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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. III.—No. 17.

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## THOMAS SEXTON, M.P.

One of the Most Interesting Figures Among Irish Leaders.

A BRILLIANT ORATOR, BUT SOCIALLY A RECLUSE.

During the tremendous struggle of the civil war in the United States, the hosts of the ultra-war and negrophile party were led by a gentleman called Thad Stephens. Whenever the cry of conciliation raised its voice; whenever natural humanity, starting back in horror from the terrible bloodshed, demanded peace; whenever any question arose as to whether the negro should be placed in absolute predominance over the whites of the South—the voice of Thad rose loud and raucous, and by its very vehemence and strength imposed its own irreconcilability upon weaker natures, says the London Weekly Sun. And I remember, when all the world had become familiar with the despotic omnipotence of this strange, wonderful, terrible man, reading one day that he lived in a few bare rooms, and had no companion but a single colored servant.

Two natures more dissimilar than that of Mr. Sexton and the old abolitionist leader could not well be imagined. The breadth, the frigidity, and also the Irish geniality of Mr. Sexton's judgment would probably have ranged him in the civil war of America on the side of peace, toleration and gentle treatment; but the reason an article on him suggests to me this early recollection is that in the absolute absorption in a great struggle, in the loneliness and isolation of their personal lives, there is something very like in the careers of the two men. For Mr. Sexton has no life outside the life of the House of Commons. In the ridiculous and idiotic mud-slinging which opened the great Parnell split, an inspired assailant of Mr. Sexton ascribed his hostility to Parnell to his love of the sweetbreads which are, as everybody knows, a standing dish in the houses of the great. As a matter of fact Mr. Sexton has

NEVER BEEN SEEN AT A SOCIAL FUNCTION in London in the whole course of his life. In all the fifteen years he has lived in this city, the man is yet to be produced who can say that he had seen Mr. Sexton at his own or at any other dining table. About three or four times he has been persuaded into attending semi-official dinners given by his own party. In the old days of Parnell's unbroken leadership there used to be nearly always a dinner to the chief on his birthday, and these dinners Mr. Sexton used to attend. But with these exceptions Mr. Sexton has remained as much aloof from the convivial companionship of his fellow-men as if he were one of the early ascetics, who sought their salvation in the lonely desert, and not one of the most prominent figures in a great imperial Legislature.

This absorption in parliamentary life has not made Mr. Sexton a happy man; indeed, the more I have seen of the prominent men of political struggle the more am I driven to the conviction

that happiness and political eminence are rarely united. But it is this absorption which has made Mr. Sexton the mighty parliamentarian he is. When Mr. Sexton comes down to the House of Commons he has already spent a morning in parliamentary work. As he sips the cup of tea which is his only sustenance till dinner time, he goes carefully over the newspapers of the day; reads all questions and the orders, glances over any blue book which may bear upon the questions in which he is interested and takes laborious, carefully-arranged and tabulated notes. Whenever he rises to make a speech, even if it be a brief one, he has in his hands a couple of sheets of note paper, on which you see written, in a hand as small and almost

AS BEAUTIFUL AS THAT OF THACKERAY, all the facts, arguments and sequence of the question. If there be quotations to be made, they have been cut out from the newspaper or the blue book, and are pasted in as carefully as though the great Parliamentarian were a scissors-and-paste sub-editor. There is no sloppiness about any work that Mr. Sexton does. He is not a hit-or-miss kind of combatant. I do not suppose he has ever risen in the House of Commons in all the years he has been there, and, in spite of all the speeches he has made, without having mastered all the facts of the subject on which he spoke.

And this thoroughness he carries out in everything he does. Sometimes it is hard to understand how the small, delicate, almost fragile frame is able to pass through the gigantic demands which are made upon its energies. And often as the name of Mr. Sexton appears in the public press, this gives but a faint idea of the amount of labor and devotion he gives to the work. At this moment he is the chief advocate of the Irish claim at the commission which is inquiring into the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland. And just think what labor there is in working up every single serious item of expenditure in the budgets that have regulated the relations of England and Ireland during the ninety-five years which have elapsed since the act of union! It is a peculiarity—it is to a certain extent even a weakness—of the mind of Mr. Sexton to let no detail escape him. The smallest, tiniest cranny or nook of subject he explores with the same relentless, tireless and scrutinizing investigation as the largest and most palpable; and now and then perhaps, as a result, he loses something of the sense of proportion.

BUT WHAT A HEAVENLY GIFT it is to a nation like Ireland. There, alas! all the training of the expert and the official ability, with rare exceptions, is on the side of the government. For once all this trained ability has met its match; and Irish claims are doggedly and efficiently and stubbornly advocated by a man like Mr. Sexton, who brings to these discussions about figures a talent and a memory for statistics that would do credit to one who had spent his life at a clerk's desk in the treasury. Talent of such a kind in a country where no Nationalist has any chance of public appointment and official training is as rare as it is precious; and I sometimes think, with all the splendid honor and the universal homage paid

to Mr. Sexton's genius and services, that his own countrymen do not do full justice to this side of his work.

While Mr. Sexton spends hours once or twice a week in the commission of inquiry, he is as constant as ever in his attendance in the House of Commons. There is something very native and most childlike in the way he sticks to the House of Commons. To most old parliamentarians the place becomes insufferably tiresome; its charm is still as fresh with Mr. Sexton as when he entered the place almost a youth. He is always present throughout question time; he rarely passes a day without having some question in the paper himself, and he is always there, watchful, attentive, sleepless, to intervene with a supplemental question whenever there is an opportunity of striking an enemy or helping a friend of Ireland. He never leaves the building, and though he may dally for an hour or so over a cigar—the one luxury that breaks the asceticism of his life after dinner—he is usually to be found in the House even during the dreary dinner hour; and if he be not there he is to be found in the library laboriously getting through the piles of correspondence with which all busy men are assailed. When midnight is passed, and every human being is yawning and restless to get off, Mr. Sexton may still be seen in his place—the order paper before him, those

WONDROUS KEEN AND PRACTICAL EYES of his gazing at everybody who is making any movement, and those sharp ears of his open. Friends whose companionship he loves may tempt him with a walk or a drive home together; but Mr. Sexton is not to be moved. Not until the motion for adjournment is put, and already the ghastliness and spectral emptiness of night has cast its anticipatory shadow over the House of Commons, can Mr. Sexton be got to rise from his seat.

And what are the qualities in addition to those I named which make Mr. Sexton the great parliamentarian he is? I should put in the forefront the perfectly extraordinary readiness with which the word answers with him to the thought. Not even in the case of Mr. Gladstone was that readiness so complete and so extraordinary. His mind seems to be one of those alert and positive ones which at once see clearly, and the word rushes to the tongue as clearly as the vision to the mind. I have rarely heard him hesitate for a moment to find words to express his ideas—even when the ideas were of a complex order and required subtlety and delicate shadings of expression. It is also one of the results of this extraordinary alertness and lightning like rapidity of expression that Mr. Sexton should—again Mr. Gladstone is the only one who can be likened to him—be never fogged or bewildered in the labyrinth of the longest sentence. There are few speakers I know—even among those who can be classed as orators—who do not now and then find it difficult to get out of the thicket of speech into which they are occasionally betrayed in the course of speaking, and who do not leave a ragged, an unfinished or a confused sentence. This has never happened to Mr. Sexton, in my experience, in the whole course of his political life. His oratory would probably strike the stranger with some surprise who heard him for the first time.

The tradition still lingers that Irishmen are extremely florid or extremely vehement orators. Listen to Mr. Sexton—mark the deliberate, slow—almost too slow—articulation, that deadly calm, scarcely ever broken except when an argument has to be pressed home by a certain elevation of voice and emphasis of manner—and you will be inclined to the conclusion that the

FROID, LOGICAL, BUSINESS LIKE ORATORY of the House of Commons is to be found in its perfection on the Irish rather than on the English benches. I have seen Mr. Sexton lift the House of Commons to the empyrean—impress both sides of it so profoundly that there came that deadly silence which only the very perfection of oratory can procure; and yet it is curious that this orator is at the same time one of the greatest business men in the House of Commons. His mastery of figures is as instinctive and as immediate as his readiness of expression. I have been told that when he was a school-boy his powers in rapid calculations of mental arithmetic were already so well known that his school fellows used to give puzzling questions to him for their amusement. I remember one night Sir George Trevelyan brought in a complicated bill, I think it was when he was chief secretary. Standing up immediately after, Mr. Sexton had already done a complicated sum in his mind, and was also able to tell to a penny the result of these elaborate calculations. The chief secretary at once declared that Mr. Sexton's figures were exactly and emphatically right.

What I want to impress upon the reader above all things is THE ESSENTIALLY PRACTICAL CHARACTER of Mr. Sexton's genius. He speaks when need be; but he does not love speaking. What he loves above all things is to get the work in which he believes done; and there are few tasks he has ever taken up in which he does not succeed.

And what gratification does Mr. Sexton get from all these services to Ireland—tireless, persistent, incalculable? Like most of his colleagues, he has to pass through a period of misunderstanding—sometimes of downright and brutal calumny—during the saddened years which have followed the golden era when all Irishmen were united; and his nature—thoughtful, gentle, philosophic rather than combative and pushing—has felt the blows, and will ever bear the scars. But he was too manly and too tenacious a nature to be driven from his work by public misunderstanding. Sad, lonely, highminded, busy in the public cause through every second of every day, he is one of the most interesting, one of the purest, one of the most pathetic figures in even the tragic picture gallery of Ireland's leaders.

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## AN EASTER SERMON.

Timely Words From His Excellency Mgr. Satolli.

### THE SAVIOUR'S MESSAGE.

This Easter week, after nineteen centuries, humanity is moved once more and feels the profound impression of the death of the man-God expiring in sorrow and pity. Our affections are once more stirred up, and perhaps all men in their inner consciousness hear the voice of Christ suffering for all and saying to all: "Come unto Me and I will refresh you."

All conditions of human life are reduced to these heads—crime and punishment, impiety and expiation, vice and virtue. And these conditions are found represented in their full evidence in the course of the passion and death of Christ.

The most solemn moment of life is that nearest death. The last desire expressed by the dying has often decided the fate not only of a family, but of great nations. The Jews recalled always the last wishes of their patriarchs, and were guided by the last will of David regarding the succession to the throne. The Greeks were directed by the last instructions of Alexander, which decided the future of all Greece and Asia. With the Romans the authority was supreme of the last wills of Augustus and of Constantine. It was fitting that Christ also on the cross should express His dying wish, and he did so in the compendium of seven words, which comprise His whole mission, His teaching, His lofty plan for the betterment, not of one nation, but of all humanity.

#### CHRIST TO THE PEOPLE.

First—Christ saw from the cross the human race in a state of profound corruption and declared that He intended to lift it out of its misery by means of repentance and pardon. He recognized the inextinguishable thirst for happiness vainly sought up to that time in a precarious materialism, and promised to humanity its true kingdom with the everlasting fullness of every joy.

Second—He viewed the urgent necessity of nature by which man needs social life, both to defend himself from evil and to make more easy the acquirement of good. He called to Himself from the tree of the cross not only individuals, but families, races and nations, each and every one; and, moreover, He intended to constitute above all nations and of all nations one society, not indeed political, but religious. And this He declared when He gave His own Mother to be the Mother of all men.

Third—Without doubt human perfection is the outcome of two activities, which are free will and grace; that is, an activity proper to man's nature and the co-operating activity of God. Christ in His fourth and fifth words indicated the natural activity of man to be thirst of justice, and promised the co-operation of God, which should never abandon to his own helplessness the man of good will.

Fourth—Certainly the most important thing in man's life is to find the right road, to fulfil his vocation to his true destiny assigned him by Providence. Happy those who can justly claim to have accomplished their task and can say with St. Paul, "I have run the race." The immortality of glory shall be the abundant reward given them by God. Christ in the last of his dying words with stronger voice signified that through Him and in Him only should humanity find the attainment of its true destiny, and He strengthened our faith and reposed it in the bosom of God, there to expect its never-ending reward.

#### HOUSKAV AND CHRIST.

The expression of the unbeliever Rousseau has become celebrated, in which, comparing the death of Socrates with that of Christ, he said: "The death of Socrates was that of a philosopher; the death of Christ that of a God." Indeed, there have not been lacking wise and profound thinkers who, studying the circumstances of the passion and death of Christ, have succeeded in demonstrating His divinity from them; and it would appear that He Himself intended to show Himself both man and God by His death on the Cross, for He had predicted that when He should be crucified He would draw all humanity to Himself: "And I, when I shall be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself."

The historical stages of humanity, from its beginning to its end, are three. Its history begins with its fall, has its middle point in the commencement of its restoration and will find its completion in the entire and perfect fulfilling of the providential designs of God concerning humanity and the whole universe. Christ in His suffering humanity united the beginning and the continuation of all the miseries and wretchedness of mankind. By the personal union of the human with divine nature He constituted in Himself the inexhaustible source of reparation, and in those wonderful endowments of infinite wisdom and love which the Divinity transfused into the humanity of Christ He prefigured in Himself the final destiny of the human race—the destiny marked out for it in the hidden design of God which unfolds itself in the progress of history, and which, in compendium, is explained in those sublime words: "For so God hath loved the world that He hath given His only begotten Son, that every one who believeth in Him shall not perish, but shall have life everlasting."

#### THE NEED OF WORSHIP.

Humanity has need of worship and of laws. Worship is needed in its relations with the Divinity and with the supreme principles of its being; laws are indispensable for its social existence. Christ on the cross has established worship "in spirit and in truth," has completed and set the seal upon His legislation of justice and charity.

What there was of the true and the good before Christ was only a preparation and a figurative symbol of Him and of His mission in the world fulfilled on the cross. Indeed, His own life, with its miracles and teaching, was the continuous development of a plan, beginning at Bethlehem and ending on Calvary, where He fixed His throne, His cathedral and His altar. From the moment of Christ's death nothing was left for humanity but the evolution and the application of the work accomplished by Him on the cross.

Religion and politics, philosophy and theology, science and art, faith and reason may justly be considered as concentric circles with respect to Christ, who was the mystic stone fallen from heaven into the ocean of the natural and moral universe, to agitate its waters around Himself, to set them in regular motion animated by His Spirit. Therefore St. Paul said that of all knowledge, human and divine, it was sufficient for him "to know Christ and Christ crucified," since in Him he found all the treasures of science and wisdom.

Rev. J. M. Cruise has been appointed pastor of St. Helen's, Brockton, and Rev. W. Bergin, pastor of Weston and Toronto Junction.

The Archbishop of Kingston and the Bishops within the Archdiocese of Toronto and Kingston were the guests of His Grace Archbishop Walsh for a few days recently, engaged in conference respecting educational and religious matters of their Province.

## A JAPAN HORROR.

Kumamoto Leper Mission.

### THE SICK AND DYING.

Close by Kumamoto, there is a hamlet called Honmioji, from the name of a pagoda, much frequented by pious Buddhists. This pagoda is also the rendezvous of all kinds of sick, especially of lepers and the syphilitic, who gather hither from all parts of the Empire. The greater part of those wretched creatures are outcasts forever from their families, to whom they have caused dishonor and ruin. As the people of Kumamoto are very tolerant in their regard, many end by establishing themselves for good in the hamlet, where they form one of the most pitiable collections of beings to be seen in the whole world.

The state of these wretches is really terrible. They are piled one on top of the other in miserable hovels belonging to other poor people, to whom they pay about a fifth or two-fifths of a cent each, daily, for their lodging. In general, they have only one garment, but what a garment! I have seen in one of these wretched holes a poor mother who had no feet, scarcely any hands, and no other clothing than an old piece of rag which scarcely covered half of her shoulders. With her little naked baby she strove to cover the rest of her person.

Those who can still walk, go about the city and the country begging. The more skilful succeed on good days in getting as much as three or four cents. If they have not gone too far, they return in the evening to Honmioji and sleep in the hovels just described. Some go a great distance and do not return for days or weeks. The villagers treat them with considerable humanity, but they cannot get a lodging anywhere; they have to sleep in the vestibule of a temple, in a corner of a field, or in the forest on the naked earth, or on a plank of wood.

To cook the few handfuls of rice which they have begged, they carry a little saucepan, worth about four or five cents, and prepare their poor meal far away from dwelling houses, wherever they can find a bit of dry wood to make a fire. Those who cannot walk, get themselves carried or drag themselves to the wide avenue or the steps leading to the pagoda, where, from morning to night they implore the charity of pilgrims and passers by. The maximum of their daily receipts is said to be from two to three cents. But often enough, through fewness of visitors or other causes, they get only a few centimes, while others get nothing, and many of these remain two or three days without eating.

As said above, they sleep in huts or common sheds. But when their disease reaches a certain stage, they exhale such an odor that they become insupportable to their neighbors, and then they are expelled. From this moment they no longer appear with the rest, they sleep outside abandoned by all, without mat or cover, exposed to wind and rain, weeping, groaning, sighing for death, which generally is not slow in coming. Then nothing is left but to bury them. Four or five of their companions dig a pit. An old barrel is bought, the corpse is thrown into it, and the whole deposited in the ground, without priest or ceremonies. A burial costs eighteen or twenty cents. But where is the money to come from? As I have said, some of them have a little saucepan; this is sold. Each has also a rag of clothing; of course this cannot be left in the bier, so it is sold too, and may fetch eight or ten cents. Then, there are, beside the hovels, dung heaps, which are regularly sold to poor farmers of the neighborhood as manure,

and the produce serves to complete the cost of the funeral.

Some time ago I was desirous to ascertain the history of a certain number of these wretched inhabitants of Honmioji. Here are some of the details I obtained:

1. Furuya Ukichi, of the province of Nagato, aged 28; a leper. Has three brothers, all very wretched, who are unable to keep him. Has been at Honmioji for two years. Came from home penniless, begging on the way. If he gets better, says he will return home. Adds that he has never seen anybody cured since he came. Says that he suffers very much in body and that "his soul is very sad." Whilst speaking big tears roll down his cheeks, which were all eaten away with leprosy.

2. Uyeda Masuzo, province of Iyo, aged 84. Has had leprosy since he was 21, and has been three years blind. Efforts were made to cure him at home, and his parents have spent upon him about \$200, constituting their all.

3. Ayuwara Otohe, of the same province, 18 years old; of poor family, who are quite unable to attend to him. Has had leprosy only two years, but is already frightfully disfigured.

4. Fukuzawa Kanekichi, of Sagami province, 28. Eldest of a poor family, whose support he has been. Has been a leper three years. Thinks only of his parents and wonders what they now do to live. Sleeps in the woods, on the bare earth, or on a stone.

5. Chikuba Teru, town of Shimabara, a girl of 23, has had leprosy three years. Says her people were comfortably off, but have spent all on trying to get her cured.

6. Kato Matazo, province of Tajima, 30. Has only his mother, who brought him herself to Honmioji. As he can't walk, she goes about begging for him.

7. Nakamura Nami, of district of Akita, in Higo, girl of 29. Has had leprosy since she was 15; has no relations.

8. Tanaka Rihe, province of Sanuki, 33. Has had leprosy for six years. Nobody can remain near him on account of offensive odor, so he sleeps in the open air. Cannot walk; often has nothing to eat. Appears to long to die.

9. Mikoda Ukichi, of Chikugo province, 25. Has had leprosy since age of 22. Can walk a little, but cannot go beyond precincts of pagoda, begs alms from pilgrims, eats when he can, and sleeps outside.

In conclusion. We must try to save at least the souls of these unfortunate pagans, who have our own nature, the nature which belongs also to Christ and his Mother, who are blessed in all ages! But to save their souls, we must begin with their bodies. An hospital is necessary. To found it will require from \$7,000 to \$8,000; and to keep it up, abundant resources yearly. Catechist nurses are also needed to go into hospitals and private houses so as to visit and nurse the sick, instruct and baptize them. Each one will cost some \$60 a year, besides alms to distribute to the most necessitous.

Reader, I recommend to your charity our poor pagans, sick and dying. He Who has promised to reward a cup of cold water, will repay whatever you do for them. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Agonizing Heart of Jesus, have pity on the dying! Mary, health of the sick and comfort of the afflicted, pray for us, pray for the sick and dying pagans! Amen.

Letters reach me direct at the address:—Rev. J. M. Corre, Missionary Apostolic, Kumamoto, Japan, and Money-Orders may be sent by post, or to Father Hignard, Director of the Foreign Missions, 128 Rue du Bac, Paris; or to the Father Treasurer, St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

## EX-SPEAKER PEEL.

Incidents of the Commons During His Term of Office.

FARNELL AND CHURCHILL.

On Monday Mr. Speaker Peel announced his resignation of his high office. On Tuesday the House voted him its thanks, and adopted an address, praying Her Majesty to bestow upon him "some signal mark of her favor;" in other words, the accustomed promotion to the peerage; and on Wednesday the "faithful Commons" proceeded to the election of his successor. Mr. Peel's retirement is one more reminder of how fast the Parliamentary scene is changing. Since his election eleven years ago, how many of the veterans whose names had become household words have withdrawn in one way or another from the field of Parliamentary politics? It was only last year Mr. Gladstone retired, making way for one who was all but unknown when Mr. Peel first presided over the debates of the Lower House. The rise of Randolph Churchill to the leadership of the House of Commons, and his tragic passing away, all belong to the period of Mr. Peel's Speakership. So, too, does the all but complete triumph, and the still more tragic downfall of Charles Stewart Parnell. How many of the younger men were all unknown when Mr. Peel assumed office! An entirely new grouping of English parties has arisen in these eleven years. In 1854 there were the two solid masses of the Liberals and Conservatives, and striving to hold the balance between them the solid little phalanx that stood by Parnell. Now on both sides of the House there are minor parties and groups and subdivisions of the main bodies, till the fate of Governments depends less on the voting power of any one party than on temporary alliances of the partisans of rival schools of political thought. A state of things such as that which prevails in many of the legislatures of the Continent is arising in England, and the tenure of power enjoyed by Ministers may soon be as uncertain as it is abroad. Then, too, the rules of procedure of the House have been changed. The privileges of the individual member have been curtailed, fixed rules enable the Speaker at the suggestion of even a few members to summarily bring a debate to a close and precipitate a division. The Speaker's office has thus become more important than it ever was before, the necessity of his acting in a judicial spirit is more imperative, the danger of his acting as a mere partisan is all the more serious. Hence the interest that attaches now more than ever to a change in the Speakership.

## THE RETIRING SPEAKER.

Of Mr. Peel's own career it may be said that he has acted up to the high traditions of his office. At the outset he was by no means popular with those who had to bow to his decisions. On one occasion, if not more, the fierce zeal of party strife led men to charge him with partisanship. But there is no doubt that in every case he acted for what he believed to be the interest and dignity of the House as a whole. In his own personal views a Liberal Unionist, he has nevertheless held the balance even with impartial justice through angry debates that might well have tried the temper of a man of less judicial spirit. He has used with studious moderation the larger powers conferred upon him by the new rules of procedure, and he has at more than one critical moment acted with ready resource in such a way as to prevent discussion degenerating into open strife. There is no doubt that it is with sincere regret that the House of Commons parts from him this week.

On Monday the Speaker made his formal farewell address to the House in a brief and dignified speech. He assured the House that in all his acts he had thought only of its permanent interest. He had not been consciously awayed by personal or party feeling. If he had failed in any way, or if he had given offence to anyone, he trusted that it would now be forgiven and forgotten. He had to thank men of all parties for their kindly forbearance, their unwavering help. He trusted that, whatever might be the changes in the formal rules of the House, its unwritten traditions, its great law of mutual courtesy, would never fall into desuetude. "I wish to speak," he said, "not with the brief remnant of authority left to me, with the sands of my official life rapidly running out. I would rather speak as a member of thirty years' experience in this House speaking to his brother members and comrades, if I may term them so. I would fain hope that by the co-operation of all its members this House may continue to be the pattern and the model of foreign nations and of those great peoples who have left our shores, and have carried our blood, our race, our language, our institutions, and our habits of thought to the uttermost parts of the earth. I would fain indulge in the belief and in the hope, and, as I speak, with the traditions of the House and its glorious memories crowding upon me, that hope and the belief become more emphasized—though with that hope and belief I would couple the earnest but humble prayer—that this House may have centuries of honour, of dignity, of usefulness before it, and that it may continue to hold not a prominent only, but the first and foremost position among the legislative assemblies of the world." These eloquent words were addressed to a fitting audience. Not since the day when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill were the House and its galleries so well filled, and as soon as the cheers that greeted the oration had subsided, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour rose to announce that they would next day move that the thanks of the House should be given to the Speaker, and both took advantage of the occasion to express at once the general regret that failing health should be the reason for Mr. Peel's retirement.

One of the largest parishes of Catholics in the country must be the Holy Family of Chicago, which is served by the Jesuits. The New World of that city asserts that within its limits resides a Catholic population that must count up fully 25,000 souls. "This means," adds our contemporary, "6000 families, and the responsibilities of the good priests can well be imagined. The church has 23 priests attending these 25,000 people, and 10 of them are exclusively engaged in active work among the people." Some idea of the work that devolves upon the priests of this church may be estimated from the fact that during the past year nearly 1200 baptisms took place in the parish, while the marriages numbered 325, and confessions that were heard counted up nearly 290,000.

The diocese of Wheeling suffered a grievous loss by the death last week of the venerable Father Parke, who held the post of vicar-general in that episcopate, and in past years has acted as the administrator of the diocese. Monsignor Parke was well advanced in years, which fact makes the nature of his death—he was killed by the collapse of a building in Wheeling which he had entered—all the more to be regretted. Deeply mourned as he is by all the priests of the Wheeling diocese, his loss will be the most acutely felt at the Academy of the Visitation, Mount de Obantal, just outside the episcopal city, with which institution he had long been connected as its chaplain.

## LEO XIII. TO HUNGARY.

A Letter of Sympathy with the Catholic Party.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has addressed a letter, of which the following is a translation, to Count Ferdinand Zichy, who, with Count Esterhazy, is leader of the new Catholic People's Party in Hungary:—

DEAR SON AND MOST NOBLE LORD—You and the Hungarian people know with what interest and solicitude We have observed all that has taken place lately in Hungary in reference to the cause of religion. We regret deeply that Catholicity, which has flourished amongst you since the days of St. Stephen, should be attacked, and with such a cunning as exposes it to grave danger. This is why that, according to the duty of Our Apostolic charge, and urged on by the special affection which We have for you, We have taken care to excite the people of Hungary to take up the defence of the Catholic religion. We experience to-day a lively satisfaction at recognising publicly the large numbers who have courageously responded to our appeals. We have been particularly pleased to learn that a new Catholic Party has been constituted to defend the rights of the Church and the spirit of religion in Hungary in Parliament.

We are extremely glad that the direction of this Association has been confided to you, dear son, to you and to the Most Noble Count Nicholas Maurice Esterhazy. We have full confidence that under your direction the hopes that the active devotion of the Catholics inspires Us with will be realised. The respectful and affectionate letter that you have addressed to Us gives the best testimony of the generous feelings with which you are animated in your noble enterprise.

We fully approve of the foundation announced by you of new journal, entitled *Fejermegyei Naplo*, to support Catholic interests; since you and your fellow-workers engage yourselves to never set aside the advice and authority of the Bishops, and to faithfully observe the recommendations that they have always given to journalists—that is, to observe charity and moderation of language, respect for constituted authority complete agreement with the episcopacy, and especially with the Apostolic See.

Follow then, courageously the suggestions with which love of country and the grandeur of the religion of your fathers inspire you!

In order that your enterprise may prosper under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, Patroness of Hungary, We give you and the Count Esterhazy most affectionately, as well as all your associates, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, 6th March, 1895.

LEO XIII.

The Catholic educational movement has asserted itself anew down in Louisiana, where it is now announced that a Catholic winter school, modelled on the plan of the Plattsburg and Madison schools, will be held next spring, at New Orleans. It is the intention of the projectors of this southern school to have its sessions held immediately following the carnival, which is annually observed with great ceremony in the Crescent City; and the first limit fixed for the duration of the sessions is three weeks. The plans of the school are on the same general model of the one that has for the past few years been so successfully conducted on the shores of Lake Champlain, and a counterpart of which is to be inaugurated this year at Madison, out in Wisconsin.

## THANKED BY THE CARDINAL

A Pittsburg Presbyterian Minister Who Defended His Eminence From Attack.

PITTSBURG, April 14.—Last Sunday Rev. J. T. McCrory, pastor of the Third United Presbyterian Church, of this city, preached a sermon in which he severely criticized Cardinal Gibbons' sermon of March 29th last, in which sermon the Cardinal condemned the ex-priests of the Catholic Church who had proved to be unworthy, who had deserted the Church and were traveling about the country attacking it. Rev. Mr. McCrory, in his sermon, said the Cardinal justified the suspicion of corruption in his Church, and confessed that every priest who leaves it speaks against the character of its priesthood. He also alleged that the Cardinal excused and encouraged violence, and he made the strong assertion that "the Cardinal puts Christianity to shame before the world" "He claims," said Mr. McCrory, "to represent the largest body of Christians in the world, and yet he has only soft words for men who would have murdered if they had not been restrained by bayonets."

On Wednesday last Rev. E. R. Donehoe, pastor of the Eighth Presbyterian Church, of this city, took Rev. Mr. McCrory to task for what he called an unwarranted attack on the Cardinal. Rev. Mr. Donehoe also wrote Cardinal Gibbons, saying he hoped the Cardinal would understand that the sentiments expressed by Mr. McCrory were not those of the Protestant body or any considerable part of it. Speaking from a Protestant standpoint, Mr. Donehoe said: "When we have to put words into your mouth that you do not utter, and attribute to you expressions you did not use, having no other argument, we had better keep quiet." Rev. Mr. Donehoe received the following reply from Cardinal Gibbons yesterday:

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,  
408 North Charles street.

The Rev. E. R. Donehoe.

DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and the enclosed newspaper clippings. Your ready response to the slanderous attack of the Rev. Mr. McCrory is, I assure you, greatly appreciated. Your generous action, prompted spontaneously by a sense of justice and truth, compels my sincere, grateful acknowledgment. That the attack of the Rev. Mr. McCrory is unjust must appear evident to any one who reads my sermon, a copy of which, taken from the Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore, I send to you. This unjustifiable misconstruction of another's words and motives indulged in by the Rev. Mr. McCrory is unworthy of any honest man. The offence is only aggravated when committed by one who is a leader of others, who professes to teach the doctrine of truth and charity. I am happy to think that this man is not a fair specimen of the Christian preachers. The knowledge that I have from a personal acquaintance with reverend gentlemen of every denomination convinces me that the Rev. Mr. McCrory is an unfortunate exception in a body of honorable and respectable Christians. I am glad you recall the occasion when I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and I trust an opportunity will soon be afforded me of renewing that acquaintance and acknowledging in person your graceful act of justice and charity.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.  
Baltimore, April 12, 1895.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing word of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favourite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—F. W. Farrar, D.D.

## JUDAS ISCARIOT.

### Character Sketch of the Betrayer.

#### THE ONLY JUDEAN OF THE TWELVE

It is surely an unusual subject to write about—the career of the most infamous man in sacred or profane history. Nevertheless it is a singular fact that, in comparison with the other Apostles, the materials for a sketch of Judas are much more abundant. That this is so, of course, arises from his participation in a tragedy the most thrilling, the most awful which human history records. A study of the career of the traitor Apostle is not one that touches the heart, and makes the work a labor of love; nevertheless, it is one in which writers and preachers have found most forcible materials to point a most important moral.

In the Gospels the order of naming the Twelve Apostles is not always the same, but Peter ever holds the first place, and Judas Iscariot the last. We find in the Fathers divers interpretations of the name of each Apostle having relation to some symbolical trait of their vocation. The other eleven were Galileans; Judas was the only Jew. A proverb says: "the Galileans love honour, the Jews gold." Was it because deeming him to be cautious and prudent that the others charged him with the care of the common purse? Unhappy choice, anyhow, for the wretched Judas. It is certain that he was the only Judean amongst the twelve, and that his second name had its origin in that he came from the town of Karrioth, situated on the confines of the Dead Sea—a miserable place, whose name indicates many sinister significations. Iscariot the man of Karrioth, the man addicted to usury, the man of murderous intent, the traitor.

Why, it has been often asked in reverent wonder, why did Christ, cognizant of all things past and future and who reads the innermost thoughts of the soul, admit this miserable man among His Apostles? There are many reasons for it, all of great instruction. Without giving them as being beside our purpose, it may be held as certain that when our Blessed Lord chose him, and numbered him among twelve Apostles, he was either a saint or on the road to saintliness. The Saviour wishes to do him a favor, and does not desire to take away from him the liberty of making a bad use of it, rendering himself more guilty by slighting it. It was by his own will alone that Judas becomes guilty, just as he might become a saint by the right exercise of his will.

When Judas began that career of evil which ended at last in unspeakable wickedness, we cannot know; the Gospel only tells us the result. It must have been gradual, for no man reaches to the highest point of excellence, or sinks down to the lowest depth of degradation, suddenly. Judas was among the earliest followers of our Lord; he witnessed His great miracles, believed in Him, and forsook all to follow him. If his former life had been sinful, as it likely was, it can easily be comprehended that his Saviour's teaching had touched his heart, and had altered his old crooked ways. A brother Apostle, Matthew, had been also a great sinner, and became a great saint. But the very fact that he was called to the Apostleship is proof enough of his sincerity at the time. There is, indeed, a tradition that describes him to be just as our fancy imagines that he ought to be—

"That furtive mien, that scowling eye,  
Of hair that red and tufted fell."

But all this is simply a childish way of accounting for the perpetration of

great vice—as if the perpetration was fore-doomed, and could not alter fate. Whereas we know well that there are no bad men except those who have made themselves such. So much, surely, can be said of Judas; it is not that he was a villain by nature, but that he marred and ruined in himself the making of a saint.

From the deeper gulf of guilt into which he was falling Judas was not to be held back. That the petty thefts from the common purse went on almost day after day, no doubt, until the mad hunger of avarice would have thrown him off his guard, is plainly shown in the incident narrated by St. Matthew, where Mary Magdalene shed the precious spikenard upon the sacred feet of our Lord. "To what purpose is this waste?" cries out Judas. "Why was not the ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" But this he said, St. John remarks, "not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and having the purse carried the matters that were put therein." It looked reasonable enough to find fault with the loving wastefulness of Magdalene; and the other disciples, showing that they agreed with the remark of Judas, their Divine Master, to shield Mary from any further criticism in consequence of her noble act, said to them: "Let her alone that she may keep it against the day of My burial. For the poor you have always with you, but Me you have not always."

"Against the day of My burial!" What a blighting of the hopes of Judas contained in those words! So His condemnation and burial were near at hand. Where now was the prospect of the earthly wealth, the regal elevation which they had often indulged in? Did He not expressly promise a great reward? Did He not in plain words speak of the twelve thrones on which they were to sit? Where is that promise now? Is this its fulfilment—an accepted defeat, not even thinking of seeking safety in flight.

From his action immediately afterwards, ideas such as those alluded to must have got hold of Judas, for we find that he slunk away from Bethany that night, and made his way to Jerusalem, and got introduced into the Council room of the chief priests in the house of Caiaphas, and had that first fatal interview in which he bargained with them to betray his Lord. "What will you give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" But they appointed him thirty pieces of silver. We have not the slightest record of what took place, what bargaining went on, till the paltry blood money was named. A paltry sum, indeed, satisfied the wretched Apostle; the thirty pieces represented about three pounds and sixteen shillings of our money. For this price he was to sell his Master, and in selling his Master to sell his own life, and to gain in return the execration of the world for all generations yet to come.

What could have been the motives for the betrayal? This is the point one feels inclined to go back to again and again in a character sketch of Judas. Something more than mere disappointment at the vanishing of his day dreams, when he heard his Master speak of his approaching death, seems necessary to account for his action. Perhaps there was aroused a feeling of rancor at being rebuked for attempting to censure Magdalene. Jealousy, too, may have been aroused at feeling himself less loved than the others were. St. John implies that he was an habitual thief; this fact, in itself perhaps, sufficiently accounts for his fall. The power of a besetting sin, to what low depths can it not bring a man? He had received warning enough, surely, as we saw, when his Master, at Capernaum, long before his fall, declared that he had chosen the twelve, but that one of them was a devil. His besetting sin, he very probably

struggled against; but as he did not master his sin, his sin mastered him, and led him on, as it usually happens, to his retribution and ruin. What he did after leaving the gathering of the Jewish ecclesiastics is not known; perhaps he at once rejoined his fellow-Apostles, in order not to lose a favorable chance to carry out his compact.

The sayings and doings of our Lord on this the last night before His Passion are related at length by the Evangelists, and have ever, next to the Passion itself, been the favorite portions of the Gospel history for contemplatives to dwell on. Our purpose only allows us to regard the scenes in which Judas figured.

Nemesis was soon on the track of Judas. When morning came after that terrible night, he heard that our Lord was delivered over to the Roman Governor; then he began to realize all that he had done. Despair now reigned where avarice had ruled previously. He rushed to the chief priests with the money in his hand, and offered it to them back. "I have sinned," he shrieked to them, "in that I have betrayed innocent blood." They received him with scorn—"What is that to us? See thou to that." He cast down the pieces of silver in the Temple, and went and hanged himself.

There is no need to dwell on the sorrowing circumstances of the last end of the traitor. He had given himself freely and willingly to evil courses. The price that must ever be paid for the doing of evil—that he did not realize until the knowledge only availed to drive him into the eternal darkness of the suicide's grave.—Rev. Jas. Hughes in Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

A varied experience is that which Bishop Brennan, formerly of the Dallas diocese, is enjoying. Before he was promoted to the episcopal purple, Monsignor Brennan was for many years a missionary priest in the western portion of Pennsylvania, in the Erie diocese. Then he was sent into northern Texas, as the first prelate of a new see. From Texas he went to Rome, and then he was appointed the coadjutor of the late Dr. Power in the principal Newfoundland bishopric. The accession to that see, St. John's, of Monsignor Howley led to his return to the Eternal City, whence it is now announced that he has been assigned to a chair in the college which, for the recall of the separated oriental churches, Leo XIII. has founded at Constantinople. For such a position Dr. Brennan is well equipped, as at the time of his appointment to the Dallas diocese the fact was made public that he was singularly proficient in the use of the modern European tongues, while being also highly skilled in the classical languages.

The great distress that exists in some of the agricultural sections of the West has led to the suggestion of various charitable plans for the relief of the people in those localities. One of such schemes is the idea, advocated at Duluth and neighborhood, of allowing distressed persons to plant plots of ground, owned by others, so that they may profit by the product raised thereon. Of this scheme Bishop McGolrick of Duluth, who is said to commend it, recently said: "It is not a characteristic of American people to depend on the dole of charity when they can earn their own living, and we must not permit the growth of an undesirable pauper class if we can do aught to prevent it. Between this and the next June we hope to see every lot offered for cultivation taken up by our worthy poor." This plan has not a few good features, one of which Dr. McGolrick indicates in his expression that the people at whose disposal the lands will be placed will eventually become the possessors thereof.



### The Beauty of Health

Features don't matter so much. Most any features will do if the complexion is clear, the eyes bright and the lips rosy. Hearty, healthy wholeness is better than mere beauty of features. A face full of the glow of good health—full of the kindness and good humor that health brings, is bound to be an attractive face—a face that will make friends. The face tells the story of the whole body. "Murder will out"—and so will "female weakness" and nervousness and other disorders peculiar to women.

If there is a drain on the system and strength, the record of it will show in the face. If there is nerve nagging "bearing-down" pains, dragging and pulling at the most sensitive organs in a woman's body, the face will show it. Abused nerves draw lines of care and worry on the face. Nervous prostration writes its warning on the face long before it comes. Sleeplessness, nervousness and debilitating drains make more wrinkles than age.

Nine-tenths of the sickness of women comes from some derangement of organs distinctly feminine. Nine-tenths of this sickness can be cured and avoided by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There is nothing miraculous about the "Favorite Prescription"—nothing supernatural.

It is the result of rational thought and study applied to medicine.

It has been prescribed by Dr. Pierce for over 30 years. It has made thousands of women healthy and happy, and has brought joy to thousands of homes.

In "female weakness" it acts directly and strongly in healing and strengthening the parts that are most severely tried. It clears out impurities and promotes regularity at all times.

#### Easter Greeting.

At the invitation of the New York Recorder, Mgr. Satolli addressed the following "Easter Greeting" to the American people:

May Easter dawn in joy and happiness to every home in the land. May faith and hope revive. May new courage spring up. May new strength come to all to go forward in the grand march toward perfection. May this time of resurrection mean the beginning of greater, better peace and prosperity, as well as the re-opening of a higher, more perfect spiritual life. On this day the God of life and justice manifests His triumph over death and sin. May His triumph be ours, and in the risen Christ let us look for our own resurrection. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

FR. ARCHBP. SATOLLI,  
Deleg. Apost.

Washington, D. C., April 12, 1895.

## BRISTOL'S PILLS

Cure Billiousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Sluggish Liver and all Stomach Troubles.

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Act gently but promptly and thoroughly. "The safest family medicine." All Druggists keep

## BRISTOL'S PILLS

**SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.**

**Other Items of Interest in Cities and Towns.**

**Religious Reception at Hamilton.**

On Easter Monday morning the 15th of April, the pretty chapel of the Convent of St. Joseph, Park street, was filled with guests attending the reception of Miss Daisy Harris of Hamilton.

The chapel was exquisitely decorated. Superb clusters of lilies, wreaths of roses and daintiest ferns, twining smilax decorating every available portion of the altar and sanctuary, were the expression of the esteem and affection of Miss Harris's many friends. The altar was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion.

At about half-past ten the cross-bearer (one of the Sisters of St. Joseph) accompanied by two wee maids in white as torch-bearers, entered the door which opens into the chapel from the convent. A long procession of Sisters with lighted candles followed. Then came more little maids bearing in a basket the habit of a Sister of St. Joseph, about to be bestowed upon the Bride who now enters the chapel, a lighted taper in her hand, preceded by two tiny girls scattering flowers, while the long court train is carried by two little maids of honor. Miss Harris wore an elegant costume of white moire silk, with embroidered veil and wreath of natural flowers—white roses and ferns.

High Mass was celebrated by Monsignor Heenan, with the Rev. Father Buckley, C. S. B., deacon, and the Rev. Father Hinchey, sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were his Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, Mgr. McEvay, Very Rev. Chancellor Craven, Rev. Fathers Brady and Lehmann. His Lordship explained in his customary clear and concise style the ceremony of reception into a religious community, opening his remarks with an allusion to his visit when in the Holy Land to the house of Mary and Martha where Our Lord commended Mary for having chosen the better part. His Lordship blessed the habit, the procession re-formed, and escorted Miss Harris from the chapel while psalms were chanted by the Sisters' choir.

On re-entering the chapel Miss Harris was dressed in the well-known garb of a Sister of St. Joseph, accompanied by Rev. Mother Celestine and the Mother Assistant.

The Bishop received the petition for entrance into the Order and conferred upon Miss Harris her name in religion—Sister Mary Helen of the Cross. The Te Deum was then sung.

After the ceremony Sister Mary Helen of the Cross received the warm congratulations of her friends in the convent parlor.

The many guests partook of an elegantly served dinner in the convent refectory.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Keating and Miss Larkin of St. Catharines, Miss Harris and Miss F. Harris, Mrs. Hogan and Mr. John Hogan, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Shea, Mr. John Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Whitton, Mr. Arthur O'Heir, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, Mrs. and Miss Egan, Mr. and Miss Turner, Miss Ronan, the Misses Kavanagh, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Harris, Miss M. Kent of Freelon.

**St. John N.B.**

The Right Rev. Monsignor Connolly V.G., of St. John the Baptist Church, Broad street, St. John N. B., has been again appointed Administrator of the Diocese of St. John by His Lordship Bishop Sweeny, during his absence abroad. Dr. Sweeny, accompanied by the bishops of Antigonish, N. S., and Charlottetown, P. E. I. sailed on April 23th from Halifax on a visit to Rome.

**Port Dalhousie.**

The other evening, during a Separate School Board meeting in Port Dalhousie, a donation of \$150 was handed over to the treasurer towards the support of the school. Half of that amount was contributed by Father Allain, through whose untiring efforts the school, which gives the greatest satisfaction, owes its very existence.

**St. Paul's Bazaar.**

St. Paul's hall was filled to its utmost capacity on Friday evening, to witness the entertainment given by the school girls. The opening chorus "O'er the Starlit Waters Gliding" was very pretty and well rendered. The vocal solos by the Misses Maud O'Connor and Florence Mason were charmingly sung, and merited the applause given; Miss Jennie O'Keefe's piano solo "Valse" Chopin; was played with marked talent; and the piano duets by the Misses Ryan and Jennings and Misses Ryan and Levrick also were well rendered. The Dumb Bell Drill by the little girls and the Indian Club Drill by the senior class displayed the careful training of sisters of St. Joseph: the children kept marked time in these exercises with the music which was furnished by Miss Kate Rigney. The entertainment on the whole received the highest encomiums of all.

**St. Alphonsus Entertainment.**

The minstrel entertainment given under the auspices of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association at the Grand Opera House Monday evening was in every respect a success. A large audience was present. The chorus consisting of nearly a hundred and fifty voices and, under the leadership of Mr. John Cosgrove, showed great ability and taste in the part songs. The first part opened with a grand medley of popular and catchy songs, followed by numerous solos, interspersed with fresh and breezy jokes. The soloists were: T. W. Slattery, P. R. Wallace, W. A. Pigott, Alf D. Sturrock, J. G. O'Donoghue, R. S. Flint, John H. Kennedy, W. S. McKay. In the olio Mr. Thos. J. Scanlon made a great hit with an entertaining stump speech, in which he dealt with "Various Subjects and Natural Consequences, More or Less." Fred K. Sterling introduced an original brownie's dance, and Will A. Pigott well sustained his reputation in a number of topical songs. Mr. P. R. Wallace added variety to the entertainment by rendering several of the latest coster songs, which were received with great applause. The committee was arranged the affair are: James H. Gilmour, Chairman; T. W. Slattery, Secretary; M. P. Forbes, Treasurer; Joseph Murphy, Robert Haberstock.

**Steamship Booking Office.**

As the Season for European travel is near those wishing passages to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paris, Rotterdam should apply as soon as possible. New York tickets. Secure your Excursion rates for Niagara Falls, Buffalo or Hamilton from Chas. E. Burns 77 Yonge St. 3rd door above King St.

**Results of the Easter Examinations.**

**St. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.**

Senior Division—1. C. E. Dorian, 91 per cent.; 2. D. Drohan, 87 per cent.; 3. J. A. Callaghan, 85 per cent.; 4. D. J. Herbert, 84 per cent.; 5. H. Bourke, 77 per cent.; 6. D. Kennedy, 76 per cent.; 7. D. Glynn, 76 per cent.; 8. J. Murphy, 74 per cent.; 9. H. Duern, 68 per cent.; 10. F. McGuire, 64 per cent.; 11. D. Gavine, 62 per cent.; 12. S. Hallett, 58 per cent.; 13. J. Donnelly, 54 per cent.; 14. C. Byron, 33 per cent.

Junior Division—1. H. Oster, 84 per cent.; 2. W. O'Brien, 77 per cent.; 3. J. Hanlon, 75 per cent.; 4. R. Rocamora, 73 per cent.; 5. M. Crowe, 80 per cent.; 6. J. Ryan, 69 per cent.; 7. E. McLearn, 66 per cent.; 8. H. Haines, 62 per cent.; 9. J. Connors, 61 per cent.; 10. F. Kelly, 60 per cent.; 11. W. Moad, 56 per cent.; 12. J. Brennan, 48 per cent.; 13. W. Kennedy, 41 per cent.; 14. A. Drohan, 38 per cent.

Marks obtainable, Senior Division, 1190; Junior Division, 1030.

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

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 51, Harris, of the C. M. B. A., the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Whereas the Almighty in His infinite wisdom has called to His eternal rest our esteemed Brother, Rev. Dean Cassidy, late Dean of Brockton, Toronto, and once the highly loved and respected Dean of this parish, having also filled the position of Spiritual Adviser with credit to himself and advantage to our Branch;

Be it resolved, that we, the members of Branch No. 51, hereby extend to his sorrowing parents and friends our sincere sympathy and condolence in this their hour of sad affliction.

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

**E. B. A.**

Low Sunday being the day appointed for the members of the Emerald Beneficial Association to receive Holy Communion, O'Connell Branch, No. 2, of Toronto, invited the city Branches to meet in their hall and go to St. Mary's Church in a body to receive Holy Communion, an invitation that was well responded to, although many were unable to attend, the distance from their homes being too great. Still there was a very large number, all wearing the badge of the Association. The members of the C. M. B. A. and Knights of St. John were also present. At the close of the Mass the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., congratulated the members for turning out in such numbers to comply with their Easter obligation. He likewise congratulated them upon the good work done by Catholic associations, showing non-members that at the present time there was not the slightest reason for their joining other societies when they had good associations for insurance and beneficial purposes in their own body that had the full approval of Holy Church. The members having returned to the hall partook of the very plentiful supply of tea, coffee and sandwiches provided by the officers and members of No. 2 for their guests. The Grand President having made a short address the members dispersed.



*It's a Big Mistake*

to pay too much for soap. Buy E. LIPSON, the very best value you can get.

The regular meeting of St. Mary's Branch, No. 31, Lindsay, was held on the 18th, the attendance being unusually large and the meeting throughout was most interesting and encouraging. Receipts came in well and all business was done in good order. The advisability of running an excursion in connection with No. 21 of Peterborough was discussed and the Secretary was instructed to correspond with the Peterborough brethren in regard to the same. After a few encouraging remarks by the Secretary the meeting was brought to a close, being pronounced the most successful in the history of the Branch. The rooms that are now undergoing repair will present a very pleasing appearance at their next meeting which will be held on the first Thursday in May.

St. Paul's Branch, No. 8, Toronto, had a very good attendance on Tuesday last, it being known that the following members of the Executive Committee would be present: D. A. Carey, D. Shea, A. McGuinn, A. McDonald and W. Lane. There were also present District Organizer J. J. Nightingale, J. Delory, Chancellor, and H. Murray, Recording Secretary of Branch 11. After the regular order of business was disposed of the members of the Committee addressed the members in very eloquent and able addresses, holding up the examples of Ottawa and Peterborough as evidence of what can be done in the way of increasing their membership. One member was initiated, two other candidates being unavoidably absent. After the meeting the officers of the Branch entertained their visitors for a short time.

The city Branches have arranged to meet in the hall of O'Connell Branch, No. 2, on Low Sunday, for the purpose of receiving Holy Communion in a body at St. Mary's Church, after which the officers and members of No. 2 will provide breakfast for their visitors.

W. LANE, G. S.

Fortitude has three signs by which it may be known. The first is silence under pain. "Jesus held His peace." The second is meekness: "He opened not His mouth." The third is gladness under wrongs: "Peter and John rejoiced when they were counted worthy to suffer for the Name of Jesus."

When we are in the company of some le men, we ought to be doubly cautious of two things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but they have to say we know not.



**TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Works," will be received at this Department until noon on Friday, May the 10th, for the following works:

Houses for (1) Engineer and Gardener, Blacksmith's and Carpenter's Shop and Ice House at the Brockville Asylum; (2) Experimental Building and addition to Boiler House, Convocation Hall, Agricultural College, Guelph; (3) Lock-up at Webbwood and Sturgeon Falls, N. B. planning District; (4) Lock-up at Waverly, Algoma District; (5) Lock-up at Waukegan, Waukegan Township; (6) Additions to Lock-up and Registry Office at Waukegan, Waukegan District; (7) Western Daily School at Stratford; (8) and Registry Office at Minden, County of Haliburton.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender procured at the above mentioned places and at this Department. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the undersigned, for five per cent. on the amount of each tender for each of the above works will be required. The cheques of the unsuccessful parties tendering will be returned when the contracts have been entered into for the several works.

The bona fide signatures and business addresses of two parties as securities must accompany each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

WM. HARTY, Commissioner.

Department of Public Works, Ontario, April 23rd, 1895.

**Most Fathers**

Like to buy high quality Boy's Clothing at reasonably low prices.

**Most Mothers**

Like to have their Boys reasonably and fashionably attired.

**Most Brothers**

Like to have their Clothes fit them perfectly.

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## MRS. SADLIER.

Walter Lecky Reports His Chat  
With the Aged Authoress.

HER RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS  
D'ARCY MCGEE.

A friend of mine was wont to say "that one of the most vivid memories of a busy life was as a boy, lying on the green sward that fringed a little river, reading the "Fate of Father Sheehy." His story runs that he could hardly see the print for tears; and so great was his emotion that he thought his little heart would break. Since those days he has wandered far, and read much, but the effect of the heroic life of a priest in the penal times, sealing faith with his life, still continues the most vivid of book impressions. In hearing such a tale, if the listener is as the writer, given to the curious, he will naturally ask, Who wrote the book? To this my friend would reply, with an ominous head shake, and the sad intelligence that the author had long since joined the majority; to use his own phrase, "had donned the white robe."

This was convincing. Imagine my surprise, a few months ago at a dinner party in Montreal, to be told that my friend was deceived, and consequently deceiving others; that the author, hale and hearty, still lived, as full of love for Erin as in the old days when, in burning words and hearty patriotism she told the "Fate of Father Sheehy." "Would I like to see her?" said one of the company, who evidently had a notion that my smile of surprise was one of scepticism. Here I confess to a weakness. A recent critic has noticed it, and, of course, has demanded that I say mea culpa, etc. I say it here. That weakness is to see those who have made life less hard to bear. There are many ways of doing this; very many. Writing books—good books—is one of them. "Would I like to see her?" I turned the phrase up and down in my mind, and without any parley I answered "Yes, I would like to see her, if your kindness will allow you to make an arrangement to that effect." The arrangement was made. A few days later I rang the door-bell of Mrs. Sadlier's modest home. No sooner was the door opened than a genuine Irish welcome fell on my ears, and a warm hand-clasp made me at home.

My host was more than seventy, yet her skin was fresh, the tinge of the rose still lingered in her cheeks, while her gray Irish eyes lit up the face with a sweetness that rarely accompanies old age. Despite her years she is still active, activity rounded with a grace that makes you forget her age. It is only when she commences to speak of the long ago, that you realize her years. As we sat in the little dining-room, what a flood of memories she evoked. She had known the most prominent Irishmen of her day. She was the dearest friend of the ill-fated D'Arcy McGee, whose poems, as a labor of love, she edited. Brownson was a "dear friend" who had kept herself and husband to the dawn, listening "to his delightful talk." Her house was Brownson's home in his flying lecturing trips to Montreal. The memory of one of the most original thinkers of America, one whose thoughts were ever high and noble, is enshrined in Mrs. Sadlier's heart.

Listening to her converse, the Brownson of the Review, strong, self-willed, indefatigable, sledge-hammering the pigmies, strutting the ground with their armament, is forgotten for the calm, scholarly, kind-hearted gen-

tleman in an easy chair, talking de omni scibilo. In the course of our desultory chat I asked Mrs. Sadlier how she became a writer.

"Well, it was in this way, Doctor. I promise that you know I was born in Ireland," and the eyes flashed merrily. "My maiden name was Mary Anne Madden; my birthplace Cootesville, County Cavan, and the year, oh! it's so long ago, 1820. Before leaving Ireland, in 1844, I had written a few sketches for a London ladies' magazine. On my arrival in America I became conscious of my work. Every ship was freighted with immigrants, the best and noblest of Ireland's children. Amid the snares and temptations of their new land would they hold fast to the faith and love of country? Distance not only lends enchantment to the view; in many cases it wipes it out. Of this I had sad knowledge. These exiles, so full of faith, piety, and love for the land that first greeted their eyes, would (alas! that there was such a probability) become careless, callous, and anchor-weighed, drift away from the old moorings. You must remember, those were the days of poverty for our race. Banished from Ireland, they landed penniless on these shores. The safeguards of to-day were then unknown. Credit to these exiles for their building. Priests were few, churches far apart, convents a luxury, while a bitter prejudice was rampant against all things Irish and Catholic. Our own people, owing to the penal laws, had little education. They felt its lack, and the giant efforts they made to build schools and colleges for their children, show how they appreciated what was, through no fault of theirs, wanting to their life. Could I not help? In 1846 I married the New York publisher, Mr. James Sadlier, who was asking himself a similar question. He urged me to write.

"What was I to write? What! I had long solved that question. I was to help the priests in their work of saving souls. I would write for, as my friend McGee called them, the "poor exiles of Erin." In a simple, easy style, I would paint the land of their love, the gray Irish sky, with, as you have written somewhere, Doctor, "that spirit bird, the Irish lark, dropping the songs the angels have told him," the green fields, the heath-clad hills, rivers, lakes, peat-bogs, everything that responded to a touch on memory's key. Amid these scenes I would paint that glowing Irish Faith, which like Erin's shawrock, as sung by McCarthy,

"The more they're trod, rebound the more."

"In weaving the past, sad and lonely, it is true, a web of suffering, I should teach the lesson of the future. That lesson, my life work, was the preservation of the old faith, and a bit of their heart for green Erin. You cannot understand, Doctor, how the exiled Irish stick to Cushla-ma-chroe." How my friend Douglas Hyde would have loved to hear that sentence from the old exile's heart. "One of my most popular books, I believe, was 'Willy Reilly.' That was a prize story. In those days the Pilot—will the Irish ever forget that name? what has it not done for their race?—was edited by Father Rodden. Dr. Brownson suggested to the editor, and since then my dear friend, the proprietor, Patrick Donahue, to offer a prize for the best Irish story. I won it with 'Willy Reilly,' and received fifty dollars. Many a book has come from my pen since 'Willy Reilly,' but they have had the same idea ever in mind, faith and fatherland."

Mrs. Sadlier forgot to add that she had inculcated in the exile, love for the land of his adoption. In one of her few poems, "The Irish Soldier of our Civil War on a Battle Eve," blends Erin and Columbia:

## A PRESCRIPTION

For That "Tired Feeling."

# "SALADA"

## CEYLON TEA

Morning, Noon and Night. Lead packets only. Full weight inside the lead of each package. All grocers.

Richard Cobden and Pius IX.

"For, fighting in Columbia's name,  
I fight for home and sire land,  
For the welcome klad, the equal laws  
She gave our kin from Ireland.  
Her flag is ours, her glory, too,  
For does not all remind us—  
That she hath been both loyal and true,  
To the land we left behind us."

Mrs. Sadlier was full of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, that "noble, warm-hearted man." One of her stories is worth telling. Between the forties and sixties, it was the usual way at festive gatherings to caricature the Irishman, and put in his mouth in the shape of a song, some brutal sling at his native land. The majority of the prominent Irishmen in Montreal took this as a meaningless joke. Not so the poet. He determined to show his disapproval. It was not long until he had a chance. Asked to a meeting, the usual caricature came along. The audience laughed. Their pleasure was short. At its finish McGee jumped to his feet, and burning with indignation, lashed the committee for permitting such a vile outrage on an ancient and honorable race. He left the hall, and with him many a shame-faced countryman aroused by his manly attitude. That was the end from both ends towards the centre, then, of caricatures in the Dominion. I wish his example was followed in the States. The snatches she quoted in vindication of the poet's love for "his Erin afar o'er the sea," are as applicable to herself:

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still  
Roused consciousness upon my track;  
Some hill was like an Irish hill,  
Some wild-bird's whistle call'd me back."

And again:

"O Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off  
lands a sign,  
Let it be some token still of the Green Old  
Land once mine;  
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be  
dearer far to me  
Than all the wines of the Rhineland, or the  
art of Italia."

Dinner was done. I arose, and with many a cheery word bid good-bye to the gracious-hearted and noble-souled Irishwoman, who was one of our first pioneers in Catholic American literature, and whose faith was at the bottom of her every written word.

My last sight of her was from a Montreal platform, while reading one of my Adirondack sketches. The sweet, motherly face was nodding approval. A few hours after I was hurrying to my hermitage, in the bleak but loving Adirondacks.

WALTER LECKY.

Over those who lack the spirit of self-sacrifice ideals have little power; they live in the present, absorbed in the selfish desire of possessing and enjoying. The discipline of want and sorrow by which man is hammered into shape, purified and made human, is for them simply an evil. They must indulge themselves; or if this be denied them they are filled with envy and hate. They do not see that wisdom is taught by suffering, and consciousness of higher needs is indispensable to the attainment of wealth of heart and mind.—The Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Mrs. Salis Schwabe's recently published reminiscences of Richard Cobden contain some interesting notes of his visit to Rome soon after the accession of Pius IX., when he had more than one audience with the Pope, and endeavoured to impress him with the necessity of suppressing bull fighting in Spain and promoting free trade everywhere. Writing to a friend, Cobden thus referred to his first interview:—"He received me in his little cabinet, wearing as usual a White Friar's dress of plain white woollen. He was, of course, very gracious, as he is to everybody, complimenting me on the work I had been engaged in, and the manner in which it had been done, observing that England is the only country where men can be found of tenacity of purpose enough to carry out reforms by the slow process of legal and moral discussion. He avowed himself a partisan of my views, and said all that lay within his power (adding modestly that it was but little) he would do to promote free trade principles. . . . Strong good sense, with the happy accompaniment of a most amiable nature, appears to me to be his true character. . . . In person he is robust, plainmannered, but good-looking. His face is an index to his good nature and common sense."

Although Archbishop Williams' impending jubilee celebration will mostly concern the Catholics of the diocese whereof he is the honored head, it will have an interest for all the co-religionists in New England. When the archbishop began his ministry at the old cathedral, all of the eastern states, with the exception of the two southernmost ones, were comprised in the Boston diocese; and the Hartford episcopate in which Rhode Island was originally included, had only been then a year in existence. The archbishop has, consequently, seen, during his sacerdotal years, the erection of all the other sees that at present exist in New England; and from the diocese of which he became the head, in succession to Bishop Fitzpatrick, two of those bishoprics have been in whole or in part detached.

The city of Omaha is one of the places that has suffered grievously from the blighting effects of Apatism. It is the misfortune of Nebraska to have at the present time a Legislature that seems to be dominated by the malignant influence of the proscriptive societies. The legislative body recently enacted a measure which puts it in the power of the Apatists to carry out in Omaha their un-American policy of discriminating against tried officials because of their faith; and although the governor, by a veto, tried to save the state the disgrace that will attach to it from a carrying-out of such a policy, the Legislature overruled his veto. This act of the lawmakers is said to be denounced by all the prominent business men in the city that will suffer from it, which fact may be taken as an assurance that at the next state election there will be a marked reaction against the Apatism with which Nebraska seems now burdened.

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XXXVII.

HAMILTON, April, 18—.

The time has arrived for hundreds of excursionists, dressed in pea-jackets and telescopes and accompanied by umbrellas and carpet-bags, to inflict themselves on the quiet denizens of these islands and disturb the calm monotony of Bermuda life. American tourists, equipped in this style, are landed by every steamer—the male creature, of course, wearing the pea-jackets, the feminine "sect" usually arrayed in water-proof cloaks and gauze veils; they are also armed with umbrellas.

March went out with his usual bluster and fuss, as if protesting against his enforced exit.

"The stormy March has gone at last,  
With wind and clouds and changing skies;  
We heard the rushing of the blast  
That through the peaceful valley flies."

I copied the following extract from a poem. I think you will like the sentiments:

WAITING FOR SPRING.

"Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men  
are watching,  
Each for some better, brighter, fairer  
thing;  
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is  
catching,  
A herald of the beauty of his Spring.

Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting  
ever:  
Body and soul, by sin and pain bowed  
down,  
Look for the time when all these clouds  
shall sever,  
See high above the cross a flowery crown."

We have now lovely weather, not much rain, only occasional light showers. When

"The hooded clouds like friars  
Tell their beads in drops of rain."

Everything is blooming and flourishing, geraniums, lilies, roses, &c., abundant, oleanders budding, rose-trees blossoming; all things indicate the advent of Spring, gentle Spring, in these islands the most beautiful of all seasons. I think Shelley's sweet lines apply to the ideal Spring of Bermuda.

"O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth,  
and gladness,  
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best,  
and fairest!  
Whence comest thou, when, with dark  
Winter's sadness  
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou  
abarest!"

The only exciting time in Bermuda is when the mail steamer arrives. Everybody turns out to view and welcome it. Nothing so lively as a real burglary or robbery ever takes place here. They say that about fifteen years ago a house took fire; it has made the people so very careful! There is a legend that a man (colored) was really hanged for some crime within the last century, but that is not fully corroborated. The horses and donkeys never imagine it possible for them to run away, partaking, no doubt, of the phlegmatic temperament of their owners. The weather sometimes becomes obstreperous, and once in fifty years or so the Bermudians are treated to a hurricane; of course that is a serious matter. A tornado is a great blow to any country—an ill wind which blows good to none.

But "revenons a nos montons," that is to our excursionists. A family of ten has just arrived at our boarding house, and "sat upon us;" took immediate possession of the easiest chairs, and the most comfortable sofas. The olive branches thump the venerable piano at regular hours, causing it to utter howls and shrieks expressive of mortal agony. Our friendly invaders have with them an accomplished Swiss governess who speaks several languages; they have just returned from the continent where they have been several years traveling—"doing" France, Italy,

Switzerland, etc. They favor us with varied and interesting reminiscences. A few of the most interesting I shall repeat as I heard them from Madame —, or gleaned from her diary. They were several months in Rome and were greatly impressed by the grandeur and imposing beauty of the Eternal City. Describing their approach to Rome and entrance she writes: "The atmosphere of the Campagna grew golden in the last rays of the setting sun, and a mist of amethyst came and went as we sped towards Rome. There was a hushed solemnity amongst the passengers, no talking, no reading. Each one settled into a calm expectation; every eye turned to that point in the low horizon when the one grand central object in Rome would first appear we sat with hearts uplifted watching for St. Peter's. We soared that the sun would set and night would come upon us before we should see Rome, but then we did not know how winter twilight lingers in those regions. However, in an instant every hat was raised and every head bent as a salutation; for before us, like a vision, suspended between heaven and earth, was indeed the dome of San Pietro! The vision, for such only it seemed, was in a haze of golden atmosphere and its base faded into blue mist! There was no sign of city or people, and in another instant San Pietro had disappeared like a vision. It was not long until quite another view was presented to us, this time of Rome, not of St. Peter's, and then through pleasant vineyards and fertile country we steamed into the grand station of the ferro via or iron way of Rome."

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray  
Visits those eyes, waking at once I say,  
Whence this excess of joy? What has be-  
fallen me?  
And from within a thrilling voice replies,  
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy  
thoughts  
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;  
And I spring as girt to run a race."

The wealth and power of Rome in the fifteenth century is best exhibited by a reference to the splendid architectural edifice of St. Peter's, erected by the piety and munificence of several Popes, and which still remains a lasting monument of the skill of Michael Angelo and other eminent Italian architects. This unrivaled monument of art singularly bears no marks either of age or incongruity, although it was three hundred years in building and over twenty different architects were engaged on it. Begun under Nicholas V. in 1450. Michael Angelo moulded the immense concavity of the dome under Paul III., though he died before it was finished by Fontana in the pontificate of Sixtus V. who reigned 1585.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome  
And groined the aisles in Christian Rome  
Wrought in a sad sincerity."

I will not essay any description of St. Peter's, so many have seen it, and there are so many descriptions. I will conclude with a few words about its size, &c. A sweeping forest of columns surrounds the outer court with the swell of an amphitheatre, and the circling colonades are aptly inscribed with the metaphoric promise: "There shall be a tabernacle, for a shadow from the heat and for a covert from storm and rain." This leads to ascending corridors which form an inner court four hundred feet square, and open into either end of the portico of the church under the pious invitation: "Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the House of the God of Jacob."

To give you an idea of the enormous size of St. Peter's for example: St. Paul's in London, Eng., would not enclose within its vast vacuities, including its turrets and its dome, one-fourth part of the cubic square of St. Peter's, the corridors of which would encompass Ludgate Hill.

"What is a church? our honest sexton tells,  
A tall building with a spire and bells.  
What is a church? Let Truth and Reason  
speak.  
They should reply: The faithful pure and  
meek  
From Christian folds, the one selected race  
Of all professions and of every place."

A strange incident occurred while our friends were in Rome, which I shall relate in my next. PLACIDIA.

JOY IN THE HOME.

THE LIFE OF A BRIGHT LITTLE BOY SAVED.

The Story Told By His Grateful Father—  
An Experience That May Bring Gladness  
to the Hearts of other Parents.  
From Waterloo, Ont., Chronicle

Mr. David Thaler is a prosperous well-to-do farmer who lives near Centreville, on the main road from Berlin to Galt. He has a fine farm of 100 acres, and everything about his place has an air of neatness and prosperity. A representative of the Waterloo Chronicle lately had occasion to call on Mr. Thaler and in the course of conversation came across one of those remarkable cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that has given this great life-saving medicine a world-wide reputation. Among Mr. Thaler's family is a bright rosy cheeked boy of four years whose winsome manner attracted the reporter's attention and caused him to remark on his healthy appearance. "Yes," replied the farmer, "the little fellow looks well enough now, but two years ago he was but a mere skeleton and we were sorely afraid we would lose him, and I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his life." Asked to give the particulars Mrs. Thaler said he was a strong and healthy child when born and continued so until 14 months old, when unfortunately a servant gave him, without our knowledge, food quite unsuited to an infant. The result was his stomach became deranged: he began to pine away and no food would remain with him but passed off like water. He could not sleep or rest, and cried a night. He kept going down for six or seven months until the poor child was reduced to skin and bone. He had medical aid but little or no good was accomplished. It was not until the little fellow was in the desperate strait that we determined to give him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a supply and he was given them according to the directions for children. Soon after beginning to give him the Pink Pills the change was remarkable, and from that he became stronger and stronger until he is now the healthy little chap you see before you. As I said before I believe we owe his life, under Providence, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and if you feel that what I have told you will benefit anyone else you are quite at liberty to publish it." The reporter has no doubt that the statement may point to some other parent the road to renewed health for his child, and gives it as he got it from Mrs. Thaler.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the trade mark is on the wrapper around every box and do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

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

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	7.30	7.45	7.25	9.40
O. and Q. Railway...	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	3.25	12.40	8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30	4.30	10.10	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland .....	7.00	3.35	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.00	12.35	8.50
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.....	6.30	4.00	10.45	8.30
		noon	8.35	2.00
		2.00		7.50
U. S. N. Y.....	6.30	12.00	8.35	5.45
		4.00	12.35	10.50
		9.30		
U.S. West'n States	6.30	12 noon	8.35	5.45
		9.30		8.30

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of March: 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 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.

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Manager.  
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President.  
HEAD OFFICE: Manning Arcade, Toronto

**RECIPE.**  
For Making a Delicious Health  
Drink at Small Cost.  
Adams' Root Beer Extract...one bottle  
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake  
Sugar.....two pounds  
Lukewarm water.....two gallons  
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water,  
add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm  
place for twenty-four hours until it fer-  
ments, then place on ice, when it will open  
sparkling and delicious.  
The root beer can be obtained in all drug and  
grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two  
and five gallons.

**PRATT'S LUBRICATING OIL**  
LIVE DEALERS  
SELL IT.  
NO SMOKE,  
NO SMALL,  
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THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895.

## Calendar for the Week.

April 26—Sts. Cletus and Marcellinus,  
27—Our Lady of Good Counsel,  
28—St. Paul of the Cross,  
29—St. Peter, M.  
30—St. Catherine of Siena, V.  
May 1—Sts. Philip and James,  
2—St. Athanasius, Bp. D.

## The Prospects.

The efforts of the free lances to stir up animosity against the Catholics of this Province have failed signally. There are two evidences of this. The Orangemen who have ordinarily voted Conservative in Haldimand are said to have done so again, and the Catholic Liberal vote was not heavy. In the other constituencies where Catholics formed the majority there was no evidence of a panic arising from the discussion of the schools question.

Mr. Laurier's speech in the debate on the address has been seized upon as indicating that the Manitoba Legislature will effect a reorganization of the system such as will satisfy the Catholics of that Province. Those at the head of affairs know very well that the restitution of their rights to the Catholics does not mean the establishment of an inefficient system. That cry is simply a convenient subterfuge, and can be set aside when occasion requires it. It were a pity indeed if when it again meets, the Manitoba Legislature did not undo the mischief. Nothing could excuse the rashness or selfishness that would embroil the Dominion in a war of religions and prejudices at this time.

There is everywhere a genuine spirit of toleration in these matters. The passions of thirty years ago are dying out, and they should be suffered to pass away. Catholics are eager to do their share in accomplishment of this end. They suffer in the larger measure from such bigotry, organized or otherwise, as remains. They recognize the need of mutual good-will sufficiently to exercise it themselves. We rejoice to find the same sentiment in others and do not require that all the toleration be on one side.

It is to be feared that in Manitoba forbearance is not too much in exercise; but great as is the pleasure of gaining the victory of the just over the strong, Catholics of the Dominion do not seek the encounter. The great, the momentous affairs of administration which mean so much in every walk of life, and which are pressing for solution demand their attention equally with that of their fellows. It is useless blinding ourselves to the truth. At the next election the question of trade will be the one of paramount interest. It will appeal to every man, whether in religion he be

earnest or indifferent. A Liberal victory will mean one policy, a Conservative victory another. Is there a Catholic Conservative or a Catholic Liberal anywhere who thinks so little of his religion as to drag it into the conflict where it will receive contempt rather than veneration, contumely rather than respect?

Catholics do not want it so. It is in the power of a Protestant Province to ensure that it be not so. If that Province refuse, then the Dominion Parliament now in session should legislate that the peace may be kept, and that the next trial of strength may not be made a travesty and a mockery of the religious discussion.

## Mr. Balfour's Critics.

No human being could reasonably accuse us of partiality to Mr. Arthur Balfour. As a politician he may have raised himself very high in the estimation of England's Feudal Lords, and secured the plaudits of the implacable fanatics who are of opinion that the Irish have no redeeming qualities, and that the best and only remedial measures for their welfare and pacification are found in a free use by the constabulary of bludgeons and bayonets. We are therefore no admirers of Mr. Balfour as a politician; but we by no means despair of his conversion to more humane methods of government. Mr. Gladstone at one time and until a late period of his life, believed in the power and healing influence of coercion acts and of the plank bed. Fortunately for his reputation as a legislator he lived long enough to see the errors of his ways and by persevering and fearless advocacy of Ireland's right to home legislation, to atone in some measure for the wrongs of the past.

The sound, Christian principles, laid down in Mr. Balfour's new work, "Foundations of Belief," suggest the hope that the author may make a practical application of his theories should it again happen that the destinies and the fortunes of the Irish people be placed at his disposal.

However strong the claims to superiority be which Mr. Balfour raises in favor of faith against unbelief, in favor of a Divine Providence against the doctrine of blind chance, and in favor of spiritual authority over weak and limited reason, yet we find critics are not wanting even among professing Christians, who undervalue his great work and minimize its usefulness. The Christian Guardian acknowledges that "it is a clever and a cute book;" the writer ought certainly feel highly complimented. The idea of a great philosophical work being set down as a clever and a cute book; it reminds us of the journeyman tailor expressing his admiration at viewing Niagara Falls, when he said "it is very neat."

However, the journal gives him credit for good intentions. The Guardian writes:

"There is not much doubt that he, Mr. Balfour, intended it is an aid to Christian faith; but the more closely it is examined the more clearly it appears that the foundation Mr. Balfour wants us to build on is sandy and unsafe. He disarranges the foundation on which Christian faith has rested to make room for something infinitely poorer. He disparages sense and reason and exalts custom."

However comforting to the Christian Guardian the opinion may be that sense and reason are foundations of Divine faith, Mr. Arthur Balfour has proven the impossibility of any such foundation to stand the test of criticism or of common sense. As sense and reason can deal only with the natural and visible things of this world, it is utterly impossible that either one or the other can pass over the limit of the Divine or supernatural. The illimitable, infinite and mysterious domain of God's Heavenly Kingdom on earth or beyond the skies, can never be trodden or roamed over by sense or reason. How could reason or natural sense ever give us either knowledge or explanation of the foundation mysteries of the Christian Religion? The Blessed Trinity? The Incarnation? The Atonement? The Resurrection of the body? Final Judgment? Mr. Balfour says we obtain a knowledge of all these and other mysteries from authority. But the authority must be divine; all knowledge of mysteries and of Heaven's sacred truths must come from God or from some one authorized by God to teach infallibly. A believing Christian will decide whether it is Mr. A. Balfour or the Christian Guardian that rest faith on "an unsafe and sandy foundation."

Rev. Dr. Clifford, an eminent Baptist divine is quoted by the Christian Guardian as saying: "Whatever philosophers, scientists or theologians may say about Mr. Balfour's book, professors of primitive Christianity must set their face against the idolatry of tradition. It was the putrifying influence of tradition on the Church that lit the fires of Smithfield, and established Torquemada."

An appeal to the passions of bigotry is a poor argument against either tradition or authority. Mr. Balfour's solid arguments must have driven unreasoning preachers to the wall, when for argument they turn on God Himself and make His divine authority responsible for the cruelties of the Tudors or the excesses of Spain.

Dr. Clifford claims to be a professor of primitive Christianity. But it should be remembered before assuming that role that the primitive Christians, having no Bible to guide them, depended on authority and tradition for all knowledge of Christian belief and ethics. We would strongly recommend both the Guardian and Dr. Clifford, if they mean to be in truth primitive Christians, that they "would go and do likewise."

## The Church in the Peninsula.

Early this month there will appear a new work from the pen of Dean Harris of St. Catherines, which will deal more fully than has ever been done before with the history of the Catholic Church in the peninsular region about Niagara Falls. So long ago as 1640 Father Brebœuf visited the region and found there the great Neutral Nation which was afterwards exterminated by the Senecas. The name of the great fall appears in the "Relations" of the Jesuits as On-guissahra. The Senecas corrupted this in Nya-gah, and the name as we know it first appears in the Marquis de Noville's account of his travels, published in 1687.

The story of the Church in that favored region gives ample scope for effective endeavor. Since the organization of the first parliament of Upper Canada at Niagara a century ago, at which time Father Burke was chaplain of the forces and guardian of the interests of the Catholic settlers, until our own day, the list of devoted priests who have labored in the peninsula is a long one. The region is the great historical field of Ontario. The hitherto untold story of heroic labors in a battlefield where self-sacrifice replaced pomp and fame will now be fittingly recited.

Dean Harris is peculiarly adapted for the work in hand. He has made the study of the tribes and the explorers, the pioneers and the missionaries his own, and is regarded as a foremost authority in all questions relating to these periods. We may look for a publication that will be a fitting sequel to his work published a few years ago.

## A Huge Failure.

If the results of the Haldimand election do not convince Mr. Dalton McCarthy of his utter failure as a leader in politics, all genuine pity is thrown away on him. This last and supreme effort to evoke the spirit of fanaticism and create a solid Protestant vote in Ontario has been attended with disaster so inglorious as to relegate him, if he have any wisdom left, to the quiet pursuits of his law office, or to the endearments and amenities of home, sweet home. The fantastic tricks which for the last twelve or more years he has been playing, as Shakespeare says, before high Heaven, have shown to the world, if not to himself, how utterly incapable he is of filling the role of the great Achilles, which in a moment of disappointed ambition he assumed. The Grecian hero by sulking and abstention from the besieging army well nigh brought victory to the enemy and defeat and disaster to his country's cause. Mr. Dalton McCarthy for the reason that he was not called to the Ministry, and that a greater and better man was preferred before him, broke away from the ranks of his party, and devoted himself to the task of weakening the strength of his former allies and thwarting their policy. He did not content himself, however, as Achilles did, with quiet abstention from all political strife or withdrawal from the field of battle. On the contrary he raised a new war cry, and, like the Mahdi of the desert, proclaimed himself the only true prophet and champion of the Protestant cause. Two great evils endangered its existence, viz., the dual language and Catholic Separate schools. These were the fetishes at which free Britons were compelled to bow down, and he was the sure guide, the Moses who would effect their emancipation. One language, he said, one school, one flag and one great common British citizenship should be secured "if not by the ballots, then by the bullets." At three Provincial elections this shibboleth was shouted on every platform, but the men who re-echoed the cry of false alarm were abandoned by all men of common sense and honesty of pur-

pose. The Conservative party, that might have triumphed at the polls with a sound platform to stand on, went down with the unsafe planks that sustained it and suffered on all occasions ignominious and irretrievable defeat.

A succession of political downfalls, however, conveyed no lesson to Mr. Dalton McCarthy. He journeyed to the neighboring Province of Manitoba, where a new Acadia was progressing; where the incoming settlers of British origin and French Canadian pioneers were a happy family indeed, affording to each other mutual assistance in the building up of a new and flourishing colony. The Protestant majority granted all that was required for the quiet and unmolested worship and education of the minority. Free education, free worship and happy homes were enjoyed by all. Unfortunately for the peace of the colony and for the welfare of the whole Dominion, the disturber was permitted to sound the tocsin of fratricidal warfare and carry from house to house and from village to village the torch of religious discord. Soon the welkin rang with the cry of one language, one school and one dominant persecuting majority. A law was passed abolishing Separate Schools. Remedial measures have been ordered by Imperial authority. In order to defy that Imperial order Mr. Dalton McCarthy went down to Haldimand. He stumped the whole riding with Mr. Sifton from Winnipeg. The Bishops and zealous clergy from Manitoba who civilized the savage tribes of the North-West and who still endure all hardships of cold and hunger and long journeyings over frozen lakes and drifting snows, were foully misrepresented and held up as money-grabbers and incapables, whose labors and efforts at education Mr. Sifton maintained "were a disgrace to any civilized country." The whole county of Haldimand was roused to an unusual pitch of excitement over such unmanly methods and such palpable exaggerations.

The good sense that is characteristic of Ontario farmers and business men prevailed. Reformers joined with Dr. Montague's supporters in voting down such displays of bigotry. Dalton McCarthy was utterly defeated and put to flight with his imported legions from other counties. It would be contrary to all experience if this last straw has not already broken the camel's back.

Last Thursday the Globe forgot to ask, "Has the National policy made you rich?" See what comes of having women about!

Correspondents must send name and address with all letters for publication. "Taxpayer's" letter is withheld for this reason.

Mr. Costigan's speech on the address truly represented the feelings of Catholics on the question of Manitoba Schools. It was moderate, tolerant, from beginning to end. The dominant idea was that a solution by Manitoba's Legislature would be the most acceptable to all parties. Mr. Costigan, while firm for the rights of the Catholic people, believes in mutual toleration. There is an idea on both sides that it is only the other fellow who should exercise good-will.

## AFOOT AND AFIELD.

The Rambler tells of Norwood and Father Conway.

### TALES OF EARLY SETTLERS.

About twelve years ago the mission of Norwood was separated from Hastings, and erected into a distinct Parish, with the Rev. P. Conway as its first pastor. Father Conway is well known to many of the readers of the REGISTER, more especially of those residing in the Niagara Peninsula. He belongs to a family which has produced good priests, and. Good men going backward on the wings of memory, nearly forty years, I find that at that period, which now looks remote, his uncle—Rev. Bartholomew Grattan—was parish priest of St. Catherine's, where, to this day he is affectionately remembered and tenderly spoken of by the first generation of Irish Catholics and their immediate descendants. Father Conway had also a brother—John G.—who, filling an important, and responsible position in the public service, rendered faithful duty to his adopted country. John Conway, in his day, was one of the cleverest, of the many clever young Irishmen we had in Ontario at that time. Widely lamented, and when having reached the full zenith of his physical and intellectual powers, he was cut down by the inexorable hand of death, a little over twenty years ago, in the city of Hamilton.

Of the work of Father Conway in Norwood I would like to say something, did I not know of old his strong aversion to newspaper praise; and nothing else could I here honestly bestow. I must be allowed however to say that the parish of Norwood is a flourishing, as it is an orderly and a respectable one; and that every movement calculated to promote the moral and material advancement of the people has the cordial co-operation of the parish priest.

The soil of Norwood appears to be unfruitful for the growth and development of the Irish race, and as a consequence the Irishman has never attained his full height here. I confess that this state of affairs does not displease me very much. I am so much filled with that feeling of "Gra" towards the Irishman, that I always like to see more of him in the country, and less of him in the town. The fast and fashionable life in our towns and cities is not conducive to his welfare; and hence it is that with pleasure I record the fact, that the congregation of Norwood is largely made up of those who till the soil. There are however a few of the old race in the village, and where can we go that we will not find them? My old and valued friend, Mr. Michael Fennessy of Brantford, who, I sincerely trust lives on in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing, on the occasion of his delivering a seventeenth of March oration in the city of his adoption over thirty years ago, broke loose through his enthusiasm, and uttered the following words regarding the ubiquity of the Irishman. "The Irishman," said Mr. Fennessy, as he spread his wings "can be found in every quarter of the globe. Visit every land under the sun, visit the tropics, go to the North Pole, where no white man can live, and you will find an Irishman there!" Pardon the digression I have been giving a reminiscence, which, to me, is a pleasing one.

Well, I have met a few of the old race in Norwood. With Mr. O'Connor, a trusted employee of the O.P.R. I spent a couple of hours in friendly conversation, which was all the more interesting, because carried on in the Irish language. Yes, that patriotic Kerryman and myself had a good old chat in that tongue which was spoken in courts and castles, and amongst men eminent for their learning long

before the Anglo-Saxon was ever heard of. Of course there were no Irishmen or Irishwomen, of a certain class present and therefore we were not laughed at. Wagons and other vehicles are manufactured by Mr. McNicholl, a ride in any one of which, would make a beggarman as pompous as a lord. Mr. Charles O'Reilly long and intimately connected with the municipal government of the township also resides here and carries on the business of general agent, particularly that for agricultural implements. Now for the tavern, I confess that I see no reason to wish success to the whiskey shop, and still less reason to recede from the position which I have taken in this question in former communications to the CATHOLIC REGISTER. I knew no human agency that deals a more destructive blow at the Catholic Church; nor anything that has more effectively rendered inoperative the best energies of the race to which I belong. The "mixed marriage" is bad and has been subjected to merited condemnation, but in its blighting influence on religion, and in the restraint which it imposes on Irish energy and Irish genius there can be no comparison between mixed marriage and the whiskey-shop. I have always sympathized with the unfortunate wretch, who staggered along the street, loaded down with liquid fire, but my sympathies have invariably been stronger with the wretch, and the wretch's family, and the wretch's wife who took his money and put him in that state. The one may reform, as I have known him to do frequently; but seldom, I may say never, has it been my good fortune to witness the emancipation of the other slave.

We have been reproached very often by the enemy with having to many Irishmen selling whiskey. I confess that, however unpalatable it may be to our national pride, I see no good that can be accomplished by a denial of this charge, and that however lamentable the fact is, that where our fellow-countrymen are misrepresented in other lines of industry and enterprise, there are, amongst the ranks of the whiskey-sellers, more than a fair proportion. It has been said that they keep the meanest and worst places. This charge I utterly deny with all the weight of thirty years experience "on the road." Dangerous as the business is, I have no hesitation at all in saying that I have met many Irish Catholics who were carrying it on legitimately and in a conscientious manner prominent amongst who I am proud to introduce a man whose name, coupled with that of his esteemed wife, is a synonym for courtesy, for honesty and straightforwardness—I allude to Mr. M. P. Doherty of Norwood.

Leaving Norwood to take care of itself I direct my footsteps towards the pretty village of Hastings. My route lies through the O'Shea settlement, so-called from a few families of that name who reside here, and who, if heavy investments in brick and mortar are to be accepted as a criterion, are in the enjoyment of a fair share of the good things of this world. The O'Sheas are amongst the oldest settlers, having come to Asphodel in the year 1825. I called to see Mr. James O'Shea, a venerable octogenarian who, during the early part of the winter had to struggle with disease, and those infirmities inseparable from old age. I trust that with the return of fine weather he finds himself restored to his wonted health. A little further south the eye encounters a stately mansion of huge dimensions. Enquiry elicits the fact that this is the home of Mrs. Myles, wife of the late Mr. Michael Myles, in his life-time one of the most respected, as he was one of the most enterprising, of the early settlers of this fine section. Two miles further on I find myself descending the southern slope of a hill, in full view of the village of Hastings.

### My Colleen Bawn.

By T. P. O'CONNOR.

Air—Gramachree.

No chosen line in life is mine,  
No lands or lordly hall,  
No friends save one, the Friend Divine—  
Sure he's the best of all;  
No wealthy namesakes kindred claim,  
No menials round me fawn;  
But oh, she loves me all the same  
My darlin' Colleen Bawn.

An' more I prize her azure eyes  
Than costly diamonds bright,  
Or stars that sparkle in the skies  
Of fairy land at night;  
An' more I love her smilin' face  
Than flow'ry mead or lawn,  
For she's my angel, pure of grace,  
My charmin' Colleen Bawn.

'Tis sweet to hear the linnets lay  
And sweet the blackbird's glee;  
But sweeter far at close of day  
Her welcome words to me.  
Her golden hair has with love's chain  
My soul around her dawn,  
An' faithful ever 'I'll remain  
To my dear Colleen Bawn.

She fondly to my bosom clings,  
My peerless Irish queen,  
And vows her love when twilight flings  
Its mantle o'er the green.  
Oh joy, to think she'll be my bride,  
Sure as to-morrow's dawn!  
My soul's delight, my hope and pride,  
My own, my Colleen Bawn.  
BALLYDOON, Ireland, April 1, '95.

### Easter.

To Christ the Lord and King,  
The Conqueror of Death,  
Let our Hosannahs ring,  
While round us lingereth  
The shadow of His Passion and its gloom.  
For, unto Easter Morn,  
Hath overyone earth-born,  
Stood hopeless and forlorn  
By His Tomb.

Joy to the sons of men!  
So long a race accurst!  
They shall hunger not again,  
Living waters shall slake their thirst:  
This world deceitful feel the glow of youth,  
Out of the Night abhorred,  
To primal Day restored,  
Led by the Risen Lord,  
Light and Truth!

Rejoice, ye Cherubim!  
Ye Powers all proclaim  
In universal hymn,  
The glory of His Name,  
Who triumphed over Sin and Death allied!  
Who did our bond dissolve,  
That else were broken never,  
And in our hearts forever  
Shall abide!

To Christ the Lord and King,  
Victorious over Death,  
Let our Hosannahs ring,  
The while Hosannah,  
Announcing man's eternal jubilee:  
"Rouse ye, the Night is o'er!  
Arise, to sin no more,  
And thro' Death's riven door  
Follow Me!"  
—WILLIAM DOLLARD.

### April in Ireland.

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,  
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge;  
The golden looms of Tir na'n oge wove all the winter through  
Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudly blue.

Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters after.  
And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter.  
She shakes down on her flowers the snow less white than they.  
Then quickens with her kisses the folded knots o' May.

She seeks the summer lover that never shall be hers.  
Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze.  
Through buried gold it hideth, she scorns her sedge crown,  
And pressing blindly sunwards, she treads her snowdrops down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears,  
Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughters of the years:  
A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge;  
She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

—NORA HOPPER.

Be tolerant even with the intolerant.  
Many compliments are merely charities.  
Commonsense never was considered very fashionable.

## The Red Silk Handkerchief.

— BY —

H. C. BUNNER.

On the afternoon of that last day they sat upon the beach and saw the smoke of Dido's funeral pile go up, and they closed the dog-eared Virgil, and, looking seaward, watched the black cloud from a coaling steamer mar the blinding blue where sea and sky blent at the horizon; watched it grow dull and faint, and fade away, and the illumined turquoise reassert itself.

Then he was for a farewell walk, and she, with that bright acquiescence with which a young girl can make companionship almost perfect, if she will, accepted it as an inspiration, and they set out. They visited together the fishermen's houses, where Horace bade good-bye to mighty-fisted friends, who stuck their thumbs inside their waistbands and hitched their trousers half way up to their blue-shirted arms, and said to him, "You come up here in August, Mr. Walpole—say 'bout the fur' t' the third week 'n August, 'n we'll give yer some bloo-fishin' 't y' won't need t' lie about, neither." They all liked him, and heartily.

A little puff of grey cloud, scurrying along in the south-east, had spread over half the sky, and now came a strong, eddying wind. A big raindrop made a dark spot on the sand before them; another fell on Miss Rittenhouse's cheek, and then, with a vicious, uncertain patter, the rain began to come down.

"We'll have to run for Poinsett's," said Horace, and stretched out his hand. She took it, and they ran.

Poinsett's was just ahead—a white house on a lift of land, close back of the shore line, with a long garden stretching down in front, and two or three poplar trees. The wind was turning up the pale undersides of grass-blade and flower leaf, and whipping the shivering poplars silver white. Cap'n Poinsett, late of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was tacking down the path in his pea-jacket, with his brass telescope tucked under his arm. He was making for the little white summer-house that overhung the shore; but he stopped to admire the two young people dashing up the slope toward him, for the girl ran with a splendid free stride that kept her well abreast of Horace's athletic lope.

"Come in," he said, opening the gate, and smiling on the two young faces, flushed and wet; "come right in out o' the rain. Be'n running, ain't ye? Go right int' the house. Mother" he called, "here's Mr. Walpole 'n his young lady. You'll hev to excuse me; I'm agoin' down t' my observatory. I can't foller the sea no longer myself, but I can look at them that doo. There's my old woman—go right in."

He waddled off, leaving both of them redder than their run accounted for, and Mrs. Poinsett met them at the door, her arms folded in her apron.

"Walk right in," she greeted them; "the cap'n he mus' always go down t' his observatory, 's he calls it, 'n gape through the old telescope of his, fast thing the 's a squall—jus' if he thought he was skipper of all Long Island. But you come right int' the settin'-room 'n make yourselves to home. Dear me sez I f' I'd 'a' thought I'd 'a' had company I'd 'a' tidied things up. I'm jus' busy as busy, gottin' supper ready; but don't you mind me—jus' you make yourselves to home," and she drifted chattering away, and they heard her in the distant kitchen amiably nagging the hired girl.

It was an old-time, low-ceiled room, neat with New England neatness. The windows had many panes of green flint glass, through which they saw the

darkening storm swirl over the ocean and ravage the flower-beds near by.

And when they had made an end of watching Cap'n Poinsett in his little summer-house, shifting his long glass to follow each scudding sail far out in the darkness; and when they had looked at the relics of Cap'n Poinsett's voyages to the Orient and the Arctic, and at the cigar boxes plastered with little shells, and at the wax fruit, and at the family trousers and bonnets in the album, there was nothing left but that Miss Rittenhouse should sit down at the old piano, bought for Amanda Jane in the last year of the war, and bring forth rusty melody from the yellow keys.

"What a lovely voice she has!" thought Horace as she sang. No doubt he was right. I would take his word against that of a professor of music, who would have told you that it was a nice voice for a girl, and that the young woman had more natural dramatic expression than technical training.

They fished out Amanda Jane's music-books, and went through "Juanita," and the "Evergreen Waltz," and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea;" and, finding a lot of war songs, severally and jointly announced their determination to invade Dixie Land, and to annihilate Rebel Hordes; and adjured each other to remember Sumter and Baltimore, and many other matters that could have made but slight impression on their young minds twenty odd years before. Mrs. Poinsett, in the kitchen, stopped nagging her aid, and thought of young John Tarbox Poinsett's name on a great sheet of paper in the Gloucester postoffice, one morning at the end of April, 1862, when the news came up that Farragut had passed the forts.

The Squall was going over, much as it had come, only no one paid attention to its movements now, for the sun was out, trying to straighten up the crushed grass and flowers, and to brighten the hurrying waves, and to soothe the rustling agitation of the poplars.

They must have one more song. Miss Rittenhouse chose "Jeannette and Jeannot," and when she looked back at him with a delicious coy mischief in her eyes, and sang—

"There is no one left to love me now,  
And you too may forget!"

Horace left something flaming in his cheeks and choking in his breast, and it was hard for him to keep from snatching those hands from the keys and telling her she knew better.

But he was man enough not to. He controlled himself, and made himself very pleasant to Mrs. Poinsett about not staying to supper, and they set out for the hotel.

The air was cool and damp after the rain. "You've been singing," said Horace, "and you will catch cold in this air, and lose your voice. You must tie this handkerchief around your throat."

She took his blue silk handkerchief and tied it around her throat, and wore it until just as they were turning away from the shore, when she took it off to return to him; and the last gust of wind that blew that afternoon whirled it out of her hand, and sent it whirling a hundred yards out to sea.

"Now, don't say a word," said Horace; "it isn't of the slightest consequence."

But he looked very gloomy over it. He had made up his mind that that silk handkerchief should be the silk handkerchief of all the world to him, from that time on.

It was one month later that Mr. H. K. Walpole received in care of Messrs. Werden, Snowden & Gilfeather, an envelope postmarked Newport, containing a red silk handkerchief. His initials were neatly—nay, beautifully, exquisitely—stitched in one corner. But there was absolutely nothing about the package to show who sent it, and Horace sorrowed over this. Not that

he was in any doubt; but he felt that it meant to say that he must not acknowledge it; and, loyally, he did not.

And he soon got over that grief. The lost handkerchief, whose origin was base and common, like other handkerchiefs, and whose sanctity was purely accidental—what was it to this handkerchief, worked by her for him?

This became the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace that had changed the boy's whole life. Before this he had purposes and ambitions. He had meant to take care of his mother, to do well in the world, and to restore, if he could, the honour and glory of the home his father had left him. Here were duty, selfishness, and an innocent vanity. But now he had an end in life, so high that the very seeking of it was a religion. Every thought of self was flooded out of him, and what he sought he sought in a purer and nobler spirit than ever before.

Is it not strange? A couple of weeks at the seaside, a few evenings under the brooding darkness of hotel verandas, the going to and fro of a girl with a sweet face, and this ineradicable change is made in the mind of a man who has forty or fifty years before him wherein to fight the world, to find his place, to become a factor for good or evil.

And here we have Horace, with his heart full of love and his head full of dreams, mooning over a silk handkerchief, in open court.

Not that he often took such chances. The daws of humour peck at the heart worn on the sleeve; and quite rightly, for that is no place for a heart. But in the privacy of his modest lodging-house room he took the handkerchief out, and spread it before him, and looked at it, and kissed it sometimes, I suppose—it seems ungentle to pry thus into the sacredness of a boy's love—and certainly, kept it in sight, working, studying, or thinking.

With all this, the handkerchief became somewhat rumpled, and at last Horace felt that it must be brought back to the condition of neatness in which he first knew it. So, on a Tuesday, he descended to the kitchen of his lodging-house, and asked for a flat-iron. His good landlady, at the head of an industrious, plump-armed Irish brigade, all vigorously smoothing out towels, stared at him in surprise.

"If there's anything you want ironed, Mr. Walpole, bring it down here, and I'll be more'n glad to iron it for you."

Horace grew red, and found his voice going entirely out of his control, as he tried to explain that it wasn't for that—it wasn't for ironing clothes—he was sure nobody could do it but himself.

"Do you want it hot or cold?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, puzzled.

"Cold!" said Horace desperately. And he got it cold, and had to heat it at his own fire to perform his labor of love.

That was of a piece with many things he did. Of a piece, for instance, with his looking in at the milliners' windows and trying to think which bonnet would best become her—and then taking himself severely to task for dreaming that she would wear a ready-made bonnet. Of a piece with his luying two seats for the theatre, and going alone and fancying her next him, and glancing furtively at the empty place at the points where he thought she would be amused, or pleased, or moved.

What a fool he was! Yes, my friend and so are you and I. And remember that this boy's foolishness did not keep him tossing stark awake, through, ghastly nights; did not start him up in the morning with a hot throat and an unretted brain; did not send him down to his day's work with the haunting, clutching, lurking fear that springs forward at every stroke of the clock, an every opening of the door. Perhaps

you and I have known folly worse than his.

Through all the winter—the red handkerchief cheered the hideous first Monday in October, and the Christmas holidays, when business kept him from going home to Montevista—he heard little or nothing of her. His friends in the city, or rather his father's friends were all ingrained New Yorkers, dating from the provincial period, who knew not Philadelphia; and it was only from an occasional paper's paragraph that he learned that Judge Rittenhouse and his daughter were travelling through the South, for the Judge's health. Of course, he had a standing invitation to call on them whenever he should find himself in Philadelphia; but the, never came nearer Philadelphia than Washington, and so he never found himself in Philadelphia. He was not so sorry for this as you might think a lover should be. He knew that, with a little patience, he might present himself to Judge Rittenhouse as something more than a lawyer's managing clerk.

For, meanwhile, good news had come from home, and things were going well with him. Mineral springs had been discovered at Aristotle—mineral springs may be discovered anywhere in north New York, if you only try; though it is sometimes difficult to fit them with the proper Indian legends. The name of the town had been changed to Avoca, and there was already an avoca Improvement Company, building a big hotel, advertising right and left, and prophesying that the day of Saratoga and Sharon and Richfield was ended. So the barrens between Montevista and Aristotle, skirting the railroad, suddenly took on a value. Hitherto they had been unsaleable, except for taxes. For the most part they were an adjunct of the estate of Montevista; and in February Horace went up to St. Lawrence County and began the series of sales that was to realize his father's most hopeless dream, and clear Montevista of all encumbrances.

How pat it all came, he thought, as, on his return trip, the train carried him past the little old station, with its glaring new sign, AVOCA, just beyond the broad stretch of "Squire Walpole's bad land," now sprouting with the surveyors' stakes. After all was paid off on the old home, there would be enough left to enable him to buy out Haskins, who had openly expressed his desire to get into a "live firm," and who was willing to part with his interest for a reasonable sum down, backed up by a succession of easy instalments. And Judge Weeden had intimated, as clearly as dignity would permit, his anxiety that Horace should seize the opportunity.

Winter was still on the Jersey flats on the last day of March; but Horace, waiting at a little "flag station," found the air full of crude prophecies of spring. He had been searching titles all day, in a close and gloomy little town-hall, and he was glad to be out-of-doors again, and to think that he should be back in New York by dinner-time, for it was past five o'clock.

But a talk with the station-master made the prospect less bright. No train would stop there until seven.

Was there no other way of getting home? The lonely guardian of the Gothic shanty thought it over, and found that there was a way. He talked of the trains as though they were whimsical creatures under his charge.

"The's a freight comin' down right now," he said mediatively. "but I can't do notin' with her. She's gotter get along mighty lively to keep ahead of the express from Philadelphia till she gets to the junction and goes past. And as to the express—why, I couldn't no more flag her than if she was a cyclone. But I tell you what you do. You walk right down to the junction—'bout a mile'n a half down—and see if you can't do something with number



## PALESTRINA.

The Life Story of the Prince of Church Music.

HOW HIS GREAT MASS WAS COMPOSED.

Nesting at the foot of the Apennines, hardly ten miles from Rome, lies an old town well known by the ancients for its picturesque location, Praeneste, now called Palestrina. Its foundation antedates Alba Longa, even Rome itself. In hoary antiquity it was the seat of a famous oracle; in the middle ages the stronghold of the powerful Colonnas, whose ancestral castle jutting out from a craggy precipice, gives one a most glorious and sweeping view of the Campagna, with the faint outlines of the Eternal City beautifully silhouetted against the light blue Italian sky. Refreshing mountain winds chase away the sultry heats of summer, and the density of the wooded heights shield it from the chilly blasts of the north. In calm, clear weather, with no din or turmoil of commercial activity to break the deadly silence of the torpid village, the lingering vibration of the morning bells at Rome is the only sound that breaks the profound solitude. Plantations of mulberry and olive trees, their branches interwoven with wild grape vines, screen the secluded village, as with an encircling wall of mottled foliage and sweet-scented blossoms. "He who enjoys this gorgeous view," says Gregorovius, "this picturesque landscape, this azure sky, this invigorating air, may by his enkindled emotions gladly bear in mind that Palestrina is the birthplace of the great master of church music, who takes his name from this city."

It was here that Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, or as he himself attaches his name to his compositions, Joannes Petrus Aloysius Praenestinus, was born in 1524, in poverty and obscurity. The small Pierluigi as a child displayed phenomenal talents in music, and as a strolling street gambler, singing from door to door, first revealed his musical precocity and earned the beggarly pittance doled out by the astonished auditors. Whether his talent received its first recognition by the chapelmaster of Santa Maggiore, or whether in a public musical tournament his sweet voice and musical soul was first disclosed we cannot discover. In any event, about 1540 he came to Rome and placed himself under the tutelage of Claude Goudimel. In 1551 we find him as maestro de putti (master of the boys) in the chapel Giulia, in the Vatican. His numerous productions and growing fame secured him in a short time after the coveted dignity of maestro della cappella della Vaticana. His first volume of masses secured him the position of Papal singer under his patron and admirer, Pope Julius III., but no married singer being permitted in the Sistine Chapel choir, after six months' service he was obliged to retire. In 1555 he accepted, and that with nameless gratitude, for he was in extremely sore straits, the position as chapelmaster at the church of St. John Lateran. It was from here he arose from penury and neglect to honors, distinction and immortality. The occasion that called forth this sudden transition was the publication and rendition of his "Improperia" and his "Crux Fidelis" for eight voices. Written in the style of Palestrina, in the greatest simplicity of style, but the harmonization is wrought out with such an art, such a heavenly devotion seems to breathe from every note, "that the hearer finds himself transported from this mundane sphere to the blessed choirs of celestial spirits." Even now no one can resist the ineffable charm, the pervasive

unction and soul searching pathos of this simple composition, inspired by the fervid faith of its devout composer.

Yet, this was only the beginning of a number of stupendous compositions, which have engrafted themselves on the history of Christian art and add so much to its beauty and splendor. The culmination point of his artistic endeavor was, however, attained in the "Missa Papae Marcelli." After the council of Trent had condemned the abuses that had crept in church music a committee was formed of which Cardinal Vitellozzo and St. Charles Borromeo were the moving spirits.

The committee arrived at the conclusion that the pensioned singer of the Papal chapel, Pierluigi Palestrina, should be commissioned to compose a serious, churchly mass. If Palestrina should succeed in this, church music was to undergo no change at the hands of the Cardinals; should he fail, they would adopt such a course of procedure as would bring about the desired changes. Privately St. Charles encouraged Palestrina to do his utmost.

Palestrina had recourse to prayer and meditation. He gave no title to the mass, in order to avoid all suspicion of worldly or profane themes. When he began his work he gave it the superscription: "Illumina oculos meos." With this title the work was discovered after his death on the original manuscript, and first published in 1600 by Andreas de Agnetis, in Venice.

When Palestrina had completed three Masses they were ordered by Cardinal Vitellozzo to be performed on the 28th of April, 1655, to the assembled members of the Cardinalial Congregation — in his palace. The two first elicited loud applause, the third fairly captivated them. The singers themselves sang with a fervor and enthusiasm that made the performance a veritable revelation to the surprised and delighted audience.

Congratulations poured in upon Palestrina, and the assurance was readily given that no alteration should be effected in church music, and the singers especially were encouraged to sing only works of this kind for the future. The crowning honors came when the Holy Father Pius IV. had the Mass sung on the 19th of June, in the same year, and after hearing the devotional character, full of a musical wealth, of harmony, of almost inspirational power, said: "These are the harmonies of the new canticle of canticles which St. John the apostle heard resounding in the heavenly Jerusalem, and which another John in the militant Jerusalem gives us a foretaste of."

He was appointed to the newly created position of Papal composer; being a layman, he was still ineligible to the position of chapelmaster.

It was Cardinal Francesco Pacecco who suggested the propriety of dedicating the Mass to Philip, King of Spain, and at the instigation of his patron and friend, Cardinal Vitellozzo, he named the work "Papae Marcelli."

### If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

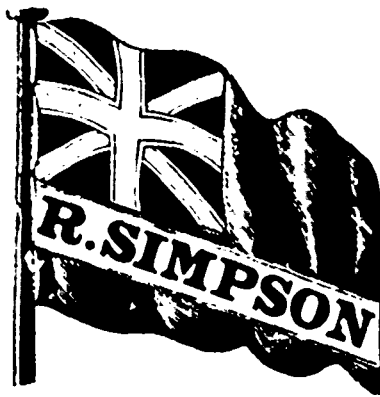
Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

We shall also glorify God by thanking Him for all the blessings conferred upon our enemies. This devotion will be more acceptable to Him because it is a great exercise of brotherly love; for it is impossible to practice it long without all coldness and uncomfortable feeling giving way to gentleness and tenderness, even toward those who have wronged us most, or who show the greatest dislike to us. — Father Faber.

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In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for 5 per cent of the total amount tendered for must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering does not enter into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
J. H. HALDRESON,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 5th April, 1905.

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**FRENCH COMMUNITIES.**

The Religious Orders Unjustly Taxed.

DEBATE BY THE DEPUTIES.

This is now a rather old question in France, but it has recently become an actuality of the hour in consequence of the numerous protests of bishops and others against the "droits d'accroissement" passed several years ago with the undoubted motive of so weighting many religious communities with taxation as to break them up in course of time and to complete the work begun by M. Ferry when he brought about the expulsion of the non-authorized Orders. The question however, is one so involved with complex fiscal arguments that it would be very difficult to present it clearly in a few words. The recent protests were in anticipation of the efforts about to be made in the Chamber of Deputies to get the legislation of 1880 and 1884 affecting religious communities considerably modified. At two sittings during the past week the subject has been hotly debated. The second day's debate led to an important result. The discussion was reopened by M. de Ramel, deputy of the Catholic and Monarchical Right and an eminent lawyer. He showed that if the laws of 1880 and 1884 had not been carried out (most of the religious communities have refused to pay and have appealed to the Courts with much success) it was because they rested upon a legend—the extraordinary riches of religious Orders. The communities were taxed not according to their actual revenues like other associations, but according to their gross capital and a supposed revenue of five per cent. The droit d'accroissement, assumed that each of the members possessed a separate estate and that the disappearance of each added to the fortune of the survivors. This reasoning was quite inapplicable to the authorized communities. Nevertheless the droit d'accroissement was imposed upon them in addition to the mortmain tax. In this way the principle of fundamental justice was attacked. A blow was struck at a class of citizens because of their religious opinions. M. Ramel proposed as an amendment to the existing law that the tax upon the revenue of religious Orders authorized or not should be brought within the action of the common law, that in the case of the authorized communities the droit d'accroissement should be abolished, and that in the case of the unauthorized the mortmain tax be abolished. M. Cochery declared that this amendment if adopted, would re-establish the immunity of religious Orders, which was unacceptable. The droit d'accroissement had simply included them with other associations under the common law. Moreover, they only paid 21 centimes on 100 of capital, whereas financial societies paid 35 centimes. If the laws of 1880 and 1884 had not been applied it was because the religious Orders had always refused to declare the deaths of their members and the value of their property. It became necessary to take measures which would leave no margin for ambiguity. M. Danys Cochin observed that the property of the Petites Sœurs de Pauvres did not represent a revenue but a charge. In order to pay the tax they would have to send away their old and infirm pensioners and to change their establishments into lodging houses. M. de Ramel's amendments having met with no success M. Clausel de Coussergues proposed a mitigated form of taxation in place of the droit d'accroissement and further that communities or associations the object of whose existence was to assist the sick, the indigent, orphans, and



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abandoned children should be declared exempt from it. M. Ribot, the Premier, said he was not prepared to accept M. Clausel de Coussergues proposals in their entirety. Among the religious communities were those who really made profits—for example, the Fathers of the Grande Chartreuse. Then, again, the Dames du Sacre Cœur kept a school that was distinctly profitable, but they, too, refused to pay the tax. He was not opposed, however, to the amendment being referred to Committee, but the Government had the intention to submit a Bill which, while relinquishing nothing, would nevertheless render the collection of the tax possible and equitable.

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 Notice is hereby given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 p.m., Tuesday, June 4th, at the office of the company for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.  
 By order of the board,  
 W. C. WOOD,  
 Managing Director  
 Toronto, 15th April, 1905.

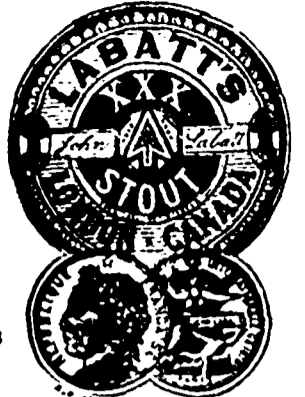


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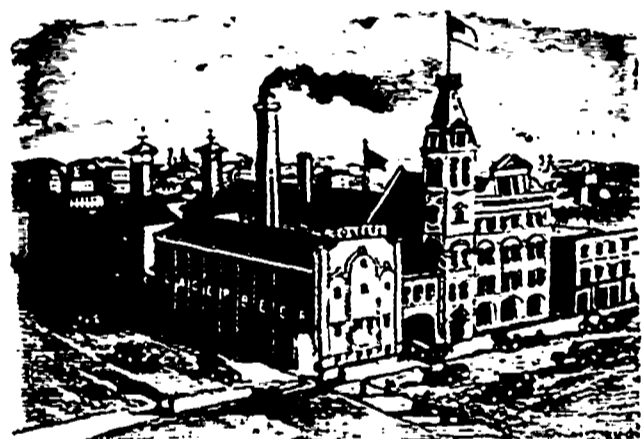
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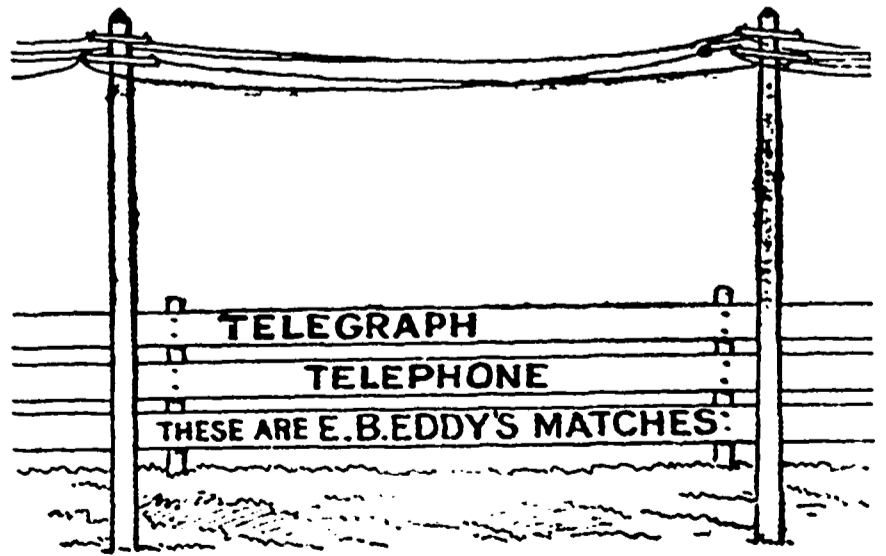
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## IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

## LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

## LEINSTER.

## Dublin.

The smallpox epidemic has been showing a strange persistence within the precincts of the North Dublin Waterhouse. It has been hanging round there since May last. Sir Charles Cameron recently drew the attention of the Guardians to the matter, stating that he was doubtful whether the persistence of the disease was due to the proximity of the Harwicke Hospital, in which smallpox patients are received, or to continuance of the infection in the house.

Mr. R. Griffen, of the Board of Trade, giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the financial relations between Ireland and Great Britain, recently, said the average wages paid per head to persons in different employments in Ireland ranged from 10 to 50 per cent less than the wages to artisans in particular trades in the United Kingdom generally. There was not so large a difference in the standard rates of wages to artisans in particular trades in Ireland and Great Britain. The exchange between Great Britain and Ireland was even, and he saw no indication of any large economic draw from Ireland. With regard to the relative incomes of Ireland and Great Britain, he thought the income of Ireland amounted to not more than one thirtieth part of the income of the whole kingdom, and, having regard to the increasing wealth of England, he judged it should be fixed at one twenty-fifth. In reality the Irish rate of taxation is over one tenth.

## Wicklow.

The Bray Township Improvement Bill passed through its final stages, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on March 25th.

A fire, which, but for the assistance afforded by the police would have been attended with serious results, broke out on March 20th, in Messrs Leverett and Fry's premises, Bray. Immediately on the alarm being given, the police turned out, and in a short time the flames were extinguished. The damage is estimated at about £30.

## Wexford.

The Rev. Andrew Cavanagh, for many years C.C. of Rathgarogue, has been promoted to the pastoral charge of Rathure, vice the late Very Rev. Canon Walsh. Rev. N. Lambert, C.C., Courtmacuddy, has been appointed to the curacy of Rathgarogue, in succession to Rev. A. Cavanagh. Rev. T. Quigley, C.C., Rathnure, has been appointed C.C. New Ross. Father O'Byrne, recently ordained, is doing duty in Blackwater, in place of Rev. M. E. Cavanagh, C.C., who is seriously ill.

## Kildare.

The obsequies of Dr. Michael Murphy, of Newbridge took place on Tuesday, March 26, in St. Conleth's Parish Church. Dr. Murphy died on the previous Sunday, from influenza, at the early age of 33 years. During his ten years of residence at Newbridge he had endeared himself to persons of all classes, but especially to the poor, and by excessive overwork had so undermined his constitution that he fell a victim to the prevailing epidemic. Over a thousand persons attended the funeral procession to Great Connell Abbey. The Rev. Dr. Tynan, P.P., officiated at the grave.

## Carlow.

The results of the recent Poor Law elections in many parts of Ireland are eminently satisfactory. In the county Carlow, where the National Party seem to have fought as unitedly as in the old days, no fewer than five Tory seats were recaptured.

## King's County.

County Court Judge John Adye Curran, in opening the Easter Quarter Sessions, at Carr, on March 27th, was presented with a pair of white gloves, as there was not a single criminal case for trial.

At the last meeting of the Tullamore Board of Guardians, a resolution previously passed in favor of adopting the provisions of the Seed Supply Act was rescinded, there being only one dissenter.

## Queen's County.

At a recent meeting of the Abbeyleix Board of Guardians, on March 26th, a letter was read from the Rev. Abraham T. Disney, Rector of Abbeyleix, complaining that an inmate of the Workhouse Hospital, named Swayne, who was a Protestant, had been unduly influenced to change his religion. The Master of the Workhouse had made the following entry in his journal:—"I beg to ask permission of the Board to change on the register the religion of William Swayne, a patient in the hospital, who, wishing to possess the Catholic faith, on the 22d inst, was attended by the Roman Catholic Chaplain." The man, it appears, was supposed to be 10 years old when, in his last hours, he expressed the desire to become a Catholic. On the motion of Mr. C. F. Corcoran, solicitor, a report on the case, from the nurse and the Chaplain, was ordered for the next Board meeting.

## Kilkenny.

On the morning of March 26th, a terrible explosion occurred on the railway between Kilkenny and Waterford. As the train was approaching Mullinavat, the boiler of the engine burst, blowing John Hollyman, the driver, to pieces, and mortally wounding the stoker, James Hollyman, son of the driver. The Hollymans who were aged respectively 54 and 20 years were natives of Wexford, but had resided for a long time in Maryborough where they were well known.

## Meath.

On March 20th, news was received in Slane, of the death of the Rev. Peter Kelly, P.P., which had taken place, suddenly, at Rostrevor, on the previous day from heart disease. The news caused the deepest regret to his parishioners, the people of Drogheda and of the counties of Louth and Meath. The deceased clergyman was a native of Rochford Bridge, county Westmeath. His remains were removed from the Mourne Hotel, Rostrevor, to Slane, and remained in the church for the night. They were received by Rev. Father Hughes, P.P., Beauparc. The Mayor of Drogheda, Mr. B. Nulty, the Magistrate, Aldermen, and Town Councillors of Drogheda, and a large number of the people of Moyneide, as well as many of the late parishioners of the deceased were present at the station and accompanied the remains to Slane.

## Longford.

The Attorney-General has made the following appointments to fill vacancies caused by the death of Mr. S. Yates Johnston—Mr. Michael Drummond, Q. C., to be Senior Crown Prosecutor for the county Longford, and Mr. Andrew Todd, LL.D., to be Junior Crown Prosecutor for the same county.

Mr. Edward Donohoe, jun., Dromard, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Longford.

## Louth.

The death occurred at the Convent of Mercy, Dundalk, on March 25th, of Sister Mary Johanna, daughter of Mr. Bain Clarke, Dundalk, and sister of Rev. J. Clarke, C.C., Drogheda, and Rev. M. Clarke C.M. The deceased nun was the youngest member of a family, all of whose members had devoted their lives to God's service. She entered the novitiate, Dundalk, about three years ago.

## MUNSTER.

## Cork.

With reference to the recent disappearance of a lady passenger from the steamer Juvo in mid-channel, a telegram has been received in Cork from Bristol stating that it had been discovered that the lady was an escaped lunatic. She is thought to be a Liverpool lady who had a mania for travelling, and who is now missing.

The death is announced of Mr. John Wholey, North at, Skibbereen, which took place at his residence, on March 24th. He had been in failing health for some time past, and although his death was not unexpected, the news that he had passed to his reward was received with extreme sorrow by his relatives, many friends and comrades, to whom he had endeared himself by his upright, genial, and warm-hearted disposition. Deceased was Vice-President of the Skibbereen Young Men's Society, up to a few months ago, when he resigned the position owing to ill-health.

## Kerry.

In the beginning of March, a farmer named Donovan, living at Gorthanoma, near Ballydehob, made a rather interesting discovery while working on his farm. It appears that while engaged in tillage operations in one of his fields, on which is an old fort, he came upon a small tin box containing a number of very old silver coins, Irish and English, some of which bore dates as far back as the 14th century. The find is supposed to be very valuable from an antiquarian point of view.

## Limerick.

At the meeting of the Limerick Board of Guardians, the Master reported that a male lunatic named Michael Hartigan had stolen out of the chapel, during Mass, on the 25th ult. and escaped over the main wall. A keeper, accompanied by the labor-master, were sent in search, but up to the last accounts no trace had been found of the fugitive. The matter was reported to the police, who are also having a look out kept.

## Clare.

On March 25th, Mrs. Sarah Parsons, widow of the late John Parsons, ex chairman of the Kenna Town Commissioners, drowned herself in the River Fergus. Shortly before noon she called at the Post Office, and then, after passing over Carroll's Bridge, it seems she turned down Brewery lane, and deliberately threw herself into the river. Some people standing on the bridge witnessed the occurrence, and gave the alarm, but there was no one present who was able to render assistance. The body floated on the current for about five hundred yards, and when it came near the police barracks a ladder was lowered, and two civilians named Michael McMahon and Martin Croghan got into the water, and with the aid of a rope and fish gaff succeeded in lifting the body on to the roadway.

## Tipperary.

On the 16th of March, the eve of the festival of his patron saint, Mr. Patrick Clancy of Galbally, passed peacefully away, in his

85th year, fortified by the rights of Holy Church. His life long wish and prayer was heard, viz., that he should be called to his everlasting reward on the festival of Ireland's National Apostle. Deceased was a member of a very ancient and highly respectable family, and noted for many excellent qualities, for his deep and ardent faith, and for his solid and unostentatious piety. He had the happiness of seeing several members of his family embrace the religious state, being the father of the Rev. J. Clancy, Chicago, Illinois; Rev. P. A. Clancy, American College, Rome; Mother Mary Angela, Cheater; Sister M. Joseph, Clifford, Chester, Yorkshire; Sister M. Clancy, Sacred Heart Convent, St. Joseph, Mo.; Wm. and Aileen Clancy, Chicago; Thomas Clancy, Sunny Hills, Sydney; Mrs. Quish, Emily; Mrs. Reardon, Ballyhea; and Michael Clancy, Galbally. The deceased was brother of Rev. J. Clancy, for years P.P. of Galbally and Aherlow, whose memory is still fondly cherished by the people of both parishes, the late much lamented Archdeacon Ryan, Fethard, and Rev. F. Ryan, C.C., Boherlahan, Cashel, being his nephews.

## Waterford.

On the morning of March 26th, a shocking accident took place on the Waterford and Central Ireland Railway, about midway between Ballyhale and Mullinavat, some 15 miles from Waterford. A good sized train which leaves Kilkenny for Waterford, at 7.40, was ascending the hills which precede the long incline which runs straight into the terminus at Waterford, when the large driving rod attached to the crank on the right hand side of the axle of the driving wheels broke. The broken rod crashed through the boiler and firebox, driving lighting coal, scalding water, and steam on to the foot plate and tender. The driver and fireman, John and James Holleyman, father and son, and everything moveable in the tender, were blown down. The elder Holleyman, who appears to have been instantly killed, was thrown against the back of the wagon next the tender, under which he fell, and one of the wheels passed over his left arm, severing it from the body. His son James was blown on to the ditch by the side of the permanent way, where he was found in an unconscious condition, terribly scalded and bruised, and was conveyed to Mullinavat in a dying condition.

## ULSTER.

## Down.

Early in the morning of March 25th, Otter Lodge, the residence of Mr. John Hamilton, P.L.G., manager of Henry Muller's factory, Dromore, was destroyed by fire, only the walls being left standing. His wife and his children narrowly escaped with their lives. An extensive range of outbuildings, two storeys high, was also reduced to ruins. Twenty-two cows and three horses were burned, and some valuable contents of the store were also destroyed. James Murnaghan and Lizzie Camac, who, it is alleged, had been drinking, and had surreptitiously entered one of the outhouses the previous night, were burned to death. Their charred remains were found among the ruins. It is supposed that they accidentally set fire to the place. The property was insured.

## Cavan.

Mr. Wylie, Q.C., has been appointed Senior Crown Prosecutor for the county Cavan; and Mr. P. Law Smith to be Senior Crown Prosecutor for the county Fermanagh.

## Tyrone.

Information is asked for through the Irish papers, concerning Neal Donohue, who left Parkmore, co. Tyrone, 27 years ago, for California. When last heard of, 12 years ago, he was at Buffalo Ranch Farm, California, and had been living with his sister, Sarah Collins McKee, Wyandotte, Nevada. News of him is sought for by his mother.

## Monaghan.

At the last meeting of the Monaghan Asylum Board a resolution was adopted recommending the erection and establishment of a separate lunatic asylum in some central place in Cavan, "as we (the Board of Directors) consider it would be better for the patients and cheaper for the ratepayers of the county in the east, as the expenses of the Monaghan Lunatic Asylum have increased and are increasing every year; and we protest against the proposed outlay at Monaghan, as the amount to be expended would, in our opinion, be sufficient to purchase a suitable place in Cavan."

## Donegal.

Mr. Morley has at length decided to open relief works in the congested district of Termon, near Kilmacrenan. Mr. Raymond, Royal Engineers, Chatham, has recently passed through there, to lay off and superintend the works, which will consist of repairing roads and building a bridge. The works, however, are only intended to give employment to about 75 men,—a miserable, chicanery arrangement, out of all proportion with the needs of the district.

## CONNAUGHT.

## Galway.

The result of the three contests in the Hallinacloe Union was declared as follows: The contest in Cullragh was between two Nationalists, Mr. M. Reddy, the sitting



Dr. H. F. Merrill.

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"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. H. F. Merrill, Augusta, Me.

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Admitted at the World's Fair.

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guardian, and Mr. P. Cassidy, and resulted in the return of Mr. Reddy by a majority of 4. In Ahaacragh the contest lay between Mr. J. Nolan, the sitting guardian, Nationalist, and Mr. W. Cleary, Edmondstone. The vote was Nolan 148, and Cleary 79.

## Roscommon.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Dr. J. F. Roden, Keadue, to the Commission of the Peace for Co. Roscommon. The appointment has given general satisfaction, as Dr. Roden was ever a sterling Nationalist.

The rent question on the King Harman estate has been practically settled. Mr. Justice Boyd having, on the motion of Mr. Bodkin, M.P., vested in Major Murphy, the Receiver, the power of alleviating distress on the estate, he has set to the work of doing so. Loads of seed-potatoes are being distributed to deserving tenants.

## Sligo.

The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Cairns, Drum, Boyle, on March 21st, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was for a considerable time in the employment of the Ureline Nuns, Sligo, as a gardener and steward, and he carried on these avocations with great satisfaction to his employers. He was 75 years of age.

Mr. Finlay, Wine street, Sligo, was badly injured on March, 28, by falling through a trapdoor in one of the stores on the quay, a distance of 29 feet. He was insensible for a considerable time, and, it is feared, has sustained severe internal injuries.

Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every well hotel and club is now handling them, and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

## Weak Women

and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

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is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bown, Baltimore. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

# FATHER SHEEHY.

The Renowned Patriot Priest to Lecture in America.

A CULTURED, ELOQUENT SPEAKER.

Father Sheehy of Limerick, Ireland, is an old and familiar figure in America, this being his third visit to the United States. It is therefore scarcely needful to remind our readers who Father Sheehy is. It is simply true to say that he is the best known and the most beloved priest in Ireland. His name is a household word in every province and parish in the island. His name is linked inseparably with his martyred namesake and relative, the great Father Sheehy of the last century. Both names will long live in the minds of Irishmen, for disinterested effort and generous sacrifice in the cause of Ireland are sure never to be forgotten by the long memory Irish race.

Irish Americans became acquainted with Father Sheehy more than twenty years ago, when he lectured for an Irish charity in all the principal cities of the country. Those lectures are remembered since, and to those who listened to him then it is no surprise to hear of Father Sheehy's name in active connection with every national movement at home from that hour up to now.

When Michael Davitt, in '79, raised the banner of the "Land for the People," among the very first who stood by his side was Father Sheehy. How he labored, and with what effect, is now historic. At an early date in that great and righteous struggle for the redemption of a people Father Sheehy's effective work earned for him the distinction of arrest and imprisonment at the hands of the notorious Buckshot Forster and his minion, Clifford Lloyd. The prison, as we know, is the "hall mark" of Irish patriotism. It confers power, it bestows prestige, it supplies a weapon. Thus Father Sheehy found himself thrice armed on his release from Kilmansham jail, and forthwith he went anew into the fight with all the energy and force which he could employ.

After the stirring campaign which followed, and which fittingly culminated in a mighty meeting in "rebel Cork," he came to this country as a national delegate, in company with Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P's. The historic Chicago convention, held in November, '81, called by the Irish delegates as representing Ireland, and by Messrs. Patrick Ford, P. A. Collins and John F. Finnerty, as representing the several organizations in this country, was the greatest and most representative gathering of Irishmen ever grouped together in this country. The vast sum of \$250,000, which passed into the care of The Irish World, and through this channel to the Irish National treasury in Paris, was the fruits of that assemblage. These are, in fact, the moneys known as the "Paris Funds," now at length about to be released and applied to the relief and sustenance of the evicted tenants in Ireland. Father Sheehy's part in awakening the sympathies of his countrymen here at that juncture is still remembered.

We have no doubt that those who saw and heard him then are sure to give him welcome once more to the lecture platform in America. He is making preparations for an extensive lecturing tour throughout this country. This time the proceeds of his lectures go toward the building fund of a new church in Bruree, County Limerick, of which he is parish priest. His own bishop, his great friend, the illustrious Archbishop of Cashel, as well as the

patriotic Bishop of Galway, have sent him special messages of god-speed, while all the most eminent of the Irish Parliamentary leaders have sent him their warmest wishes for the success of his errand here.

As Father Sheehy is now making his lecturing engagements wherever feasible over the United States, he solicits the kind co-operation of his many friends, lay and clerical, to help in making his lecturing tour the entire success, which, we think, he may with much confidence anticipate for them. His lectures embrace a wide and varied field, and in the hands of Father Sheehy are sure to afford his hearers a rare and enjoyable treat.

We are fully confident that we can bespeak for Father Sheehy a hearty "coad mille failthe" in every important centre in this great country.—*Irish World*.

### Death of Cardinal Richard.

His Eminence Cardinal Francis Benjamin Richard, the Archbishop of Paris, is no more. This illustrious prelate passed quietly away a few days ago at the advanced age of 76 years. Cardinal Richard had made numerous friends during his administration of the archdiocese of Paris, to which he was appointed on July 8, 1886. Previous to this he was Bishop of Belay from 1872 to 1878, titular Archbishop of Lorraine from 1878 to 1886, when he was translated to Paris. It was but a few months ago that he celebrated his golden jubilee, and it was a jubilee in every sense of the word. His death was the result of a laryngitis, brought on by a cold which he caught some time ago while engaged in administering to the wants of the poor, aged pensioners under the charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor. On this occasion His Eminence personally tended the aged pensioners and filled with his own hands the basins of soup which were served out to them. He subsequently gave his blessing to the 800 persons who were present, and as he addressed them no one thought that his death was so close at hand. It is needless to say that all Paris, and, indeed, all France, is in mourning, and visitors to Notre Dame will miss from its cloisters the grand old face that has cheered them so often.

"After years of dyspeptic misery, I can at last eat a good square meal without its distressing me," gratefully exclaimed one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy wonderfully sharpens the appetite and improves digestion.

The strength of a woman is due as much to her womanhood as the strength of a man to his manhood, and the woman is just as strong as she will be.—George Macdonald.

The pleasure belonging to the acquisition of knowledge is one which all may enjoy who choose, let the time of life at which they commence the pursuit of it be what it may.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Takes in small doses the effect is both a tonic and stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Virtue and a trade are the best portions for children.—George Herbert.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.—Franklin.

### A "Prominent Witness"

Rev. J. M. McLeod, Pastor of Zion Church, Vancouver, B. C., writes, July 3rd, 1894:—"It is nearly three months since I finished the package of K. D. C. which you sent me; and I though I have for more than twenty years suffered from indigestion that one package seems to have wrought a perfect cure. Since taking your remedy I have not had the slightest symptom of a return of my old enemy. It affords me much pleasure to recommend K. D. C. to the numerous family of dyspeptics as the best known remedy for that most distressing malady."

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Your husband will notice a great improvement in your cooking, when

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Your house will not be filled with the odor of hot lard, when

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**MONTREAL**

No man ever gathered a harvest from his field who had not first resolved to gather one. No man ever won a victory or conquered an enemy whose success was not the result of resolution and planning. No man ever accomplished better things who did not first resolve and attempt better things.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

The measure of a man is taken by what he plans for. Some plan for the day, some for years, the largest plan for eternity.

It is the nature of vanity and arrogance, if unchecked, to become cruel and self-justifying. There are fierce beasts within.—George Eliot.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin, "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

In some people arrogance takes the place of greatness of mind; want of humanity is in the room of firmness of character, and low cunning of understanding.—La Bruyere.

By so much as the meanest man lives rightly, the world is better, and something has been added to the store of its virtue; and by so much as he is evil and unthankful the world is worse, as the garden is the worse for the unchecked fruit.

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

The heart of the true servant of God ought to be an altar whereon is offered the daily gold of charity, the incense of continual and humble prayer, and the myrrh of incessant mortification.—St. Paul of the Cross.

"Half a span of angry steel" will produce no more fatal results than a neglected cold or cough. For all throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy. It is invaluable in cases of croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and in grippe.

# Have You Gout?

Gout is beyond question the outcome of deposits of uric acid salts in the joints. ST. LEON MINERAL WATER is charged with lithium, a powerful solvent of uric acid. This explains why this water effectually eradicates all gouty symptoms from the system.

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## EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Very Reverend Edward Cassidy, Dean of Toronto, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 87 cap. 110 and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of the above named deceased, who died on or about the 3rd day of March 1895, at Toronto, are required to deliver or send by post pre paid to the undersigned, solicitors for the Reverend John M. Cruise and James W. Mallon, his executors, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities if any held by them, duly verified by Statutory declaration, on or before the first day of May 1895, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not then have had notice as aforesaid.

Dated at Toronto, this 14th day of March 1895.

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Solicitors for the above named executors.

**50c. Bargains in Bulbs and Plants**

The following worth at Minimum of Cost:

- No. 1—15 Gladioli, finest assorted, for 50c.
- " 2—6 Dahlias, choice varieties, " 50c.
- " 3—8 Mombretias, handsome, " 50c.
- " 4—6 Roses, everblooming beauties, " 50c.
- " 5—Window collection, 1 each:
  - Luchina, Dbl. Fl. Musk, Ivy
  - and sweet scented Geranium, 50c.
  - Manetta Vine, Tropaeolum,
  - Mex. Pomme, & Heliotrope.
- " 6—8 Geraniums, finest assorted, " 50c.
- " 7—12 Gladioli, in assorted colors, " 50c.
- " 8—5 Iris, fine varieties, " 50c.

Any 2 collections for \$1.00. A Stamp by Mail, your gold, our silver. A Stamp: Catalogue Free.

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A. O. H.

At a special meeting of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held on Wednesday night, April 10th, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed:

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to remove by death the beloved mother of our esteemed Brothers Edward and Joseph Marshman, and whereas by her death the family have lost a loving, kind and true mother, the Church an earnest and devoted Catholic, therefore be it

Resolved—That we, the members of Division No. 1, A. O. H., do hereby tender to Brothers Edward and Joseph Marshman and other members of their family our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their sad hour of trial and pray that Almighty God may strengthen them to bear with Christian fortitude their sad bereavement. Be it further

Resolved—That copies of this resolution be forwarded to Brothers Edward and Joseph Marshman, spread on the minute book of this Division and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.

W.M. RYAN, Rec. Sec.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." At the last regular meeting of Division No. 4, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held in their hall, Sunday, the 14th instant, the following resolutions of condolence was unanimously adopted.

Moved by Bro. P. D. McDonald seconded by Bro. Joseph Smith.

Whereas Almighty God in his infinite Wisdom has removed by the hand of death the beloved child of Samuel Sutton our esteemed Brother be it resolved that we the members of Division No. 4 tender our heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Sutton and earnestly pray that almighty God may grant him strength to bear his affliction with Christian resignation. Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Bro. Sutton and to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

At the last meeting of Division No. 2, A.O.H. held in their Hall Red Lion Block Yonge street, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from amongst us, Mr. John Flynn, brother of Daniel Flynn of this division.

Be it resolved that the members of division No. 2, tender to the family of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother Daniel Flynn also to the Catholic Register and Catholic Record for publication and that the same be entered in the minutes of this division.

M. J. Ryan, Recording Sec'y.

C. O. F.

The regular monthly meeting of the Court was held in their Hall at 10 o'clock sharp; the Chief Ranger, John J. Neander called the meeting to order, assisted on his right by Bro. Joseph Caderet C. R. St. Joseph Court. The following Brothers were elected officers for the ensuing year John J. Neander, Chief Ranger; James Malloy, Vice Chief Ranger; L. V. Bachand, Past High Chief Ranger. L. V. Du-sean, Treasurer; Andrew Kerr, Recording Secretary; Wm. P. Vogel, Financial; Joseph Saariol, John O'Brien, Henry Fletcher, Trustees; W. T. J. Lee, Representative; Philip De Gruchy, Alternate; Dr. M. Wallace, Medical Examiner.

The Chief Ranger on taking the chair returned his sincere thanks to the members of the court for the confidence they had; each officer in turn thanked the court in a manner appropriate to the occasion; after the regular business of the court was disposed of a committee was appointed to make arrangements for running an excursion at an early date. Further particulars will be announced later; the meeting here came to a close in the regular form with prayer, to meet Thursday, May 2nd, 1895. Every member of the court is specially requested to be present.

Many visiting Brothers from the east will be present. Installation of officers will also take place. ANDREW KERR, Recording Sec.

The latest explanation of the visit which Archbishop Ireland paid to New York last fall, just before the elections, states that the St. Paul prelate went there to raise some funds to help him out of a financial tangle in which, owing to the stringency of the times, he found himself placed. He is a large trustee, and last fall needed aid to keep the property intrusted to him intact and to pay interest thereon. Knowing he could not raise what he wanted in Minnesota, he went to New York, where he succeeded in bonding the property for \$400,000, the greater part of the bonds being taken by non-Catholics who admire Monsignor Ireland. The fact that the archbishop wanted money was known at the time of his visit; but the manner in which he succeeded in raising sufficient for his needs has not been before public.



GENEROUSLY GIVEN THE POOR.

Two years ago you were kind enough to send me some of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, which I gave to two poor girls who were suffering from falling sickness, and they got well after using your excellent remedy. My wish is now to the utmost, but a cup of charity as for your crown, for your timely and generous gift to the poor, and so excellent, and so kind, that I am ever ready to give it to my friends.

Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Worcester, Mass., September 3, '91.

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