fruition at the "Feast of the Lamb."

Assistance was procured from the town, and lovingly and reverently her mourning friends carried Marie Agnese to the chapel, and laid her in death where she had so often knelt in life—at the feet of Notre Dame de Grace.

From far and near the villagers and peasants, who had loved her so well, came to bid a last adieu to her whom they fondly called the "Angel of Notre Dame." Mothers brought their babies to lay their warm little faces on hers, and kiss the wonderful veil; and strong men, moved to tears, knelt beside her and prayed, not for, but to her.

During all the days and nights the fair remains lay at the altar, the Miraculous Veil floated over them, but at the Requiem Mass on the morning of the interment, the people—according to tradition—suddenly observed it on the statue again. Venerated as a relic, it remained there for years, until sacrilegious plunderers broke into the chapel and carried it away for its value in gold!

The lonely, heart-broken old parents were soon laid beside their darling in the quaint, acacia-grown cemetery, where their graves may still be seen, the sunshine flashing on the time-worn crosses at their head, the blue sea that laves the land of Rome singing its tireless dirge at their feet!

Burglars entered the St. Stanislaus Convent at Shamokin, Pa. while the inmates attended mass and stole \$250 in jewels and cash.

The Peruvian government has accepted the offer of the Pope to mediate in the dispute between Peru and Ecuador. Both countries however continue to augment their military force.

In a liberal education the end aimed at is not to impart to the student a vast number of accumulated facts, but to stimulate the desire to acquire knowledge for himself, to furnish him with the means of doing so, and to enable him to make a good use of the information when acquired.—*Father Clark, S.J.*

Something is amiss in education when the desire for knowledge does not survive school days. At school the mind is trained in the method of acquiring knowledge, the knowledge itself comes from later reading and study, when the mind begins to think for itself and the judgment is more mature.—*London Tablet.*

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1891.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Correspondence of the Register

ROME, Jan. 31, 1894.

Both Christmas and New Year's Day were bright and clear in Rome—not a cloud in the sky on either day, but with a warm Italian sunshine was the way our Christmas and New Year's broke and ended. On Christmas day as usual, the Italian families of all classes have their *cenone*, or huge supper, mostly consisting of various kinds of fish; and they end it up by eating all kinds of indigestible sweets made for this occasion. Amongst them is the *Panzotto* of Milan, the *Torrone* of Turin, etc.; far richer than plum-pudding and much more night-marey. At 12 o'clock, however, they all go to their respective churches for the mid-night Mass. It is an impressive sight to see, as even at this late hour of the night the churches are all full of all sorts and conditions of men, rich and poor, and there they remain until all the three Masses have been heard, and then they all go home to bed.

A still more impressive sight is that of seeing the Holy Father celebrate his Christmas Mass in his private chapel in the Vatican Palace. The chapel is small, but richly furnished, while the altar front is of cloth of gold, with silver, richly embroidered with thick embossed gold. Over the altar is a tapestry picture of Our Lady. To the left of the altar is a kneeling stand of carved wood, the cushions of which are of red velvet. It is here that the Holy Father kneels in meditation for some time before celebrating. But it is a sight to see the aged, white, stooped figure who represents the Vicar of Christ, and who is the head of the whole Catholic world, saying his Mass. No simplest priest could celebrate with more devotion or humility than this aged Pontiff, honoured and revered by all, even by non-Catholic sovereigns. The moment is touching before receiving when he repeats the words *Domine non sum dignus*, the white old head stooping over the altar saying that he is not worthy. After his mid-night Mass, which is only said in the presence of the very intimate members of the Pontifical Court, the Holy Father has some slight refreshment, and then retires.

On Christmas day he received the congratulations from the Sacred College of Cardinals. The audience took place in the throne room of the Vatican palace. It was a brilliant show, the Pope seated on a grand throne surmounted by a rich canopy, surrounded by the Cardinals in their crimson robes and the members of the military Pontifical Court in their handsome uniforms, Cardinal Monaco Is Valetta, Dean of the Sacred College, read before the throne an address of congratulation in the name of his colleagues. His Holiness answered with a strong, distinct voice, thanking the Cardinals for their good wishes. He said: "In conformity with your wishes we ardently desire to be, as many of our predecessors were, the minister and messenger of peace to Europe and the world. We are its authorized and zealous defender, because peace amongst individuals and amongst societies is the daughter of justice, which, according to Holy Writ, lives by faith. The supreme priesthood of Christianity being the guardian of faith and the defender of justice, is invested with an apostleship for unity and peace. This apostleship must be given freedom of action, and its words must be accepted with out suspicion and carried home to the heart of private citizens and governments. Then tranquility will flourish again. If peace and charity have disappeared because the sight of heaven has been lost we must not despair. Days of rest are returning through the religious awakening of

the people, for at the moment which is appointed by the Divine mercy the germs of faith will be revived, for Christ does not abandon mankind, whom He redeemed."

It is not only receptions, however, that the Holy Father is occupied with, but he attends himself personally every day to the affairs of State and Church. He usually rises at 5 o'clock every morning, and after an hour and a-half of meditation celebrates his Mass in his private chapel in the palace, assisted by his private chaplain and by the private chamberlain on duty for the week, who is a Monsignor; after the Mass the Holy Father takes a cup of coffee and a biscuit, after which he immediately sets to work in his study reading the different diplomatic correspondence and dictating the answers to his private secretary, Mgr. Angeli. At 11 o'clock exactly he receives the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, who brings to the Holy Father other diplomatic communications, and discusses the different matters relating to foreign and internal ecclesiastical affairs. The audience lasts generally an hour, after which the Cardinal, having received the orders of the Pope, takes his leave.

The Holy Father then receives in private audience in his study Cardinals, Bishops or Prelates, who have asked for audiences, or who have to see him on special matters. At two o'clock he dines. His dinner is very simple consisting generally of a plate of soup, meat with vegetables, chicken and fruit. No one ever sits at the table with the Pope. The dinner is assisted by his private chamberlain, the servants, while he is personally served by his private valet, Signor Contra. After dinner he takes a little rest; or if there are matters of importance to look after he attends to them immediately, because, although 84 years of age, the Holy Father is most energetic and will not allow a single matter of business to lose a day if it is of importance. At 4 o'clock in the spring and in the summer time he goes out for a drive in the spacious and handsome Vatican gardens. In the winter time he only goes out when the days are warm, and usually at 11 in the morning, receiving the Secretary of State on his return. His Holiness drives in a large, comfortable carriage lined with white satin and drawn by two magnificent black horses, who are in the hands of the stately and imposing coachman Giovanni. On either side of the carriage ride a noble guard on horseback with drawn sword, while in the carriage is a Monsignore *Camere* *Partecipante*, or some other dignitary of the Pontifical Court that the Pope may have invited to drive with him.

He very often gets out to walk and inspects the works of the garden, talking with the gardeners; the vineyards that he has had planted, and also visits the home of a few animals and foreign birds that have been sent to him from foreign parts, and which form quite a little zoological garden. He has also lately built a little *casino*, or summer house, for himself in the garden, and has established in one of the large ancient towers at one end of the garden a splendid astronomical observatory fitted with the newest improved instruments, and with the finest equatorial telescope yet built. It was especially constructed for this observatory by the Richard Brothers of Paris.

Returning from his drive he again takes up his duties, reading, writing, and receiving those personages who have been granted the privilege of an audience. This continues until 9 o'clock, when he partakes of a little supper—a plate of soup, a biscuit and a glass of old Marsala—that is all. This over he says the rosary in his private chapel with the assistance of his private chaplains, and then he retires to his study, where he studies

and works with his private secretary until sometimes past eleven o'clock at night. Often, however, the Holy Father writes alone; and when it is not to do with Church or State it is private writings of his own, and mostly poetry, because Leo XIII. is a poet of great merit, although few know it, as he has rarely published any of his works. The two verses he wrote on the death of his brother Cardinal Pecci, full of pathos and noble poetic affection, will be remembered, as they were made public at the time. This is the way that Leo XIII. usually occupies his day.

Preparations are being made for a consistory to be held in the middle of February. The names of Monsignor Fausti, *uditore santissimo*, Monsignor Domenico Jacobini, Secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and Father Steinhuber, a German Jesuit, are spoken of as likely to be named Cardinals at this consistory.

The Pope has lately sent as a present to the Czar of Russia, through Monsignor Milinovich, Archbishop of Antivari, a copy, richly bound, of the ancient Slav missal.

On the 19th of February the Holy Father will have completed the 51st year since his episcopal consecration, and in thanksgiving for the jubilee will come down into St. Peter's in grand state in the afternoon of the 19th to assist at a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving. The people will be admitted by ticket, but the doors of the church will be closed. The Church of St. Joachim, that has been built by subscription from the whole Catholic world and presented as a jubilee gift to the Pope, is almost finished. Its handsome front, with its beautiful red Ravenna granite columns that support an upper cornice of first quality white Carrara marble, is nearly terminated. The dome also will shortly be finished, and is to be covered by large plates of alluminium, which will sparkle in the sunlight. The interior of the church is rich with marbles of all kinds. For instance, Mexico has sent all the marble flooring; North Italy the alabaster facings for the walls; South Italy most of the white marble; while other countries have sent the wood work, the iron work, etc.; so it can perfectly be called an offering from the whole Catholic world.

Naples, for the last three weeks, has been in a great state of excitement because of the apparition of a painting (not natural) of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception on one of the pains of glass of a window of the hospital of the Pellegrini. The Neapolitan newspapers have been full of it, and the surroundings of the hospital were for many days crowded with people, all wishing to see the *miracolo*. The whole window was, however, taken down by order of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and will be carefully examined. How the picture ever got there no one can tell. The nurses and doctors cannot explain it, and declare that no one could have painted it without having been seen, as the window is off one of the principal wings of the hospital, and the nurses are there night and day. The correspondent at Naples of the *Voce della Verita*, the semi-Vatican organ, who has seen it, declares that it is well painted, but very faint, and that it does not look like a natural painting. A photograph was taken of it by order of the Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples; and I have been able, through the kindness of the Mother Superior of a convent at Naples, to obtain a copy of it, and the photograph itself shows that it is not the work of the hand of man. Trials were made with different acids, with which the pane of glass was washed, but without effect, the picture remaining intact. Further experiments are to be made by order of the Cardinal, and an examination will be undertaken by a commission named for the pur-

pose. Why should it not be a real miracle? And why should not Our Lady have come to remind the Italians that she has not forgotten them in these troubled times? The Neapolitans believe it; and why should they not, and why should anyone doubt?

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



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ST ALPHONSUS CLUB.

The old adage that "success begets success" has been amply verified in the results which have attended the efforts of the St. Alphonsus Club in their endeavor to awaken interest in their doings amongst the people of Toronto. Young societies, as a rule, have a great many obstacles to overcome before any measure of success comes to them. There is the apathy of the general public to be met with, and the world usually has no use for a man or a body of men which cannot make itself felt, and that Society which would reach public favor must first show that they have the stamina and energy necessary to hold their own against all comers, and sometimes not only that, but must also prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there is more than the ordinary amount of push and vim in their ranks and that they have by their own endeavors risen above the ranks of mediocrity.

This is particularly true of Catholic societies. It is an indisputable fact that Catholics have to be twice as capable and twice as energetic as anybody else in order to obtain the same amount of recognition as that which greets the efforts of those of a different persuasion; and be it said to the credit of Catholics, that there have always been found those who were quite capable of holding their own with even that difficulty to be surmounted. Taking that to be the case, it gives us pleasure to notice the rapid strides which the St. Alphonsus Club has been making; and although not yet in its teens, it has already won itself a place in popular favor, and the best evidence which could possibly be afforded of the high position which they occupy in the eyes of the people of Toronto is the enormous number which invariably attend their entertainments.

Tuesday evening, the 23rd instant, the occasion of their fourth open meeting, formed no exception either as regards numbers or the excellence of the programme furnished for the delectation of the audience. Over 500 people numbering amongst them some of the most prominent Catholics in the city of Toronto, responded to the general invitation issued by the Executive of the Club to the public. Long before 8 o'clock the old theatre sign of "standing room only" might well have been hung up outside the doors. Benches and chairs were pressed into service, and the aisles, porch and the room in the rear of the hall were quickly filled. Accompanying Father Ryan were Father Barrett, Krein, Grogan, Reddin and Vicar-General McCann, and amongst those in the audience were noticed Senator O'Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Alexander Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. John Grimes and many others.

President McBrady acted as chairman. The first number on the programme was a vocal solo, "In Romany Land" which was rendered by Miss Mortimer, who quite captivated the audience by her charming presence and excellent vocalization. In response to an encore she sang "The Minstrel Boy" with delightful effect. Following her Miss Hattie Morell, who evidently, from the applause that greeted her appearance was a great favorite, sang "The Three Wishes" with great naivete, and to a rapturous encore gave "Love's Answer."

Mr. McBrady in a few words introduced Rev. Father Ryan, who was received with great applause. The subject of his lecture, he said, was "Catholic Heroes in Canadian History," but he wanted his hearers to understand that in using the word "Catholic" he used it not in general but in a restrictive sense. He did not mean to say that all the heroes in Canada were Catholics alone. Not at all. Canada had many heroes, many great men whose belief did not lead to the Catholic Church, but as his time was short he intended to deal more particularly with Catholic heroes in Canadian history. He had another restriction to

make, and he thought it was necessary to explain, for the ladies present might misunderstand him if he left out any reference to the heroes of Canada; but for the reason he had given he must confine himself to the male heroes, and trust to having an opportunity at some future time to speak upon the heroes of Canadian history. For convenience he divided his subject into three parts; he would give instances of three different types of heroes—the hero priest, the hero pioneer and the hero patriot. He referred to the definition of a hero given by Carlyle, Emerson, Cardinal Newman and many others, and quoted disapprovingly Emerson's definition "a hero was one who lived to combat wrong." He did not agree with him. A real hero must have a nobler motive in living; let that be a secondary object, but a true hero must live for the honor of God. The song that many people sang today was "Glory to man in the highest, for man is the measure of all things." But he believed that the one and only song should be "Glory to God in the highest."

JOHN DE BREBOEUF.

He had found no difficulty in finding instances of the hero priest. He had taken, however, one who figured in Canadian history at an early period John de Breboeuf. He dealt at some length upon the conditions under which this great hero came to Canada, the privations he endured, his life with the Huron Indians, and in glowing terms drew a beautiful word picture of the heroic death of the martyr and hero, and of the noble manner in which he met the most terrible death and tortures known to the savage mind of the still more savage Iroquois.

CHAMPLAIN.

As the best example of the hero pioneer he had chosen Champlain, who was thoroughly domestic in his character. He had discovered the great lakes and places around the District of Manitoulin. Of course La Salle figured prominently too in the list of discoverers, but he thought that Champlain filled more nearly the position which justified him in selecting him as the best example of the hero pioneer. He showed in how many ways this early hero had fulfilled the qualities of a hero; of his great life; of his simple innocence, his domesticity, and his true trust in God.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

The hero patriot called for the mention of the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and in earnest words the lecturer showed the qualities which marked the history of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. All were acquainted, he said, with the story of his life and of his lamentable death. He had been true to himself, true to his country and true to his God. The Reverend lecturer paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the great patriot, and in conclusion urged his hearers to imitate and follow the example of these different types of heroes—the hero priest, the hero pioneer and the hero patriot. Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue moved and Mr. J. A. Smith seconded a vote of thanks, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Paul concluded an excellent programme by singing "The Poet's Farewell."

NOTES.

The programme for February is as follows: February 20th—"The American Constitution" by Thomas Mulvey, B. A. February 27th, "Dante's Divina Commedia" by Rev. Prof. Clark, D.C.L.

The annual Minstrel entertainment will be held in April most likely. The arrangements are now in the hands of a large committee. DOOR.

You can never tell what a slight cold may lead to; it is the best, therefore, to give yourself the benefit of the doubt, and cure it as soon as possible with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A day's delay, sometimes an hour's delay, may result in serious consequences.

Works of Art.

There are, on exhibition at D. & J. Saddler's Church St., Toronto, a few paintings from the late Mr. Berthon's fine collection of works of art. "The Madonna" a beautiful Andrea del Sarto has been a great number of years in Mr. Berthon's possession. A copy of Raphael's "Madonna with the Pink" is an exquisite painting and would be a treasure for some of our churches, also a St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus, so familiar to all.

Mr. Berthon's father was one of the painters of the great Napoleon's court, and was known as the "little Berthon." There is now in the possession of the family an original portrait of Napoleon painted in 1809. Mr. Berthon studied under his father, who at the downfall of his great patron went to England, and after his death, Mr. Berthon like a great many adherents of the Bonapartists drifted to America, and settled in Toronto, where he lived quietly and unassumingly for over fifty years, pursuing his profession of portrait painting. Osgoode Hall bears evidence of some of his work, he having painted the portraits of several of the Judges. Mrs. Berthon, his widow, is anxious to dispose of a few of the collection, and would if an opportunity afforded her, sell the "Andrea del Sarto," which Mr. Berthon had reason to believe was an original of this great artist.

Peterborough.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

The following changes have been made by his Lordship Bishop O'Connor. R. v. Father Casey the esteemed and talented pastor of Campbellford is appointed Archdeacon, and Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough. We offer our congratulations to the venerable Archdeacon upon his well deserved honor, and hope that he will wear it with the same glory of his Divine Master as he has done his pastorate for so many years.

Rev. Father Scollard of Peterborough is appointed Chancellor and Secretary, offices for which this clever and zealous young priest is well fitted. The Rev. Connolly of Downeyville goes to Campbellford; Father Bretherton of Victoria Road replaces Father Connolly, and he is succeeded by Father Sweeney. To the parish of Burnley Warkworth has been added and Father Nolan of North Bay placed in charge. Father Kelly of St. Peter's Cathedral goes to North Bay, and leaves to-day for his new parish with the best wishes of his friends of Peterborough where he had many in his short stay of two years.

CHARITY SERMON.

On Sunday last Rev. Father Teefy, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, preached in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to a large congregation in St. Peter's Cathedral Peterborough. A fuller report is left out for want of space.

Death of Father O'Brien.

With feelings of profound regret our readers will learn of the death of the Rev. Morgan Charles O'Brien, which sad event occurred at Merrickville. Father O'Brien has been in delicate health for a long time past, but was especially so for some days previous to his death. Notwithstanding that his medical advisor had cautioned him that the greatest care and quiet were necessary, with the zeal and piety for which the good priest is always distinguished, Father O'Brien was prepared to risk all for the good of one soul committed to his care, and fully aware of the risk he was undergoing he unhesitatingly answered a sick call, to return to his bed of death. Those who know Father O'Brien will not be surprised to learn that he fell a martyr to duty, for the piety and zeal displayed by him during his fourteen years in the priesthood, marked him as one worthy of a martyr's crown.

Father O'Brien was a native of Douro, in the Diocese of Peterborough, and educated in St. Michael's College, Toronto, and was ordained by the late Archbishop Lynch, of that city. Immediately after his ordination he came to Kingston, and afterwards did duty in Brookville, Madoc, Frankford, Morrisburg and Merrickville, and in each place won the love of his Catholic people by his piety and his devotion to their spiritual and temporal interests, and also the esteem and good will of those who differed from him in religious belief, who admired him for his many noble and endearing qualities as a man. In his last illness Father O'Brien was attended by Vicar-General Gauthier, who during life was his warm friend and confidential adviser. Though the trial of parting with the good Father O'Brien was a severe one to the Vicar,

it was a great consolation to the dying priest to have at his bedside when breathing his last, one whom he so much loved and revered.

The funeral of Father O'Brien took place at Merrickville, on Tuesday, and was conducted by Vicar-General Gauthier. The funeral was attended by Vicar-General Gauthier, Brockville; Very Rev. Dean Masterson, Prescott; Very Rev. Dean Murray, Trenton; Fathers Cicolari, Erieville; McCarthy, Road; McCarthy, Brockville; Spratt, Wolfe Island; Hogan, Nanawee; Twomey, Morrisburg; O'Gorman, Gananoque, and several other clergymen; also by a large number of laymen, representing the different parishes in which he had labored. The remains were interred in a vault beneath the church, amidst the tears and regrets of the largest gathering of people, of all denominations, ever brought together in Merrickville. We would ask our readers in their charity to offer a short prayer for the repose of the soul of the good priest, so that if he is not already enjoying eternal bliss, the good God he loved to serve may have mercy on him.—Kingston Freeman.

St. Joseph's Convent.

Two hours were spent most enjoyably last Saturday afternoon at St. Joseph's Convent, when Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto's renowned pianist gave one of his delightful recitals for the pupils and Sisters of that institution and a few invited guests. While listening to Mr. Field's rendering of Chopin, especially the dreamy Prelude in F. op. 28, which was played so feelingly and lightly, one feels as if transported to other worlds where naught but sweet sounds are heard. Mr. Field was assisted by Herr Klugefeld, violinist, Frau Klugefeld who sang sweetly an Aria from Esch; and Kerr Ruth who charmed everyone by his Cello Solo. Mention must not be forgotten of Miss Loleen's recitation, which held everyone spell bound. The follow log is a programme of the numbers given:

1. Variations in F op. 34. H. M. FIELD.
2. Concerto DE BERTHOE.
3. (a) Waltz Dance CHAMINADE
(b) Melody WEINMAYER
(c) Menuetto Capriccioso from Sun- WEEBER
ata in A flat op. 29
4. Aria. H. M. FIELD.
with Violin Obligato
FRAN KLUGEFELD
5. Claudius and Cynthia. MISS LEEHAN.
6. (a) Etude A flat op. 25
(b) Prelude in F op. 28
(c) Berceuse op. 67 CHOPIN.
(d) Scherzo in E op. 64
7. Cello Solo H. M. FIELD.
8. (a) Etude. HERR RUTH.
(b) Venezia e Napoli. LIERT.
9. Trio H. M. FIELD.
op. 112 in G. (for strings). HAYN.

The Sisters of St. Joseph are to be congratulated in securing the services of Mr. Field for their pupils. And many thanks are due to him and the Sisters for the pleasant and entertaining afternoon spent in their Music Hall.

The fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stain from the fingers.

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H. "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton



weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from

thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

AYER'S PILLS

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

Every Dose Effective

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 12, 1894.

As I write the result of the Horn-castle election is still trembling in the balance, while both parties in the contest are looking forward to the official declaration of the poll with an interest and an anxiety that has been displayed at no time since the general election. With the Liberals it seems to be a case of "heads I win, tails you lose;" but still their defeat is bound to have a far-reaching effect upon their two pet Bills of the Session, viz.: Employers Liability and Parish Councils. The Lords will take their cue from Horn-castle, and shape their course accordingly. The Conservatives, on the other hand, will regard a victory for their side as a pronounced approval by the electorate of their policy of obstruction, and as still another nail in the coffin of Home Rule for Ireland. A few hours from now is destined to bring consolation or despair to many an anxious heart in England.

It is far more dangerous to prophecy about the weather than about bye-elections. In the early part of the week England was plunged in all the rigours of an Arctic Winter. Even Torquay, which is said to rival the popular Riviera in the warmth and salubrity of its climate, was groaning for nearly a week under the unheard-of burden of eighteen inches of snow on the level. Now, however, all that is changed. After enduring a fortnight of temperatures for which this country makes no adequate provision, we are to day on joying a warm, soft and delightful clear atmosphere, accompanied with the brightest of sunshine. The ice and snow have disappeared, and the roads are getting dry again. Skates are being hung up, and sleighs relegated to obscure corners, there to await another unannounced and unprepared-for visit of the Ice King.

It is understood that the Evicted Tenants' Bill is to be the first measure to be submitted to Parliament in the next session. The statement published to day that at the Cabinet Council the measures to be brought forward this year were allocated to different committees to prepare, is a pure invention. All the Bills which the Government anticipate carrying in 1894 have received the imprimatur of the Cabinet, and are ready for the first reading at any moment. In regard to the Evicted Tenants' Bill there has been considerable negotiation between the Irish members and Mr. Morley, with the result that the measure is assured of the warmest approval of the Nationalists when it is introduced. Its provisions follow mainly on the lines laid down by the Mathew Commission.

To-night the long-drawn-out session of Parliament ends, and Ministers, ex-Ministers, and ordinary members, who more even than a schoolboy's entrance exam, will be off for a month's well-earned holiday. You can not imagine how acceptable this relief from attendance at Westminster comes to the majority of our law makers. I was speaking the other day to one who had, with much persuasion, succeeded in obtaining from the whips of his party the respite of a few days with the object of visiting his family; and he assured me that if, before his election, he could have anticipated that an M.P. would have been exposed to such a restriction of individual freedom as the present session has demanded, he should never have presented himself as a candidate. He stated, moreover, that his only consolation was that he was not alone, but that the majority of members on both sides of the House had been subjected to the same exacting attendance at each sitting of Parliament since the beginning of the session. In consequence there is a rush on the part of all to shake the dust of London from their feet; and with the end of this week and the

beginning of next there will not be left, I may safely say, a single member to console the sinking heart of the club or hotel manager within the area of the metropolis.

The announcement of the death of the widow of William Makepeace Thackeray came as a surprise to many people. Few, indeed, were aware that Mrs. Thackeray had survived her husband for thirty years. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, the well-known writer of fiction, was generally believed to be the only living member of the author's family. The old lady, who seems to have enjoyed excellent bodily health of late years, died this morning at Leigh. Unfortunately her intellect gave way more than half a century ago, and she never recovered. All the attempts of poor Thackeray to "minister to a mind diseased" proved ontiro failures, and he was at length compelled to accept the inevitable, and consign his wife to other hands. The blow, it is said, was one which he felt keenly to the end of his life.

In the course of a lecture given here some days ago Max O'Rell paid the following flattering tribute to women in America. "American women are unique. There are few women to be compared with them in a drawing-room; none with whom men feel more at home. They have beauty; but it is not equal to that of Englishwomen (sic), but it is their intellectual qualities that are striking. From the age of 18 a girl is allowed almost every liberty—she takes the rest. In Europe women let the men decide what is proper; in America they do it for themselves. In the largest cities of America, at any hour, the streets are perfectly respectable. The influence of women is enormous, and morality profits thereby. The respect the women seem to inspire in America, in men of all classes enables girls to go about in security. Their great charm is their naturalness." These remarks of the great popular lecturer were certainly not profound; but, from the point of view of an outside observer, they may be regarded as highly interesting.

A great discussion is at present going on in the Wesleyan body in England as to whether or not they are to have overseers, or, in other words, a regularly constituted Hierarchy. I do not know how the matter will be settled. After a thorough agitation, probably, the proposal that they shall have bishops will be adopted. If so, it will lead to another development of Methodism, and some "extra new" Connexion is sure to be formed. The Wesleyan Church of England and other religious organisations have copied the previously denounced usages of the Catholic Church in many respects. Instrumental music at their services, the singing of solos, a more elaborate ritual, the formation of what are evidently meant to be Religious Orders, both for men and women, the giving of missions, and now among the Methodists their desire for an Episcopate, show us clearly that the various sects which have broken away from the Church and from one another are compelled, by sheer necessity, to revert to the methods of organisation and discipline which have found their perfection in the Catholic Church only.

It is no wonder, then, that so many have become disgusted with these childish attempts to ape the One True Church, and rather than be parties thereto prefer openly to declare themselves her members. Among the latest to be received I may mention the Rev. Sutherland Macklem, M. A., late of St. Cuthbert's, Earl's Court; the Rev. Hugh O. Briggs, M. A., late of St. Stephen's, Davenport and All Saint's, Plymouth; and the Rev. Richard Somerville Wood, M. A., who resigned a Government chaplaincy in India and came to England to be received into the Catholic Church. All these were members of the English Church Union. Thus the march is Romewards.

Early Marriage Customs.

From remote times brides have been the prize of the most daring, and marriage by capture has more or less prevailed in some part of our little globe from the time when the artful Romans ignoring the laws of hospitality, seized upon the ripe charms of their Sabine girls, nor waited for the decree nisi to be pronounced absolute before asserting their new prerogative; and from this enforced alliance sprang the conquerors of the world, writes Frank Sholly in the January Lippincott's. The Esquimaux of to-day, having once established his manhood by killing a polar bear unaided, is sent forth by his kindred to seek a wife, and the first girl he can surprise unawares he seizes, and, in spite of her screams and struggles, endeavors to carry off. This proving no easy feat owing to the substantial proportion of the Esquimaux belle, together with the enormous weight of her clothing, an exciting race occurs; the lady, darting among the aroused neighbors, dodges her suitor in the crowd, which eagerly assists her, and it is only after he has succeeded in catching her the third time that he is permitted to load his blushing and excited bride to the hymeneal altar.

The Australian aborigine adopts a more summary process when weary of a single life; he looks about for a partner, and, finding one to his liking, stalks her and, watching his opportunity, stuns her with a heavy blow, and carries her off to her new home, where, it is to be hoped, on her return to consciousness, his after-tenderness makes some atonement for his somewhat rough and ready mode of wooing.

In parts of India, the winning of the bride depends upon fleetness of foot, a circular course being marked out of which is traversed by the maiden (encumbered only by a waistband) before the lover is allowed to start in pursuit, and if he does not succeed in capturing her before she has thrice completed the circuit, he loses his prize.

A Very Old Edifice at Damascus Burned.

Letters from the Orient give account of the destruction by fire of the building known for many centuries as the Mosque of Damascus. The fire took place many weeks ago, but the Turkish authorities had suppressed the fact. The building stood near the castle, occupying a quadrangle 163 yards long by 108 wide. Along the north side was an open court surrounded by cloisters resting on pillars of granite, marble and limestone. The mosque itself extended along the whole southern side, and its interior dimensions were 431 by 125 feet. In the center was a dome resting on four massive piers. Underneath was a cave in which the head of John the Baptist was said to be preserved in a golden casket. The mosque had three minarets, one of which was 250 feet high, and upon it, according to Moslem traditions, Jesus was to have descended on the day of judgment. Round the mosque were traces of a court 1,100 feet long by 800 feet wide, encompassed by colonnades similar to those of the temple of Herod, in Jerusalem, and the Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra. Authorities have thought it highly probable that this was the site of the temple of Rimmon, mentioned in Second Kings V, 18, and that it became in after time the seat of worship of Jupiter. In the fourth century it was converted into a church and dedicated to John the Baptist, and in the beginning of the eighth century it was seized by the followers of Mahomet.

To grow old gracefully, one must live temperately, calmly, methodically; be interested in all that is going on in the world; be cheerful, happy, and contented, and above all, keep the blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's.

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Trust.

By HENRY COVE.

Father! The cross is heavy that I bear,
With grief and care,
Oh, lift the burden, for I am not strong,
The way is long;
The path is steep, like one bereft of sight,
Without the light
To guide my path, I am so blind and lone,
Without a hope
Where art Thou, Lord? I look with yearning eyes,
Beyond the skies;
Lo! the clouds part, the sun shines bright and clear,
"Child, I am here!
Hast thou no faith? Why didst thou not believe?
Can I deceive?
Give me thy hand, Remember that thou hast
Thy Father trust!"

"ORANGE LOGIC"

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Yes, the *Orange Sentinel* is quite right: "the story of the conversion of dozens (it used to be thousands and tens of thousands), of deluded Irish peasants and workmen is a regular item in the newspapers." And so it was "when I was a boy in Ireland, during the dread years 1840-49, commonly called the "Famine Years," but which the late lamented Archbishop Lynch, in my hearing, pronounced to be "an insult to the Almighty, for there was no famine, but, on the contrary, plenty of food in the country, it was bad laws"—when the "soup-kitchen" was in full blast, and where all that was necessary to become a sound Protestant was to accept a copy of the Bible—whether the recipient could read it was not the question—and eat a bowl of meat soup on a Friday.

In the town in which I was reared we had one of those nefarious institutions, where food and clothing were given on the condition of apostasy, and not otherwise. I have repeatedly seen the crowd, and they never mustered a couple of dozen, while the population of the town was about eight thousand, and the surrounding country was also swooped down upon to swell the number of "converts." Then, as now, I well remember the sun my seniors used to have over the glowing accounts of conversions by the weekly appearing in the English newspapers, while the contributions to the cause came along in return. Needless to say that the few "conversions" were of the "good-by, God, till the praties come again" kind, and the town and surrounding country are to-day as thoroughly Catholic as they were a thousand years ago.

A leading spirit in the "Souperism" of that time was one of the Church of England curates. When the "hard times" had disappeared that gentleman disappeared with them: he retired to England, where he lived on a comfortable competence, and may be doing so still for aught I know.

A bright contrast to the above mentioned was his co-curate, who died of fever contracted in his visits to the poor, which were invariably made in company with one of the Catholic curates of the town.

Yours, BRANNAGH.

Ottawa, January 19th, 1892.

Obituary.

JOHN T. DALY.

The month's mind for the late John T. Daly, whose sudden and lamented death occurred on Christmas day, was offered by Rev. Father Hand in St. Paul's church, corner Queen and Power streets, on Thursday, the 25th ult. Mr. Daly was born in Toronto, October 8th, 1849, and was at the time of his death a young man, being only 42 years of age. Having finished his education under the careful training of the Christian Brothers, he went to the States, where he resided for some time. Returning to Toronto, he began business in the grocery line, in which he was engaged till the final summons. Honorable in his dealings, he enjoyed

the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and was much respected by those who know him. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow and eight children, to whom we extend our earnest sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.

MRS. JAMES LENIHAN.

The death of Mrs. Lenihan will be much regretted among a very wide circle of friends in Trenton and vicinity. Though many years have elapsed since she left here a happy bride, yet her memory is still fresh in the minds of old friends and associates who remember her as one of Trenton's fairest daughters.

Born in Sidney in the County of Hastings, Ontario, in 1837. She was a daughter of the late Dennis Macaulay Esq. Aside from the time in convent schools at Kingston and elsewhere, her years of girlhood and maidenhood were spent in Trenton. In 1854 she was united in marriage to James Lenihan Esq. who survives her. During a married life of forty years deceased and her husband resided among other places in Perth, Lindsay and Toronto and between 1873 and 1880 in British Columbia where Mr. Lenihan held the important position of Indian Commissioner. During his term of office Mr. Lenihan was ably assisted in the performance of his numerous duties by his devoted wife who by her tact, courtesy, and kindness of heart made thousands of friends among the tribes under the commissioners supervision. After their return from British Columbia they took up residence in Lindsay and remained there until nearly three years ago when they removed to New York city, where Mr. Lenihan succeeded his late brother in a well established business.

Deceased had been ill about a year prior to death. Her end came as her life was spent; calm peaceful, at peace with the world, courageous, and full of trust and confidence in her Divine Saviour. The funeral took place on Wednesday the 3rd inst. and after a Solemn Requiem High Mass had been offered up for the repose of her soul interment took place in Calvary a beautiful cemetery in Williamsburg across from New York. In a letter recently received from the bereaved husband, by her brother Mr. J. G. Macaulay the following beautiful tribute is paid the wedded companion of forty years.

"In her death you, and all her brothers and sisters, have lost a most faithful and loving sister, and I have lost a most faithful and affectionate wife. Mine is the greatest loss. I am left as a ship without a helm, to be tossed about on the stormy ocean of life for the remainder of my life, but I trust in God, and the most excellent examples which she always inculcated and gave me. Faith was Elizabeth's anchor, and her charity, and truly Christian life, was one that we should all remember. Her steadfast and constant love of her family, kindred, friends, and home was to be admired. Her charity was unbounded, she loved God's poor, and like her good father and mother, she was always ready to shelter and help the unfortunate. No one could know her better than I did, and none can speak so fully of her virtues. She was a most unselfish woman, a faithful and loving wife."

What a noble tribute from a noble husband! Volumes could not more eloquently describe the wife's virtues, the husband's loss. Truly his is the greatest loss, and to him in the midst of profound grief we tender our heart felt sympathy, trusting that he may derive consolation from that Source to which in time of sorrow and affliction the true Christian always turns.—*Trenton Advocate*

FRANCIS McMANUS

Death has, during the past month cast its dark and gloomy shadow over many homes and taken from amongst us dearly loved ones. None on whom it has placed its icy clasp will be more deeply lamented than Francis McManus,

Clerk of the Court, Picton, one of the most prominent and respected members of St. Gregory's congregation. Mr. McManus was attacked with la grippe about a year ago, but was able to discharge the duties of his office until July; from that time, despite the best medical skill and the most devoted care and attention of loving children, it became evident that death was steadily approaching. He lingered, however, until Monday, 18th Dec., when, after receiving with tender and trusting devotion the last Sacrament, with which the Church consoles and sustains her children in that solemn hour, he calmly breathed forth his soul into the hands of Him who gave it.

The funeral was one of the largest and most respectable seen in Picton for some time. Rev. Charles McManus performed the last solemn rites, having journeyed from Marble Head, Mass., to pay this sad tribute of affection to a fond brother.

Mr. McManus belonged to an old and respected family, being a relative of the late Bishop O'Reilly, Springfield, Mass., and of Bishop McGovern, Australia, also of the late Vicar-General McManus, Geneva, Rev. Michael McManus, South Lawrence, Kansas; James McManus, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Lawrence McManus, and Rev. Patrick McManus. He was an ardent lover of Faith and Fatherland, and an enthusiastic advocate of Home Rule. Strictly upright in all his dealings, conscientious, honorable and warm-hearted, he won the esteem of all, irrespective of class or creed. Educated, intelligent and thoroughly conversant with all the questions of the day, he proved an agreeable companion. He took a deep and lively interest in all matters appertaining to the Church and Catholic School, and was most zealous in promoting their advancement by every means in his power. Besides other offices he held that of Secretary Treasurer of the Board of Catholic School Trustees, and was one of the members of the Executive Committee of the Church, and ably and faithfully did he discharge the duties entrusted to him. His charity was deep and earnest, the true christian charity which knows no creed or nation. The poor have indeed lost a friend—a friend who gave cheerfully and unostentatiously, looking for no reward or praise but the reward of Him who "loveth the cheerful giver."

While our hearts go out in sympathy to his sorrowing children let us not forget to pray for him whom we mourn, and in the words of our holy Church say: *Requiescat in pace.*

A Prelate's Presence of Mind.

At a luncheon given to Governor McKinley at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, recently, Rev. Dr. H. A. Brann, the well known Catholic clergyman of that city, related a good anecdote of the late Archbishop Hughes. Dr. Hughes was once visited by a crank in his Mulberry street residence. It was at night and the crank entered the bed room, and waking Dr. Hughes from a sound sleep, drew a dagger and threatened to kill him.

With wonderful presence of mind the prelate cried out:

"Are you an Irishman?"
"I am," replied the crank.
"Then go out," said Dr. Hughes, "and get a blackthorn stick and kill me with that. No Irishman yet killed a man with a dagger; only Italians use that weapon."
"The crank put up his knife and went out for the blackthorn," said Dr. Brann, "and the prelate's life was saved."

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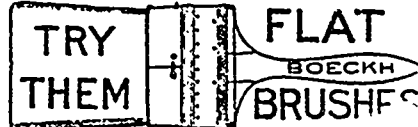


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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

- Feb. 1—S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr.
2—Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
3—S. Dionysius, Pope and Confessor.
4—Quinquagesima Sunday.
5—S. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.
6—S. Hyacintha de Mariscotti, Virgin.
7—Ash Wednesday.

(Official)

PASTORAL LETTER

His Grace The Archbishop of Toronto

CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE.

DEAR REV. BROTHERS OF THE CLERGY:
DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN OF THE LAITY:

The following are the Lenten regulations to be observed in this diocese.
1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By a special indulgence from the Holy See, A.D. 1884, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember Week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same meal is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz.:—Children under seven years; and from fasting, persons under twenty-one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill-health, advanced age, hard labors, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, as also on all days of abstinence throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

Pastors are required to hold in their respective churches, at least twice in the week during Lent, devotions and instructions suited to the holy season, and they should earnestly exhort their people to attend these public devotions. They are hereby authorized to give on these occasions Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides the public devotions, family prayers, and especially the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, should be recited in every Catholic household of the diocese. In these days of tepidity and religious indifference and love of ease and self enjoyment, we should do our utmost to uphold the devotional and penitential character of Lent and to impress its meaning and purpose on the minds and hearts of the faithful. Let the pastors keep a strict account of the number of their flock who may not comply with the Easter duty in order that the number and the names of the delinquents may be submitted to the Bishop on his visitation. It is the practice of good and holy priests to make a pastoral visit to their people during Lent, and especially to those families which are in sorrow and distress, or whose members have become careless about the performance of their religious duties. A kindly visit of this sort, made in the spirit of the true priest, will do more good than the most eloquent sermon; will win the confidence and love of the people for their pastor

and will bring back hearts and souls to Christ that otherwise would have remained obstinate in sin and festering in evil habits. To the good and zealous pastor who thus cares for his people the words of holy Job may be truly applied: "The ear that heard me blessed me, and the eye that saw me gave witness to me, because I had delivered the poor man that cried out and the fatherless that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me and I comforted the heart of the widow. I was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame and a father to the poor." (Job xxix. 16.) The faithful pastor will not quarrel with his people or scold and abuse them from the altar or pulpit. Even when it becomes his duty to condemn the abuses and denounce the scandals that may exist or occur in his mission, he will do so with the zeal and charity becoming a minister of Christ, and not in the bitter words and reproaches and denunciations that proceed from ill-will and anger rather than from zeal and love of souls. God alone knows how many souls have been lost to Christ and His Church by abuse and denunciations from the altar. St. Paul's words to Timothy on this subject are: "*Arripe, obsecra, increpa, in OMNI i ATTENTIA et doctrina*" (II. Tim., iv., 2); and again: "*Seniorem ne increpaveris Sed obsecra ut patrem, juvenes ut fratres*" (I. Tim., v., 1).

In those places in which low Mass only is celebrated on Sundays and holidays, the officiating priest is hereby required to recite aloud for the people the Acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope and Charity, and the prayer before Mass, to be found in Butler's Catechism, immediately before beginning the low Mass. The Holy Father requires the Holy Rosary to be publicly recited on Sundays and holidays in our churches. The pastors will see to it that this requirement of the Vicar of Christ be faithfully carried out.

One of the greatest and most important duties of a pastor of souls is to labor for the spiritual welfare of the children of the mission. Children are specially dear to the heart of Christ, who loved them most tenderly, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xix. 14.) The future of the Church in this country will be conditioned by the manner in which our children are trained and educated. Children who are well instructed in their religion and trained in virtue and piety will be good and fervent Catholics, and it is the most sacred duty and obligation of the pastor, conjointly with parents, to cause the children of the mission to be well instructed in the Christian doctrine and well trained in the practice of virtue and piety. Our Separate Schools will, if properly worked and utilized, help very materially in this good work.

But are they so worked and utilized? We fear that in some places they are not fully availed of for the important purpose for which they have been instituted, viz.: that of imparting a sound, Christian education to the children frequenting them.

We most earnestly implore of our Clergy to be untiring in their efforts to make their schools as efficient as possible for the imparting of secular knowledge and religious instruction. We require of them to visit their schools frequently, and to show a deep interest in all that concerns their prosperity and efficiency. Their good example in this respect will be stimulating and encouraging alike to teachers, pupils and parents. Flourishing Catholic schools in a parish are eloquent proofs of the living worth, piety and zeal of the pastor in charge, and an evidence that his heart is in the work of the Good Shepherd who with special tenderness loves the lambs of the flock. "Feed my lambs, feed my

sheep," is the sublime and imperative commission given by our Lord to Peter, and to the bishops and priests who, under Peter, have charge of the flock of Christ.

The parochial schools, then, should be the primary objects of the pastors' care, vigilance and zeal. To visit them frequently, to encourage both the teachers and the pupils, to see that all the children of the district are gathered into them, will be his work of prodilection.

The Readers and histories used in their schools should be thoroughly Catholic. The teachers employed should be persons of good characters and blameless lives. The school-day should begin by prayer and end in the same manner. Catechism should be taught at some time in the forenoon, and not relegated to the evening, when the pupils are tired and anxious to get away. Children who have made their first communion should be brought to confession monthly, and those who have come to the use of reason, but who have not yet made their first communion, should be made to confess four times in the year—say at the Ember days.

In those missions that have no Catholic schools, both pastors and parents should be most diligent in attending to the religious instruction of the children. Sunday schools should be established and zealously worked; and nothing should be left undone to instil into the young mind a sufficient knowledge of the holy faith, and to imbue it with the love of virtue and piety. Let all concerned bear in mind the consoling and inspiriting words of God: "They who instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." (Daniel xii. 3.)

Some years ago we deemed it our imperative duty to raise our voice in warning and protest against the evil of mixed marriages. Our words of warning and protest against this great evil are unfortunately as necessary now as they were then. Such marriages are most dangerous to the faith and salvation of the faithful contracting them; they imperil the salvation of the children born of them, and, as a rule, they destroy the peace and happiness of the parties contracting them, and embitter their lives with dissensions and wranglings. This is the teaching of the word of God, as it is also the sad lesson of experience. The salvation of the Catholic is endangered by living in the intimate relation with a husband or wife professing a false religion. When Almighty God introduced His people to the holy land, He commanded them never to marry with the people of that country who were of a false religion, lest they should be seduced by them and ruin their souls. "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them, says Almighty God, thou shalt not give thy daughter to his son, nor take his daughter to thy son; for she will turn away thy son from following Me, that he may serve strange gods, and the wrath of the Lord shall be kindled, and will quickly destroy thee."—(Deut. vii., 2.) The warnings and commands of God are for all times and for His people in every age and clime, and the dangers of mixed marriages which He pointed out to His chosen people, and which He condemned, are as great now and fraught with as many evils as they were then.

Such marriages are most dangerous to the salvation of the children born of them, inasmuch as they are directly calculated to beget in them a fatal indifference to the profession and practice of the true faith, without which it is impossible to please God. The unhappy children see the father professing one religion, the mother another; they hear the father sneer at and condemn as false and pernicious the faith which the mother professes and reverences as true and necessary for salvation. Such a state

of things is directly calculated to make them believe that one religion is as good or as bad as another, to make them cold and indifferent to all forms of religion, and lead them into a practical unbelief fatal to their immortal souls. When the Jews returned from their captivity, Nehemias saw some of them who had married strange women—that is, women professing false religions, and he complained that their children spoke neither the language of father nor of mother, but half the one and half the other; for which reason Nehemias "Chided them and laid his curse upon them," showing them the great evil they did, and the danger they ran, and concluded: "Shall we also be disobedient to do all this great evil, to transgress against our God and marry strange women?"—(2 Esdras xiii., 27.)

How often, alas! do we find that the children of parents who are of different religions, speak neither the language of one nor the other in religious matters! For these and other weighty reasons the Holy Church of God has always abhorred and forbidden such marriages, and if at times and for grave and exceptional causes she tolerates them, she does so with a half averted face, and in order to prevent greater evils. Hence, the Holy See in an instruction addressed to all the Bishops of the Church in 1868, explicitly teaches that the Church "has always reprobated these marriages, and has held them to be unlawful and pernicious; as well because of the disgraceful communion in Divine things, as because of the peril of perversion that hangs over the Catholic party to the marriage, and because of the disastrous influences affecting the education of the children?" And then the Holy See reminds them "that the most holy canons forbid these marriages, and that if the more recent constitutions of the Sovereign Pontiffs relax the severity of the canons in some degree, so that mixed marriages may occasionally be allowed, that is only done for the gravest reasons, and very reluctantly, and not without the express conditions of requiring beforehand those proper and indispensable pledges which have their foundations in the natural and divine law."

Ten years later, in the year 1868, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda issued a new instruction, expressing surprise "that there should be some who seemed still to think that the principles so clearly laid down in the former instructions, principles which the Holy See had ever taught, could in any way be derogated from." The Sacred Congregation then enjoins upon the bishops that "lest perchance from misconception of that instruction, the people confided to you should suffer any harm, you are earnestly exhorted to take proper occasions, studiously to teach and to inculcate, both on the clergy and the laity committed to your care, what is the true doctrine and practice of the Church respecting these mixed marriages." The instruction concludes with these most earnest words: "Wherefore, we earnestly request of your charity, that you strive and put forth your efforts, as far as in the Lord you can, to keep the faithful confided to you from mixed marriages, so that they may cautiously avoid the perils which are found in them. But you will gain this object the more easily if you have care that the faithful be seasonably instructed on the special obligation that binds them to hear the voice of the Church on the subject, and to obey their bishop, who will have to give a most strict account to the Eternal Prince of Pastors, not only for sometimes allowing these mixed marriages for most grave reasons, but for too easily tolerating the contracting of marriages between the faithful and non-Catholics, at the will of those who ask it."

In accordance with these grave and solemn instructions of the Holy See,

we most earnestly exhort pastors of souls to raise their voice in warning and protest against mixed marriages, and to exert their sacerdotal zeal in endeavouring to turn away their flocks from nuptial alliances, that both religion and experience teach to be so destructive to souls. We also exhort parents to warn their children against such marriages, and to do all in their power to prevent them from entering into companionship and intimacies that lead up to such marriages, and that sometimes render them unavoidable in order to avert greater evils and scandals.

In this connection we deem it an imperative duty to condemn aloud, and to denounce the criminal conduct of some Catholics who, in defiance of the teachings of their faith and in violation of their religious obligations, as well as of their honour, dare to contract sacrilegious marriages outside of the Church, before magistrates or ministers of the sects. This disgraceful and scandalous conduct merits our severest condemnation, and unless heartily repented of, is sure to bring down upon those guilty of it, the anger and chastisements of Almighty God. We would fain hope that we shall not again be compelled to deplore and condemn such a shocking abuse of a great and holy Sacrament, or forced to employ the censures of the Church in its repression.

Such, dearest Brethren, are the advice and instructions we deem it our duty to address you at the approach of the holy season of Lent. Let us spend this time in fervent prayer, in works of penance, and with contrite and humbled hearts. We have sinned against God; we have too often violated His holy laws and revolted against His sovereign rights over us. O let us humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, for he is all-powerful to forgive. "Let the wicked," said the prophet Isaias, "forsake his ways and the unjust man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy on him; and to our God, for He is bountiful to forgive." Let the coming Lent be a time of expiation for sin through the merits of Jesus Christ; let it be a time not only of reparation, but also of reformation. During this season let us, in accordance with apostolic injunction, "cast away the works of darkness and put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day, and not in rioting and drunkenness; not in clamouring and impurities; not in contention and envy; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." (Rom, xiii., 11-14.)

If in this spirit and in this manner we shall spend the holy Lenten season, we may have the assured hope that it will be a bright and happy epoch in our lives, and that it will redound to God's glory, the salvation of our souls, and the joy of our Holy Mother, the Church of Jesus Christ.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

This pastoral letter shall be read in the churches of this Archdiocese on the first Sunday after its reception.

Given from St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, under our hand and seal on the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, 1894.

† JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

By order of the Archbishop.

JAMES WALSH, Secretary.

Joseph Chamberlain, in a speech at Birmingham declared his entire antagonism to the new radicalism which he said had abandoned the old Radical principles and become a policy of disintegration at home and disruption abroad. He contended that there was a growing need of a great national patriotic party which would not barter its conscience for votes or betray the country's interests in order to maintain itself in office.

CIRCULAR LETTER

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto

CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE,
24th January, 1894.

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS:

Ireland once more appeals to her sons and their descendants in this free and happy land for moral and financial aid in this crisis of her history. This appeal is not only sanctioned, but is urged as a matter of the last importance, by the Hon. Edward Blake, who, with all the earnestness, zeal and enthusiasm of a knight of old, has devoted his time and talents to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland.

The services of time and money and of personal ease and comfort made by this distinguished gentleman for the liberty, prosperity and happiness of Ireland are certainly stimulating and encouraging, and loudly call, not alone for our admiration, but primarily and specially for our imitation. The cause of Irish Home Rule, for which the Irish people have so long toiled and struggled and suffered, which their poets have sung and their orators pleaded; the cause for which so many sacrifices, both bloody and unbloody, have been made, and for which the Irish race the world over has lavishly given its hard-earned money and offered its most ardent prayers, is now more advanced towards success than ever it has been within the last hundred years, and may be said to be on the eve of a complete and glorious victory.

The Home Rule Bill has passed its third reading in the British House of Commons, and has thus received the seal and sanction of that august legislative body. However, before it becomes law and secures self-government for Ireland, it has many difficulties to meet and to overcome. It has been summarily rejected by the House of Lords, and it must be again sent back to and pressed on the attention of that House by Mr. Gladstone's friendly Government. But that Government depends for its very existence on the support of the Irish Nationalist members, and these in turn depend for their existence as a great political power on the financial support given them by the Irish people at home and abroad. The majority of the Irish members are not rich; and as their parliamentary duties at Westminster keep them away for several months, sometimes for as many as nine months in the year, from their homes and business, it follows that they would be financially ruined if they did not receive adequate support from their fellow-countrymen and their sympathisers.

Hence the necessity of this appeal, which would not be made, in view of the hard times, if the need were not most urgent and pressing. For us to fail now in reaching out a strong helping hand to the sacred cause of Irish self-government and rightful liberty, would be to throw up our arms on the eve of victory, to render useless the sacrifices and struggles of the past, to abandon poor Ireland to the want, misery and suffering that have made her the *mater dolorosa* of the nations, and to condemn her to the shame of failure and the agony of despair.

No. Please God, this shall never be said of us. Already a good beginning has been made in this city, five gentlemen having given forty-five hundred dollars, although the same gentleman and some few others had last year contributed in the same munificent manner. I appeal with confidence to our people in this city and diocese to come forward manfully and generously to the aid of our motherland in this momentous crisis of her destiny.

In order to give all our people an opportunity of aiding this great cause,

I request of you to take up a collection for this purpose in our Churches on *Quinquagesima* Sunday, the 4th of February next, having taken the precaution of announcing and recommending it on the previous Sunday. Of course every person must consider himself free to give or not to give on the occasion, as to him may seem best, for this is to be regarded as a voluntary offering and an evidence of kindly sympathy.

You will please read the letter to your congregation on Sunday next and oblige

Your devoted servant in Christ

† JOHN WALSH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

N.B.—The proceeds of the collection should be sent with as little delay as possible to the Very Reverend Chancellor of the Diocese. J. W.

The P. P. A. Convention.

The meeting of the members of the Protestant Persecuting Association at Hamilton is now a matter of his cry, and only three points are found of any public interest—the rest is dark, slimy and treacherous.

The first, which ought to be a subject of grave consideration, if not of pride, for a city like Toronto, is that one of the Toronto members of the Local Legislature Dr. Ryerson, deemed it his duty to go and address the convention. Dr. R. has of late been over-zealous in his attempts to attain political notoriety and honors. And although he has shown himself ready to do a good deal of dirty work, we did not think he was so far lost to self-respect, and so far forgetful of what honor requires of our public men, as to go and from the same platform as Margaret L. Shepherd harangue a noble four hundred who are leagued against their fellow-citizens. The Junior Member for Toronto ought to be more select in his company—in which case he would be truer to public interests and just as true to his own.

Another public announcement of this ultra-secret conspiracy was the election of a new president. The honor has fallen to the Reverend (heaven save the mark!) Mr. Madill. This gentleman who comes from the county of Wellington and who is on the sunny side of forty—whatever else he may lack, possesses unbounded self-confidence, intense hatred of the very name of Rome, and strong Orange propensities which he imbibed in early training. His college course was begun at Knox College—but as he did not succeed in passing the examinations, it terminated more suddenly than it otherwise would have done. He thereupon joined the Congregationalists. With these qualifications Mr. M. is well fitted for his position. And now that Dr. Wilde has, like Cincinnatus of old, betaken himself to his farm—we may look for his successor in blood-and-thunder clap-trap on Sunday nights from the newly-elected president of the P. P. A. In fact he has already made his mark in this respect. His sermon to Hamilton Orangemen on the 12th of July was so bitter that the minister in whose church it was delivered protested the following Sunday against it.

The third point was the rejection of Mr. William Bell of Toronto, who had gone to take part in the proceedings trusting to his personal rather than formal credentials. Poor Mr. Bell! Cruel P. P. A. What was wrong? Surely Mr. Bell, who is Orange of the Orange, could not be suspected of leaning towards the Catholic Church! It might be that one of his servants is Catholic. Whatever it was, he was rejected and returned by the evening train. The delegates explain it by saying they have no use for members of the old parties. What use the old parties, or any new parties, have for them every respectable patriotic citizen of Ontario is asking to-day.

The Mail.

It was not to be expected that the *Mail* would retire from its attack upon the able and zealous Archbishop of Kingston, without firing a parting shot, even if it was only in the air. In our last issue we pointed out that in spite of the habitual snarl there was no mistaking the howl which escaped from the whipped spaniel. That the lash was keenly felt may be seen by the "We-did-not-mean-it" cry coming from the Tower on King Street. Headlines whose every word contained the poison of asps, headlines theatrical in their demonstrative cruelty are explained away as unmeaning. Then comes another excuse, worse than the first—"We never suspected that His Grace could be reviled by it, or that Dr. Cleary's prestige could be impaired." If that sentence were not weak it might be mistaken for sarcasm. A more paltry, defenceless excuse for the interference with a great prelate in the discharge of his high duties could not be given. If it were meant for sarcasm it is too weak; if it were given as an apology it is contemptible. It is but the cry of a terrorized bully.

There is much more that contains matter for thought in the way the *Mail* takes the dose administered by the most Reverend Archbishop Cleary. But everything considered, past habits of years' standing, local circumstances, &c., the *Mail* did not do so bad. True it acted the bully in the beginning and the coward afterwards—but it recognizes a law in the land, a place of punishment for libellers, and makes a promise to "open its columns to free discussions but not to libellous attacks." Considering, therefore, past disappointments, present love making to P.P.A., and wounded pride—the *Mail's* Palmada showed that he, as well as the Archbishop's friends, understands something about slander, libel and crime. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished for, that in this case, fear is the beginning of wisdom.

Caution.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register:

DEAR SIR—For protection of the honor of the ever-faithful and devoted Clergy of his diocese, the Archbishop of Kingston begs leave to inform the public through you that the ex-priest who has given the result of his twelve years' nightmare to the *Toronto Mail* is not, nor has he ever been, a priest of the diocese of Kingston.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS KELLY, Secretary.

Archbishop's Palace, Kingston,
29th January, 1894.

A new scheme for Home Rule emanating from the headquarters of Unionism and favored by Tories is given on good authority by the Gladstonian weekly, *The Speaker*. The proposals summarized are: Abolition of Dublin Castle and the Lord Lieutenant; formation of five great national councils, two for England, one each for Ireland, Scotland and Wales; endowment of a Catholic University for Ireland; and the establishment of four provincial councils in Ireland similar to the English county councils.

Church of the Sacred Heart.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 4th, at 7, Musical Vespers will be given in the Church of the Sacred Heart. The choir and Rev. Father LaMarche have spared no pains to make this one of the musical treats of the season. After Vespers, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given. A silver collection will be taken up for the benefit of the church.

Queen Victoria has conferred the decoration of the Victoria Cross upon Surgeon Major Owen Edward Ponnepfather Lloyd, for conspicuous bravery during the attack on the Lima Post, near Kachlue, in Burma, on 6th January, 1893.

Weekly Retrospect.

How sweet is the sound of the church bells in our ears on these clear frosty Sunday evenings, as we cross the Park wending our way to Vespers. We hear the merry chimes floating softly and sweetly on the air, their music bringing peace to the troubled heart, then is heard the deep muffled tones of more ponderous bells which seem to warn us not to tarry by the way, but to hasten and join the vesper hymn and the evening Benediction. As all these sweet sounds from the numerous church towers reach us, we think surely there can be nothing but kindness in the hearts of man towards his fellow man. Although Christmas-tide is past, yet, let us hope the tidings borne on the wind, by angel voices of that time are not so soon forgotten, "Peace and good-will to men." How can there be peace in one's heart, when the sweet sacraments of our religion so dear to us, are reviled in the cruel manner of now-a-days. "Kit" whose kindly words are as balm to the wounded in her article on "Bigotry and Intolerance" speaks of the Benediction as "that gentlest of ceremonies." Yes dear Kit you always have a kindly thing to say. One of our Canadian poets who was, alas! cut off when on the threshold of a brilliant career wrote the following beautiful lines:

Kind words are truest poetry
And sweetest music. Spare them not,
Life soon is o'er,
Their music cannot reach our graves.

Would that the woman, who must evidently take pleasure in reviling us on the platform could have those words branded on her heart, but by the discord she has sown, we judge there is no innate refinement in her nature; and such beautiful sentiments as these, which Phillips Stewart has left would only be wasted.

Occasionally the REGISTER will have short extracts from Professor Maurice Egan's "Cats on books," which will be most interesting to our readers. It is a great benefit to have the opinion of such men on matters like this, we seem to appreciate more the good things written, and perhaps if the young people had their taste better directed in the reading line, there would not be so many yellow covers devoured. In an article on Mr. Onahan and his library the Catholic Columbian quotes opportunely from a certain professor who writing on books says, "I do not believe there is any surer way of discovering a man's intellectual character than by inspecting his collection of books. That is, however, if he collected them himself, and especially if he be one whose means do not warrant indiscriminate purchase. Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are, morally or socially. Tell me your books, and I will tell you what you are, intellectually. But in both cases providing the choosing is your own. Much as I love books, I do not think I should much care to have bequeathed to me one of those fine libraries, the shelves of which have been furnished by the yard."

Did any one ever see a picture hanging up in their grocery, which may be only a common print, advertising some baking powder or brand of tea, but it speaks volumes, "Poor Trust is Dead, Bad Pay killed him?" Delinquent subscribers should go and study this little print, perhaps Trust's pathetic death might touch their hearts just a wee bit.

A pretty model for an evening dress is a skirt of grey satin shot with pink. This was draped with white kilt pleated tulle leaving tiny silver spangles all over it, and at the hem was a fringe of violets. The bodice was made full and crossed by a garland of flowers. Below the waist was a double band of dark violet velvet. Empire models flowing full from a yoke, says Harper's Bazar are seen this season among imported tea-gowns. Their novelty con-

sists in a stole-like trimming of velvet, lace, or satin beginning in a colarette or shoulder cape above the yoke and extending in long scarfs straight to the foot in front. The Watteau tea gown is a favorite model with well known Paris modiste, who commends it for trousseaux, as it is graceful and youthful looking. It is made of satin surah or Liberty satin-pink, mauve, cerise as best suits the weaver. The skirt hanging over a foundation skirt, and the long Watteau fold in the back laid in the accordion pleats.

Wit and Humor.

It was a small suburban youth who explained that it was not so much the heat that troubled people as "the general humililty."

Burglar: "Where do you keep your money?" Bigsby: "Er—it's in the pocket of my wife's dress." Burglar (to pal): "Come on Pete; we ain't no Stauly exploration expedition."

Teacher (to a boy in his class): "John, correct the following sentence: 'It are very cold.'" John (as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead): "It are thundering hot."

"Humph!" sneered Miss Gay. "Here's an advertisement in the paper of a man who says he can cure freckles. He must be an idiot. What people want is something to kill freckles."

Too Much So.—"And this maid—is she truthful?" asked the lady of the reference. "Very. That is why I discharged her. She wouldn't tell people I was out when I was in."

Merchant to applicant: "Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office?" Boy: "Know enough? Why, I left my last place because the boss said I knew more than he did."

Irascible Old Gentleman: "Waiter, this plate is quite cool!" Waiter: "Yes sir; but the chop is 'ot, sir, which I think you will find it'll warm up the plate nicely, sir."

Another great discovery.—First Traveller: "Why is that pompous fellow strutting about so absurdly?" Second Traveller: "He found some ham in his railway sandwich."

Getting Too Serious.—Etienne: "Why did you break off your engagement with George?" Gladys: "You see, we were forced to be together a good deal, and I found I was getting fond of him."

Her Little Scheme.—"What a lovely new bonnet!" Mrs. Potts—"It's funny the way I got it, too. I insisted on having my husband explain all about the new Tariff bill. He talked for about five minutes, and then compromised on this."

Poor Blood.

Persons, sick and convalescent whose blood grows poor and thin who have a distaste for food, whose members grow cold and inactive, whose sleep is agitated and uneasy, whose flesh is wasting away, who have no energy and disinclination to work, should use Almoxia Wine, recommended by all the principal physicians. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agent for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

Many a man had proved wise if he had not so thought himself.

For a monument give me a shrine in the hearts of a few beloved.

Science is she who makes the laws of Nature the handmaids of arts.

The finest pieces of silk have their sag ends—so with the best families.

If we do not live down error be sure we shall never dispute it down.

Never do anything concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt.

Jealousy is the sentiment of property; but envy is the instinct of theft.

There is no such thing as being happy without asking God to tell us how.

Doubts are not overcome with violence, but with reason and understanding.

Speak little and gently, little and well, little and frankly, little and amiably.

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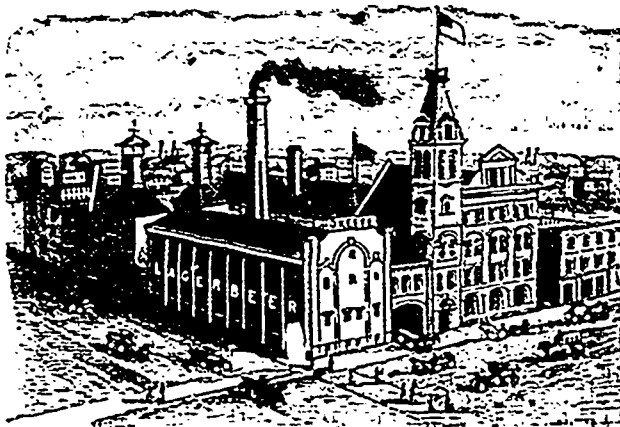
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Mr. George Washington Savage, American Consul at Dundee, died on January 1st, in his 74th year. He went to Dundee, last July, having previously served as Consul at Belfast for four years.

The death of Dr. Harkin, one of the oldest Belfast medical practitioners, took place on January 4th, at his residence, No. 4 College Square, North. For some weeks past he had been ailing, and there was little expectation of his recovery, owing to the advanced age which he had reached and the general breakdown of his health. Dr. Harkin was a past President of the Ulster Medical Society and Consulting Officer of the Mater Infirmorum Hospital. He was the author of a number of able works on medical subjects.

Armagh.

On January 3d, the ceremony of the enthronement of the Most Rev. Robert S. Gregg as Protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, was performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. George A. Chadwick, D. D., Protestant Dean of Armagh.

On Christmas Day a postman named John Moffat was found drowned in a river along the road leading from Armagh to Killylea. It appears the deceased went on his usual rounds on the evening of the 23d, with letters and parcels, through the country districts, and, not turning up next day, search was at once made for him by his family, but no trace of his whereabouts could be found till his dead body was discovered by some person who happened to be passing by the River Callan, at a place known as Kidd's Gate.

Carlow.

It is stated that the Postmaster General has appointed Miss Margaret Byrne to the position of Postmistress of Leighlinbridge Post and Telegraph Office, in succession to Miss Maher, resigned. There has been keen competition for the situation, but Miss Byrne was fortunate in having an influential signed memorial on her behalf forwarded to the Postmaster General, through Mr. Hammond, M.P.

Clare.

At a private meeting of the Ennis Board of Guardians, on January 3d, before the regular business of the Board was preceded with, Mr. John M. Cotter, Clerk of the Union, intimated his intention of resigning that office. He was asked to reconsider his decision. Mr. Cotter is one of the oldest poor-law officials in Ireland, having been 45 years clerk of the Ennis Union, in which he succeeded his father, the first clerk.

Cork.

With much regret we have to announce the death of Mr. John Lynch, of Market street, Bandon, which took place at his residence, on Dec. 18th, after a brief illness. Mr. Lynch leaves a widow and five young children to mourn his loss. The general esteem in which he was held was amply testified to by the large numbers of every class and creed who attended his funeral, on the 20th, to St. Patrick's new Cemetery, Bandon, the officiating clergyman being the Very Rev. Cannon Shinkwin, P.P., V. F., assisted by the Very Rev. J. O'Mahony, C.C. R.I.P.

Derry.

The statement that the London "Irish Society" propose to commence large reclamation works at Derry is, at least, premature. Mr. A. C. Morton, who is an enthusiast for reclamation, has however, brought the project before the society, of which he is a member. He believes that a very large part of Lough Foyle could be profitably reclaimed, and points to the analogy of the work which has been done in the Firth of Forth, where the reclaimed land maintains its price in spite of the agricultural depression, owing to its excellent quality.

Donegal.

Since New Year's the weather has been intensely cold in the northwestern districts of Ireland, and in some parts snow has fallen. A farmer named Long perished from exposure while on his way home near Carnonagh.

Down.

A young man named Wm. Maxwell, who received an injury to his leg, some time ago, while playing football at Hollywood, died on January 3d from lockjaw. The wound had partially healed, when blood-poisoning set in.

On Dec. 30th, Dr. Parke, J.P., coroner for North Down, held an inquest at Crawfordsburn on the body of an old man named Francis Newell, who fell dead the previous evening while conversing with John McCracken. The testimony of Dr. Bolton was that death was due to heart disease. The jury found accordingly.

Dublin.

On New Year's Day, Alderman V. B. Dillon was inaugurated Lord Mayor of Dublin, with the usual ceremonies, and in assuming the office delivered a speech in which he reviewed the working of the corporate departments for the past year. Mr. R. J. McCoy was invested with the chain of High Sheriff at the same time. In the afternoon the Lord Mayor entertained a large company at the Mansion House. The Tory-Unionist members of the Corporation ab-

stained from taking any part in the inauguration proceedings.

Fermunagh.

In Enniskillen, on December 25th, an inquest was held on the body of a man named Griffin, a sergeant in the Royal Engineers, Dublin, who was accidentally drowned on the previous day by falling over the Weir Bridge. A verdict of accidental death by drowning was returned.

Galway.

The Very Rev. W. McEvilly, of Dunmore, elder brother of the Archbishop of Tuam, died on Jan. 4th, after a short illness, at the parochial residence. Canon McEvilly was one of the oldest and most respected priests in the diocese of Tuam. He was born at Louisburgh, county Mayo, read his course of Theology in Maynooth College, and was ordained priest in 1853. He spent the earlier years of his priesthood as curate in the parishes of Newport, Knock, Robeen, and Annagh, and in each of these parishes he has left lasting monuments of his piety and zeal. Aughagower was the first parish committed to his pastoral charge. Here he built a parochial residence and several schools. From Aughagower he was translated to Dunmore in the year 1892. He was called away while still laboring in the vineyard of his Divine Master. No longer than a week before his death he said Mass and preached to his people as usual. Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance found in Canon McEvilly not only a sincere but an affectionate friend; and the faithful of his parish, as well as his fellow-priests, will keenly feel the loss of his prudent advice and fatherly solicitude.

Kerry.

The traffic receipts of the Tralee and Dingle railway, for the week ended 30th December, 1893, show a decrease of £4 18s. 1d., as compared with the corresponding week of the previous year. The figures are—week ending 30th December, 1892, £72 8s. 8d.; same week in 1893, £67 10s. 7d.

In the recent decisions in land cases in Kerry, we find that the following substantial reductions were given:—Charles Foley, tenant, Lord Ventry, landlord; old rent, £50 15s; judicial rent, £36. John Felson, tenant; old rent, £22 15s; judicial rent, £13 10s. H. A. Herbert, landlord; Con. Gissano, tenant; old rent, £40; judicial rent, £27. M. J. Reen, tenant; old rent, £27; judicial rent, £3 15s.

Kildare.

On December 14th, Miss Charlotte Ryan (youngest daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Byrne, Ballymount, Ballytore, Co. Kildare), had the happiness of making her final vows at the Convent of Mercy, Cahau, and is now in religion Sister M. Catherine. The ceremony was performed by the most Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory; and the Mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. Byrne, brother of the professed nun.

Kilkenny.

On New Year's Day the inauguration of Mr. P. J. Morrissey, as Mayor of Kilkenny, took place in the Municipal Council Chamber. The outgoing Mayor, Mr. C. Quinn, occupied the chair. Having been formally installed, the Mayor, on rising, was warmly received, and said that during his year of office he would act with an open mind, and be not coerced by any party either inside or outside the Corporation. The Mayor entertained a large party at dinner on New Year's night. The banquet was served at the Club House Hotel, where, in olden times, many a pleasant evening was spent round the hospitable table of the incoming Mayor.

King's County.

The funeral of Mr. John Bennett, J.P., of Grange, took place on December 30th. There was a large attendance of relatives, friends, and the general public, fully representative of all classes and creeds. The interment was at Clonohill Cemetery.

Colonel Robert Hackett, familiarly known in the neighborhood of Birr as the "Blind Colonel," died suddenly, on December 30th, at his residence, Riverstown, county Tipperary. His death, at the comparatively early age of 55, was due to the effects of injuries received in the late Zulu campaign, in which, while leading the 90th Regiment, received a shot through the head, which destroyed both his eyes. He laid for hours among the dead of Ulundi, and it was only by accident that he was not, in his unconscious state, buried alive. He was a brother of Lieutenant-General Simpson Hackett; and another brother, Colonel Thomas Bernard, who won the Victoria Cross, was accidentally shot in 1850.

Limerick.

The death of the Rev. A. MacLaughlin, Protestant Rector of Doonee, is announced. The deceased, who was father of Mrs. Walker, wife of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, had been ailing only a short time. Acute bronchitis supervened, however, upon what appeared to be a slight cold, and the Rev. gentleman died on December 30th. Mr. MacLaughlin, who was Chancellor of Cashel, in the diocese of Emly, was extremely popular among all classes, especially so among the poor, who will feel deeply the death of so familiar and kindly a friend. His remains were taken to Dublin for interment in Mount Jerome.

On New Year's Day a special meeting of the Limerick Corporation was held in the Town Hall, the principal business being the

installation of the Mayor and High Sheriff for 1894. There was a large attendance of members of the Council, and at the outside bar a goodly number of citizens were present. Shortly after twelve o'clock the roll was called, and the Town Clerk, after reading the minutes, formally intimated to the Council that, at a meeting held on the 1st December, the Right Worshipful Bryan O'Donnell was re-elected Mayor for 1894 and that Mr. Patrick Kenna had been appointed High Sheriff for the city by the Lord Lieutenant. The inauguration then took place.

Louth.

On New Year's Day, Mr. Bernard Nulty was installed Mayor of Drogheda, and sworn in before Alderman Brautigan, the outgoing Mayor, and seventeen members of the Council. Mr. Butterly proposed, and Mr. Kelly seconded, a vote of thanks to the outgoing Mayor, who, in reply, stated that the Corporation had expended £5,000 during the past year in sanitary improvement, and he did not believe there was a town in Ireland where more had been done in the same direction.

We regret to have to record the demise of Mr. P. Carolan, which took place at his residence, Belpatrick, on St. Stephen's Day. Mr. Carolan had reached a ripe old age, and throughout a long life well won the esteem of all who knew him. In every relation of life he acquitted himself worthily. Some weeks since, he was prostrated by illness, from which he never rallied. His interment took place on December 28th, in the family burial ground, Ballapousta, and his remains were attended to their last resting place by a large concourse of relatives and friends.

Mayo.

Dr. Ambrose, M.P., for West Mayo, has received a communication announcing that, in response to his repeated questions Mr. Vesey Stony, J.P., and D.L., one of his constituents of whom he is not proud, has ceased to be a magistrate for the county Mayo. It will be remembered that Mr. Stony's conduct in connection with the Arrears Act has been often the subject of comment. More recently he sent his wife to a "home" at Eastbourne, England, where she received a "religious" treatment, being undoubtedly insane. The unfortunate lady met her death by falling out of the window. The "home" has since been inquired into by order of the Home Secretary.

Meath.

Lord and Lady Dunsany are just now on their way to Egypt. Dunsany Castle has been freely suggested as an Irish seat for the Duke and Duchess of York. At present, however, it is in rather a dilapidated condition. The late Peer always intended to rebuild the castle, and in fact began the work, but he did not proceed with it although a great part of the old building had been pulled down.

Monaghan.

On January 2d, immediately after the obsequies of the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly a meeting of the Chapter of the Diocese of Clogher, specially summoned, was held in the Chapter-room of St. MacCartan's Cathedral, Monaghan. All the members of the Chapter except Very Rev. Patrick (Canon) Clifford, P.P., Finton, whose health, though latterly much improved, was not such as to warrant him to travel to Monaghan, were present. By the unanimous vote of the members of the Chapter, Very Rev. Dean Bermingham, P.P. Carrickmacross, was elected Vicar Capitular, being thus vested with episcopal powers until the new Bishop is appointed.

Queen's County.

On New Year's day, a public meeting was held on the Market square, Maryborough, to establish a branch of the "Knights of the Plough" in the district. The meeting was organized by Mr. Benjamin Pelin, of Naraghmore, in conjunction with the Castle-town laborers, but without any consultation with the local laborers. Mr. J. Shelly, of Castletown, occupied the chair, and speeches were delivered by Messrs. J. C. O'Neill, Carlow; Benjamin Pelin, Tyrrell and Leahy, Dublin; and G. Nanston, Town Clerk of Maryborough. Resolutions were passed calling on Parliament to grant pensions of £20 a year to laborers who have passed the age of 65 years; to place a tax of £1 on every acre of uncultivated land; and to shorten the hours of labor on Saturdays to five o'clock. Deputations were present from Mountrath, Castletown, and Stradbally.

Roscommon.

The death took place at Frenchpark House, on January 2d, of Mr. John Corr, at the age of 85 years. Mr. Corr was the last survivor of an old and well known family in the county. He had occupied the position of Governor of Roscommon Jail and Clerk of Mullingar Union, but lived at Frenchpark House for the last 35 years. The remains were interred in the family burial place at Athleague, on the 4th inst.

Sligo.

At a meeting of the Sligo Town Council, on New Year's Day, Mr. John Connolly was inaugurated Mayor for the year 1894. This is the third time he has been elected to that office, and on the previous occasions he acted in such a manner in the mayoral chair that his present election is popular amongst all classes, both Conservative and Nationalist. A hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Alder-

man Tighe, J.P., and seconded by Alderman Nelson, J.P., was unanimously accorded the ex-Mayor, Mr. Scallan, for the manner in which he had filled his office.

Tipperary.

On December 28th the Rev. Patrick Graham, C.C., Mullinahone, died after a short and severe attack of influenza, aggravated by congestion of the lungs. The deceased clergyman, who was in his 38th year, had been only recently appointed to the curacy of Mullinahone. He was a man of sterling, earnest piety, of simple mind, and of quiet, modest demeanor, popular with the clergy and the people, and his early demise is sincerely regretted by those among whom his sacred ministry so suddenly and painfully terminated. The Requiem, which was held in the parish church on December 20th, was largely attended by the priests of Cashel, and the neighbouring diocese of Ossory. The Mass was sung by a relative of the deceased, Very Rev. Father Walsh, President of Clonliffe College, assisted by the Rev. D. O'Sullivan as deacon, and the Rev. Cornelius Ryan as sub-deacon. After the Mass, the remains were borne round the chapel yard, and the interment took place within the precincts of the church, the site being given by the Rev. Philip Ryan, the respected pastor of Mullinahone.

Tyone.

In Dungannon, on January 4th, some men in the employment of the local Gas Company were searching for an escape of gas from the main sewer at the corner of George and William st., when one of them named P. Foy, applied a match at the opening of old unused sewer. Instantly an explosion took place, blowing up about twenty-five yards of the street and flagging around the court-house. Foy was terribly burned about the head and face. He was immediately taken to the hospital, where he was attended to by Dr. Twigg, who fears he may lose his eyesight. Constable William Keilly, who was standing by, was thrown up into the air, but sustained no serious injuries. The other men had a narrow escape.

Waterford.

The special meeting for the purpose of installing the Mayor and Sheriff of Waterford, for the ensuing year, was held in the Council Chamber, City Hall, on January 1st. The outgoing Mayor, Alderman John Manning, presided, and besides the corporators there was an exceedingly large attendance of the general public. Councillor Cadogan, who was received with applause, having made the usual official declaration, was vested with the chain of office by the outgoing Mayor. Mr. W. J. Smith was sworn in as High Sheriff at the same time.

Wexford.

With deep sorrow his many friends learned, on Sunday morning, December 31st, that Mr. Thomas Doyle, postmaster, Wexford, had died at his residence after a long and painful illness. Mr. Doyle's death had not been unexpected, as it was known for some time previously that he was seriously ill, and recently there were little, if any, hopes of his recovery. During his ten years in Wexford, Mr. Doyle's amiable disposition, unflinching courtesy and rectitude in matters of business made him a most of friends. He was respected and cherished as a true and sterling friend of everyone who had the privilege of knowing him. Mr. Doyle, who had reached his 54th year, leaves a widow (a Wexford lady,) and a family of five. On January 2d, there was solemn Requiem Office and High Mass, for the repose of his soul, in the Church of the Assumption. Rev. T. O'Connor, C.C., presided; celebrant, Rev. P. O'Connor, C.C.; deacon, Rev. James Hartley, C.C.; sub-deacon, Rev. M. F. O'Hanlon, O.S.F.; and master of ceremonies, Rev. L. Jones, C.C. In the choir were a large number of clergymen. The interment was in the family burial ground, Drinagh.

Wicklow.

On New Year's night the watchman in charge of the line running through the cutting on the Dublin Wicklow and Wexford Railway, near Avondale, found the body of a young man lying across the metals, with both legs almost severed from the body. The train in which leaves Rathdrum for Avoca at 7.35 had just passed the place, and it was believed the young man was walking on the line when the train dashed into the cutting, and in endeavoring to escape he fell across the rails. He was removed to Rathdrum station, and thence to the hospital attached to the local workhouse, where everything possible was done for him. Letters found in his pockets proved him to be a young man named Byrne, belonging to one of the most respected families in the county, and the nephew of a doctor who enjoys an extensive practice and is much esteemed throughout the county Wicklow.

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Denis A. McCarthy, in the Republic.

Oh, ever and ever the waves roll in,
And beat on the yellow sands.
But never, oh never, the lad comes back
Who voyaged to distant lands!
The ocean is white with the sails of ships
That steer for the harbor of Lynn;
I scan them all with an anxious eye
But never my ship comes in.
Moans the sea, the wild winds wail,
But still no trace of my lover's sail;
Sailor men drinking and singing in Lynn,
But never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Long years ago my lover's ship
Sailed out on the ebbing tide;
I watched her till only a tiny speck
Upon the horizon wide
And many a gallant youth since then
Has striven my heart to win—
But my heart is over the waters afar
With a ship that never comes in.
Oh, ever and ever the sound of the wave
It cries like a mother over a grave;
Wedding bells clanging and ringing in Lynn,
But, never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Yestreen the maidens, one and all,
Donned holiday coil and gown
To greet the soldiers, scarlet clad,
Parading through the town.
Rejoiced and cheered they all save I,
For 'mid the merry din
I thought of a sailor lad, and I wept
For a ship that never comes in.
Oh, young folk marry, and old folk die,
Merry folk laugh, and weary folk sigh!
Sad, oh sad, is the town of Lynn,
For never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Selected Receipts.

CREAM PUDDING SAUCE.—Break half a cupful of butter with a spoon and beat it to a cream with one cupful of sugar; then add a cupful of sweet cream, and continue to beat the sauce until soft foam is formed; serve it at once. This sauce should be made only just before serving.

BANANA CREAM PUDDING.—Melt one cupful of sugar in one pint of hot milk. Mix two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with cold milk, stir into the milk and cook fifteen minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, stir into the thickened milk and cook again for five minutes.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cupful sugar, one cupful molasses, one cupful lard or butter, one-half cup hot water, spoonful each of soda, ginger and cinnamon, and flour to roll thick. Mark into cards, sprinkle with sugar and bake. In the receipts calling for molasses, the best New Orleans must be used in order to obtain best results, and that must never be used without soda.

ORANGE SOUFFLE.—Make a boiled custard of the yolks of ten eggs, a quart of milk and sugar to taste. When cool pour it over four sliced oranges, sprinkled with sugar and the grated rind of two. Make a meringue of the whites of four eggs, cover the custard, and set the dish in a pan of cold water in the oven until of a golden color. It must be very cold when served.

POTATO PUFFS.—Two cups mashed potatoes, cold or hot; two eggs, three teaspoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put the potatoes in a frying pan, add the yolks of the eggs, cream and seasoning; stir over the fire until well mixed. If the potatoes were used cold stir until hot. Take from the fire, add carefully well-beaten whites of the eggs. Heap on a greased baking dish or in gem pans. Bake in a quick oven until a nice brown.

A Policeman's Heart.

It was cruelly cold for a mother and her children to be thrown upon the world. The policeman on his rounds saw the dark forms under the leafless trees in the public square. It was long past midnight. The electric light flickered and snapped and dimmed as if to hide the sight. A flood of brilliancy poured out of the big windows of a club not many yards away, and fell almost at the feet of the three sleeping forms.

The children were very young. The little girl nestled close to the side of

the mother, with her hands buried deep in the folds of her mother's worn cloak. The boy's arm was thrown across his mother's neck, and the lower part of his body was buried in the folds of her skirt. His little round hat had fallen off and rolled bottom side up a little way off.

The policeman paused. He thought he had discovered more tramps to rouse up and pass on to the next town. Then he saw his mistake. He scratched his head for a precedent. Must he arrest them and send them the way of other prisoners convicted of vagrancy? Then he looked down into the sleeping faces once more.

His hand played nervously with his trouser pocket. Then it dived decisively and came out with several shining coins. He dropped them into the hat of the child; and as he walked away he wondered why the electric lights flickered and dimmed and danced so much more violently than they did a few minutes before.—*Donahue's Magazine.*

How They Make Music.

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. Here again it is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing cover is a thin membranous plate. He elevates the wing covers and rubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together you could imitate the operation very nicely. Certain grasshoppers make a sound when flying that is like a watchman's rattle—clackety-clack, very rapidly repeated. There are also some moths and butterflies which have voices. The "death's-head" moth makes a noise when frightened that strikingly resembles the crying of a baby. How it is produced is not known, though volumes have been written on the subject. The "mourning cloak" butterfly—a dark species with a light border on its wings—makes a cry of alarm by rubbing its wings together. The katydids, crickets, grasshoppers, and other musical insects are all exaggerated in the tropics, assuming giant forms. Thus their cries are proportionately louder. There is an East India cicada which makes a remarkably loud noise. It is called by the natives "dumdub," which means drum. From this name comes that of the genus, which is known as dumdub. This is one of the few scientific terms derived from the Sanscrit. The "death-watch" is a popular name applied to certain beetles which bore into the walls and floors of old houses. They make a ticking by standing on their hind legs and knocking their heads against the wood quickly and forcibly. It is a sexual call. Many superstitions have been entertained respecting the noise produced by these insects, which is sometimes imagined to be a warning of death. Entomologists have succeeded in recording the cries of many insects by the ordinary system of musical notation. But this method does show the actual pitch, which is usually several octaves above the staff. It merely serves to express the musical intervals. It is known with reasonable certainty that many insects have voices so highly pitched that they cannot be heard by the human ear. One evidence of this fact is that some people can distinguish cries which are not audible to others.

There are thirty-eight graduates of Catholic colleges enrolled among Harvard's students, according to the recently issued catalogue of the University. Twenty-three of these are attending the Law School and fifteen the Medical School.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration there by removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of
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Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."
Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.
Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.
Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.
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A Beaupro Miracle.

Mr. J. Armory Knox has furnished the November *Lippincott's* with a charmingly written sketch of a visit which he paid to the famous Canadian shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, where he was the witness of the miraculous restoration of her sight to a young girl, whom her father had brought to the shrine in the hope that her childish faith and prayers might win her the celestial favor that she sought. Mr. Knox describes the origin of the devotion that is paid to the mother of the Blessed Virgin at Beaupre, and gives the reader a short description of the place and the scenes that take place there during the pilgrimages. He speaks of the faith shown by the suppliants at the shrine, and then proceeds to the narration of the cure he himself saw. The closing portion of his story is worth reproducing, both for the excellent manner in which it is told, and for the attestation of the miraculous happening which it affords. "Suddenly the child at the altar rail," writes Mr. Knox, who is not a Catholic, "rises to her feet, and throwing her arms above her head, as if reaching for something cries, 'Oh, father, father! the light is coming, father!' Her father catches her as she falls faint and limp into his arms, and hurriedly pushing his way through the throng, bears her out to the church yard and tenderly lays her on a grassy mound under the trees. Water from the holy well is poured on her face by a young priest. For a moment she revives. She clasps her arms around the neck of her father, who is bending over her. A smile of joy and peace illumines her pallid face as she kisses him. Her arms relax and fall on her breast, and her head sinks back on her father's arm. The Light had come." This article is in pleasant contrast to those in which the average non-Catholic visitor to Beaupre undertakes to give his impressions of that sanctuary and of the pious pilgrims who resort to each year.

A Brilliant Success.

The concert held at the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, 15th inst, in aid of St. Mary's church was largely attended, and the various numbers on the programme were well rendered. The vocal part of the programme was given by Messrs. Warrington, D. E. Cameron, Anglin and Kirk, Mrs. D'Erveux Smith and others. Mr. Warrington sustained his high reputation as a first-class vocalist, and each of the artists named were well received and rendered their selections very acceptably. The honors of the evening were carried off by Miss Mary Thompson, a young lady electionist, formerly of Barrie, whose numbers were given in first-class style, and who evidently has received careful training in the Philadelphia School of Oratory where she graduated. It is safe to say no electionist has yet appeared before a Barrie audience to better advantage, her numerous selections being capitally rendered and brought down the house. We understand she is making arrangements to appear in Barrie again with some first class concert people, and we can confidently say, should she do so, she will be greeted by a bumper house. The receipts of the evening were large, and no doubt, gratifying to the genial prompter of the concert, Dean Egan.—*Barrie Gazette.*

Condolence.

At the meeting of County Board, York County, held on Jan. 29th, the following resolution was unanimously passed: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to call unto Himself Mr. Patrick Ward, the beloved father of our esteemed Brother, James Ward, Vice President of Div. No. 1, A.O.H.: Therefore, be it resolved that we, the members of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, York County, do hereby tender to Brother Ward our heartfelt sympathy in the loss he has sustained. Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be tendered to Brother Ward, and recorded in the minute book of the County Board, and a copy be sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and *Catholic Record* for publication.

Signed on behalf of County Board,
H. McCAFFREY, C.D.
T. McKEAGUE, O.S.

Mr. Edwin Hall, J.P., Pinchurst, Blackrock, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county Cork.

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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.

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The Instinct of Self-Preservation.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," said John F. Thompson, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one, and would strike the glass whenever any one approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any one in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do. One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it first, and, after repeated attempts, gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted it, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined.

"I witnessed another illustration of this in Paris. A young man had lost his last sou at a gambling table. Not only was he without means, but he had lost a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine to drown himself. On the way there was a great commotion, caused by the escape of a tiger from a strolling menagerie. The animal came down the street and people fled in every direction. Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamp post and hung on to the top of it, trembling in every muscle. When the animal was captured and the danger was over he went to the river and committed suicide. I was interested in the account of the suicide, and, prompted by curiosity, went to see the body, instantly recognizing it as that of the young man whom I had seen make so frantic an effort to escape death, evidently, but a few minutes before he sought it, and at the very time that he was seeking an opportunity to end his existence."



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Legend of the Mass of the Holy Child.

A terrible pestilence was desolating the fine old city; in each street there were some dead and some dying, and neither Mass nor fast nor prayer seemed to stay the disease. One morning, when the sun gilded the spires of the ancient ivy-covered church, the priest stood ready vested, waiting to offer up the Holy Sacrifice; but although he had rung the bell, no footstep was heard approaching; there was not even a server to attend upon him at the altar, and his heart was cast down under a burden of sorrow.

"O God have mercy upon this city! Have mercy upon the lives of Thy people" he prayed. Must it indeed be that no Mass shall be offered to Thy praise and glory this day? O God, forbid that this should happen!"

Even as he knelt in supplication, the priest saw that lights were ready burning on the altar, and a wonderful sense of the Divine Presence filled his soul as a strain of music thrilled through the building and a figure advanced from the sacristy dressed in white of dazzling brightness, having a face of angelic beauty such as man never had.

The heavenly server knelt by the side of the priest, and the Mass began, while music from angel voices echoed through the aisles until they died away into softest silence at the "Ita missa est." All was over; the heavenly visitor had vanished, and the priest knelt long in thanksgiving after that wondrous Mass which had so filled his heart with awe and reverent love; and when at length he left the church, the news greeted him that the plague was abating, that the stricken people were recovering, for the Sacrifice which had been offered at the altar that day had stayed God's hand and spared the ancient city.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the above League held a more than ordinarily important meeting on last Sunday afternoon in their hall on Power street. The President, Mr. Geo. Duffy, occupied the chair. After the regular business of the Sodality had been gone through the Rev. Dr. Treacey delivered an eloquent address on "The Catholic Church and Civil and Religious Liberty." The discourse was a masterly one, and was much appreciated by the large number present.

Another lecture will be delivered next Sunday afternoon, by a very popular clergyman. All will be welcomed. Time, 3 o'clock.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, January 31, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 60
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 60
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 59
Barley, per bush.....	0 43	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 37	0 33
Peas, per bush.....	0 58	0 59
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 40	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 08	0 10
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 22
Eggs, now laid, per dozen.....	0 22	0 23
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 03
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 53	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 60	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	3 25
Hay, timothy.....	\$ 01	9 50
Straw, sheaf.....	\$ 00	8 50
Straw, loose.....	6 00	6 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Jan. 30.—The best price paid to-day for cattle was 33c for choice; a good deal of selling was done around 3c per pound, while common was slow of sale at 23c, and some went for lower prices.

There was no enquiry for sheep, and prices were quoted at from \$3.50 to \$4 each.

Of lambs there were too many for business requirements, and prices weakened; 31 to 33c per lb. was the average for choice, with an occasional sale at 4c.

About a dozen milk cows came in, the quality was mostly poor, the demand slack, and prices weak at from \$25 to \$45 each.

Not more than a couple of dozen calves offered; a few of the best were sold at from \$5 to \$7 each; common at from \$1.50 to \$3.

Prices for hogs were a little firmer; off cars as much as from \$5.00 to \$5.20 per cwt. was paid for choice light lean hogs; fat heavy hogs sold at from \$4.50 to \$4.75 per cwt.; and stores were better at from \$4.50 up to an occasional \$5.00 per cwt.

THE GLADIATORS:

A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WILLYE MELVILLE.

EROS.

CHAPTER VII.
TRUTH.

The dwelling in which the Briton now found himself presented a strange contrast of simplicity and splendour, of wealth and frugality, of obscure poverty and costly refinement. The wall was bare and weather-stained; but a silver lamp, burning perfumed oil, was fixed against its surface on a bracket of common deal. Though the stone floor was damp and broken, it was partially covered by a soft thick carpet of brilliant colors, while shawls from the richest looms of Asia hung over the mutilated wooden seats and the crazy couch, which appeared to be the congenial furniture of the apartment. Esca could not but remark on the same inconsistency throughout all the minor details of the household. A measure of rich wine from the Lebanon was cooling in a pitcher of coarse earthenware, a draught of fair water sparkled in a cup of gold. A bundle of eastern javelins, inlaid with ivory and of beautiful finish and workmanship, kept guard, as it were, over a plain two-edged sword devoid of ornament, and with a handle frayed and worn as though from constant use, that looked like a weapon born for work not show, some rough soldier's rude but trusty friend. The room of which Esca thus caught a hasty glance as he passed through, opened on an inner apartment which seemed to have been originally equally bare and dilapidated, but of which the furniture was even more rich and incongruous. It was flooded by a soft warm light, shed from a lamp burning some rare Syrian oil, that was scarcely to be procured for money in Rome. It dazzled Esca's eyes as he followed the girl through the outer apartment into this retreat, and it was a few seconds ere he recovered his sight sufficiently to take note of the objects that surrounded him.

A venerable man with bald head and long silvery beard was sitting at the table when they entered, reading from a roll of parchment filled to the very margin with characters in the Syriac language, then generally spoken over the whole of Asia Minor, and sufficiently familiar at Rome. So immersed was he in his studies, that he did not seem to notice her arrival, till the girl rushed up to him, and without unveiling, threw herself into his arms with many expressions of endearment and delight at her own return. The language in which she spoke was unknown to the Briton; but he gathered from her gestures, and the agitation which again overcame her for an instant, that she was relating her own trouble, and the part he had himself borne in the adventure of the night. Presently she turned, and drew him forward, while she said in Latin, with a little sob of agitation between every sentence:

"Behold my preserver—the youth who came in like a lion to save me from those wicked men! Thank him in my father's name, and yours, and all my kindred and all my tribe. Bid him welcome to the best our house affords. It is not every day a daughter of Judah meets with an arm and a heart like his, when she falls into the grasp of the heathen and the oppressor!"

The old man stretched his hand to Esca with cordiality and good-will; as he did so, the Briton could not but observe how kindly was the smile that mantled over his serene and gentle face.

"My brother will be homo ero long," said he, "and will himself thank you

for preserving his daughter from insult and worse. Meantime Calchas bids you heartily welcome to Eleazar's house, Mariamne," he added, turning to the girl, "prepare us a morsel of food that we may eat. It is not the custom of our nation to send a stranger fasting from the door."

The girl departed on her hospitable mission, and Esca, making light of his prowess, and of the danger incurred, gave his own version of the night's occurrence, to which Calchas listened with grave interest and approval. When he had concluded, the old man pointed to the scroll he had been reading, which now lay rolled up on the table at his hand.

"The time will come," said he, "when the words that are written here shall be in the mouths of all men on the surface of the known earth. Then shall there be no more strife, nor oppression, nor suffering, nor sorrow. Then shall men love each other like brothers, and live only in kindness and good-will. The day may seem far distant, and the means may seem poor and inadequate now, yet so it is written here, and so will it be at last."

"You think that Rome will extend her dominions farther and farther? That she will conquer all known nations, as she has conquered us? That she means to be in fact what she proudly styles herself, 'The Mistress of the World?' In truth, the Eagle's wings are wide and strong. His beak is very sharp, and where his talons have once fastened themselves, they never again let go their hold!"

Calchas smiled and shook his head.

"The Dove will prevail against the Eagle, as love is a stronger power than hate. But it is not of Rome I speak as the future influence that shall establish the great good on earth. The Legions are indeed well-trained, and brave even to the death; but I know of soldiers in a better service than Caesar's, whose warfare is harder, whose watches are longer, whose adversaries are more numerous, but whose triumph is more certain, and more glorious at the last."

Esca looked as if he understood him not. The Briton's thoughts were wandering back to the tramp of columns and the clash of steel, and the gallant stand made against the invader by the white-robed warriors with their long swords, amongst whom he had been one of the boldest and the best.

"It is hard to strive against Rome," said he, with a glowing cheek and sparkling eye. "Yet I cannot but think, if we had never been provoked to an attack, if we had kept steadily on the defensive, if we had moved inland as he approached, harassing and cutting him off whenever we saw an opportunity, but never suffering him to make one for himself—trusting more to our woods and rivers, and less to our own right hands—we might have tamed the eagle and clipped his wings, and bent him back across the sea at last. But what have I to do with such matters now?" he added, while his whole countenance fell in bitter humiliation. "I, a poor barbarian captive, and a slave here in Rome!"

Calchas studied his face with a keen scrutinizing glance, then he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said, inquiringly:

"There is not a grey hair in your clustering locks, nor a wrinkle on your brow, yet you have known sorrow?"

"Who has not?" replied the other cheerfully, "and yet I never thought to have come to this."

"You are a slave, and you would be free!" asked Calchas, slowly and impressively.

"I am a slave," repeated the Briton, "and I shall be free. But not till death."

"And after death?" proceeded the old man, in the same gentle inquiring tone.

"After death," answered the other, "I shall be free as the elements I have

been taught to worship, and into which they tell me I have been resolved. What need I know or care more than that in death there will be neither pleasure nor pain?"

"And is not life with all its changes too sweet to lose on such terms as these?" asked the older man. "Are you content to believe that, like one walking through a quicksand, the footsteps you leave are filled up and obliterated behind you as you pass on? Can you bear to think that yesterday is indeed banished and gone for ever? That a to-morrow must come of black and endless night? Death should be really terrible if this is your conviction and your creed!"

"Death is never terrible to a brave man," answered Esca. "A Briton need not be taught how to die sword in hand."

"You think you are brave," said Calchas, looking wisely on the other's rising colour and kindling eyes. "Ah! you have not seen my comrades die, or you would know that something better than courage is required for the service to which we belong. What think ye of weak women, tender shrinking maidens, worn with fatigue, emaciated with hunger, fainting with heat and thirst, brought out to be devoured by beasts, or to suffer long and agonizing tortures, yet smiling the while in quiet calm contentment, as seeing the home to which they are hastening, the triumph but a few short hours? What think ye of the captains under whom I served, who here at Rome, in the face of Caesar and his power, vindicated the honour of their Lord and died without a murmur for His cause? I was with Peter, I tell you, Peter the Galilean, of whom men talk to this day, of whom men shall never cease to talk in after ages, when he opposed to Simon's magic arts his simple faith in the Master whom he served, and I saw the magician hurled like a stricken vulture to the ground. I was present when the fiercest and the wickedest of the Caesars, returning from the expedition to Greece, wherein his buffooneries had earned the contempt even of that subtle nation of flatterers, sentenced him to death upon the cross for that he had dared to oppose Nero's vices, and to tell Nero the truth. I heard him petition that he might be crucified with his head downward, as not worthy to suffer in the same posture as his Lord—and I can see him now, the pale face, the noble heart, the dark keen eye, the slender sinewy form, and, above all, the self-sustaining confidence, the triumphant daring of the man as he walked fearlessly to death. I was with Paul, the noble Pharisee, the naturalised Roman citizen, when he, alone amongst a crowd of passengers and a century of soldiers, quailed not to look on the black waves raging round our broken ship, and bade us all be of good cheer, for that every soul, to the number of two hundred and seventy five, should come safe to shore. I remember how trustfully we looked on that low spare form, that grave and gracious face with its kindly eyes, its bushy brows and thick beard sprinkled here and there with grey. It was the soul, we knew, that sustained and strengthened the weakly body of the man. The very barbarians where we landed acknowledged its influence, and would fain have worshipped him for a god. Nero might well fear that quiet, humble, trusting, yet energetic nature; and where he admired, loved, hated, envied, or despised, the sentiment must be quenched in blood."

"And did he too fall a victim?" inquired Esca, whose interest, notwithstanding occasional glances at the door through which Mariamne had gone out, seemed thoroughly awakened by the old man's narrative.

"They might not crucify him," answered Calchas, "for he was of noble lineage and a Roman citizen born;

but they took him from amongst us, and they let him languish in a prison, till they released him at last and brought him out to be beheaded. Ay, Rome was a fearful sight that day; the foot was scorched as it trod the ashes of the devastated city, the eye smarted in the lurid smoke that hung like a pall upon the heavy air and would not pass away. Palaces were crumbling in ruins, the shrivelled spoils of an empire were blackening around, the dead were lying in the choked-up highways half-feasting, half-consumed— orphan children were wandering about starving and shivering, with sallow faces and large shining eyes, or, worse still, playing thoughtlessly, unconscious of their doom. They said the Christians had set fire to the city, and many an innocent victim suffered for this foul and groundless slander. The Christians, forsooth! oppressed, persecuted, reviled; whose only desire was to live in brotherhood with all men, whose very creed is peace and good-will on earth. I counted twenty of them, men, women, and children, neighbours with whom I had held kindly fellowship, friends with whom I had broken bread, lying stiff and cold in the Flaminian Way on the morning Paul was led out to die. But there was peace on the dead faces, and the rigid hands were clasped in prayer; and though the lacerated emaciated body, the mere shell, was grovelling there in the dust, the spirit had gone home to God who made it, to the other world of which you have not so much as heard, yet which you too must some day visit, to remain for ever. Do you understand me! not for ages, but for ever—without end!"

"Where is it?" asked Esca, on whom the idea of a spiritual existence innate from its very organization in every intelligent being, did not now dawn for the first time. "Is it here, or there? below or above? in the stars, or the elements? I know the world in which I live; I can see it, can hear it, can feel it; but the other world, where is it?"

"Where is it?" repeated Calchas. "Where are the dearest wishes of your heart, the noblest thoughts of your mind? Where are your loves, your hopes, your affections, above all your memories? Where is the whole better part of your nature? your remorse for evil, your aspirations after good, your speculations on the future, your convictions of the reality of the past? Where these are, there is that other world. You cannot see it, you cannot hear it, yet you know that it must be. Is any man's happiness complete? Is any man's misery when it reaches him so overwhelming as it seemed at a distance? And why is it not? Because something tells him that the present life is but a small segment in the complete circle of a soul's existence. And the circle, you have not lived in Rome without learning, is the symbol of infinity."

Esca pondered and was silent. There are convictions which men hold unconsciously, and to which they are so accustomed that their attention can only be directed to them from without, just as they wear their skins and scarcely know it, till the familiar covering has been lacerated by injury or disease. At last he looked up with a brightening countenance, and exclaimed, "in that world, surely, all men will be free!"

"All men will be equal," replied Calchas, "but no mortal or immortal ever can be free. Suppose a being totally divested of all necessity for effort, all responsibility to his fellows or himself, all participation in the great scheme of which government is the essential condition in its every part, and you suppose one whose own feelings would be an intolerable burden, whose own wishes would be an unendurable torture. Man is made to bear a yoke; but the Captain whom I serve has told me that 'his yoke is

easy and his burden is light." How easy and how light, I experience every moment of my life."

"And yet you said but now that death and degradation were the lot of those who bore arms by your side in the ranks, observed the Briton, still intently regarding his companion.

A ray of triumphant courage and exultation flashed up into the old man's face. For an instant Esca recognized the fierce daring of a nature essentially bold, reckless, and defiant; but it faded as it came, and was succeeded by an expression of meek, chastened humility, whilst he replied:

"Death welcome and long looked-for! Degradation that confers the highest honors in this world and the next—at least to those who are held worthy of the great glory of martyrdom. Oh! that I might be esteemed one of that noble band! But my work will be laid to my hand, and it is enough for me to be the lowest of the low in the service of my Master."

"And that master? Tell me of that master," exclaimed Esca, whose interest was excited, as his feelings were roused, by converse with one who seemed so thoroughly impressed with the truth of what he spoke, who was at once so earnest, so gentle, and so brave. The old man bowed his head with unspeakable reverence, but in his face shone the deep and fervent joy of one who looks back with intense love and gratitude to the great epoch of his existence.

"I saw Him once," said he, "on the shore of the Sea of Galilee—I that speak to you now saw Him with my own eyes—there were little children at His feet. But we will talk of this again, for you are weary and exhausted. Meat and drink are even now prepared for you. It is good to refresh the body if the mind is to be vigorous and discerning. You have done for us tonight the act of a true friend. You will henceforth be always welcome in Eleazar's house."

While he spoke the girl whom Esca had rescued so opportunely, entered the apartment, bearing in some food on a coarse and common trencher, with a wine skin, of which she poured the contents into a jewelled cup, and presented it to her preserver with an embarrassed but very graceful gesture, and a soft shy smile.

Mariamne had unveiled; and, if Esca's expectations during their homeward walk had been raised by her gentle feminine manners, and the sweet tones of her voice, they were not now disappointed with what he saw. The dark eyes that looked up so timidly into his own, were full and lustrous as those of a deer. They had, moreover, the mournful pleading expression peculiar to that animal, and, through all their softness and intelligence, betrayed the watchful anxiety of one whose life is passed in constant vicissitudes, and occasional danger. The girl's face was habitually pale, though the warm blood mantled in her cheek as she dropped beneath Esca's gaze of honest admiration, and her regular features were sharpened, a little more than was natural to them, by daily care and apprehension. This was especially apparent in the delicate aquiline of the nose, and a slight prominence of the cheek-bones. It was a face that in prosperity would have been rich and sparkling as a jewel, that in adversity preserved its charms from the true and chastened beauty in which it was modelled. Her dress betrayed the same incongruity that was so remarkable in the furniture of her home. Like her veil it was black, and of a coarse and common material, but where it was looped up, the folds were fastened by one single gem of considerable value; and two or three links of a heavy gold chain were visible round her white and well-turned neck.

Moving through the room, busied with the arrangements of the meal

which she must herself have prepared, Esca could not but observe the pliant grace of her form, enhanced by a certain modest dignity, very different from the vivacious gestures of the Roman maidens to whom he was accustomed, and especially pleasing to the eye of the Briton.

Calchas seemed to love the girl as a daughter; and his kind face grew kinder and gentler still, while he followed her about in her different movements, with eyes of the deepest and fondest affection.

Esca could not but observe that the board was laid for three persons, and that by one of the wooden platters stood a drinking cup of great beauty and value. Mariamne's glances followed his as it rested on the spare place. "For my father," said she, gently, in answer to the inquiry she read on his face. "He is later than usual to night, and, I fear—I fear; my father is so bold, so prompt to draw steel when he is angered. To night he has left his sword at home; and I know not whether to be most frightened or reassured at his being alone in this wicked town, unarmed."

"He is in God's hand, my child," said Calchas, reverently. "But I should not fear for Eleazar," he added, with a proud and martial air. "were he surrounded by a score of such as we see prowling nightly in the streets of Rome, though they were armed to the teeth, and he had only a shepherd's staff to keep his head."

"Is he, then, so redoubtable a warrior?" asked Esca, on whom good manhood, seldom failed to produce a favourable impression. While he spoke he looked from one to the other with increasing curiosity and interest.

"You shall judge for yourself," answered Calchas, "for it cannot now be long ere he return. Nevertheless, the man who could leap down from the walls of a beleaguered city, as my brother did, naked and unarmed; who could break the head off a Roman battering-ram by main force, and render that engine useless; who could reach the wall again with his prize, covered with wounds, having fought his way through a whole maniple of Roman soldiers, and could ask but for a draught of water, ere he donned his armour, and took his place once more upon the rampart, is not likely to fear aught that can befall him from a few idlers in a common street-brawl. Nevertheless, as I said before, you shall judge for yourself."

"And here he is!" exclaimed Mariamne, while the outer door shut to, and a man's step was heard advancing through the adjoining apartment, with a firm and measured footfall.

She had been pale enough all night in the eyes of Esca, who was watching her intently; but he thought now she seemed to turn a shade paler than before. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical advisor 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.

Mr. Cuddahy, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has presented a box of American bacon, value £10, to be drawn for at the Sisters of Mercy Bazaar, through Alderman Tighe, High street, Sligo.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "now 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

Church Pews

SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan; Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdock. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGea, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guelph, Rev. J. C. Hanna, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Roman, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

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

RUPTURE

Comfort and security assured. So-called "Hopeless Cases" solicited. Children positively cured in a few weeks. If you get any appliance get the very best. Over twenty years in business in Toronto in this one line exclusively. J. Y. LEAN, Her Majesty's Specialist, 26 West Queen Street, Toronto. 41-17

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Father Mollinger's Great Remedies Conquer Disease

Catarrh Cure, \$1.00
Cure for Epilepsy and St. Vitus Dance 1.00
Indigestion and Liver Complaint Cure 1.00
Rheumatism Cure (three separate prescriptions combined) 2.50
Blood Tea, for constipation and purifying the blood 25
None genuine without my name on each package: A. F. SAWHILL, Allegheny, Pa. For sale by all druggists.

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BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Humors of subtle invasions are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette
Made simply, with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



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

McCRUSLAND & SON, MEMORIAL WINDOW, MEDALISTS, CHURCH & SECULAR STAINED-GLASS, LONDON-ESTD 1836.

M. MORAN, House and Sign Painter, Etc., Painters, Grainers, etc. Send for Circular sample, etc., off first class and quick Graining done with my new rapid Metallic Graining Tools. M. MORAN, 115 Jarvis St., TORONTO, Ont. Agent for J. J. CALLOW.

Father Elliott's Missionary Tour.

The New York Herald has the following on the missionary tour of Father Elliott:

"America will be converted and made a Catholic country. It may take generations to do it, but those who are right are going to succeed."

Thus, in a voice thrilling with the strength of his convictions, spoke the Rev. Father Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers, who has just returned from a three months' missionary tour of certain districts of the West.

In the course of his mission Father Elliott directed his energies chiefly upon those localities of the diocese of Detroit in which the Church of Rome is weakest. He devoted a great deal of time to such cities as Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, St. Joseph, Benton Harbor and a large number of smaller places.

Father Elliott's mode of procedure in his work is original, and he never fails to produce a lasting impression wherever he appears. He is a man of gigantic stature, with a full, round voice, the graces of an orator and the acuteness of a trained lawyer. As soon as he arrived in a place he hired the best public hall obtainable and advertised free lectures on religious subjects, such as "The Bible," "Eternal Punishment," "Authority of Conscience," "Necessity of Church Membership," "Why I am a Catholic," "Drunkenness," "Total Abstinence" and "The Confessional."

He said that in almost every place visited, his lectures were largely attended by both Catholics and Protestants, and that the result of his labors had been extremely gratifying.

"I did not indulge in controversy," said Father Elliott in describing his work; "that has never been my habit. I expounded the Christian religion from a Catholic point of view, and I chose places where Catholicity was weak. Did I undertake to convert Protestants? Well, that was my remote object. My immediate object was to dispel prejudice. I chose the places I have mentioned because in them the Catholic religion is least known."

"I had great success in attracting non Catholic audiences. The best and most religious elements of the population of the places I visited came and filled my halls. My hearers, I wish to say, were church members and adherents of churches. The world's people did not give me so much attention. I invited my audiences to question me freely on all points concerning which they were in doubt or obscurity. I did not encourage argument, but I never discouraged free criticism."

"The questions asked covered most of the peculiar doctrines of Catholicity. Thus my hearers inundated me with inquiries concerning the confessional, the sacraments, the communion, the power of the priesthood, the danger of the civil authority of the Papacy, purgatory, and the impression of the saints."

"Purgatory appeared to be a difficult point with many of them."

"Why, I was often asked, 'should a man who has lived justly suffer in purgatory?' and 'Why, I replied, 'would you have a man, unfitted to enjoy the bliss of Paradise through the accumulation of worldly impurities, transported thither without a period of preparation?'"

"In some localities the adherents of the A.P.A. movement wanted to know why we were arming and what fault we had to find with the American public."

"I delivered from four to six lectures in each place visited. I found, I am happy to say, that in the masses of the people agnosticism and religious doubt had made little headway; that the Scriptures were God's book, and that men need Christ as a Saviour is the active or latent faith of the whole

people as a body, but in this classification I do not include the big cities.

"I found that the people were dissatisfied with personal and denominational relations. They were very anxious to have their doubts about us resolved. They wanted to know why we were not unreasonable, un-Scriptural, tyrannical, overhuman, and too external in our religion."

"I had several encounters with the Masons during my tour. The representatives of the order were anxious to learn the position of the Church toward them. I told them plainly that the objection of the Church rested upon two grounds. One was that Masonry was adapted to be a religion, and was very commonly made so, while for the Catholics there is but one religion. The other objection, I told them, especially that concerning the death penalty, which no organization has any right to threaten."

"Another argument used was that American Masonry, though made up of good enough men, is more or less officially identified with European and South American Masonry, which is not only anti-Catholic, but anti-Christian."

There is no doubt that the Catholic Church can have a hearing all over the country, and that in proportion as the clergy became sufficiently numerous for the most urgent needs of the faithful themselves, the missionary side of the Church will be fully and actively developed. America will be converted and made a Catholic country! It may take generations to do it, but those who are right are going to succeed.

"The best mode of achieving practical results is the choice of secular priests by the bishops for diocesan missions to non Catholics. This will make the work a regular and permanent department of the Catholic Church."

"I may say here that a man must be an outright and aggressive total abstainer to succeed in his work. Those among whom I have labored are lovely, virtuous and attractive. They combine the best elements of our national character. They are not the inhabitants of the large cities, but of the smaller settlements where a strong religious feeling seems to be inherent."

Good Irish Blood.

All the people hereabouts appear well-to-do, and many of the Irish citizens are reported to be very wealthy, writes a correspondent from Cordova, Argentina. And, by the way, the handsomest women of Argentina, as in Chili and Peru, are those of an admixture of Irish blood in their veins. Many of these beauties, with big black eyes and golden hair, who combine the languid grace of their Spanish mothers with the sprightly wit of the Emerald Isle, speak the language of the country with a delightful brogue, though born and brought up in Argentina.

It is noticeable here, as nowhere else, how people of different nationalities included within this heterogeneous population each follow one kind of business and no other, generation after generation. Thus, while the Irish are universally and almost the only wool growers, the English, Scotch, French and Germans are generally occupied with commerce. The Italians are the house builders; those from Genoa monopolize the boating business; and the Piedmontese market gardening. The Catalonian Spanish are mostly wine merchants; the Andalusians cigar dealers and small shopkeepers; those from the Basque provinces are bricklayers, sheep herders and farm hands, and the Galicians are employed as domestics, porters, watchmen and railway servants of the lower grades.

On New Year's Day, Alderman A. Roche was installed as Mayor of Cork for the second year, and Councillor James Dwyer was installed as City High Sheriff, in succession to Mr. R. Day, J.P.

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

HON. J. C. ANDERSON, P.C., President.
HON. SIR R. J. CARRINGTON, K.C.M.G.,
HON. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

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

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

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

A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

READ THIS LIST.

A survey of this list will reveal some of the peculiar uses to which words commencing with the letter P can be used in describing the characteristics of Hallimore's Expecto-rant. It is pleasant, perfect, palatable, peculiar, penetrating, permanent, plentiful, positive, potent, praiseworthy, precious, powerful, precise, prominent, preferred, priceless, preventive, primary, progressive, prompt, proper, prosperous, provident and pure. In consideration of the foregoing we earnestly ask that you will not permit the price to postpone positive proof of its peculiar properties.

NOTICE
To Creditors of Patrick Kearney,
Wagon Maker, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario 1887, Chapter 110, that all creditors of and other persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Kearney, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, Wagon Maker, who died on or about the tenth day of September 1893, are hereby required to deliver or send by post prepaid to Foy and Kelly, Number 80 Church Street in the City of Toronto, Solicitors for the Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, on or before the 24th day of February 1894, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that immediately after the said 24th day of February 1894, the said Administratrix will distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the said Administratrix shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been given as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

Foy & Kelly,
80 Church street Toronto.
Solicitors for the Administratrix.
Dated at Toronto this 26th
day of January, A.D. 1894.

NOTICE.

FRIDAY, the 23rd day of February next, will be the last day for presenting petitions for Private Bills.

FRIDAY, the 2nd day of March next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

THURSDAY, the 15th day of March next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.

CHARLES CLARKE,
Clerk Legislative Assembly.
Toronto, 15 Jan., 1894.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.
DRESS GOODS SALE.
This is the story from the Dress Goods section of the house. As with every Dress Goods story we tell, it's interesting, and prices are interesting. Seldom have we made such decided cuts in Dress Goods.

- 44 in. Shot Effect Cloths, 50c. for 25c.
 - 44 in. Heliotrope Hop sacking, 65c. for 25c.
 - 42 in. All Wool Serge, in Navy and Garnet, 40c. for 25c.
 - 44 in. Tweeds, Assorted Colors, 60c. for 35c.
 - 45 in. Henriettas, over 60 shades, including Craun and all the evening shades, 45c. for 35c.
 - 44 in. All Wool Crepons, all the evening shades, 40c. were 60c.
 - 44 in. Tweeds, assorted colors, silk nicker, 65c. for 50c.
 - 44 in. Ombra Stripes, 7c. were \$1.25.
 - 40 in. Shot Hoopings, 75c. were \$1.25.
 - 44 in. Ombra, \$1.50, for \$1.
 - 47 in. Chevots, assorted colors, 85c. for 60c.
 - 44 in. Hoopings, assorted colors, 65c. for 50c.
 - 44 in. Whipcords, assorted colors, 65c. for 50c.
 - 47 in. Hoopings, assorted colors, \$1. for 75c.
 - 40 in. Hoopings, assorted colors, were 85c. for 65c.
 - Navy Serge, all prices, 25c to \$1.25.
- BLACK DRESS GOODS.**
- 42 in. English Cashmere, 25c.
 - 42 in. All Wool Serge, regular price 45c. for 27c.
 - 44 in. All Wool Serge, regular price 60c. for 35c.
 - 44 in. All Wool Henrietta, regular price 45c. for 35c.
 - 45 in. Cashmerette, regular price, 75c. for 50c.
 - 40 in. Henrietta, regular price 75c. for 50c.
 - 40 in. Hoopings, regular price 65c. for 50c.
 - 40 in. Solid Cloth, regular price 75c. for 50c.
- Have a thought of the making of the dress. We never fail to please in our Dressmaking Parlors. Ask to be shown to them.

R. SIMPSON,
3. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge st. Entrance Queen st. W. New Annex, 170 Yonge street.

Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of January, 1894, 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 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30 8.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	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.	8.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
		4.00 10.30 11pm
U.S. West'n States	6.15 12 n.	9.00 8.20
		10.30

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays 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 January: 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

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

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.