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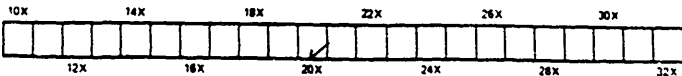
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OUR IRISH LETTER.

Serial Correspondence of the Catholic Register. DUBLIN, Nov. 13.—The topic of the week is Mr. Healy's expulsion from the Executive of the Irish National League of Great Britain. For some time past there have been all sorts of contradictory rumours...

They can boast that they have been to the show, and after all fashion does not rest on the merits of the thing. The monthly paper can tell a man all about where to go and what to look at, but unless some instinct of the beautiful be born in him, it is beyond the persuasion of journalism to teach him to appreciate either nature or art.

To be amused becomes daily a more serious matter. We have grown so critical that we must be told all about the reason why before we can allow ourselves to laugh. It is a sign of the times that the only plays that can fill Dublin theatres are of the class which treat the marriage problem either as a tragedy or a burlesque.

Ladies in tight and male-impersonator are my two top aversions. To judge by the reception they got on the music hall stage in Dublin, a great many more share my antipathy to maudlin young ladies. From the time they appear before the footlights in the Star, the whole audience smokes. Puff, puff go the pipes until the house becomes nebulous with tobacco.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society of Toronto was held in St. Vincent's Hall on Monday evening, the 14th. His Grace the Archbishop and the following gentlemen were present at the meeting: Very Rev. Father McCann, V. G., Rev. Fathers Ryan, Fothergill, McEneaney, Hand, Ryan, Lamarche, Walsh, Cruise and Bennett.

After the usual routine business a lengthy and very interesting report was presented by the Agent, showing fully the successful workings of the Society up to the present, which the following is a short summary: 10 wards at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, 35 boys and girls committed to the St. Nicholas Institute by the Police Magistrate, 9 provided with temporary homes.

His Grace congratulated the Society on the good work it had already done, and pointed out the absolute necessity that be urged for this Society under the new laws in order to protect our unfortunate little children from the loss of their faith.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition will be opened on November 25th by His Excellency Lord Cadogan. I called on the Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. Canfield Orpen, for some information concerning the same. Mr. Orpen is a man of the most amiable of men. I had written to him some time before, and received a cordial reply saying "I shall be very happy to join you down some notes this evening which I shall post to you."

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Western Canada Loan and Savings Company. 85th Half-Yearly Dividend. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 1 per cent. for the half-year ending on the 31st of December, 1895, has been declared on the paid-up capital stock...

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

ANÆMIC WOMEN with pale or sallow complexions, suffering from skin eruptions or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality.

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

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Freehold Loan & Savings Co. DIVIDEND NO. 72. NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 2 per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the 15th day of December next at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED. FOR Roman Catholic Separate School No. 12. Prof. male or female. To teach a second of 1895. Apply, stating experience and salary expected, to JOHN SCANLAN, Secretary, 78 Broad St., Ont.

November is always ushered in with two announcements in Dublin; the opening of the football season and the closing of the season of the year. The cultivation of these blooms has reached an extraordinary pitch of popularity within the last half dozen years. You see them everywhere. In the slums a few ragged, ragged blossoms are to be seen in the window boxes of the window sills of tenement houses. In the Botanic Gardens a voluptuous, riot bank of flowers reaches from the floor to the glass roof of the chrysanthemum house. Aromatic horticulturalists who conserve their flowers in the most perfect manner possible to say that any one who wishes to inspect their collection of blooms will be slow over their grounds. Plants are sent from all parts of county Dublin to be used lavishly for table decorations, and every season you can see the wreaths and garlands of brilliant-hued chrysanthemum. Altogether, a glowing chrysanthemum craze sweeps over the city as regularly as the November fogs. It culminates perhaps when the superintendent of the Botanic Gardens, sends a circular to the papers, with the following words: "The public opinion is swayed by the Press than this coming together in response to some dozen lines in the daily papers, of an interminable concourse representing every gradient in the classes and the masses. The city is a scene of gala and even among the upper-crust of Dublin society. Our city aristocracy is chiefly an aristocracy of profession rather than of rank or wealth; and even the leading lights of the bar and medicine have to work for their daily bread in the week. Thus people who look on themselves as very much somebody are not above enjoying a Sunday outing especially if there are two or three barrels to be taken for a romp on the grass in the Botanic or at the Zoo. On the Gardens to see the people, not the flowers. Having a strong objection to being jammed in a crowd, I content myself with looking through the glass at the numerous specimens of the plants in the conservatory. The latest domestic detail to be conscious of more than that they got in one door and are expected to go out another. The men nod and smile at their friends without on the grass with a woman-I am none of the head. When they get home

CHARLES DALTON. If the Baby is Crying Teeth. Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

- November 28—St. Gregory III, Pope. 29—St. Gelasia I, Pope. 30—St. Andrew, Apostle. December 1—St. Nicholas, Virgin and 5—St. Francis Xavier. 4—St. Peter Obysologos.

We publish elsewhere the entire text of the letter of the Archbishop of Kingston to a local paper. Although His Grace has repeatedly been called upon to repudiate any responsibility for the opinions of The Kingston Freeman, nevertheless political partisans will, it seems, combine and persevere in their efforts to perpetrate these cunning misrepresentations.

Rev. R. R. Kane of Belfast is a rather notorious illustration of the extreme type of Orange conscience. That there is at least sincerity in such bigotry as his is not wise to doubt. In our Irish news columns to-day he is reported to have uttered under unusual circumstances, a tribute to his Catholic neighbors so genuine and broad as to prove the underlying truth of Christianity whatever prejudices may cloud it.

The seven colonies of Australasia in 1861, had a population of 1,285,898. It is now 4,153,706. The population of Sydney in the former year was 95,789; it is now 425,000; while Melbourne rose in the same period from 189,916 to 488,956. The value of the total trade of the seven colonies increased in the period 1861-1894 from \$51,001,071 to \$111,717,740. In 1861 there were but 943 miles of railways open for traffic, while in 1894 there were 13,788. This is a striking record of progress.

It would be interesting to know how much of the public obliquity of Canadians in regard to the subject of education generally is due to their dependence upon American news supplies. Take, for instance, the cable news of this week about the education question in England. The schools of the great majority of the people are sneered at as "sectarian," and are never, even by chance, referred to in an unobjectionable way. We get a considerable quantity of prejudice injected into Canada via the United States.

An English despatch announces that the Pope has appointed seven officers of the Guardia Nobile to convey the biretta to the foreign cardinals who will be appointed at the Consistory, now postponed until December. Count Dattii is to go to Bourges, Count Franchi to Autun, Count Salimati to Valladolid, Count Pelligrini to Urgel, Count Pietromarchi to Lemberg, the Marquis Girolamo Sacripanti to Salzburg; and his brother, the Marquis Benedetti Sacripanti, will cross the Atlantic to New York, whose Monsignor Satolli will receive his hat from the hands of Cardinal Gibbons.

The Globe on Friday had the following excellent editorial under the heading, "A Generous Gift:"

A preacher could hardly have chosen a better text for a Thanksgiving sermon than the opening of the new wing of St. Michael's Hospital, the result of Mr. Hugh Ryan's very generosity. For if we have cause to be grateful for those gifts which minister to the physical wants, how much more so for those which minister to the benevolence which result in the founding, maintenance and extension of such institutions as St. Michael's Hospital. Mr. Ryan's action is noteworthy not so much for its generosity for the wisdom which led him to make the gift during his lifetime, when he could make sure of its going into effect. The unworldliness of our hearts is such that we are prone to schemes of a settler come to naught. We feel sure, too, that the object in this case is thoroughly deserving. Archbishop Walsh, in his admirable address, drew attention to the fact that the hospital is not and is not intended to be a sectarian institution in any obvious sense. "The wards will be open to the sick of every race and creed, and will be treated with the same skill and the same tender devotion. The religious convictions of the patients will be scrupulously respected, and the enjoyment of every denomination will be equally free to minister to the spirit as wants of those who will require their services. The management of this institution will know no barrier of sect or creed or nationality as will be like the charity of Christ, impartial and universal. The sufferings and pains of sickness will be always the keys that will open wide the

door of St. Michael's Hospital." These words are thoroughly in accord with the history and practice of the institution. Apart from denominational considerations, there is, as the Archbishop pointed out, plenty of room for the hospital, and plenty of work for it to do. "Situated as it is in the centre of the city, it will be convenient in certain cases of emergency when delay would be dangerous and immediate medical or surgical treatment would be of the greatest importance and of most urgent necessity for the preservation of human life."

The Plea for Delay.

When, towards the close of the last session of Parliament, the Bowell Government brought down only the promise of remedial legislation, instead of the measure itself, certain general inferences were drawn from their policy of delay. There can be no sort of difficulty in re-calling what those inferences were. A proportion of French Conservatives, whose opinion Mr. Angurs represented, and the great majority of Liberals, said, and no doubt believed, that the delay betrayed indolence and weakness, and that the Government could not be trusted to do in six months what it was then afraid of doing. Other French Conservatives, represented by Mr. Ouimet, reluctantly consented to postponement rather than break with the Government, whilst the English speaking Catholics, with more or less unanimity, had a former hope that the Manitoba Government might in the end adopt a more conciliatory attitude. These varying opinions were all based on the common and well recognized fact that the Dominion as a whole was deeply and vitally interested in the most satisfactory settlement possible of so grave a question. We are now drawing close to the session when the Government stands solemnly pledged to enact remedial legislation, and the position of the opponents of the Bowell Government appears to have undergone a remarkable alteration.

There is no more condemnation of the temporizing policy heard, on the contrary, Mr. Laurier has come out squarely and advised the appointment of a commission of enquiry, which would throw the question back indefinitely, no matter what else it might result in. We will regard it merely as a coincidence that Mr. Laurier's argument for a commission finds the simultaneous support of our Catholic contemporary, The Kingston Freeman, and a gentleman of the name of Wade, the ex-editor of a Greenway organ in Winnipeg, a hack of Mr. Joseph Martin's. It is also perhaps a coincidence, that the views of our Kingston contemporary, and the special pleading of Mr. Martin's Fides Aobates should together go the rounds of the Liberal press. We do not say that The Kingston Freeman is not honestly convinced that Mr. Laurier would strenuously endeavor, if he were Premier in the morning, to exercise the devil of intolerance from local politics in Manitoba; on the contrary we believe Mr. Laurier would leave no stone unturned to win redress for the wrongs inflicted upon Catholics. But we think, also, that upon due reflection even Mr. Laurier's most zealous well-wishers must comprehend that to follow the new lead would only result in further most undesirable complications.

In the first place it would tend to nullify the strong public opinion that has grown up around the judgment of the Privy Council, and which recognizes only two ways of giving redress for the grievance of the minority. The highest court in the empire says either Manitoba or the Dominion shall set upon its decision and so also says public opinion. The judgment of the Privy Council in no way supposes any further enquiry; and Manitoba having in turn declined a conciliatory appeal and a formal order, the Dominion is now prepared to do the only thing that remains to be done viz.: to provide the remedy at Ottawa. There is no doubt the Government is prepared to do its constitutional duty, and no matter in what way Mr. Laurier may frame an amendment on the floor of

Parliament in favor of a commission, any party division must necessarily involve the whole constitutional principle at stake. By that principle the Bowell Government shall stand or fall.

Suppose it should fall there would be an appeal to the country with the school question as the sole issue. All independent, non-partisan opinion throughout the Dominion—the opinion of the business community—is strongly opposed to things taking any such turn. It is not the way to settle the question, unless Parliament find itself unable to dispose of it as is now intended. The Montreal Star of the 20th contains an article expressing this feeling of the business community; an article that has in our opinion the true ring of sincerity. It points out with force and clearness that grave chances may befall the good government of the Dominion were the members of the next Parliament selected solely with reference to the stand that candidates may take on the education question in the west. It tells Mr. Greenway it is desirable and advisable in every interest that:

The Local Government face the situation and recognize the finding of the Privy Council.

This is the opinion of every honest mind in the country. Says the Star: Manitoba has the ball at its feet. A fair and just compromise is what is asked. If it refuses to pay heed to the decision of the Privy Council, then plainly the Federal Government, be it Conservative or Liberal, must act. The result will be more or less religious wrangling in the East; the prejudicing of our public men against the very name of Manitoba; a hasty and, possibly, wrong decision of the fiscal issues before the country; and, finally, the permanent addition of Manitoba with a school system like nothing else under Heaven, managed partly or wholly, at Winnipeg, with more or less interference from Ottawa. On the other hand, if Premier Greenway will do his duty and remedy the injustice of his own laws, the rest of us, including the Ottawa Ministry, will turn with readiness to the proper business of politics once more.

The commission which Mr. Laurier proposes would provide no machinery in itself either for inducing or compelling Mr. Greenway to do his duty. Nor can we as matter-of-fact people presume that Mr. Greenway ever intends, even to please a Liberal government at Ottawa, to do his duty. We would point out to our Kingston contemporary that "the act of political expediency" which it deploras as a "cruel wrong" has almost completely stultified the Greenway government. Mr. Fisher, a Liberal member of the Manitoba Legislature, puts this point past doubt when he quotes the speech from the throne read in the Manitoba Legislature, subsequent to the judgment of the Privy Council, declaring the policy of the Provincial Government in these words:

"It is not the intention of my Government in any way to recede from its determination to uphold the present public school system." This is a most important fact to bear in mind, one that our Kingston contemporary cannot shut his eyes to whatever partisan sympathies and desires it may—honestly or otherwise—entertain. So that the appointment of a Commission would not only be a mere time killing design at best; but it would be absolutely barren of good, although productive of incalculable harm as a method of discounting the final judgment of the Privy Council.

Our Kingston contemporary is inclined to be severe upon the Government on account of its mandatory remedial order. The Commission it is said would work as a salve upon the Manitoba Government, its dignity having been hurt by the mandatory order where something less official would have suited the case better. Mr. Fisher, the Manitoba Liberal already quoted, takes all the supports from under the artful excuse for procrastination that has been found in the remedial order. He reminds us that when the Ottawa Government sent out a conciliatory appeal, on July 26, 1894, the Greenway Government refused to lay it before the Legislature and actually invited the remedial order about which loud complaint is now made. Mr. Fisher says:

"They expected nothing but a remedial order, they anticipated it, they lavished it. Nay, why should they beat about the bush? Their minds were made up, and they wished to proclaim their policy right then. They knew that when a remedial order came to be served it would be becoming in them to give an answer. Why not give it now, even before the order is made, even before the case has been argued before the Governor-General-in-Council? They did so. I have said that, while they threw the message of conciliation into the wastepaper basket, they had

a message of a different kind for the House—a declaration of their own policy. I quote from the speech from the throne: 'It is not the intention of my Government in any way to recede from its determination to uphold the present Public school system.'"

The Irish Race Will Be Heard.

The proceedings of the Irish Party and National Federation, resulting in the expulsion of Mr. T. M. Healy and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, and the calling together in Dublin of a convention of the Irish race from all over the world are laid before our readers to-day. We publish all the essential portions of the official reports furnished to the Dublin press, and it is hardly necessary to comment upon their significance. We must only bear in mind the necessity of looking upon the punishment inflicted upon Mr. Healy side by side with the one all important fact that the Irish Parliamentary Party without discipline could not long subsist. Sir Thomas Gratian Esmonde made the proposition to lay-by-gones by-gones; and we cannot question—nor do the representative national journals throughout Ireland question—the wisdom which compelled the Federation to decline that amendment. The action taken at the meeting of the Party was equally summary. But it may perhaps be said by some that the net result of these events is to create three distinct camps of Irishmen where there were previously two. Had the action of the party stopped at the expulsion of Messrs Healy and O'Connor, the effort to restore discipline might possibly, according to an interpretation favorable to Mr. Healy, have only reduced things to a lower level than before. But it did not stop there. At the same time there was passed a resolution in favor of calling a representative convention of the Irish race from all parts of the world in accordance with the suggestion made by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, which the party and the nation had had ample time to carefully consider. The hearty unanimity with which this resolution was carried is in itself the best guarantee the Party could have offered of the success of the Convention. The main body of the Irish Parliamentary representation are not afraid to take council with the leaders of the Irish race in Great Britain, the United States, Australia and Canada. Some months must elapse before this great council can be brought together at Dublin. Pending the final arrangements, which we expect will be rapidly pushed forward, the character of the assembly must be regarded as a consideration of the first importance. Greater Ireland should be represented by her greatest sons at a conference the first of its kind in the history of modern civilization. Indeed, history can furnish no parallel to a race that, having established its flourishing colonies all over the English speaking world, displays so much devotion to the parent land and to the demands of the parent stock for rights that are denied to Ireland alone. It is not too much to say that the character and success of this assembly may largely depend upon what Irishmen at home are themselves willing to make it. As we read in The Freeman's Journal fitting preparations are even now on foot for the gathering, and, although the time of preparation is short, it is sufficient.

The country should be thoroughly and effectively organized. Irishmen who live in Ireland, who suffer in her enslavement, who would reap the practical benefits of her freedom, must not suffer themselves to be outdone by the Irishmen abroad, whom the unselfish spirit of patriotism alone has bound and still binds to the service of the country they are proud to call their own. It would be a burning shame if any district calling itself Nationalist should fail to send its accredited representative. There must be shown to the illustrious visitors from beyond the seas a Party and an organization worthy of the sacred cause they serve. The convention will have high functions to discharge. It would be absurd to suppose for a moment that it will permit its proceedings to be distracted by the petty personal issues which revolve vainly or ambition is constantly thrusting before the country. The Irish Party and the Irish Federation have just shown very conclusively that they have as one the will and the power to maintain discipline in their own ranks. Pious faction will shrink back ashamed and silent in the presence of this great gathering of the true sons of Ireland. It will be an embodied sermon, preaching on the sacred text of unity and devotion. Its duty will be to bring the Party back to the place and power it held before Mr. Parnell set himself to undo all his own good work, when, unaided and disciplined like an army in the field, with the Irish race united and devoted as one man at its back, it carried the Irish case to the very threshold of victory. What has been shall be. The country is sick of faction, and will gladly accept the

judgment of such a Convention. It will be an unique assembly even in the country of great and historic meetings. For the first time in Ireland's history the Irish race abroad will come into council with the people at home, to jointly direct the campaign for liberty and the resources. Its deliberations will be governed by dignity and inspired by prudence and patriotism. In its presence patriots will melt away like snow at noon-day. The enthusiasm of the people will rise to fever heat, their passionate desire for unity will make itself effective. From the accredited representatives of the Irish race abroad, who will have for the first time the chance to see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears an irrefragable appeal will be made for that sympathy and support which is essential to a stout battle and a certain victory.

Yes, the convention is necessary to the ultimate triumph of the Irish cause. If a lesson in unity be all that is wanting, let the convention of the Irish Race be an epoch of unity.

Dr. Barnardo's Waifs.

Dr. Barnardo rises to declare that the poor little English waif, Green, in connection with whose death a charge of manslaughter against the person he was placed out with is involved, was a "healthy and intelligent lad." With certain qualifications of Dr. Barnardo's statement it may, perhaps, be admitted that it is not very far removed from the facts. It has been sworn the unfortunate lad was physically deformed, and of weak mind, and that he had only the sight of one eye. Otherwise he may have been comparatively "healthy and intelligent." He must have had at least a sufficient remnant of animation to pass muster with Dr. Barnardo's medical examiners. But even at that it is not saying a great deal in the absence of details of the examination. However it is as much as can possibly be said upon the evidence given in the case. What Dr. Barnardo may mean to say is that Green was a healthy and intelligent enough lad to send out to Canada, and the Doctor is one of those persevering gentlemen that will continue to send us such waifs and strays until he is stopped.

The native child problem in Canada is in itself big enough for the capacity of the community without any augmentation from Dr. Barnardo's homes. Our Children's Aid Societies in Ontario have their hands full trying to take care of the fetsam and gelsam coming down the broad tide of parental neglect here in our midst. When they have the additional task, in face of the revelations in the Green case, to convince the public that their methods are laudable and deserving of public support, they are heavily handicapped. Good men and women are giving time and money to the work of saving the unhappy children of our own cities, and there cannot be any question whatever that their efforts will be retarded as a result of the impression made upon the public mind by the sad career of more than one Barnardo waif. That poor lad Green should never have been sent out from England nor thrust from under the shelter of some charitable or public institution.

It is high time that the Government of Canada should take cognizance of Dr. Barnardo's methods.

Two Anniversaries.

In our present issue two notable anniversaries are chronicled. On the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his consecration. Our readers throughout the Dominion will rejoice with the Catholics of Kingston in the evidences of prosperity and piety that incidentally come into the picture which this feast presents. The fifteen years that have passed since the elevation of the Most Reverend Dr. Cleary to the diocese of Kingston form a record of steady progress throughout the wide territory over which His Grace presides with so much commanding dignity. Undoubtedly one of the great intellects of the Church in America it was only natural that upon occasions the natural and personality of the Archbishop of Kingston should assume great prominence during the public discussion of such causes as that of Catholic education. It is well known that even those whom he has opposed recognized, though his utterances were always fearlessly expressed, that they invariably bore the stamp of tolerance, and kindness and have tended to the lessening of causes of strife. His zeal for the spiritual and

temporal welfare of his flock have constantly impelled him to acts of self-sacrifice and hardship at the expense of his health, but one of his happy features of this anniversary was the fact that his faithful clergy were able to congratulate their Archbishop upon the state of health he finds himself in to-day. May His Grace be blessed with many more such feasts and with ever increasing evidences of the progress of his faithful people.

At Halifax the golden jubilee of Canon Molsao was celebrated with honors becoming that heroic priest. We shall not attempt to praise the life of devotion to the work of the Lord that Canon Molsao has lived. No ungenerously has he thrown himself into those perils that belong to the sacred ministry that he was thrice stricken with plague. Barely recalling those events in his career excite the finest qualities of our nature; and no matter where the account may be read we cannot doubt that even in this way knowledge of the love of God shall be awakened. The jubilee at Halifax was more than a personal compliment to Father Molsao; for it surely tells us that what he was called upon to do is no more than each one of his brother priests are at all times bound to do; but bound in the cheerful spirit of the holy priesthood.

AUSPICIOUS OPENING

Of the Annual Christmas Sale in Aid of the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

In spite of inclement weather a large gathering attended the concert given on the occasion of the opening of the annual Christmas Sale in Aid of the Sisters of the Precious Blood in the Assembly Hall of the Confederation Life building. The following programme, under the direction of Miss Johnson, A.T.C.M., was rendered:

- Heather Bells..... Rochestre Miss K. WARD. Recitation.....For, Behold Darknes. Air.....The People That Walked in Darkness.....Handel Mrs. J. J. COSTELLO. Ask if You Damsak Rose Be Sweet.....Handel Miss G. D. WARDE. Because I Love Thee So.....Thorne Miss MAHE WHEELER. Good-By.....Miss K. WARD. Meditation.....Bach-Guonod Mr. CHARLES WAGNER. Past and Future.....De Kovacs Mrs. J. D. WARDE. Thy King.....Rodney Mrs. J. D. WARDE.

The hall presented a festive and holiday appearance, the round tables with their tasteful decorations and attractive articles, lending variety and novelty.

The decorated china always a feature of this sale, this year's display is well worth a visit. This table is in charge of Miss Lemaitre, Mrs. Knight and Miss Muir. The fancy and useful table, under the direction of Miss Bailey, Mrs. O'Brien and Miss Korman, exhibit the daintiest and most artistic of needlework, as well as a profusion of articles that are always useful.

The doll table with fish-pond is always a popular table and not for the youngsters only. All ages fish in these waters. The table for religious articles in addition to prayer books, crucifixes, beads, etc., has some handsome examples of ecclesiastical embroidery. This table is in charge of the Misses Curley, Very, Murphy and Macdonald. Very, Murphy and Macdonald, the supervising of the table is under the supervision of Miss De La Haye, Miss A. Murphy and Miss McCarthy. Candy is made fresh every day, and the young ladies in charge guarantee it to be wholesome and unadulterated. Boxes of every variety and shape increase the attractiveness of this table.

The Catholic Almshouse of Ontario is brought into prominence in a very pretty and tasteful booth draped in red and white. A reminder to all patrons of the Almshouse will prove to be of great distance is conveyed by means of conspicuous signs. The Almshouse is a novel new stand. A Gypsy fortune teller can be consulted at this booth by all patrons. The Gypsy rejoices in the mysterious nature of the fortune teller. There is one feature of the ordinary bazaar conspicuous by its absence—the solicitation of throws on articles to be raffled. The aim of the ladies appears to be to sell the articles they wish to dispose of.

The most popular feature of the sale, perhaps, is the refreshment room, where a substantial lunch is served daily at 25 cents. Tea, coffee, ice cream, can also be obtained here at all hours. The Refreshment Room is under the able management of Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Rooney, Mrs. De La Haye, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Laing, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Wheeler. The different tables are deftly attended by Miss Foy, the Misses Hughes, the Misses Murray, the Misses Kirk, Miss Smyth, Miss Macdonald, Miss Doherty, Miss Murphy, Miss Parkin, Miss Bethson, Miss Long. What seem to be most enjoyable private suppers—are successfully supplied by the Refreshment Room. The Young Ladies Literary Society attend a supper on Wednesday evening, the St. Alphonsus Club on Friday evening.

On Thursday evening a grand concert under the direction of Miss Lemaitre will be given. The programme to be rendered should attract a large audience. The President of the Christmas Sale, Miss Hoskin, is to be congratulated upon the success of her efforts and upon the enthusiasm shown by the ladies who are assisting in concert with her. Nothing seems to have been left undone to ensure the popularity and success of the Christmas Sale.

A FAMOUS REFORMER

REV. C. J. FREEMAN SPEAKS OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

He has written and preached on both sides of the Atlantic recently the Victim of a Peculiar Affliction from which He Was Released in a Marvellous Manner.

From the Boston Herald.

No 107 Emerson St. South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman, B.D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anconada, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over the East, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date, he has excited much public attention, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities.

He has preached here cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberty, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says:—

"Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. My appetite did not relish ordinary food, and I was suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was soreness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water.



REV. C. J. FREEMAN, B. D., PH. D.

At this time I consulted several physicians. One said I was run down, another said I had chronic indigestion; but this I do know, that with all the prescriptions which I received, I was not improving; for in addition, I had pains in the regions of the kidneys, a very sluggish liver, so much so that I was very much like a yellow man, was depressed in spirits, imagined all sorts of things and was daily becoming more and more fat. I should soon become a confirmed invalid if I did not soon understand my complaints. I followed the advice of physicians most severely, but with all I was completely unable to do my ministerial duty, and all I could possibly do was to rest and try to be thankful. After eighteen months' treatment I found I was the victim of severe palpitation of the heart, and was almost afraid to walk across my room. Amid all this I was advised to take absolute rest from all mental work. In fact, I was already unable to take any duty for the reason that the feeling of complete prostration after the least exertion, precluded me from any duty whatever, and it appeared to my mind that I was very near being a perfect wreck. As for taking absolute rest, I could not take more than I did unless it was so absolute as to rest in the grave. Then it would have been absolute enough.

"It is now quite three years, since, in addition to all the pains and penalties which I endured, I found creeping upon me a peculiar numbness of the left limb, and in fact could not walk about. If I tried to walk I had to drag the left foot along the ground. The power of locomotion seemed to be gone, and I was consoled with the information that it was partial paralysis. Whether it was or not I do not know, but this I do know, I could not walk about and I began to think my second childhood had commenced at the age of 41 years.

"Just about two years ago or a little more, a ministerial friend came to see me. I was sick in bed and could hardly move, and he was something like old Job's comforter, although not quite. He had much regret and commiseration which was a very poor balm for a sick man. But this thing he did say was this: "Did you ever see Pink Pills?" I said, "Who in the world is he?" He said, "Why do you not try Pink Pills?" He said good bye very affectionately, so much that doubtless he thought it was his last farewell. Nevertheless, after thinking a little, I just came to the conclusion that I would make an innovation and see what Pink Pills would do. I looked at them, and said can any good possibly come out of these little pink things? Anyway, I would see. I was ministerial friend, and I remembered the old proverb: "Scopetto loentia fede," "suspicion is the passport to faith." So Pink Pills I obtained, and Pink Pills I swallowed. But one box of them did not cure me, nor did I feel any difference. But after I had taken nine or ten boxes of pills I was decidedly better. Yes, I was certainly improving, and after eight months of Pink Pills I could get about. The numbness of the left limb was nearly gone, the pains in the head had entirely ceased, the appetite was better, I could enjoy food and I had a free, quiet action of the heart without palpitation. In fact, in twelve months I was a new creature, and to-day I can stand and speak over two hours without a rest. I can perform all my public

duties which devolve upon me, without fatigue, and do all the walking which I have to do, and am thankful for it. I can safely say I was never in a better state of health than I am to-day, and that I attribute it to the patient, persevering use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I fully, cordially and strongly commend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all or any who suffer in a similar way, and feel sure that my one who adopts Pink Pills with pure patience and patience cannot find their expectations unrealized or their reasonable hopes blasted. But he will find that blessing which is the reward of a full trust in a true and reliable remedy. I shall always wish and desire the greatest success for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always cherish a deep feeling of gratitude to the friend who first said to me buy Pink Pills. I have tried them and know their true value, and am truly glad I did, for I have found them from good experience, to do more than is actually claimed for them."

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The Tailoring.

For tailoring of style and finish go to Reagen's, corner of King street and Leader Lane-up stairs.

BIRTH. At Almonte, Ont., on the 24th November, the wife of Mr. P. C. Howland, of a daughter.

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TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1896. The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies to noon on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1895. For the supply of butcher's meat, butter, dairy and creamery (closing price for cow, calves, poultry, corn, wood, etc.) for the following institutions during the year 1896:—The Central Prison, the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiaries; the Institutions for the Deaf, the Blind, the Blind and the Deaf, etc. Two sufficient samples will be required for the due fulfillment of the contract. Tenders to be sent to the Bureau of the respective institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. G. CHISHOLM, T. F. CHISHOLM, JAMES NOXON, Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 25th, 1895.

NATIONAL CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 1.)

majority would in itself be a hard blow to any man susceptible of public opinion; to have actually incurred such censure is a humiliation which few public men have received.

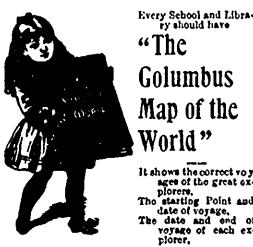
Another salutary and most important work was performed at yesterday's meeting of the Party. On the motion of Mr. John Dillon, it was resolved, in accordance with the suggestion of the Archbishop of Toronto to the Hon. Edward Blake, that a National Convention, representing the Irish race throughout the world, should be summoned by arrangement of the Committees of the Party and the Federation. An amendment was proposed by Mr. Healy apparently with the intention of depriving representative Irishmen abroad of all practical participation in the Convention. Mr. Healy's desire for their exclusion can be easily understood. He is perfectly aware of the storm of indignation which his attacks on his colleagues have excited amongst Irish Nationalists in Great Britain, in America, and in Australia, and has no desire to risk the expression of their views at a Convention. His amendment was, however, defeated without a division, and Mr. Dillon's resolution unanimously adopted. No wiser or more opportune proposal could have been made. The Irishmen abroad are no less interested than Irishmen at home in the international movement. They are no less deeply concerned in the maintenance of unity, loyalty and discipline in the National Party. A visit to Ireland, an interchanging of views at close quarters with the Irish leaders and people, are alone needed to enable them to master the situation, and to renew and sustain that hearty sympathy and substantial support which they have never denied to Ireland at her need. Such a Convention deliberately organized, so unique a confederation of the far-scattered Irish race, will rivet the attention not merely of Great Britain but of the civilized globe, and cannot fail to give a splendid impetus to the grand old cause which all true Irishmen have so fervently at heart.

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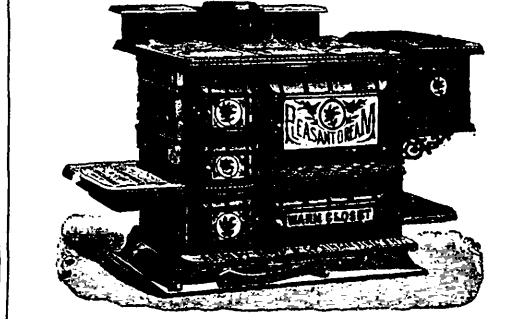
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Legend of the Passion Flower

(FROM THE "PASSION")

It was a very lovely and charming girl who, one summer night, told me this strange tale in a garden in Toledo.

As she explained the mysterious conformation of the flower which gives its name to this legend, she carried its leaves and petals one by one to her lips, plucking them asunder.

If I could but put into the story some of the gentle charm, the ingenious candour with which she made the narrative, you would be no less moved than was I.

In one of the darkest and most tortuous streets of the imperial city there stood, many years ago, hidden between the high Moorish belfry of an old church on one side, and the sombre walls of a nobleman's dwelling on the other, a miserable little building, as dingy and darksome as its owner, a Jew, called Daniel Levy.

Rancorous and vindictive and full of hatred was Daniel Levy, yet a great hypocrite. According to public opinion, enormous wealth was his. But every day he might be seen under his gloomy portal, mending old ploughs, old harness, metal buckles. Great was the trade he piled in this kind with the peddlars of Zoodover and the old clothes women of Portigo.

Despite his hatred toward every Christian, he never passed a mighty seigneur or a venerable religious with-out repeatedly removing his greasy cap from his bald head, which shone white as ivory. Nor did elient ever step into his hovel without being met with an obsequious eagerness, accompanied by the humblest smiles.

This spite of Daniel Levy's had passed into a proverb in Toledo. That humbleness of his was known throughout the town. One and the other were proof against the heaviest trials and pleasures of the most mocking sort; of the latter his neighbours were not clear.

Above the Jew's workshop there opened an old Moorish window, a relic of ancient Arabic architecture, over whose framing and lace-like stone carvings there hung the green vines which clothed ancient ruins. Behind that window, that broke alone the expanse of the cracked and stained wall, lived the old Jew's daughter Sarah, basking in its pale light. When the neighbours passed Daniel's door and Sarah sitting behind the blinds of the window above it, their eyes would fall on the old man bonding over his anvil, and they would exclaim in marvel:

"From such a root how can so exquisite a blossom have sprung?" Sarah's beauty was marvellous indeed. Her black eyes, under their fringing lashes, were brighter than the stars in black skies. Her lips were like crimson against the whiteness of her skin. She was sixteen, and already there seemed to hang about her that faint sadness which comes with an intelligence which has matured too soon.

The richest Jews in the town had asked her hand in marriage, but she remained alike impervious to the flattery which pursued her and to the desire of her father that she should be protected and cared for before his death. She wished to retain her liberty, she said, and otherwise to all proposals she remained disdainfully silent.

One day one who had sought her love in vain said to Daniel:

"Do you know that your daughter is talked of among our brethren?" The Jew raised his head for a moment from his anvil, the continual hammering for an instant ceased. Impatiently he asked of his interlocutor:

"And what say they of her?" "They say—they say—that know I?—many things. They say among others—that your daughter is in love with a Christian."

Here the young man stopped that he might judge the effect of his words. Daniel Levy raised his eyes once more, looked at him fixedly in silence, then, returned to his task, exclaimed:

"And who shall assure me that this is not calumny?" "Those may assure you who have seen them talking together on the street while you have been at the meetings of our rabbins!" cried the young man surprised that neither his affirmations nor his insinuations had seemed to make an impression on Sarah's father.

Daniel, without ceasing from his work, his eyes still bent upon his anvil, took up a small file and began polishing a clasp, with a little iron nail.

"And so," he muttered, "some Christian dog should have pretended to rob me of my daughter, the flower of my tribe, the staff of my old age! And you, all of you, you think that he could succeed! Ha, ha, ha!"

The file rasped and bit into the clasp. "Ha! 'Poor old Daniel,' they will all say 'he's in his dotage. Why should that decrepit old rascal have so beautiful a daughter since he is not capable of protecting her from the covetousness of the enemy? Ha! ha! Do you think, perchance, that if my daughter has a lover—which might very easily be—that Daniel will let his treasure be stolen from him? Do you think that he will not know how to take his revenge?"

"But," cried the young man, "did you know—"

"I know," answered the Jew, rising and laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "more than you do; more than ever you shall know until the hour to speak shall have come. Fear not. Go to! our brethren to assemble at the earliest opportunity—to-night, between one and two o'clock, I shall join them. Go."

As he spoke Daniel Levy pushed his interlocutor out of the door. Then he gathered up his tools and rapidly began to close the bolts and bars. The creaking of the hinges prevented a sound from reaching his ears that came from above. It was caused by the abrupt falling of the blind before the window of the beautiful Sarah.

It was the night of Good Friday. The inhabitants of the town, after having attended the services in the cathedral, were sitting quietly by their fireplaces before retiring to their slumbers.

It was very still throughout the city. Only the distant voices of the sentries around the palace, or at times the moan of the winds through the narrow streets, broke the silence. Down by the bank of the Tago, at the foot of the windmills which seem interested in the very rocks which support the town, a ferryman's barque rocked gently.

The ferryman seemed to be waiting impatiently, when he saw a woman come rapidly down the narrow paths which lead from the walls of Toledo to the river.

"It's she," he muttered. "That whole accursed race is up and around to-night, one would think. Where on earth can they be holding their devilish meeting that they take my boat instead of crossing the bridge, near as it is? There's no good brewing among them that they thus avoid the soldiers at Saint-Servant. Well, as long as it fills my pocket I don't care for the rest!"

He settled himself in his skiff and took up his oars, and when Sarah, for she it was, had dropped into her seat he loosened the boat from its moorings and began to row quickly toward the opposite shore.

"How many have crossed already to-night?" asked the young girl as they left the bank a little behind, and speaking as though of something to which allusion has been made before.

"I could not count them! A whole band, I should think it was to be their last meeting."

"Do you know what project they have in their mind, and why they have left the city at this time of night?"

"I know nothing. But I am very sure they are waiting for some one—and for no good cause."

After they had exchanged those few words Sarah dropped into anxious, silent reflection.

"There can be no doubt," she thought, "that my father has discovered all, and is preparing his vengeance. I must know where they have gone, what they are doing, what they will do. A moment's delay might lose all."

The boat had touched the farther shore.

"My good man," said the beautiful Jewess, throwing a few pieces of money to the ferryman, "may I ask if this is the road they took?" and she pointed to a narrow footpath which led upward through the rocks.

"That is the road, and when they reached the Moor's Head they turned to the left, and then disappeared. The devil may know where they were going!"

Sarah took the direction indicated. Her figure might be vaguely seen at intervals at abrupt turnings of the rocky and precipitous pathway. When she had reached the Moor's Head her slender shape stood out for a moment in sombre outline against the dark sky, then was lost to sight in the darkness.

It was the ruin of an ancient Gothic temple, ante dating the period of the Arabic conquest. Thorns and weeds and parasitical plants grew athwart the crumbling and scattered stones which marked the site of what had once been the atrium, and broken capitals of columns and roughly-sculptured courses lay prone among this growth. Of the temple itself only the lateral walls remained standing and a few arches covered with ivy.

Sarah, guarded by her presentment, soon reached the spot which the ferryman had pointed out to her. She hesitated a moment, not knowing which side to turn, but at last she directed her steps toward the ruins of the old church.

And her instinct had not played her false.

Daniel, no longer the smiling old tinker—obsequious under the scorn of his enemies, but a man filled with the spirit of vengeance, breathing a deadly fury from his little round eyes—stood before her, giving orders, encouraging, hurrying the work of all those men, who, like him, were drunk with the prospects of wreaking their rage upon the enemies of their religion. Going from one to another, he was directing the necessary preparation for consuming the dead upon which he had been meditating for days and days while hammering at his anvil in his hovel.

Sarah, who, cloaked by the darkness, had reached the space before the church unseen, smothered a cry of horror at what her eyes beheld. The red reflection of a burning brazier cast a sort of diabolical circle about the

walls of the church, and by the light she saw some of the men making efforts to raise a heavy cross, while others were winding a crown of thorns, and others, again, sharpening enormous nails against a stone.

Then she remembered that more than once she had heard her race accused of mysterious crimes. She remembered all those things which had seemed at the time but the fruit of calumny. And now there could be no doubt. Before her eyes stood the instruments of martyrdom, only awaiting their victim.

Filled with a holy anger, supported by her faith in the God whom the man she loved had revealed to her, Sarah abruptly issued from behind the underbrush which concealed her. The men, at sight of her, broke into cries of surprise, and Daniel approaching his daughter with a menacing gesture, exclaimed hoarsely:

"What are you doing here?" "I am here to throw your infamy in your face. You count in vain your victim—unless you wish to wreck your vengeance upon me! The Christian you await will not come here, for I am his betrothed and I have warned him of his danger!"

"Sarah!" shrieked the old man. "Sarah! You are not speaking the truth? You cannot so have betrayed us as to violate the secrecy of our religious rites! If you have done so you are no longer my daughter!"

"No, I'm not your daughter, for I've another father—one full of love towards his own! No, I am no longer your daughter since I am a Christian!"

At the sound of these words, which the girl had pronounced with the indomitable courage of a martyr, Daniel, staggering with fury, threw himself upon her, and seized her by the hair, dragged her to the foot of the cross, which seemed to open its arms wide to receive her.

"There she is!" he cried, addressing those who surrounded him. "I give her up to you. She has sold both her honour and her faith!"

The next day, when the bells of the Cathedral were ringing out a joyful and Easter alleluia, Daniel Levy opened the door of his workshop, and, looking up with his sternal smile at the papers by, began anew to hammer at his anvil. But the blinds of the Moorish window above were never more raised, nor did human creature, from that time on, ever again behold the beautiful Jewess Sarah.

Very long afterwards a shepherd one day brought the Archbishop a flower such as no one had ever seen before; and in which were out-lined all the emblems of the Passion. It was a strange flower indeed, and it only bloomed up on the dismantled ruins of the old church at the place called the Moor's Head.

Researches were made at that spot, and the skeleton of a woman, was found, and near it the instruments of torture, with that strange flower reproduced the shape.

No one knew whose mortal remains these might be. But they were long held in veneration.

To-day the flower has become common. But from that time on it has been piously known as the Passion Flower.

Not long ago Mr. J. M. Barrie dined with a well-known London editor, and had asked three other editors to meet the famous Scotch humorist. During the dinner Barrie was more than usually constrained and silent; so much so that when the party broke up his host expressed a hope that he was not feeling unwell, and in that way, said Barrie, "You see it's this way. I never dined with four editors before to-night, and I find it rather depressing."

Look at the people, you pass on the street. Their faces tell the story of their lives. They tell the story of their joys and sorrows, of their refinement or coarseness, of health or disease.

Three-fourths of these people are not exactly well. They are not all "sick," perhaps, but many of them have had their faces quite hale and hearty. Consumption has set its stamp of pallor and emaciation on many of them. Dyspepsia has drawn lines of fretfulness and worry about their eyes, and mouths. Impure blood is showing itself in blotches and pimples. One man has a "little trouble" with his kidneys. Some of the women have constipation, and the other ill that constipation brings.

Each of these faces most of them are very likely it has been through the other signs and has at previous times shown dyspepsia, saltiness and bad blood. Consumption has set its stamp on many of them all at once. It is a creeping disease. It comes on unawares, and its first hundred differing symptoms. It is the most dreadful of all diseases, but it can be cured if you begin in time. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure it. It will cure all the things that lead to consumption. It is guaranteed to cure consumption of long standing. There is a case at which consumption has been cured. If you will send six cents to cover postage, with this money will send you a large box (160 pages) that tells exactly what Golden Medical Discovery will do for you. It has done in hundreds of cases. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

SETS AN EXAMPLE.

Annual Meeting of the Ottawa Catholic Truth Society.

A Satisfactory Report of the Year's Operations—Some Excellent Results Pointed Out—Addresses Election of Officers.

OTTAWA, Nov. 19th. The annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa was held yesterday afternoon in the Academic Hall of the University, Mr. Joseph Pope president, in the chair. The first item of business was the presentation of the secretary's report, showing that during the past year 816 bound volumes, 1,180 pamphlets and 1,325 leaflets, a total of 6,151 publications were circulated, making a grand aggregate of 31,617 publications put into circulation since the establishment of the society four years ago. The report deplored the death of Sir John Thompson, the society's first president, and one of its promoters; and made mention also of the death of four other members, Messrs. J. O. Higgins, Peter Dunne, Alexander and Walter Brophy, Major General Herbert's departure was noted, and also the fact that he had become a life member of the society. The society was not in evidence in the press during the year, nothing having occurred acquiring its intervention. Congratulations were indulged in over the fact that "ex-priests and escaped nuns" have given Ottawa a wide berth since the establishment of the society, while it was regretted that a lot of bad literature was circulating principally among young people, reading with falsehood and mockery of the Catholic religion.

The secretary said: "We must acknowledge the spirit of fair play exhibited by the Ottawa papers which intolerant of bigotry, invariably discontinue any attack upon our religion, and cheerfully give publication to the society's correspondence."

The treasurer's report disclosed a healthy financial condition, yet one which a number of those present thought might be improved by a large membership, and a good deal was said on that score.

THE LATE PREMIER.

After the official reports had been adopted, the president addressed the meeting. Referring to Sir John Thompson he spoke of him as "a witness to the power of Catholicity." Mr. Pope then related an incident which has not heretofore been mentioned. On the afternoon, ten years ago, that Sir John Thompson was sworn in a minister of the Crown, when he left the council chamber, he went immediately to confession, the next morning he received the Holy Communion, and thus fortified, approached the duties of his high office. It is known that on the last Sunday he spent in Ottawa, he and his two sons received Holy Communion, so that both on the threshold of his official career, as well as at its close, he showed how clearly he recognized the reality of things unseen. Quietly and unobtrusively were these acts performed; little did he think they would ever be disclosed to the world. Yet his eminence has made them known and they speak to us trumpet-tongued of the power, and the fulness, and the beauty of that religion which could so regulate a life absorbed in no ordinary degree with the affairs of this world."

Mr. Pope spoke of the signs of the times as presaging a great Catholic re-action. He referred to the growing influence of the Pope in the high politics of Europe, to the intolerable condition of affairs in Italy, where the Government is crushed with debt and undermined by secret societies, to the crash which is inevitable, and to the restoration to the Pope of that sovereignty which is his by the prescription of 1,000 years. He bared his hopes of a Catholic re-action mainly on the manifest change of sentiment nearer home, and he cited the deference and respect with which the Pope's recent appeal to the English people had been received. But not only in what is conventionally known as orthodox Protestant circles were signs of returning consciousness perceptible, in the region of "advanced thought" light was breaking. Some of the leaders of this school appear to be visited by the mingling, more or less pronounced, as to whether there may not be something in revelation. As men of trained and cultivated minds, we cannot doubt their ability, once they are convinced, of the existence of revelation to discover what such a revelation is to be found. They must argue that if God has revealed Himself to man, if He has confided His revelation to a visible church, that church must possess certain credentials by which it may be known. One note, above all others, which these men will look for, will be that of authority with corresponding unity of doctrine and continuity of belief. Where, asked Mr. Pope, are such tokens of a supernatural origin to be found save in the bosom of that mighty institution which has existed for nearly 2,000 years? Changeless amid a changing world, she teaches always and everywhere the same doctrines, professes the same faith and administers the same sacraments. Her voice has penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth, proclaiming her mission to mankind.

Far from depending upon the kingdoms of the world, she is so

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solely conscious of her divine origin and support, that she accepts all the decrees of all her pontiffs from Peter to Leo, and declares, in the face of Heaven and earth, that they are all infallible. What possible danger can there be of confounding a Church such as this with the pale and feeble counterfeit by which she is surrounded?

Senator Scott moved, seconded by Consul General Riky, a resolution expressive of the loss sustained by the cause of Catholic truth through the death of Sir John Thompson.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Rev. M. J. Whelan; Vice President, Rev. Father Constantine; Secretary, William O. De Brisy (re-elected); Treasurer, Dr. MacCabe (re-elected); Committee, Messrs. F. B. Hayes, Joseph Pope, V. L. Scott, John Gorman, J. A. J. McKenna, Wm. Kearns, D. Burke and J. Mundy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Late Colonel Baldwin.

Sir—I had no idea of offending any one in my sketch of the late Colonel Baldwin—I related what I had heard from several people who lived in Toronto, at the time, when the transaction occurred which made him a poor man for life. I always heard that Colonel Baldwin ordered a new outfit, because the first outfit was rejected not by Colonel Baldwin, but by the volunteers, who refused to wear the regimentals, as being neither ornamental nor useful. "A Subscriber" says the goods furnished were all according to samples. That may be. But Colonel Baldwin knew very little about samples. Professional men as a rule, or men brought up to the Church or to military life, are very poor hands at sampling goods. John Henry Boulton, who is mentioned as the counsel for McElderry, was one of the worst and most bigoted Orangemen in the country. He was second in importance and influence to Ogle R. Gowan his contemporary, the founder of Orangism in Canada. It appears there were two trials. At the first we have it authenticated that "Chief Justice Sir Adam Wilson declared the suit was really a matter belonging to and which affected the government." In the second trial: Chief Justice Sir John B. Robinson addressing the jury said: "We think the evidence in the case shows the defendant (Col. Baldwin) acted as a servant of the government, and not his own account, that the plaintiff (McElderry) was cognizant of the fact; the policy of the law therefore protects the defendant from personal responsibility. A Toronto jury addressed by John Henry Boulton thought otherwise, and gave judgment against the Colonel, who was compelled to commute his half pay as Captain and to deprive his widow and children who were minors of an annuity as long as they lived. Mr. McElderry may have been a very strict Catholic and as honest as the sun, in all his dealings. I merely relate facts of history as they were given to me by credible witnesses. The Ontario Government must have shared in the legal opinion pronounced by two chief justices, Sir A. Wilson and Sir J. B. Robinson, that Col. Baldwin was not personally responsible to the first contractor. A few years after his death by a unanimous vote in the Toronto Parliament, the sum of \$3,000 was awarded the widow and children of Col. Baldwin, as a partial indemnity for the losses sustained.

AN AMUSING STORY.

An amusing story, and one that might have ended tragically but fortunately ended farcically, was often told by old residents of the Queen City. It occurs to me just now in connection with the name of John Henry Boulton at one time grand master of the L. O. L. At the time that several hundred Irish emigrants were engaged in digging the Welland Canal, very good Canadian rye could be bought for 25 cents per gallon. It stands to reason that all those amongst the navvies, who had not seen Father Mathew before leaving home, were accustomed to indulge more freely in the abuse of John Barleycorn than at any period before or since. They were all in receipt of good wages, and when creed or country was the question of the hour, they were all, whether under the influence or quite sober, as inflammable as black powder, Father McDonough a man of fierce determination and powerful physique seemed appointed providentially to look after their interests both spiritual

and temporal. Single handed he kept down the factious spirit that on more than one occasion threatened bloodshed by setting Corkiganest Connaught and Munster against the Far Downs. The rumour of the earnings of a red flannel pairie fire through the shanties, that the 12th of July was to be celebrated by Toronto Orangemen, at Niagara Falls, the chief attraction of which would be the burning in effigy of Daniel O'Connell and the Pope of Rome, well ignited the blazing villages would be sent whirling down in the earthen. Soon a motley crowd in red flannel, wastecots, straw hat, some with picks and others brandishing rifles started across the country and reached Queenston a little after noon. The Orangemen had already arrived at their destination, and were seated in the dining hall of Niagara's most ambitious hotel. A sumptuous repast was spread before them, the chaplain had said grace, when to their utter astonishment if not dismay, a six footer in straw hat and red flannel appeared at the door rifle in hand. "Good morning gentlemen," he said, "as I'm an Irishman myself I thought I'd make myself home among you." "Take a seat" said Mr. Boulton who sat at the head of the table. "What part of the turkey will you have?" "Be jabbers I'll take it," said the navy and reached over for the dish. "What" said Mr. Boulton "do you dare?" At that moment a half dozen red shirted men appeared at the door. When they entered a dozen more followed, their hurried steps, and shouts were heard on all sides around the windows to the front and rear. Queenston was swarming with straw hats and red flannel shirts. That 12th July at Niagara was a fast day for the Williamites. There might have been bad blood perhaps and worse results than the loss of a dinner. But Father McDonough, on hearing of the general desertion of the Canal works, had his suspicions aroused. He had his best horses brought out, and jumping into the saddle, he rode with might and main, to what he already fancied might be a scene of carnage. No violence had been offered to either party however. The Orangemen were manacled down to quail at their excursion boat, and told to make no delay on their return trip. As they were not accustomed to fasting, the loss of their dinner if it did not ruffle their temper might injure their health.

DIVINGS.

THE MCCARTHY CASE. Another Dispatch Confirming This Remarkable Recovery. Had Bright's Disease—Was Given up to Die—Got Well—Calls Dodd's Kidney Pills His Doctor and Says Cured. Special to The Register. Ottawa, Nov. 26.—A dispatch from Richmond reached the Citizen and Free Press here and copied by both of them was the first news, to a wide circle of interested friends, of the recovery of Mr. J. McCarthy, harness-maker, of that place, from a hopeless condition of Bright's disease. His friends expected to hear of his death at any time. Inquiry direct with Richmond confirmed the fact that his shop was open and that the late patient was hard at work. "It is true that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills," was asked. "Yes," he gives that remedy all credit, for he had quit the doctors and took no other medicine," was the answer. "Mr. McCarthy had been running down for some time from Bright's disease and deciding after hearing of another remarkable cure in the same vicinity, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills." "He was not disappointed, and after a few weeks recovered his shop." Such were the replies corroboratory of the original dispatch concerning this remarkable cure. It seems only necessary for any person despairing of life to let go all other remedies and use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Out of over a million boxes sold there has never been a complaint that Dodd's Kidney Pills has disappointed expectations. Mr. McCarthy calls these pills his doctor, and so they are; and are used at present in a million homes in Canada.

THE OTHER DAY.

The other day a lady was asked by some little girls to come and look at a bridal party of dolls, at whom toilet they had been assisting. On viewing the pretty gathering, she ventured to inquire, "But where is the bridegroom?" "Oh, we don't want any men," was the prompt reply.

SKEPTICISM.

This is un happily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree namely, that Dr. Thomas' Secretive Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

BOOK REVIEW.

"STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT." The Rosary Publishing Co., 871 Lexington Ave., New York. \$1.00.

The above is the title of an excellent book by Rev. James H. O'Donnell, Rector of St. John's Church, Watertown, Conn. The book is intended to supply a want long felt by the students of the New Testament Scriptures...

Advanced classes in our Sunday schools, convents and parochial schools will find it an excellent adjunct to the course in Bible history...

The Century for the coming year. The Century Magazine celebrates its quarter-centennial in its November issue...

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. The Sisters in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage desire to express sincere thanks to their kind friends and benefactors...

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