

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

My Recollections of Hamilton and Its People Continued—Some Errors Corrected—Early Owners—First Mayor and First Bankers—Street and Wardell—"French Henry," Mr. Gilbert—Mr. Filgiano—Old-Time Auctioneers—Lawrence Devany, the Friend of D'Arcy McGee—The Father of the Dundas McMahaons—Early Burials—Gold Hunting.

I promised in my last letter to furnish my enlarged list of Hamilton readers some more items about early times at the "Head of the Lake," as the city was called in its earlier days; but I first want to correct some errors in my last contribution. The name of "Hughes" should be changed into "Hughson," the name of the owner of one of the first farms on which the city is built, and after whom Hughson street is named. Where the name "Thorn" is printed it should be "Thom"; and the name of "Jolly" added as a saddle and harness maker. Writing of the Pennsylvania Dutch that settled on the plateau above the city, the name that is printed "Lerrettrerrys" should be "Terryberys." "Jacob" Hess should be printed "Peter." I have seen this name printed with a final e, making it "Hesse," but I think the usual way was as I had it. Writing of Daniel Kelly, the carriage builder, who opposed Timothy Brick, the first Catholic elected to any position in Hamilton, my manuscript copy said he "was not one of the faithful," but it was printed "one of the faithful," which gave no meaning whatever. I think I made a mistake in claiming that Mr. T. Brick was the first Catholic elected to any office in Hamilton. That distinction belonged to a Mr. Gilbert, an Englishman, and a very intelligent man, who kept a hotel on South James street, about where the J.M.B.A. hall is now located.

Those who owned the farms on which the city of Hamilton is erected were, counting from east to west, Land, down near the inlet named after him; Aikman, whose farm was located east of the original limits of the city; James Durand, who was succeeded by Peter Hamilton; Mr. Hughson, whose first name I do not remember; and Peter Hess. There were two or three others whom I do not now call to mind. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Land and Mr. Hess were yet alive when I first went to Hamilton. Mr. Charles Durand, who was born in Hamilton and had a memorable career, says in his memoirs, published 1897, that if his father had not sold his farm to Peter Hamilton, the city would now be named Durand. Hamilton was incorporated in the year 1847, and there was some discussion as to what name it should bear as a city. There were some who advocated a change back to Burlington. Why Hamilton's name was given to it in preference to that of any of the other land-holders, was because his farm was that on which the town was started. On it was built the jail and court house, and it took in the court-house square and the gore. But who it was that owned the large tract of land known as "commons," extending from the settled portion of the town down to the bay, I do not know. No doubt there were several owners of that great tract, and it occurs to me now that a good deal of it belonged to Thomas and James Stinson, who were the principal property owners in those days. Samuel Mills, I believe, was the greatest landlord because he owned the most tenement houses and was not particular as to whom he rented them either, so long as he got the rent demanded. I have to enquire when I next visit Hamilton, who owned the tract on which "Corktown" was built and when it was begun. Judge O'Reilly lived in Corktown and had a small farm there, but I never heard that he was much of an owner. Judge Miles O'Reilly had a brother named Hamilton O'Reilly, who was also a lawyer, and lived on Jackson street, but it had a different name then.

The first mayor of the city was Colin C. Ferris, a Scotchman and one of Hamilton's extensive wholesale merchants, whose place of business was on the southwest corner of King and Hughson streets. It was a very large but low frame building which was moved south towards Main street when the Gore bank, of which Mr. Perry was president, was erected on its site. I watched the erection of that building from day to day, from John Robertson's printing office, which was on the opposite eastern side. It took a good while to build it because all the stone was cut and trimmed on the premises. The cashier of that bank was a Mr. Street, and a Mr. Stevens or Stevenson was manager. Mr. Street, I believe, was one of the Streets of the Niagara district. He was a man with a "sandy" complexion with large overhanging eyebrows. Some years ago I met a man on the steps of the Northwestern railroad depot, in Chicago, who attracted my attention because of those eyebrows and I accosted him. I said to him "Excuse me, sir; is not your name Street?" "No, sir, my name is Street—T. C. Street. He was the identical man. I reminded him of old times in Hamilton. He asked me who I was; but I said I was only a "kid" in those days and too insignificant to be known by him. "Call and see me at the First National Bank," he said, and there we had a chat together. The "First Na-

tional" was the leading bank of Chicago, and it is so yet, and Mr. Street was one of its vice-presidents. If he be alive he must be between ninety and a hundred years of age, for I thought him old when I was only a youngster.

Another gentleman that I met on the streets of Chicago one day whom I thought I knew and did know, was the eldest Mr. Wardell of Dundas. I accosted him and said: Is not your name Mr. Ward? "No," he answered, "Wardell." That is the name I meant; I used to know you when I lived in Hamilton many years ago; you lived in Dundas but were often in Hamilton. You were in John Robertson's printing office one day when I was a mere lad, and you had quite a friendly conversation with Mr. Robertson, who sent me up to show you how type were put together, and he dictated to me what to set up; it was about you selling your farm near Dundas." Mr. Wardell appeared surprised and pleased. He was an English gentleman and a Catholic and a great friend of Vicar-General Macdonell of Hamilton. It has been a great pleasure to me since my return to Canada to make the acquaintance of his son, who is a prominent lawyer of Dundas and a greatly respected gentleman. A grandson of his is now a doctor in Hamilton, whom I have met.

There was a man in Hamilton when I first lived there that was well known and liked, who went by the name of "French Henry," or Henry Gerard. He was a very tall man, a Catholic and an agreeable citizen. He kept a livery stable on South James street, about opposite the "Spectator" office now, and if I am not mistaken, succeeded Mr. Gilbert. I knew several Frenchmen in Hamilton after that, including Mr. Theophilus Filgiano, who came from Toronto, where he was well known. Mr. Filgiano was a dentist and a great singer, who joined St. Mary's choir. He was a very enthusiastic gentleman and when he sang the "Marseilles Hymn" made the rafters ring. He was very sociable and soon made many friends in his new home. I am glad to notice the name of Filgiano occasionally in the papers; now, but, alas, not the same Filgiano!

There was an auctioneer in Hamilton named Thorne, when I went there. His location was the southwest corner of King and John streets where Carey's Hotel used to be years before. I remember Mr. Thorne well, especially on account of a sale he held on the street corner one day. The effects were a lot of very poor furniture belonging to a very poor family who were distrainted for rent. I have often thought of that sight, because of its misery and praised the laws of the United States that protect the home and make exemptions in its favor. There the landlord has to take his chances like any other debtor. Another auctioneer of the same kind that I remember was named Wonnham. Stephen Oliver was an auctioneer of a different type and got a more respectable class of business. Lawrence Devany came after I left Hamilton, but I knew him well when he was an alderman of that city. His rooms were on the south side of King William street, near James street. He was a warm-hearted, enthusiastic kind of man, with a very cutting tongue. His wife, a fair-haired little woman, used to attend the store for him and keep his accounts. I was the one who first introduced him to the late Thos. D'Arcy McGee, whose company he sought as much as possible. I asked him once afterwards how he liked McGee? His answer was most emphatic: "I like him," he said, "I love him, and right or wrong I'll stick to him!" And McGee, as warmly took to Devany and stuck to him, until the latter's death. Devany, after retiring from business, went to Montreal to live, so as to be near McGee. In McGee's volume of poetry edited by Mrs. J. D. Sadlier of Montreal, there are three poems devoted to Devany and members of his family. That headed "Requiem Aeternam" was on Devany's own death, which sad event took place on March 3, 1868, in Montreal, only a short time before McGee's assassination. I once heard a priest speak of it as one of the most affecting poems in the language. There were in it altogether seventeen stanzas of four lines each. Another entitled "In Memoriam," was in memory of Devany's little daughter, Mary Ann, who lost her life while endeavoring to save two of her playmates who had been skating on the Welland Canal at St. Catharines, on Thursday, March 3, 1864. The first stanza reads: "Lost, lost to us on earth, O daughter dearest! Torn, as if by a whirlwind, swiftly away; Little we know, when morning skies are clearest, What tempests may engulf the closing day!"

Now, let me digress a little and turn to Dundas for a moment. I will quote from the reminiscences of the late Charles Durand, whom I knew well, and who died in Toronto two or three years ago: "My brothers and I boarded a short time with the family of Mr. MacMahon. He was the father of the present Judge MacMahon, of County Judge MacMahon, and of Dr. MacMahon of Dundas. Before my brother George went to this school (Mr. MacMahon's) he attended the same school in Hamilton, a district school kept by Mr. John Law in 1826-27, at which the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, afterwards Minister of Education, also attended and received his education in part. I know, or recollect, this Mr. John Law, who afterwards held some governmental law office, and lived on Main street, south side, and a little west of Hughson street. He had two

4 PER CENT. DEBENTURES Debentures for \$100 and upwards are issued for terms of one, two, three, four or five years. Coupons are attached for interest from the date on which the money is received at FOUR PER CENT. per annum, payable half yearly. INVESTIGATION SOLICITED Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation Head Office, Toronto Street. - - - TORONTO

sons, one grown to manhood, named Robert, who became a lawyer, and the other named James, a young fellow, with whom I used to play sometimes. Egerton Ryerson, I have often seen in Toronto, especially about the time the Normal School was established. He was not "Minister" but superintendent of education, and the father of our present school system. He brought here from Dublin, Ireland, Mr. Robertson, the first principal of the Normal School, and Mr. Hodgins, one of whom became a lawyer and is probably the Mr. Hodgins, whose name I sometimes see in the papers; and I think the late Mr. Taylor, of the education department, and a most worthy Catholic gentleman of Toronto, came out here at the same time. Mr. Durand, who was himself a good deal of a bigot, had no use for Mr. Egerton Ryerson, on account of his diverting from his early reform principles to defend Governor-General Sir Charles Metcalfe and his Tory associates.

"I have attended frequently to the burial of the old people in early times which was done on their farms—near their homes often. It is strange to think of this; but there were no public cemeteries such as we now have, some of which are beautiful for situation, and their monuments exhibit the deep affection of their living relatives. Of none have I a greater admiration than for that of the new Hamilton cemetery overlooking Burlington Bay, in front eastward, and the great Coots' paradise valley and Dundas to the west, from which we also see the green mountain forests of Flamboro and Ancaster. I believe the Catholic Holy Sepulchre Cemetery is in the same locality and possesses equal advantages.

"In the old times many of the dear ones were buried in fields or small nooks on farms—as my father laid his first wife, who was killed, as spoken of (killed coming down the mountain). In 1834, on that same farm, Mr. Geo. Hamilton's body was buried in a small burying ground a little beyond his house under the mountain ridge eastward." I have been shown recently the stone coffin of Dr. Case, on the mountain side, near the eastern ascent. "On the farm formerly owned—now cut up into residences—by the late Peter H. Hamilton, a small plot existed near where Mr. Hendrie's residence now stands, in which an ancient owner named Wedge was buried." From this it seems that neither Durand nor Hamilton was the first owner of that farm, but Wedge. "Not far from the Castle of Dundurn, built by Allan N. McNab, a private burial plot exists south-east of it, or did, in 1820-30, up to 1850—in which his son's and his own body were buried.

Even gold hunting in early days was practised in the vicinity of Hamilton. Mr. Durand remarks about this: "There was a craze of this kind all over Upper Canada. People thought there were hidden treasures in the ground, put into holes, by whom no one knew, or how, I remember, my father and brothers putting on blankets and coats and traveling gear, going out to dig for gold. The late Bishop Richardson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, told me in his lifetime, that he recollected this strange mania as a young man, in 1816 to 1820. He said he thought the Devil put it into people's heads to do so—made them crazy. I don't know that the Devil interferes in this way, although he goes about as a roaring lion. In mostly all new countries there is a search for gold.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA Dividend No. 2 Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the half-year ending November 30th, 1906, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after the First day of December next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 20th of Nov., both days inclusive. By order of the Board. JAMES MASON General Manager. Toronto, Oct. 17th, 1906. City branches open 7 to 9 o'clock Saturday—8 Church St.; Queen and Bathurst

Pope Wants All War Abolished Replying to a peace message to him by the president of the International Peace Association of Milan, the Pope reminds his correspondent that Popes are always apostles of peace and that the Vatican stands for arbitration as opposed to war. The Pontiff also calls attention to the pleasure it gave him to accept an invitation to negotiate in a conciliatory manner when three American republics were agreed to accept arbitration in order to avoid war. In conclusion the Pope exhorted all nations to abolish war altogether, and not to rest with merely moderating the horrors of conflict.

His Holiness Threatened Rome, Nov. 19.—The Pope has received personal letters containing threats that he will be assassinated in the Apostolic Palace as a protest against the present organization of society. The anarchists, it is stated, are ready to employ every means to destroy all institutions supported by religion or by military forces. It has been officially decided that the Pope will receive King George of Greece on Sunday next. The Pontiff this morning received Cardinal Coullie, Archbishop of Lyons, and three French bishops, and conferred lengthily with them regarding the situation in France. The Pope has kept one of the nails which formed the charge of the bomb exploded yesterday in St. Peter's as a souvenir of the explosion. Many messages expressing indignation at the outrage have been received by the Pontiff.

Death of Mrs. Wm. Leahy On the 13th inst. a deep gloom gathered over the community of Brock, when the news spread that Mrs. Wm. Leahy had been called away from the shadows of earth to the "well done" of their rewarding Master. The deceased was a woman of beautiful parts; to her husband she ever proved a prudent counsellor and to her family a shining example of a model Catholic mother. Though retiring in disposition, she was always with the poor and the downcast, and in return the poor loved her. The Catholic congregation of Brock, of which she was a devout member, will keep her name for long years in happy memory. The funeral was unusually large, many of the friends of the family coming from Toronto, Orillia and the neighboring towns. Notable among them was Mr. G. D. Grant, M.P. After the Mass the Rev. Fr. Uline referred to her sudden taking away at a time when she had the promise of many years to come. "Though her sun set at noonday," he remarked, "it went down in calm and in peace." "If her death was untimely," he added, "it was well prepared for by the reception of the last Sacraments and all the consolations of Holy Church. Though young in years she had to her credit a good day's work. She well accomplished the task that was given her to do." In conclusion he feelingly said that if the vacant chair at home summoned up fond memories of her who was the angel of the hearth, the vacant place in the pew would also remind the congregation present of one who was a faithful member of Holy Church, a devoted wife and an exemplary mother. Though Faith and Hope picture her in the light of Heaven, she may not yet have attained the fullness of joy. He therefore urged that those present who loved her in life would prayerfully remember her after death—for true love or charity is stronger than death.

The German Emperor and the Catholic Church The well-known Catholic proclivities of the Emperor William appear to be exciting the alarm of the Evangelical party in Germany. The Berlin correspondent of "Le Temps" telegraphs as follows to his paper: "The National Liberals and also the Evangelical Union compared with bitterness the reply of William II. to the note of felicitation sent by their Congress with the telegram addressed by the Emperor to the Catholic Congress of Essen. To the latter William II. himself despatched his warm thanks, but to the National Liberals and the Evangelicals he simply transmitted his thanks through his Chef du Cabinet, M. de Lucanau. This has irritated the "Leipziger Tageblatt" profoundly. It says: "There is nothing more distressing or significant to Evangelicals than the hope entertained by the members of the Catholic Church that they will one day count the Emperor William amongst the faithful. We profess ourselves ignorant of the private religious sentiments of the Emperor, but nobody who has eyes to see and ears to hear can deny that the Imperial attitude denotes a strong bias toward Catholicism. We do not forget the warm protestations of adherence to the Evangelical faith proclaimed on the heights of Warburg, but we cannot fail to see that the Catholic clergy are treated with more consideration by the Emperor than the Protestant clergy. His predilections are for monasteries, and those who occupy them. The Imperial desire is to revive the ideal of the Middle Ages and we see in this mental attitude a strong approach to Catholicism. The Emperor perhaps aims at a practical end, and hopes that the Catholic and Mediaeval ideal will aid him in realizing his own romantic ideal; but this personal ideal of the Emperor has much of analogy with the Catholic ideal."

BISHOP McFAUL'S PLAN Appealed to the Pope—Holy Father Has Decided to Adopt for Italy the Idea for the Federation of Catholic Societies. Since the audience granted to Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N.J., who was one of the principal promoters of the Federation of Catholic Societies in the United States, Pope Pius X. has decided to adopt the same plan regarding the numerous Catholic associations in Italy, which have for their scope the promotion of Catholic interests. The committee in charge of the matter has been instructed by the Vatican to establish an Italian Elected Catholic Union, which is to be composed of all the Catholic societies at present doing isolated work. The scope of the Union will be to promote the election to Municipal, Provincial and Parliamentary representation of persons in harmony with the interests of the Church, and to submit to the approval of Parliament the laws which shall be deemed more adapted to protect Church interests, while denouncing laws under discussion which may not be favorable to the Church. It is the general opinion that by establishing a Federation of Catholic Societies in Italy as it exists in the United States, the Pope has proved himself once more a shrewd politician, and that it will not be long before the number of Catholic members in the Italian Parliament will form a powerful group.

New Methodist Theology A stir has been created in Methodist circles by a remarkable sermon delivered on Sunday in England, by Dr. Downes, editor of Great Thoughts, at Stoke-on-Trent Wesleyan Church. The preacher declared his firm belief that human destiny is not fixed at death. This was a view which for some time he had held secretly and he knew others who were similarly situated. He could not withhold this great revelation which had come to his soul. "God is love" meant that no man would be damned eternally without a chance. He had come to the conclusion that the great hope was in this that the reforming and mediating work of Christ was continued in the unseen world. The general idea had been that man's destiny was fixed at death, and that if he died in sin he went straight to hell. Christianity demanded that no human being should be adjusted until Christ had been brought home to him, whether that took place in this life or the life after death.

Catholics and Non-Catholics in Ireland Mr. Talbot Crosbie, an Irish landlord, recently interviewed by a newspaper reporter, expressed himself as follows regarding the relationship between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland: "We never had religious division in the South of Ireland. We have always lived in harmony with our Catholic fellow-countrymen, and I strongly dislike the attempt to range Irishmen into hostile religious camps. Catholics and Protestants should work together in unity. We want fair play and a fair field for everyone. No man should be handicapped owing to his religion, and no man should be oppressed for it. The appeal was made to the British electorate (in reference to Home Rule), "Come and help your co-religionists" (the Protestants in Ireland), but as a Protestant I say their co-religionists do not want help in that respect. We, as Protestants, in a small minority, have no fear of being over-ridden by our Catholic neighbors, and are perfectly satisfied that in any self-governing system in Ireland there would be no such oppression. The idea of handing us over "to the tender mercies of the Catholic Hierarchy" is only a catchword for political purposes."

Another Instalment of Irish Home Rule Dublin, Nov. 8, 1906. The Evening Herald declares that it has reliable information to the effect that at a recent conference attended by James Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland; John Redmond, leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons; Jno. Dillon, member of Parliament for East Mayo, and Sir Anthony Patrick MacDonnell, Under Secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen, lord lieutenant of Ireland, Sir Anthony read the draft of a plan for the reorganization of the government of Ireland. The draft provides for the establishment of a central or Castle board, an educational department, a department of agriculture and for the transfer of land. It creates an Irish council with between two-thirds and three-fourths of its members elected on the existing parliamentary franchise and the remainder on a restricted franchise or nomination. Clergymen of all denominations are eligible for membership in the council. Ireland is to retain her present representation in Parliament, the police are to remain under imperial control, but the force will be reduced numerically and the judiciary remains unaffected. Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon strongly opposed the police and the judiciary clauses, but it was pointed out to them that certain members of the cabinet were obdurate on these questions. The proposed measure is not yet complete, but the essential features have been settled definitely and the entire cabinet is agreed thereon. Why not Catholic books for Christmas? When the Catholic Public, who ought to be the greatest readers in the world, get to ask one another this question, the result will be beneficial. Mr. W. E. Blake, 123 Church street, Toronto, has on his shelves some 3,000 different titles, and a visit to his book shelves ought to assist in answering the question asked.

BISHOP ADMONISHES PARENTS How Can They Close Their Eyes at Night Knowing Their Children are on the Street. Fall River, Mass.—Eishop William Stang prepared an admonitory message to the priests under his jurisdiction and directed that it be read to every Mass last Sunday. It is in part as follows: "Catholic parents who love their children will certainly not allow them to run about the streets aimlessly after nightfall. How can a Catholic father and mother close their eyes in sleep unless they know that their children have said their prayers and have retired for the night. Our public thoroughfares are frequently polluted by unbecoming and lurid representations and pictorial advertisements, and few of our magistrates seem to have the courage or sense of propriety to prevent this outrage on public decency. Again, our cities and towns are flooded with sensational literature and filthy papers which debauch the mind and make serious reading an impossibility. "The celebration of holy matrimony is often followed by ribaldry and offensive merriment. The day that should be observed with reverence and serious reflection as the entrance into a sanctified state of life is turned into one of riot and shameless frolic by those who should follow the newly wedded couple with prayers and good wishes. You will denounce with righteous indignation all silly and pagan customs that are desecrating the Christian wedding day, and you will threaten with due punishment all future offenders. The fair name of Catholicism should no longer be disgraced by such noisy marauders and disreputable rowdies who, under plea of fun and amusement, bring dishonor on the Church and scandalize the weak. Unless we inveigh with holy zeal against those and similar abuses disorders will grow to an almost incurable state and lead innumerable souls to eternal ruin."

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HOME CIRCLE

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Oh it is sweet to think, Of those that are departed, While murmured Aves sink To silence tender-hearted,

Yet not as in the days Of earthly loves we love them, For they are touched with rays From light that is above them;

Yes, they are more our own, Since now they are God's only; And each one that has gone Has left our heart less lonely.

Dear dead! they have become Like guardian angels to us; And distant heaven like home, Through them begins to woo us;

They whom we loved on earth Attract us now in heaven; Who shared our grief and mirth Back to us now are given.

O dearest dead! to heaven With grudging sighs we gave you To Him—he doubts forgiveness!

THE HOMESICK EXILE. Wathers o' Moyle, an' the white gull flyin', Since I was near ye, what have I seen?

Slemish an' Trostan dark w' heather, High are the Rockies, airy blue, Sure ye have snows in the winter weather;

Lone Glen Dun, an' the wild glen flowers, Little ye know if the prairie is sweet!

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin' Clearer for half o' the world be-tween.

RUZVELSHIN SPELIN. (Catholic Mirror.) 2 late I morn the daz I spent, not wzyly but 2 well,

And yet I sumbow do not think that this newfashyned stile Wil b adopted jenerly, 4 quite a fit-til while;

A riter need not stop to think about his spelng long, No mater how he spels a wurd, just so he spels it rong.

Then back to Noah Webster and the good old-fashioned days When one must learn to spell one word a dozen different ways,

Little Roger had gone into the country for the first time, and his grandfather had taken him out to see a colt.

INCOMPLETE. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

NOT GETTING ALONG.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, my son," said he, "how are you getting along?" "I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer.

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor has an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

"I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have done in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed. "Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully.

LACE CURTAINS AND SHADES. In sending lace curtains to the wash it is well worth while to mend any little holes first, as they are sure to become larger in process of washing.

DELSARTE. (The Augustinian.) Now that the young ladies are going in for gymnastics, physical culture, Delsarte exercises and other such means of bodily development, we imagine that these suggestions will prove apt and interesting.

On the Action of the Bowels. IS DEPENDENT THE GENERAL HEALTH, CONSTIPATION IS CURED BY Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Almost the first question the doctor puts to his patient is in reference to the action of the bowels. Not only are very many ailments attributed to constipation of the bowels, but their cure is impossible until the bowels are set right.

USEFUL TO KNOW. If you have to take raw eggs to build up your strength (and there is nothing much better), take them without beating them up—without breaking the yolk.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

regular arrangement of counterpane and pillows. Sweeping gives much the same motion, without the jerkiness of golfing strokes.

My case, I believe, came from hard work and other troubles, exposed to heat as well as cold. I was subjected to considerable ill-health, my stomach, as out of order, and I had no appetite.

FREE. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

RECIPES. Cream of Celery Soup.—Chop sufficient sticks or roots of celery to make one quart. Cover it with one quart of water and simmer gently for twenty minutes; then press through a colander.

WHAT A GIRL LIKES FOR CHRISTMAS. A fan. A muff. A good picture. A handsome belt. A pair of gloves.

CANCER OF THE BOWELS. Stott & Jory, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the name of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body.

A DOZEN BETTER THINGS. Tact is better than talent. Common sense is better than circumstance. A minute ahead of time is better than a second behind time.

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY. Church Bell and Chimney Bells. Best Copper and Tin Only.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN. How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel sicker than when they went to bed.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS. Suitable Designs and Subjects for Church Decoration Submitted.

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FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A Wonder of the Universe. 12. HAMILTON, Ont. July 12, 02.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST. Homestead Regulations.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

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The Children's Page

TO ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA (A.D. 1550-1568).

Yes, let me dare the love to say That's throbbing for thee in this heart...

So amiable art thou and mild, Guileless and gay and kind to all...

Brother! But that name points to thee, Tortured for years without complaint...

Of princely birth, of graceful form, With winning manners, talents rare...

To thy sick couch doth Mary bring The healing grace—then lends to thee...

Twice, too, that loving Lord, unknown 'E'en in His Eucharistic guise...

And years before, His Name o'er thee Gleamed on thy Polish mother's breast...

And so, brave boy! on fire with love For Him who claimed thee thus ere birth...

And after weary toils and care, At sainted Borgia's feet thou prayest...

Thus, Kostka, ope'd thine eighteenth year; A novice then nine months at Rome...

At dawn of her own parting-day, As thou hadst prayed and prophesied...

Oh, sweetest, loveliest Saint in Heaven! Forgive love's tone, too free and wild...

Angel of God! We sometimes dare To call thee so—and well we may...

Angel in death, in life, in birth— Angel in form, in heart, in tongue—

Why, myver, why? Did God pin the stars up so tight in the sky?

Why, myver, why? Why did the cow jump right over the moon?

Why, myver, why? Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try?

Why, myver, why? An' why can't they swim just like fishes and fings?

Why, myver, why? An' why does the little birdie have wings?

Why, myver, why? An' live little boys have to wait till they die?

Why, myver, why? Does little boys' froats always ache when they cry?

Why, myver, why? An' why does it stop when they're cuddled up close?

Why, myver, why? An' what does the sandman do days, do you s'pose?

Why, myver, why? An' why do you fink he'll be soon comin' by?

When autumn skies are deeper blue Than any skies June ever knew...

When fires roar on the cabin hearth, And sweets bubble low in mirth...

GIRLS WHO HAVEN'T TIME.

Have you noticed what a lot of "haven't time" girls there are about? It's such a busy, bustling world...

What a lucky thing the little mother's at hand to fill the gaps! It's such a nice, easy excuse...

We really haven't time to do many things we are asked to do, unless by chance they happen to be the things we want to do ourselves.

Isn't that often the case? If it's something we don't want to do, it comes our ever-ready excuse...

But, dear girls, this isn't the right way to look at life. God has given you your life not merely that you may have a good time and enjoy yourself...

What, think you, would your father say to a clerk, or any one in his employ, if, instead of trying to do the work given him, he wasted all his time in amusements?

And it's just the same with girls' work, which you are neglecting unless you are making time to do the kind and thoughtful actions that come in your way.

They may be such small things that they have never appeared to you to be important. Just a visit to cheer an invalid, a duty done that will leave the dear mother a little freer...

But don't think you'll find it easy work, especially if you've never tried to do these things before. You won't. Probably many and many a time you'll be tempted to think it really isn't worth while and you might as well go back to the old ways again...

Impurities of the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow...

These medals were provided for by an act of Congress last year to promote the security of travel on railroads engaged in interstate traffic...

Mr. Poell received the medal for risking his life in saving that of a small child. He was employed as a fireman on an engine on the St. Joseph & Grand Island Railroad...

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ground, each horse with a little string of bells to its harness. On they came, the handsome, well-cared-for creatures, nodding their heads as they stepped along...

"Do all horses down here have bells?" asked Angela. "By no means," replied her grandfather, "they are some expense, but if we can make labor easier to a horse by giving him a little music, which he loves, he is less worn by his work, and that is a saving worth thinking of..."

FAITHFUL HORSE PENSIONED. "Whitie" has retired. Green grass in a suburban home will take the place of dry hay in a stuffy stall, and springy sod instead of asphalt pavement will soothe the worn feet of the dappled gray horse that for thirty years, rain or shine, winter or summer, has been found ready and willing at all times to do the work asked of him by the great government of the United States.

Rest does not come to "Whitie" because Uncle Sam noticed his tottering limbs or dimming eye, or the passing of the strength that had been spent in his service.

Thirty years had "Whitie" responded when called upon, but when with advancing years the value of his service lessened to almost nothing, the government, through its experts, condemned him to be sold.

All those years of honest service, seemingly, was not enough to entitle "Whitie" to a chance at green pastures and shady nooks. But what the government could not do in the way of pensioning an old horse, their clerks in the depot quartermaster's office could and did.

When "Whitie" was put up on the block and offered to the highest bidder, there were many vendors and hucksters, cruelly computing on the number of months, weeks and days that the old horse would stand up under a stinging whip while hauling a heavy load.

R. Marcus Howland, chief clerk in the depot, R. S. Dishman and Mr. Barker, were standing in the crowd of prospective bidders. They came prepared to buy "Whitie." And buy him they did, at their first bid of \$10.

Now "Whitie" is a gentleman of leisure, disporting himself freely about the home of Mr. Howland. How many horses are there in Washington that can think of being petted kindly on the nose by General Grant when he was President, or recall the days when "Boss" Shepherd was busy beautifying Washington?

Yet if the language of horses could be translated, "Whitie" would tell of a life of honorable work, intelligent performing, had been crowned with something better than rest or recreation—an appreciation of that life and service.—Washington Post.

FAIRY DOT. Such lovely stories as Aunt Emily could tell—stories of fairies and goblins and of little flaxen-haired princesses! And how Dotie Dudley did love to hear them!

"I think, Aunt Emily," said Dot, "that I like best of all the story of the wish fairy. I wish I were a fairy, and that I could just grant wishes, wishes, all day long."

And what do you suppose Aunt Emily did? Made the loveliest crown of shining gold paper, and put little blue bows and bells on Dotie's shoes and a sash round her waist and a wand of glistening paper stars in her hand; and little Dotie was transformed into a sweet little hazel-eyed fairy. Aunt Emily kissed her and sent her off to "Fairy Dell."

"Oh, dear," said grandma, "I wish I could find my glasses!" And away Fairy Dot flew upstairs and downstairs and back came grandma's glasses. Grandma's wish came true.

"Oh," said little brother John, "I wish someone would help me; put my soldiers away!" And there on the spot Was Fairy Dot.

"IT'S ONLY A GOLD, A TRIFLING COUGH" Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptive grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

Mother wished her flowers were watered, and father wished for his newspaper; Aunt Emily wished for someone to help her stir the cake and seed the raisins, and Bridget wished she knew what the clock said; Towser looked as though he wanted a drink, and the kitten begged for some milk; and there were wishes, wishes, everywhere in "Fairy Dell." Wasn't it good Fairy Dot was there.—Kindergarten Review.

A FEW RIDDLES. What is there you can't take with a kodak? A hint. When does bread resemble the sun? When it rises from the yeast. Two ducks, before a duck and two ducks behind a duck and a duck in the middle. How many ducks in all? What animals, when beheaded, become very cold? Mice. What is the superlative of temper? Temperst. What nation does a criminal dread? Condemnation. What is the waste of time? The middle of an hour glass. What animals are generally brought to a funeral. Black kids. What is it which works when it plays and plays when it works? A fountain. Of what trade are all the presidents of the United States? Cabinet makers. Why is the First of July like an oyster? Because you can't enjoy it without crackers. What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight boot? One makes acorns and the other makes corns ache. Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE. A story is told of a millionaire's wife who was discovered quietly darning stockings in her magnificent drawing room. "I delight in it, my dear," she explained to her visitor. "It reminds me of the happy days when we were a struggling young couple, and I used to sit darning stockings and rocking the cradle and singing for pure light-heartedness."

"But you are happy now?" was the question. "Yes—when I'm darning stockings" was the quiet reply.

THE STORY OF AN EXCITING GAME OF FOOTBALL. Dixon had almost begged Jensen, the coach, to let him stay out of the game that day, but in vain. For a week he had left that disinterestedness and apathy which preceded those fevers to which he was subject, coming on him, and he felt that he was not playing with his old-time snap and vim. Couldn't Jen see this? Of course playing full back on the team naturally he had won some games and perhaps had made some star plays that had endeared him to the University's rooters and colleagues, but he realized he couldn't play with the same spirit again for some time. He had had those fevers before and knew when they were coming on. And he wanted old "Elyston" to win. In fact, the old "U," with its purple and white, had always seemed a sort of mother to him and he believed it would almost break his heart to see a rival triumph over her. When the terrible truth would rise before him that perhaps through some false play of his she might lose, he felt something hard grip his throat and sometimes a half smothered sob would escape him.

Then there was another person who wanted him to play and win, Helen Goodwell. He had met her during his first year at "Elyston" and ever since she had manifested more than a friendly interest in his doings both on the campus and in the study halls and he had gladly responded to that interest, and had kept her informed of all the games so that she might be present at them. A faint grin always came to his face when he thought of how many times the remembrance that she was watching him had put new life and courage in his tired body, and he had gone through the line for a touchdown. On the evening before the game Helen said softly, when they were parting: "You'll win to-morrow, won't you, Tom?" Dixon answered modestly, "I'll try, Helen."

The great day dawned at last. Dixon arrived early on the field. Already the crowds had begun to gather and far across the gridiron he could see the "black and yellow" of the rival college flaunting saucily in the wind. To his right the constituents of purple and white had flung their colors, and when he caught sight of the streaming pennant with "Elyston" engraved on it, mechanically his hand went to his forehead and he tipped his hat. He hazed at the crowd once more, and then went to the quarters to don his football suit.

Rigged out in full regalia, he again came out on the field and walked over to where Henderson and Reddy, Elyston's halfback and quarter, were standing. He noticed the anxious look in young Reddy's eye when he saw him coming. "Howdy," he muttered, and taking Dixon by the arm he pulled him over to one side. "Well, old man, do you feel as if you could play your best to-day?" he inquired, eagerly. "Reddy," he answered miserably, "there's no use trying; I can't. I told Jen that, but he refused to listen, probably thinking the excitement of the game would rouse me to action, but I feel it in my bones. However, I'll do my best."

The shrill whistle of the referee broke off their conversation, and they took their places on the field. Dixon felt drowsy and walked abstractedly to his place. He looked toward the side line and saw Jen doctored out in a white sweater with a large "E" on it. When he caught his eye he made a half imploring gesture toward him to let him stay out of the game, but Jen only frowned, and turned gloomily away.

If only that mass of humanity, packed on all sides of him could look deep down in his breast and see the turmoil that was going on there.

"The Silent Testimony"

of incomparable quality manifests itself in millions of teapots daily.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Has built its enormous sale on "Quality Rock" as a foundation

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all Grocers.

What's that? Bah, it's only the crowd yelling his name and shouting for him to rip up the opposing line. He had heard that cry go up many times before, but now all seemed so different and he only smiled sickly, and felt that lump again rise in his throat. Again he heard the whistle, followed by the roar of the crowd, and soon he saw the ball come sailing through and being fairly gobbled up by Reddy. Mechanically he ran toward him, and pushing a big burly fellow to one side he reached him. Reddy saw him coming and giving him a quick smile of welcome, took refuge behind his back.

Once again Dixon tried to arouse himself to action, but when he looked at the fellows in yellow and black sweaters come tearing down the field, a sickly feeling came over him, one of disgust and nausea. They seemed to him like the central figures in some hideous nightmare.

And all this time he had been rushing forward precipitately, pushing them on each side of him. Glancing backward he happened to see Reddy with the ball under his arm. One big fellow seized the opportunity and rushing past him grappled with Reddy and threw him to the ground. The rest jumped on top. For an instant Dixon forgot where he was. Surely they were trying to kill Reddy. With a cry he sprang forward, and grabbing one of them by the neck he jerked him to his feet.

"You coward!" he cried in a frenzy. "Get off that boy!" The fellow turned angrily around and it all came back to him. He was playing football. "Beg pardon," he muttered.

Dixon breathed a prayer when that first half was over. Even though the purple and white hadn't scored still there was some consolation in the fact that zero was still their rivals'. When time was called he stretched out on the ground. Several admirers came and stood around him, but he wasn't in the mood for conversation and only regarded them through half-closed eyelids. At other games he had gone over to the stand and had received the congratulations of a girl who at present was straining her eyes to see him coming out of the crowd towards her. He even didn't want to talk to her. He just wanted to be still and think. Several times during the first half he felt the fever surging through his veins, and only routed it by sheer will-power. But how about the rest of the game? His reverie was abruptly brought to an end by the call of the timekeeper, and again he took his place on the field. Then came the same monotonous playing. Once he went through the opposing line and heard the exultant roar from the crowd. He turned toward the stand angrily. Couldn't they stop their idiotic yelling and watch the game? His wandering wits were returned by a jab in the ribs from Henderson, who curtly told him to wake up.

He looked up, and far across the field caught sight of the Purple and white. That's what he was fighting for and— How light his head felt. He wanted to laugh aloud. What was that fellow in the white sweater shouting? "Three minutes to play." Why surely he must have escaped from some asylum and there was Reddy in front of him yelling like a lunatic.

"Four-eighths-three!" He felt something hard shoved in his arms, while somebody grasped him around the waist and pushed him forcibly. He looked down and found he was hugging a football. Suddenly it dawned on him that all the fellows wanted to get it away from him.

Get it away? He laughed aloud in sheer delight at the impossibility of the thing. They would have to kill him first. He felt something at his feet and saw a Yellow Back grabbing his legs. With the cry of an enraged tiger he shook him off and went right into the midst of the opposing team. He had that ball and he meant to keep it and if they wanted it they must chase him. On, on, down the field he went. Two more of the Yellow Backs were in front of him; he dodged one and ran square into the other, upsetting him, and then continued on. The roar from the crowds was deafening. They were evidently appreciating the fun of the chase, he felt.

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thought to himself, and smiled his acknowledgment toward them, and as he smiled his eyes rested upon a familiar form. It was Helen's. She was sitting in the first tier, watching his every step. He noticed she was not wearing her pennant as the others were, but she was sitting listlessly and sadly. Giving her a quick smile of recognition, he retouched his speed with face towards her.

Suddenly he felt a crash and staggered. He looked up and found he had run into one of two perpendicular posts with a pole across them. He put his hand to his head and pulled it down covered with blood. Again he felt that sickly feeling clutch him and he staggered forward a few steps and fell.

Far, far away, it seemed, he heard that same idiotic voice yelling: "Time's up!" He tried to raise his head, but fell back and all became deepest, darkest oblivion.

A few seconds later Reddy came running up with the coach. There were tears in the young quarter's eyes, as he leaned over the prostrate form.

"Dixon was in a fever during the game," he brokenly exclaimed, "and he didn't know what he was doing, but he won anyway. How's that, Jen? He'll be all right in a week or so? Thank God!"

FABLE OF THE PANSY. A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third which is the largest of all, has two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair, the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large, gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

ALPHABET OF SUCCESS. Attend carefully to details. Be prompt in all things. Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right, fear to do wrong. Endure trials patiently. Fight life's battles bravely. Go not into the society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation. Join hands only with the virtuous. Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration. Make few special acquaintances. Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly. Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents. Sacrifice money rather than principle. Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure for improvement. Venture not on the threshold of wrong. Watch carefully over your passions. Extend to everyone a kindly greeting.

Yield not to discouragement. Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.

AS KENNETH EXPRESSED IT. Four-year-old Kenneth was watching his mother put the frosting between the layers of a cake.

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "please may I have some of that paste you are sticking the lid on with?"—Little Chronicle.

HOW DOROTHY MEASURED. "Look, mamma," said small Dorothy, "here's a hole in my stocking as big as a dollar."

"Oh, it isn't quite that large, dear," rejoined her mother. "Well," continued Dorothy, "it's as big as ninety cents, anyway."

Mrs. Backbeighly—Did you suffer any from mal de mer on the voyage over? Mrs. Peckington—No! But seasick? I was seasick to beat the band!—Browning's Magazine.

Patience—Doesn't the Milky Way look small to-night? A Patrice—Yes, it looks like condensed Milk Way.—Yonkers Statesman.

HARD LINES. Love will find a way, they say. And so it may. But with the prices charged for meats, And other things that love may need, They make it hard, indeed. For love to find the way. To pay For what it eats. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. Mrs. A. Lethaue, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

The Catholic Register

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P. F. CRONIN, EDITOR

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1906.

BYSTANDER'S PARAGRAPH.

In his comments upon current events lately Bystander opens one of his paragraphs with the assurance that not a syllable against the Catholic religion has appeared or will appear in his letters.

We turn to the Syllabus. Pius IX. drew up eighty errors which he collected from various prior condemnations into a Syllabus.

but the simple minded who were led astray by false press and false teachers. The Syllabus touched the deep wounds of modern society to the very quick.

It does not take much to raise up the spirits of the Baptists. Their jokes are very tame and their wit peculiar.

A few weeks ago we pointed out that there was not much reality in the anti-clerical agitation now going on in Spain.

The Future of Ottawa University

That a great university can be established and maintained upon a dual language basis seems unlikely.

If there could be an exception to the foregoing reasoning it would be in the case of a dual-language university situated among a people embracing two numerous bodies using different tongues.

Apert therefore from the question whether the present administration of Ottawa College is departing from the lines upon which the institution was originally chartered, and was approved by Rome, it seems worth while for the Catholic people of this part of the Dominion to consider whether they hope for a great university here they should endeavor to make Ottawa University either French or English.

Amendment to School Act

The amendment made to the School Act at last session of the Legislature make it compulsory upon the Municipal Council of every county to pay to every rural school a county grant at least equivalent to the amount of the special legislation grant.

Hereafter priests called to attend emergency cases will not be obliged to conform to the rubrical form of prayers for the dying.

THE RAMBLER

His Visit to Peterborough—What He Thinks of That Giant Young City—Some Loose Topics, etc.

Those who have deemed it prudent to read an effusion of mine which appeared in a recent issue of the Catholic Register and whose memory may not be impaired by age or the study of Canadian politics, will remember, that I came to a full stop as I touched the City of Peterboro'.

Those Irish Exiles, about whom I am writing from the banks of the Lee, the Suir and the Shannon, who involuntarily made room for the creation of large areas of grazing lands, for the purpose of raising bullocks to meet the natural demands of Mr. Bull and other gentlemen, were distributed through the Township of Ennismore, Douro, Asphodel and Ottonabee in the County of Peterborough, as well as through Ops and Emily in the County of Victoria.

The history of Peterborough for many years of its earliest existence is the same as that of many a straggling backwoods village. Its outlet to more southern latitudes was by way of Port Hope, then what it is to-day, the chief distributing point for all that "back" country made up of the Counties of Durham, Peterborough, Victoria and the northern townships of the County of Ontario.

minions there stands something resembling it in the principle of its construction, but to make a comparison between the German Lift Lock and that which is decreed to make known to the civilized world the existence of the Trent Valley Canal, would be an insult to the whole Dominion of Canada.

Peterborough city does not know the Irishman, in the life of its commerce, as it did when I made my first appearance in the place, now more than forty years ago.

I deeply regret that the "shingles" hoisted by Irishmen have completely disappeared, and that the Irish Catholic is almost as scarce in the commercial world of Peterborough, except as a buyer and a consumer, as he would be within the four walls of an Orange Lodge.

In a speech delivered by Sir John Macdonald many years ago, on the occasion of one of his visits to London, when he was banqueting, he replied to the toast "Canada" during which he dilated at some length on the great resources, and vast possibilities, of that country, clearly defining her destiny amongst the world's great nations.

In my own humble opinion, and from my many points of observation, I do not think that there is a more powerful moral force in any part of Canada than can be seen and felt in the City of Peterborough, made up of its Bishop and its priests.

The "new typewriting" which gives the World's Champion her marvelous skill, was originated and developed by the Kennedy School—the school for the making of experts in stenographic work.

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I regret that I have been obliged to pass over many matters of interest relating to Peterborough with which I am quite familiar, but I will return to those subjects just as soon as the contents of the communication which I am now preparing will be digested by the readers of the Catholic Register.

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A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

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I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region?

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL. "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

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JOTTINGS

Nine French mayors have been suspended for having replaced crucifixes in the schools.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott has again announced himself for the Mayoralty of Ottawa.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, for eight years president of St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, has been appointed to the parish of Glace Bay, C.B.

Mr. John J. Rogers, Lindsay, has been elected as the representative of the Separate school teachers on the Advisory Board of Education.

Archbishop Quigley will pay a visit to Rome sometime after Christmas. This will be his first visit as Archbishop of Chicago.

A statue to the late Marquis of Salisbury was lately unveiled in London. The statue shows the late Premier in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

As a result of the October Fair held in Ottawa for the benefit of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, the institution will be benefited to the amount of \$3,000.

Dr. J. K. Foran spoke last week to the Y.M.C.A. of Ottawa, his subject being "Some Lessons for Canadians" from Scotland's bards, Scott and Campbell.

It is stated that His Lordship Bishop Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, has been confined to his room for several days by an attack of apoplexy.

The Kaiser has just made his third visit to the ancient Benedictine Abbey at Maria Laach. He met with a cordial reception from the Abbot and the monks.

Among the bequests of Samuel Lewis, the recently deceased Jewish money lender of London, now payable on the death of his wife, is one of \$100,000 to the nuns of Nazareth House, Hammersmith.

St. Patrick's Chapel, in Westminster Cathedral, is not to be left neglected. Some children of the Emerald Isle are quietly taking steps to furnish it.

Bessie Glen Buchanan, a beautiful Irish-American girl of twenty, and a member of the staff of the Pittsburg Leader, has just published a book of thirty-seven poems, and during the past three years has an output of 180 poems to her credit.

During a two weeks' mission, just ended at St. Joseph's church, Girardville, Pa., held by priests of the Redemptorist Order, 800 male members of the congregation signed a written pledge not to enter a saloon on pay days, Saturday nights or Sundays.

Canon Sloan, one-time pastor of Fallowfield, was presented by his late parishioners with a purse of gold on the occasion of the celebration of his Silver Jubilee. This was a case of "absent but not forgotten."

Miss Margaret Anglin was awarded \$5,000 damages in her late suit against the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway Company for injuries sustained through the negligence of the company about July, 1905.

A teacher in the Kingston Business College a few days ago lost her cheque for \$50.00. It was found and returned to its owner by a little boy, Norman Burns, son of Fireman John Burns and a pupil of St. Mary's School. Well done, Norman!

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Bomb Explodes in St. Peter's

Rome, Nov. 18.—A bomb was exploded in St. Peter's to-day. The edifice was crowded and an indescribable scene of confusion followed. There were no fatalities.

As soon as the echoes of the tremendous roar had ceased a canon sought by reassuring words to quiet the people, but in vain. They fled in all directions and a number of women fainted.

Women and children screamed and men tried to protect their families in the crush. The church is so large, however, that there was ample room for the crowd to scatter and no one was injured. No trace of the perpetrator of the deed has been found.

Since Saint Anacleto, who was ordained by Peter himself, erected an oratory in 90 A.D., on the site of the present basilica, to mark the spot where the remains of St. Peter are buried, no such dastardly occurrence is noted in the annals of the church.

To-day was the anniversary of the dedication of the basilica to St. Peter, and it was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Holy relics were exposed, and a large number of the faithful attended the service. Cardinal Rampolla, formerly papal secretary of state, was among those present. He took part in the service in the choir chapel.

The last Mass had just been concluded when the explosion occurred, and only one canon, who had not quite finished, remained at the altar of St. Petronilla. This altar is at the end of the right aisle, and it was near here that the bomb had been placed.

TREMENDOUS ROAR.

As the canon turned to bless the communicants there was a tremendous roar, which echoed through the lofty arches of the immense dome like a thunder clap. At the same time a dense smoke spread throughout this portion of the basilica and a strong odor of gunpowder filled the air. Confusion and panic at once seized the people.

The canon at the altar tried to stem the tide of fear. He shouted: "Do not be afraid; it is nothing, merely the noonday gun."

His words, however, had little effect; they were refuted by the smoke and the pungent smell of powder, and the people continued their headlong flight. Chairs were overturned, making the confusion more serious. Men and women fled, stumbling in all directions, and the screams of children and cries of anguish were heard on all sides, and for a few moments it seemed as if nothing could obviate a grave disaster.

The vast size of the church, however, gave room for the crowd to scatter, and at the end of a few moments the people were surging toward the doors, excited and nervous, but orderly. As soon as the smoke cleared away a hasty examination showed that nobody had been hurt in the crush, and, furthermore, that no one had been wounded by the explosion. Calm was gradually restored and people returned to view the extent of the damage.

POPE HEARS REPORT.

The Pope was engaged in his regular noon hour devotions when the bomb went off. He heard a muffled sound, which surprised, but did not alarm him. Monsignor Misciatielli, sub-prefect of the apostolic palaces, and Monsignor Bisletti, major domo of the Vatican, at once hurriedly entered the pontiff's chamber. They were so pale that the Pope immediately asked, "What has happened?"

"Do not be alarmed, Holy Father," was the answer, "a bomb has exploded in the basilica, but fortunately there are no deaths to deplore, and no one has been wounded."

The pontiff asked anxiously if the church had been injured. On being reassured he fell on his knees, saying he must implore mercy for the misguided perpetrator of the deed. A three days' service of praise will be celebrated in all the churches in expiation of this offence to religion.

THIRD OUTRAGE.

This bomb explosion makes the third anarchist outrage in Italy in four days, the other two being the murder of Prof. Rossi in Naples yesterday, and the explosion of a bomb in front of the cafe Aragono in this city on Nov. 14. The attempt of to-day has caused deep-seated and universal horror and indignation on account of the locality selected by the miscreants, and the resentment of the people is very great. St. Peter's is the greatest basilica in Christendom. It took 350 years in the building and stands to-day a result of the efforts of 43 popes and the genius of Michael Angelo, Bramante and Rafael. The commission of such an outrage in such a place has called forth unlimited condemnation and is characterized as providing that the perpetrators of the crime were actuated by feelings worse than those which moved the Vandals and the Saracens.

The rumor having spread abroad that the Pope intended to visit St. Peter's to-day to pray before the tomb where the outrage was committed drew an unusually large crowd to the basilica. This rumor was unfounded.

The theory is held that this attempt was not directed against the papacy, but rather a challenge to society in general by attacking religion, the most sacred institution of the people.

The giving of gifts that are essentially Catholic is becoming more and more the custom amongst Catholic people, therefore, the Register begs to state to its readers that a magnificent stock of all classes of Devotional articles, such as Rosaries, in gold and silver, or precious stones (which are contained in satin lined boxes at a very low figure) as well as Prayer Books, and Sacred Pictures, Statues, and Statuettes, in endless varieties, can now be had in Toronto. A visit to the show rooms of W. E. Blake, 123 Church street, Toronto, will easily prove a very profitable one. Even evenings during December.

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Pray for my Soul

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats, That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer, Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by golden chains about the feet of God. —Alfred Tennyson.

To Our Blessed Mother

(A First Composition.)
Mary, dearest Mother, Help, oh help, we pray, Your poor misguided children In exile far away. In distant lands, dear Mother, They seldom hear thy name; Whisper softly to them Of thy glorious Son. How He died to save them And suffered for their sake; Show them, dearest Mary, The safest path to take. So when their exile's over They may a refuge find In the Heart of Jesus, Who died to save mankind. —A. M. B.

Books make the best Christmas presents. The gift of a book carries no obligation nor does its acceptance. In most cases it is a gentle compliment to the literary tastes of both giver and receiver. When one sends a clever book to another it carries a sort of implication—"I have read this book and I think your own bright mind will appreciate it." (Perhaps there is a little egotism in that, but not enough to be offensive.) While there are many books every one has not the facility of procuring them. A package of books to your friend in the country is surely a great treat. Blake's Catholic Church Goods House, 123 Church street, Toronto, Canada, have over 3,000 titles of books on its shelves.

The funeral of the late Mr. Hurley of Lindsay was one of the largest ever seen in the town. Over one hundred carriages were in line.



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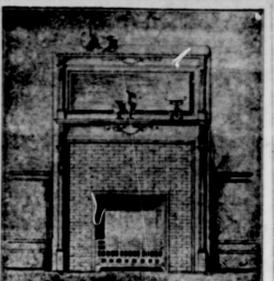
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at last! By the time you get this I shall be under the same roof with your poor chum, and hard at work on his case. We'll have him out in no time, and bring that old villain, the Major, to the stool of repentance.
"But burn this as soon as you have read it, and don't give me away by any premature disclosures.
"It was slow work at first I must say, and I was feeling as tired of it as you were; but, after all, the farce has given me infinite delight.
"And, now for the secret—the secret I couldn't confide to you for fear you would spoil the game. You remember that day when I was so down in the dumps and you said something, without knowing it, which put me on the right track. What you said was this: 'The bigger the fool, the worse the chance of getting into an asylum.' That was just it; I saw in a flash that I had all along been going in the wrong line in playing up to them with mere extravagance and absurdities. My outrageous tempers, all my wild waste of good money with the advertised foods and advertised medicines, wouldn't do the trick, though they might have proved any man as mad as a March hare. They were willing to make all sorts of excuses for me, so long as I merely behaved like a fool.
"Then came your wonderful tip that gave me the secret at last. And the secret is just this: If you want everybody to think you mad you have only to live according to reason. The moment I saw this the thing was done. We're all so frightfully sympathetic to eccentricity, so horribly hostile to sense and truth. As soon as I began to be reasonable they were ready to put me away. I removed a garment because I didn't want to wear superfluous clothing on a hot day. They shook their heads over me at once. I rose from the table as soon as I had had enough, and left a dining-room with the atmosphere of a kitchen for the pure air outside. I was madder than ever. But where was the madman? Choose between these silly people stuffing themselves into indigestion and the wise man with a care for his health. Was I less wise when I said nothing when I happened to have nothing to say? Why, the finest order in the world is founded on a rule of silence; and who was the sage who said he had sometimes repented of talking, never of holding his tongue? My treatment of my workpeople capped the climax—in fact, it has sent me to the madhouse at last. Yet what is it but a touch of pure reason in human relations, the finest contribution of the ages to the science of being—From each according to his powers; to each according to his needs.' It is a whole gospel of the higher life, yet you have only to act on it to find yourself in a madman's cell."
We very soon had Tom at liberty. Nothing could withstand the array of facts which his friend collected and smuggled out, and which I got published in the papers.
There is but one drawback; poor Sam himself, I regret to say, remains there to this day. It is regarded as a hopeless case. I am publishing this as a last, and I am bound to add, a beseeching effort to procure his release.—Richard Whiteing in the London News.

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tance in the dull routine of tedious tasks and who are exposed to injuries and ailments that those who toil not do not know, will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil an excellent friend and benefactor in every time of need.

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FREE MASONRY AT WORK.
In Spain, as well, we see this organization at work, and we have heard the noble protests of the Bishops in defence of the Church. We find the same conditions existing in Portugal and Italy. These are no longer truly Catholic nations, they are in the slavery of men who speak of progress but who oppose real progress by driving out of the nation the most intellectual, the most virtuous men they have; men who speak of liberty but who will not allow

THE POPE AND FRANCE

(By His Grace Archbishop Langevin.)
The following is a text of a sermon preached by the Archbishop of St. Boniface on his recent return from Rome:
In speaking to you about my visit to Rome, I would choose to dwell particularly on the subject of our Holy Father the Pope. He is the Father of all Christendom, he is Christ on earth, and consequently when we are united with Him, the Vicar of Christ on earth, we are united with Christ Himself.
MUCH is said about the Pope, all over the world; he is the centre of attraction not only for the members of the Catholic Church, but for the whole universe. It seems that this venerable, old Pontiff occupies the central portion of emulgence in the world, and the attention of all men is concentrated upon Him. This is why any news about his health should interest, and we, of course, his children, should take an especial interest in this. I must say that the news spread all over the world that the health of Pius X. is failing, is false. His health is good. He is robust and strong and he administers personally immense affairs of his office that St. Paul calls "the solicitude of all the churches." The present Pope is not like his venerable and famous predecessor Leo XIII. of immortal memory; he is not a man from the European aristocracy. He belongs to an ordinary family, a good Christian family of working people. He has not the aristocratic appearance of Leo XIII., but his face is beaming with rays of goodness and kindness, yet at the same time he seems to be under the influence of grief, as if a veil of sorrow overcast the sweet and good and noble countenance.
Before his elevation to Peter's Chair Pope Pius was not ranked among the "cardinals of Curia," as they are called, that is, those cardinals of Rome who are intimate with the great and involved scheme of government of the Church, whose dominions embrace the world. Many people said, therefore, that he would be backward, that he would not realize fully his position, that he would not grasp the most important questions another might have done. But all were astonished to witness the mastery with which Pius X. reduced the multitude of affairs to the fundamental questions.

THE CONFLICT IN FRANCE.

All of you are acquainted with this most vital question that arose in France. Then it was said by many that this man, parish priest, this bishop and cardinal who had never lived in Rome, would not comprehend the situation; it could only be expected that the French Government would find in him an easy victim to their diplomatic wiles. But it was quite different. I wish to trace the developments of this crisis in France for there is a most fundamental principle at stake. You need not believe the reports that have been published to the effect that the Catholic Church was opposed to the French government as a republican form of government. The Catholic Church is not concerned with forms of government. The Catholic Church cares not whatever the form of government may be, so long as the people enjoy an administration of justice. The trouble lay not in the French republic; the Church enjoys the best relations with the neighboring Republic of the United States, though its people are not Catholic, predominantly. The trouble was not with the French Republic, the trouble was with an organization more powerful than the French Republic. The government of France is not so very strong; it changes very often, the ship of state is tossed to and fro by every wave of sentimentality. Call them Free Masons or whatever you like, the trouble rests upon a group of men who are determined to oppose the Church, to destroy religion in France, and they will be satisfied only when the last priest will have been sent away from the country, unless the priests will consent to become apostates.
This is the sort of Government we have in France; Catholics should understand this,—it should be clear to their minds. We read in our papers, "See what the Catholic nation is doing." Not! It is not the Catholic nation that is doing these things, if you do not know better you are quite ignorant. It is an organization that is called in France the Bloc.

PIUS THE APOSTLE.

It has been said that Leo XIII. was a great diplomat. True indeed, but Pius X. is greater than a diplomat; he is an Apostle! We should go on our knees and thank God that He has given to our holy Pontiff that strength, that courage, that heroism. Oh, think not for the moment that this great decision did not cost a sacrifice to the Pope. There were those around him not of the same mind. There is freedom in the Church, there is no organization in the world in which there is more freedom. Truth, I repeat, is the essence of liberty, and the Church is founded on truth. "You are the great Senators of the Church," says Pius X., "but I am Pope, and I would rather lay down my life than vote against my conscience." His loving heart was torn, but he was faithful to his conscience; all those who visit the venerable Pontiff and that tears, as it were, seem to mingle with his smile, and his heart bleeds with grief, for he has a father's heart. Catholic people, we have a great lesson before us. In our days, unfortunately, some people are too indifferent, too easy-going. They imagine the Church will change her principles to suit the circumstance and the occasion. The Church will not change; I and you and all of us must abide by her principles. Henceforth let no one of us complain of the directions of the Church, and let this great lesson strengthen our souls and make us new men; that we may perform our duty with gladness of heart, because we consider our duty the law of God. Let us fulfil our duty with love and with firmness and then shall we have fought the good fight and we shall have the consolation of the promise of the crown of immortal blessedness in the eternal vision of Almighty God—The Central Catholic.

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Lady (to little girl)—And what's your name?
"Maxey, mum."
"No. I mean your first name."
"Minnie, mum."—Boston Transcript.

the noblest men to organize, white stamps of every sort may organize without restraint; men who will oppress the Church which is the foundation rock of Truth and hence the very embodiment of liberty, for truth is the essence of liberty.

THE PERSECUTIONS.

We have heard of the persecutions of ancient Rome; it is the same in France. France is the most prosperous nation, so far as material prosperity goes. This material wealth is not held by a few millionaires as on this continent, but the common mass of the people are enjoying comfort. Yet amid this prosperity the Catholic family is trodden down. You know of the wily policy of oppression adopted by the Egyptians against the Jews. Pharaoh said: "Let us wisely oppress them lest they multiply." Thus it is with France. A hundred years ago the French Revolutionists established a civic constitution for the clergy, which would compel every priest to cut himself off from his Bishop and the Pope. This is the constitution that was condemned by the Pope. Nowadays they have plans somewhat of the same sort. They have created these associations, cultuelles, associations of worship. So nicely framed are they that at first sight the people would be inclined to say, "Perhaps we can accept them." Thus did the Pharisees try to deceive Jesus. Imagine! They wanted to ensnare the Eternal Wisdom with the wisdom of the world. They sent their messengers to ask the Master if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar. Taking the coin Jesus said, "Give to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's," and the conspirators were put to confusion and Jesus was vindicated before the Jews. So with the Separation Law. And thus the French Government addressed themselves to the Pope: "We know you love justice, so we will compromise with you. We want to be just with you Catholics. We will take away your churches, presbyteries, cathedrals and your other institutions and then we will make a bargain. You will form associations of worship, and these associations of laymen will rent the churches and you will again have your places of worship." But these associations are so constituted that their very principle is opposed to the constitution of the Church. The Church is not of human origin. It is founded upon Christ and depends upon His Vicar on earth, then the Bishops, priests and laity. Its constitution is of Divine creation. But the French government, rather Free Masonry, provides that the people will not be dependent on the priests, nor the priests on the bishops, nor the bishops on the Pope, so that a fundamental principle of the Church is violated.

THE POPE'S DECISION.

The Pope said: "This is Caesar's, this is not God's." This decision of the Pope is one of the greatest events of our century! We must appreciate that living in such disturbed days we nevertheless witness such a noble, such a great act of courage in the Church. We have heard the very words of the Apostles, "Non possumus," we cannot! We cannot obey men in preference to God." And who is he who speaks thus? A powerful emperor? A commander of a great army? No. The weakest sovereign of material kingdoms is stronger than he by force of arms. He has no army, no soldiers, except the few that parade before him but who are powerless to defend him. He has defied more than the power of France, he throws down the gauntlet to the most powerful organization under the skies—excepting the Catholic Church itself. If Catholics have at any time had reason to feel proud of their Church throughout her history, it is to-day.

In and Around Toronto

A BEAUTIFUL SERMON.

A sermon of exceptional beauty was preached by Rev. Father McCann at St. Francis church on Sunday evening, the words from the Magnificat "and behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," supplying the text. The Rev. speaker said that these words spoken first by the Blessed Virgin and inspired by the Holy Ghost, might be applied to every woman who followed and lived by the teachings of Christianity. Developing the subject a contrast was drawn between the pagan times prior to the coming of our Divine Lord and afterwards. To go too deeply into the condition of women in ante-Christian times would be to "shock our ears and cause our cheeks to blush for our humanity," but with the coming of Our Lord all this was changed. Woman took her proper place and from being a slave became a queen whose realm was that of the Christian home. Woman's mission is, therefore, to inspire respect, to educate and to dispense charity. Her influence in these three directions was amply and choicely illustrated and the parting admonition was for all to take as a pattern, Mary the mother of God, she who is for all time the model virgin, spouse and mother.

CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The above association held its regular weekly meeting on Monday evening at the home of the Misses Kernahan, 33 Wellesley street. A good attendance showed a continuance of interest in the work of the society. The literary part of the evening's programme consisted of a most enjoyable paper, contrasting Tennyson with Browning, by Miss Evalene O'Donoghue, the paper being also read in a most enjoyable way, and excellent papers in connection with the work with Parkman on the fall of Quebec by the Misses MacMillan, Kernahan and Aymot. The annual nomination for officers then took place, the elections to follow on Monday evening next. The unanimous nomination of Miss Hart for president left the offices of vice-president, corresponding and recording secretaries, treasurer and assistant treasurer to be voted on at the next meeting, when a full membership is expected. Votes of thanks were tendered the retiring officers, special votes being given to the always popular and capable late president, Miss O'Donoghue, and to the untiring and efficient Miss Goe-dike and Miss Aymot for their work in the past. The meeting of next week will be held at the home of Miss Ferguson, 110 Bloor St. W.

AN ARTISTIC EXHIBIT.

The exhibit of china presented by Miss L. McCarthy at her home, 1631 College street, on the three last days of last week was a dainty and artistic showing, evidencing the capability of the artist and the taste and talent with which she is endowed. Miss McCarthy's pretty goods met with many and ready sales and her first venture in this line will probably lead to another just as soon as her capable and ready fingers receive orders upon which to manipulate themselves.

A SOCIAL EVENING.

A number of ladies of the West End under the leadership of Mrs. Carton held a most enjoyable "at home" at Mrs. Meyers' parlors. A delightful few hours were spent and a nice sum was netted over and above expenses, said sum to go for charitable purposes.

SLATTERY—QUINN.

A pretty wedding took place in St. Patrick's church on Wednesday, the 7th inst., when Miss Nellie Quinn became the bride of Mr. Patrick J. Slattery of His Majesty's Customs, Toronto. Very Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., officiated. The bride was assisted by Miss Nettie McGahey, while Mr. J. T. Loftus supported the groom. After the nuptial Mass the wedding party drove to McConkey's, where breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Slattery will reside at 32 Kensington avenue.

GILLOGLY—RINGER.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Michael's Cathedral on Saturday, the 17th inst., Rev. M. D. Whelan officiating and the contracting parties being Mr. John J. Gillogly of Toronto, and Miss Ethel Ringer, formerly of Brockville. Miss E. Young attended the bride and Mr. H. Hallinan supported the groom. Mr. Gillogly is one of the well known Gillogly family of Lindsay, Ont., and has for some time been established as conductor of St. Paul's choir in this city, with whose members he is very popular. The bride also has made herself many friends in Toronto and particularly in St. Michael's parish. Mr. and Mrs. Gillogly will reside in Toronto.

JUNIOR LEAGUE ESTABLISHED.

A Junior League of the Sacred Heart has been lately established in St. Basil's parish. The organization to the number of one hundred and fifty received Holy Communion as a body on Sunday morning last. The officers of the new branch are as follows: Miss Angela Durkin, President; Miss Gertrude Murphy, Vice-President; Miss Francis O'Malley, Sec.-Treas.

DEATH OF MISS MATILDA McAULEY.

The announcement of the death of Miss Matilda McAuley will be sorrowful news to her wide circle of friends in Toronto and to others in many parts of Canada and the United States.

The deceased lady was one of the best known and best loved members of St. Paul's Parish, and one of the most earnest in the work of the church in which—since the death of her nephew, Rev. Father McBride—almost her entire interest has been

centered. A most impressive solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated in St. Paul's Church at her funeral Saturday morning by the Rev. J. J. Hand, assisted by other priests. R. I. P.—Com.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Grain:—
Wheat, fall, bush\$0.73 to \$0.74
Wheat, red, bush 0.74
Wheat, goose, bush 0.68 0.69
Barley, lush 0.54 0.55
Oats, bush, new 0.39 0.40
Rye, bush 0.75
Peas, bush 0.80
Buckwheat, bush 0.55

Seeds:—
Alsike clover, fancy\$6.30 \$6.60
do., No. 1 6.00 6.20
do., No. 2 5.25 5.40
do., No. 3 4.50 4.80
Red clover, new 7.20 7.50
do., old 6.50 6.98
Timothy, No. 1 1.50 1.80
Timothy, No. 2 1.20 1.40

Hay and Straw:—
Hay, per ton\$13.00 \$15.00
Straw, bundled, ton 16.00
Straw, loose, ton 7.00

Fruit and Vegetables:—
Potatoes, bag 0.75 0.80
Apples, bbl. 1.00 3.00
Cabbage, per doz. 0.30 0.40
Onions, per bag 0.75 0.80

Poultry:—
Turkeys, dressed, lb. 0.14 0.17
Geese, per lb. 0.10 0.11
Hens, per lb. 0.09 0.10
Spring chickens, lb. 0.10 0.12
Spring ducks, lb. 0.10 0.12

Dairy Products:—
Butter, lb. rolls 0.28 0.32
Eggs, strictly new laid, dozen 0.40 0.45

Fresh Meats:—
Beef, forequarters, cwt.\$4.50 \$5.50
Beef, hindquarters, cwt. 7.00 8.00
Lamb, dressed, lb. 0.09 0.10
Mutton, light, cwt 8.00 9.00
Veals, prime, cwt 8.00 10.00
Veals, common, cwt 7.00 8.00
Dressed hogs, cwt 8.00 8.50

Distinguishing Mark

The Catholicity of the Church is nowhere seen to better advantage than in Rome, where students from all parts of the world gather, writes the correspondent in the Catholic Standard and Times.

Let us go to St. John Lateran's, the Pope's cathedral church, at 7 a.m. on one of these mornings to view the candidates for orders. They are all ranged in pews, those for major orders wearing the long white alb, those for minors in surplice and cassock. They are a pale, ascetic looking body on the whole—for a student's life is indeed a hard one—but they look very happy. But in what a different manner God has led many of these men, young and old (for some are well out of their teens, as we shall soon see), to the feet of the ordaining Bishop! To see the more interesting among the body, let us choose a vantage ground—not on top of the seats, as do some of our American and English tourists, who, with guide books under their arms and gold glasses in their hands, deserve the name of well dressed rowdies; however, they are but few thank goodness!

Passing over a dozen young men, we come to a thin man, whose turn it is now to approach for the order of sub-deacon. His is a curious history. He is the great Dr. —, a Lutheran or Methodist minister in America, whose gigantic ability and terrible pen kept some of the ablest Catholic theologians in the United States busy confuting his objections to the Church. He was an able and dangerous heretic, but an honest one. He was the light and prop of his sect, he believed thoroughly in its doctrines. But a day came when his sect heard with dismay of his entrance into the fold against which his youth and manhood and much of his old age was passed in battling. He became a Catholic, and now, at the age of 72 years, he is determined to become a priest and undo some of the harm of which he was the author.

The young fellow with the ruddy face, next the old warrior is the son of the Protestant Archbishop of —. He got the grace of conversion, corresponded faithfully with it, despised all opposition and enticements from well-meaning, worldly-minded people and joined the Church. You will soon see him return to England, where his work as a priest will bring consolation to thousands; and you will soon read books and articles of his which will draw unstinted praise and support from England, America, Ireland and Australia.

Those yellow-faced young fellows who keep so much together are Chinese. The oldest is the son of a mandarin. Some day he will create a stir in the land of the Celestials for his family is a powerful one and he received the grace of conversion in such an extraordinary manner that he will leave no stone unturned to build up the Church in China.

Miss Hughes of Ottawa, who is about to move to Edmonton, is writing a biography of her uncle, the late Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.

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The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Quebec

The following circular which has just issued from the office of the Provincial President, Quebec, will probably be of interest to the members of the Order in Ontario:

To the Officers and Members of the various Divisions of the A.O.H. of America in the Province of Quebec:

Gentlemen and Brothers,—The Provincial Convention, recently assembled at Montreal, have entrusted the responsibility of conducting the affairs of the Order in the Province of Quebec for the ensuing two years, to practically a new Board of Officers. We hasten to greet every member of the Order within our jurisdiction, and not only assure you of our appreciation of the honor conferred upon us, but approach you to request your co-operation in any proposition advanced or work entered into for the good and welfare of the Order.

We have accepted office as members of the Executive for the Province of Quebec with a thorough knowledge of the responsibilities of our duty to the Order, and the principles involved in the object of its foundation, in accordance with the Constitution, and we have firmly resolved to emulate our predecessors in safeguarding these principles in the interest of the Holy Catholic Church and the national cause of our long oppressed Motherland and the Irish people.

But in order to conserve and inculcate these very important essentials into the minds and hearts of the Irish people, and make this order great in size of number, and strong in the cardinal principles of its exemplary Constitution, we must have union of hands and hearts, in brotherly love and Christian charity in keeping with the teachings of the Catholic Church, and in the spirit of true Hibernianism.

This was the ideal sought after by the founders of our Order, and until we come to realize our obligation in this direction, we will not achieve the real objects for which the Order was founded, nor reach the moral standard of manhood absolutely necessary for our individual welfare and the welfare of the Order and national cause in general.

We must have unity, without it our Order will ever be in danger of depreciation, and to secure this unity we must resolve to live up to the prescribed teachings of the constitution, and in accordance with the motto of our Order, "Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity."

The Ancient Order of Hibernians is without exception the only realistic Irish National organization in existence to-day, having for its object the preservation of the Catholic Church and the well of the Irish people, and if we wish to carry out the principles of the Order, we must be united as brothers in the cause, and at the same time use every effort to induce worthy Irishmen to join its ranks, and by the strength of its membership become formidable in its power in Canada, which will command respect and guarantee equalization of political and social rights for all Irishmen and their descendants.

There is no denying the fact that the Irish race does not command the same favor as other nationalities in Canada, and if our prestige in this respect is not what it should be we are in a large measure to blame. We are subject to secret and open aggression upon all sides, because we are Irish and Catholic, and even in the Province of Quebec, subjected to unjust discrimination by French Canadian Catholics for no other reason than that we are Irish.

This injustice, which is working great injury to our people, would not exist if the Irish Catholic population would flock to our Order, and give us the strength we lack in number and influence to cope with the evil. Therefore, it is the special desire of the Provincial Board that the members of every division, individually and collectively, should inaugurate a canvass to increase the membership of the Order, and thus aid to propagate the ideals of Hibernianism.

No time should be lost in this very desirable work, and this object could be advanced and thereby double and perhaps treble the present strength of the Order within the course of one year.

But before starting out on this campaign, the Provincial Board enjoins upon all the members of the Provincial Divisions, to resolve in the spirit of good and true Irishmen, to put an end to any disunion or factionism that may exist within their respective bodies. No offence is intended by this suggestion, consequently none should be taken.

It has come to our knowledge that in some cases there is a want of un-



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animity that is unfortunate, and must be eradicated, or else the Order will suffer. Every member who enters the Ancient Order of Hibernians assumes the responsibility of obligation, which he has pledged himself to live up to, and with the help of God, for the good of the Order, we call upon you individually and collectively to live up to both the principles and practice, in keeping with our conscientious duty to each other in the cause, and the Irish race at large.

Every member should learn to understand that he joined the Order and was accepted in good faith to faithfully adhere to its cardinal essentials, and the member who seeks to cause discord, or convert the Order into a camp of disunion in furtherance of a selfish end, is not a good and true Irishman or Catholic. On the contrary, he is perpetuating an injury that is bound to enlarge in the end, disorganize and disrupt the Order, and destroy the cause as well as injure the influence of Irishmen in the community.

This is an upas tree that must be uprooted and cast from the Order, before the evil influence of its branches are allowed to spread and sow the seed of discord and disunion, and every member of the Order should consider himself a guardian against such evil.

EDUCATE THE MIND AND HEART AND TRAMPLE OUR JEALOUSY.

Ignorance of Irish history and our illustrious ancestry is in a great measure the cause why so many Irishmen of the present day are so indifferent to the cause of their country and creed. Of course the rising generation is not to be blamed for their ignorance of Irish history, since it is excluded from the schools, not only in book form, but in reference, and this Order must exert all its influence to change this condition of things, by having Irish history taught in our parochial schools, and propagated in every way possible.

We must teach our youth, and even ourselves to know that were it not for the Irish scholars in the fifth and seventh centuries, when Europe was semi-barbarian and almost wasted, our ancestors not only preserved literature and art in their own Motherland, but when the deluge of devastation had ceased, the Irish went forth from their convent homes and travelled through Europe establishing colleges and universities for the education of the people.

Teach the children of the present day these historical facts, and they will grow up an honor to their parents, themselves and the Irish race, and perpetuate its beautiful history.

But there is one evil that is a curse to the Irish race, that this Order by example must help to tear from the minds and hearts of our people; we allude to jealousy, which is the greatest enemy of our race. It is sad to contemplate, but nevertheless true, that jealousy has wrought more harm among the Irish people thanught else, and exists in every stage of life.

The spirit of equality is so dominant in our nature that we cannot bear to see one of our people advance in the higher grades without feeling it an obligation to pull him down and not care who might succeed him provided he was returned to the ranks.

Untold injury has been done to our people by this policy in the past, which has been the greatest blow to our race and a terrible blow to our prestige, and a strong weapon in the hands of our enemies.

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The saddest tears are those that never fall,
But are held smothering in the aching eyes;
The truest prayers can find no words at all,
But flutter wearily to God in sighs.
We need not speak if with our hearts we pray
And by our living try to do his will,
Who leads us gently in the narrow way
And when we murmur whispers "Peace be still."

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