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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 49.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

Problems in politics are a kind of indeterminate equation, capable of various solutions, some of which are negative. The bye-election of East Lambton presents to the country the negative result. That any candidate elected upon P. P. A. principles can be a positive quantity in the sum of a country's welfare is impossible. A temporary advantage may have been gained, local bitterness may shout a little victory, but up and down the whole length of this Province Protestants of any manly spirit must feel that liberty, justice, patriotism have lost where aggressive prejudice, cowardly bigotry and grasping selfishness have won. If the decree of the whole of Ontario is the same as that of East Lambton; if Sir Oliver Mowat is driven into Opposition on this ground, and by the same crafty means, it will be the greatest glory of his life, the crown of his political career, that his foes, unable to oust him from office, had recourse to the secrets of lodgerooms, to religious bigotry, and methods that would blemish our civilization. As for our co-religionists, it is only a change of masters. For years and years this sort of thing has been going on under one name or another. The old nag of the Protestant Horse has been ridden by every generation of politicians of one party or another in this country since representative government was started. That same old nag has been ill-fed; men have abused it, starved it, beaten it—and all to no purpose. At one time Grits are astraddle, and are slowly riding to the market of place and power; at another Orange Conservatives have the poor beast. They look more natural on it than those who profess Liberalism. But which of them ever succeeded? And they may as well make up their minds they never will succeed. Do the P. P. A.'s imagine that all things are settled because they carry East Lambton, or the whole country for that matter? The fight will be handed down from father to son, and a generation yet to come will announce the reign of conscience, justice and liberty.

What are our Catholic people doing? They need not look abroad for much consolation though there is little to discourage them, for we are pretty well used to P. P. Aism of one kind or another. Always on the defensive they must close up their divided ranks, glance around for leaders, and show the spirit of their fathers in courage and devotion. If our young men are not true to their principle perhaps a little persecution will do them good. But in all things let us have charity, for charity faileth not, whatever else may prove void.

The results, as given by the *Globe*, give Mr. McCallum, the P. P. A. candidate, a majority of 513. In its

comments the *Globe* accepts the defeat in a manly spirit that cannot fail to rally the Catholics. Its says: "If the battle of religious equality and justice is to be fought over again, there ought to be no doubt about the side on which Liberals in this Province and Dominion shall be found. They cannot, without sacrificing everything of Liberalism but name, make any compromise with such an organization as the P. P. A. though every conflict should result in a temporary defeat, though every constituency in Ontario should follow the example of East Lambton."

Turning to the three cornered fight in North Bruce the so-called Patrons of Industry have carried the riding with a majority for their candidate, Mr. McNaughton, of about 550 over George (Conservative), and 575 over Mr. Pierson (Liberal). This is a new factor in the political problem. They claim that they have nothing whatever to do with the P.P.A., whose movement deals with race and religion, while the Patrons of Industry have only to do with economic questions.

The important points upon which these latter differ from the Liberal Government of Ontario are given by one of their leading officers: "We lay," he says, "particular stress on the importance of mortgages, bank stocks, railway bonds and debentures being taxed just as any other property is, and we strongly favor the appointment of county officials by the municipalities." As for Dominion politics they are strongly in favor of a tariff reform of such a kind that it will be for revenue purposes only, and will be arranged so as to fall on the luxuries and not the necessities of life. The abolition of the Canadian Senate is also a plank in their platform. A third objection to Dominion politics is the appointment of a lawyer, the Hon. Mr. Angers, as Minister of Agriculture. They number 175 000 members in Canada, of whom 150,000 belong to Ontario—certainly a force to be reckoned with in the future administration of the Province.

While these Canadian events were taking place matters at Washington are also occurring which will, in the near future, affect the politics of the Dominion. A tariff bill has been presented to the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, which is, compared with the present protection of the United States, quite radical in its changes. In general principle it relieves raw material and levies slight duty on manufactured products. The main features of the bill, according to Chairman Wilson, are twofold: first, the adoption wherever practicable of

ad valorem instead of specific duties; and secondly, the freeing from taxes of those great materials of industry that lie at the base of production. The very long free list contains, amongst other things, coal, iron, ore, wool, salt, timber, both logs and planks, tin ore and block tin, and binding twine. Wool, vegetables, fruits, eggs, are also untaxed.

To a large pilgrimage, which consisted of one hundred distinguished Catholics whose services had gained for them the decoration "*Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*," the Holy Father spoke words of courage and confidence. "Be not awed," he said, "by the number, by the power, by the audacity of your enemies, they shall be as dust, while Christ shall triumph. Fear not, said Christ, I have overcome the world; man can do nought against God, and the Synagogue of Satan cannot prevail against the Church founded upon the immovable Rock, which is Christ, upon which have been broken both the sceptre of the Cæsars and the swords of the most powerful persecutors. Generation after generation of our enemies have gone by, the plaything of the storm of human passions; but the Church is, the Chair of Peter is, unmoved, and the Cross of Christ triumphs."

In the Reichstag of Germany a motion revoking the expulsion of the Jesuits was carried on the 1st instant by a majority of thirty seven. Dr. Lieber, leader of the clerical party, spoke upon the subject at great length. He claimed that the Catholic Church in Germany needed the services of this great religious body. Thus does Bismarck live to see his bitterest measures against the Church overturned, and the Jesuits, after being driven out in 1872, return in triumph, while he lives half in ease and half in disgrace. History has its lessons.

The *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, in referring to the Archbishop of Toronto at the Silver jubilee of Bishop Ryan, says: "Not only Toronto but all Canada, may well be proud of the distinguished abilities and character of Archbishop Walsh. His address at the Jubilee banquet, was heartfelt and golden."

We can assure our Buffalo contemporaries that we are proud of our Archbishop—and not only of his abilities and character, but his life-long services to the Church in Canada. Let not these be forgotten.

The following appears in the *Christian Guardian* of last week as a despatch from Rome. Its impudent tone bespeaks its foul and false origin. Talk about senile decay of the Holy Father—what gratuity of insult—what wanton lack of consideration! We expect

better from the *Christian Guardian*: "There have been numerous false alarms from the Vatican during the past few years, but this time preparations are being seriously made for the election of a new pope. While still able to get about and take part sparingly in public functions, Leo XIII., has visibly fallen into the stage of senile decay, and the physicians do not believe he can last till March. His hold on life at best is a matter of months. The disappearance of such a remarkable figure in the world's affairs may be at any time the subject of deep concern."

If all the poetry sent to our *sanctum* does not appear in these columns our readers will, we hope, not be disappointed: nor must they attribute it to our predilection for ordinary prose over extraordinary verse. We have no wish to discourage poetry—far from it—we think this age is altogether realistic and prosaic. But where scansion is faulty, where ideas are stilted through measured syllables, prose becomes the survival of the fittest, and the most natural expression for thoughts which, when dressed in awkward rhyme, look very much like Puss in Boots.

The following charge against our Educational system by the *Canada Presbyterian* re-echoes what we ourselves expressed last week in reviewing the state of affairs in Ontario, and has the greater force due to it, from its being expressed by strong partisans of public schools:

"The existence of the Protestant Protective Association in this Province, can be vindicated by showing that popular government, free education and the Gospel have failed in their missions, and it cannot be successfully defended in any other way. For fifty years the people of Ontario have enjoyed popular government. Every man not a lunatic, or a tramp, or a criminal has a vote. Are the Protestants at the end of half a century of self-government unfit to take care of themselves without the aid of this politico-religious society which does most of its work in the dark? We spend about three quarters of a million annually on education, besides the amount given by churches for the support of universities not under the control of the State. What are Queen's and Trinity, and Victoria and McMaster, and the Collegiate Institutes, and the High Schools, and the Public Schools, and the Private Schools doing if our people need a society of this kind to enable them to resist Rome? The man who said knowledge is power must have been mistaken, or perhaps our educational institutions do not impart knowledge. More than all, and worse than all, the very Gospel has been a comparative failure in Ontario if by this time the Protestants need to import a Yankee invention to protect their religion. Hundreds of ministers have been preaching, and thousands of Sabbath School teachers teaching, for many years, and yet the people preached to and taught need a semi-political society outside the machinery of both State and Church to defend the Gospel as Protestants understand it? We had the opinion that the Gospel, especially the Gospel as preached by Calvinists, made men brave and strong and able to take care of themselves. We incline to the opinion that the statesmen and teachers and preachers of this little country are not quite prepared to write themselves down failures."

Rev. Father Conway of Norwood Ont., lectured in the Catholic Association rooms, Peterborough, Dec 5th.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Reminiscences by T. M. Healy, M.P.

Of the many strenuous comrades who strove with Mr. Parnell in the stirring periods of his career, only one has given to biography since his death the scantiest contribution. From such neglect the memory of the greatest must suffer in succeeding generations, for even genius unportrayed moulders in forgetfulness. The conflict which clouded the last nine months of Mr. Parnell's life explains much reticence. A partisan design might be attributed to the most candid narrative. Indeed, so exacting are the disciples who cherish certain versions of his principles that a wholly laudatory sketch by the competent author of "The Parnell Movement" was ill received in some quarters. Genuine biographical effort has thus for the moment been paralyzed, and a career rich in dramatic interest has apparently left behind it only the slenderest trail of literary remains.

In the case of Daniel O'Connell, though he, too, left a divided party at his death, friend succeeded friend with Lives, Speeches, Letters, Anecdotes, to illustrate his career. Yet the Liberator's life lay mostly upon the surface, and lacked the intensity of that of the Land League Leader. O'Connell's character, "open as the day to melting charity," was wotted of all men, and needed no literary analysis before the people; while the strengths and reserves of Mr. Parnell's nature, the subtle, yet firm touches which showed his powers, were undefinable even to many who felt their influence. Portrayed in the coarse ochres of sectional partizanship, the lumpy pigments make the judicious grieve, and to explain them to a generation removed from the passions of the time special treatment would be essential. The lava of recent eruptions may still glow too fiercely to present a serene examination of the pathway it envelops, but when it has ceased to be molten, much darkness will have set in.

In these difficult conditions, for any actor in the strife to afford a glimpse of the ever-varying frontage of a great yet simple intellect, a facet must be presented, remote from any angle of political controversy. Remoteness in years from recent conflict should also soften the shadows of the incidents treated of, and therefore, in the following pages, scarcely anything which happened less than a decade ago will be referred to.

Like a vein in marble a mystic strain seemed to thread its way through Mr. Parnell's mind. Sometimes this gave a clue to its political workings, but he shrank whenever possible, from revealing the fancies by which at times his thought was influenced. In photographic phrase the "exposures" were short, yet they yielded to the mental retina a clear and permanent impression, contracted sharply with the granite background of will which gave the dominant tone to his character. Thus, like the venerable heel of classic fabie, they involuntarily furnished the explorer with an unexpected inlet to the impregnable mental fortress of that "strong man armed keeping his court."

Many a time in the house of Commons when the gaunt Tory Whip of old days, Mr. Rowland Winn (the late Lord St. Oswald), would bustle in solemnly to the Bar, and stand there gravely craning forward to get an inkling of what was going on, Mr. Parnell (with whom he afterwards cemented the Carnarvon negotiations) would smilingly muse, "Winn always reminds me of an old nurse. I had"—a pause—"she had a very queer name—Mrs. Tuppenny." Then perhaps a question would be asked as to the nature of the resemblance and he would repeat, "She had just that

same bulge in the centre of her forehead."—A pause. "I once threw a candlestick at her, whereupon Mr. Parnell would smile, half in amusement at his own daring, half in respectful atonement to the shade of Mrs. Tuppenny. Then if the debate was dull and his mood was unembarrassed, he would recall in snatches broken sketches of The Tuppenny. From various references to her now and again, the impression remains that it was from this antique serving-woman the Irish leader drew whatever tendency towards the "Aberglaubisch" his childhood received.

Hostile journalists who pursued Mr. Parnell at the outset of his Parliamentary career as a bore, a blunderer, and a petulant, wheeled round later on to invest his successes with unfathomable accompaniments of surprise and mystery. It is true that the conditions under which he came to live after some time lent themselves to such treatment—lurid or mystic—according to the bias of the daily purveyor of spiced condiments for the public palate. It is equally true that in the end it came to suit the harassed politician to don as his permanent raiment the "cloak of darkness" and "shoes of swiftness" which sensationalists cheaply presented him with. Some of the strangeness, however, that tantalised the inquisitive came rather by "suggestion" and "transferrence" from the ready writers of the day, whose colourings the keenly-watched statesman adopted and even intensified to "make up" for the part of the Unaccountable which the critics willed that he must play. Still, there underlay these wrappages a foundation which gave body and substance to the descriptions the public received.

In those strange eyes there lay at times, something of "the light that never shone on land or sea," and then they shot a power that easily affected the susceptible. Occasionally from Mr. Parnell's lips would fall, in some snatchy way, traces in a belief in portents and signs which awed the unexpecting listener. As far as might be, he hid away the contents of this encumbering knapsack. He bore the burden, but treated it as something that should not be unpacked before the scoffs of a workaday world. What garniture it contained we know only from shreds and patches. There be mental hair-shirts as irksome as those of bodily chafing. Mr. Parnell sometimes hinted that his religious leanings were rather towards the Plymouth Brethren—whose tenets he said were held by one of his kinsmen—but his thoughts, as outwardly expressed were not often cast in a speculative direction. Indeed, a relative wrote after his death, in explanation to the family objection to his burial in the Catholic cemetery at Glasnevin instead of in the family vault at Mount Jerome, Dublin, that it had no sectarian foundation, as her brother cared very little for religion, but very much for his ancestors.

The extra subjects, however, in which he believed were many. For instance, he would commence no important business on a Friday. After his return from America in March, 1880, Mr. Parnell worked incessantly during the General Election. Making Dublin his headquarters, he raided through the constituencies, returning occasionally to Morrison's Hotel, where he held council with his supporters until the beginning of May. During these two months he did not return to Avondale, although he constantly said he wanted to get home. But when the elections closed, the preparation of a Land programme, and for the coup which ousted Mr. William Shaw from the leadership, detained him, and time after time he was obliged to put off the return to his estate. At last came the prospect of a free day, and with a sigh of relief the hard-pressed politician declared

he "should certainly get away tomorrow by the mid-day train." Tomorrow came, and, having called to see him before he started, I found there was no sign of preparation for departure. "Are you not going?" said I. He hesitated, smiled in a troubled sort of way, and then austere-ly replied, "I had forgotten it was Friday." "Forgotten what?" said I, unfamiliar in actual affairs with the Friday prejudice. "It would not be lucky, I think, for me to return home on Friday," said Mr. Parnell very simply!

From the man who would go unflinchingly to the cannon's mouth to effect a purpose the answer was almost awe inspiring. It was for me the first inkling that he had notions of the kind, but in the course of years it became evident that he had quite a code of such beliefs. He was guarded, however, against making them the sport of the sacrilegious, but involuntarily at unexpected moments and in the oddest way, the tenets of Mrs. Tuppenny shyly presented themselves.

On the lips of such a man they acquired a setting of their own. When the first amazement passed away that omens about dates, colours, numbers, and observances affected this strong mind, what would otherwise have seemed trivial fancies seemed to become almost dignified beliefs.

Shortly after being imprisoned in Kilmainham in 1881, he was presented with a handsomely-worked green smoking cap, wrought with shamrocks. The colour green, misliked Mr. Parnell sorely, although it is the national hue of Ireland. He had been taught to regard it as "unlucky," and not only would he not wear his smoking-cap, but he would not suffer it even to remain in his cell. "All the national misfortunes of Ireland," he explained, as he bundled it off, "come from the colour green." For one who, during a large portion of his career, had to live in public, amidst the waving of green flags, this extraordinary prejudice must have been a besetting inconvenience. On another occasion, while travelling, he was presented on a railway platform with a green silk handkerchief, duly emblazoned with patriotic mottoes. As soon as the train started he pitched it out of the window, with a comic expression of apprehension lest a collision should occur if he retained it in the carriage.

After his release from prison, some one who knew of this patriotic colour-blindness remarked in the House of Commons, while sitting near him on the benches, that he had taken to wearing a ring with a green stone—a catseye. This was the more peculiar, as that time Mr. Parnell seldom wore ornaments or jewellery of any kind, so the colleague ventured a remark on the novelty. Mr. Parnell took the matter almost tragically. "Yes," said he, "the ring was given to me in a way that I can't refuse to wear it, but it is certain to bring some misfortune on me." He spoke almost with bitterness, as if protesting against a cruel but inevitable fate, and with an impressiveness impossible to forget. Still he wore the ring to the end.

In the height of the Land League agitation of 1880, its leader attended a meeting in county Tipperary, and the speakers in the evening dined with the parish priest. After dinner the materials for "punch" were handed round, as is the custom in some parts of Ireland. When the decanter reached Mr. Parnell, he politely declined it, and his hospitable host, knowing him to be most abstemious, put the statutory question, would he prefer anything else? "Oh," came the reply, with a winning smile, "I shall gladly join you, Father, but the decanter did not reach me the right way." A sudden silence fell on the guests. Most of them were puzzled, but the ever-watchful politician, though en-

gaged in a brisk conversation, had not failed to mark that some occult rubric was neglected in handing round the bowl. More experienced *convives* than himself were sunk in ignorance of the true formula of libations being probably more intent on the matter than the manner. Accordingly, under distinguished guidance, back again to the host at the head of the table went the generous receptacle. Here a pause was made and a helpful taken, and the decanter was solemnly passed round the table anew from right to left, according as the law is, instead of from left to right, until it reached the chief, who, bowing assably, helped himself. So Bacchus and the Goddess Tuppenny were satisfied.

Another table story is told by one of Mr. Parnell's fellow prisoners in Kilmainham. Leave had been got from the Governor for a few of the "suspects" to spend the afternoon together, and they were afterwards an hungored. One of them, therefore, undertook to act as cook, and grilled the steak, while another foraged for *utensils and laid the cloth*. Then the imprisoned politicians sat down to eat, and, as is usual at pic-nics, the salt had been forgotten. After due quest the "host" obtained a supply, and at once proceeded to help his fellow-captives' plates to the harmless necessary condiment. Suddenly Mr. Parnell detected the malign hospitality. "What are you doing?" said he, instantly arresting the hand that welded the salt-spoon. "Why, you could not do a more unlucky thing than help a man to salt." A plea in abatement from the offender was allowed on the score of ignorance, but the rest of the table asked for authority. "Why," said Mr. Parnell, "don't you know? Help you to salt, help you to sorrow." The quotation, delivered with impressive gravity, was conclusive, and, all keeping their countenances, the contents of the bodiful salt-spoon were negotiated some other way!

Incidents arising out of his belief in lucky and unlucky numbers are endless. While the Kilmainham Treaty was in preparation, and the late Mr. W. E. Forster's throne in Dublin Castle was being sapped by his prisoner from the jail hard by, Mr. Parnell skillfully hit on the idea of availing of the introduction of an amending Land Bill, for which the Irish Party had won a Wednesday for a Second Reading debate, as the public basis of his arrangement with Mr. Gladstone. The Bill was afterwards moved by Mr. John Redmond in April, 1882, and one of the clauses became the Government Arrears Act of that year. To frame such a measure in prison, legal help of course was necessary, and Mr. Parnell asked Mr. Maurice Hoaly to visit the prison and discuss the matter, which he did for several days.

Even at so early a date after the passage of the Land Act of 1881, that enactment had been riddled by the Judges in provisions vital to the tenants' interests. There was, therefore, a great outcry for amendments, and various proposals were discussed in turn in the prison. One suggestion, however, which my brother made, Mr. Parnell refused to adopt. He was pressed again and again as to its necessity, but into the Bill he would not allow it to go. The enemies of the alleged agrarian *jacquerie* in Ireland little supposed that at its head was a moderate and almost Conservative leader, averse, except when driven to it by the "stokers" of the movement, to lend his approval to extreme demands. Indeed, later on as his power increased, he grew still more moderate, so that Mr. Biggar once said of him musingly, "I wonder what are Parnell's real politics!" At all events at Easter, 1882, Mr. Parnell having obtained a fortnight's release on parole, had effected an understanding with Mr. Chamberlain, who was

acting for the anti-Foster section in the Cabinet, and he was extremely anxious for some compromise. He was, therefore, unwilling that the proposed Land Bill should be weighted with unacceptable provisions, so the measure took shape without the clauses which his young adviser recommended. After some days a draft was got ready to be sent across to Westminster, where it was urgently required, as the Bill had to be printed and distributed for the following Wednesday. When all was completed a fair copy was taken up to the prison lest any final revising touches should be required before being posted. Clause by clause the great prisoner went over his Bill until at last the final page was reached. Then he turned over the leaves again and counted the clauses. Suddenly, having completed the reckoning, he threw the manuscript on the table as if he had been stung. "Why," said he, "this will never do!" "What is the matter?" said his solicitor, in alarm. "There are 18 clauses," said Mr. Parnell; "we can't have 18 clauses." "But is there anything out of order in that?" asked the other, wondering whether some point of Parliamentary practice could be involved. "No," said Mr. Parnell sternly, "but what Bill with 18 clauses could have any chance? It would be horribly unlucky." This was a staggerer for the draftsman! Not even the treaty with Mr. Chamberlain, and the promise of favourable consideration of the Bill by the Cabinet, could induce the wary prisoner to risk a defiance of his boyhood's teachings. His amazed adviser then asked what was to be done—could any clause be omitted? It was late in the afternoon, post-hour approached, and another day's delay might prevent the draft reaching the Queen's printer in London (a notorious sloth) in time of distribution to members before the Second Reading. The humour of the situation did not at all strike the legal mind at this crisis! A hasty dissection of the Bill was made, but only to disclose that it could not well be shorn of a clause. What could be hit upon? There in bewilderment and anxiety stood statesman and draftsman in Her Majesty's prison of Kilmainsham, eyeing each other in despair in the darkening cell as the minutes to post-hour slipped away. At last a gleam flashed from Mr. Parnell's eyes, half ironical, half triumphant. "I have it," said he. "Add those d—d clauses of yours, and that will get us out of the difficulty!" It was an inspiration, and so it was done. Thus were the tenets of Mrs. Tuppenny saved from desecration. It may be added that the d—d clauses, though not then adopted by the Ministry have since been embodied in the Tory Land Act of 1887.

Fall Flowers.

In the eastern portion of the United States there are always some few flowers that come to blossom only just before the frost appears; some orchids, gentians, asters and others are familiar examples. In every part of the world there seems to be the same arrangement. In bloom at the present time in flower borders is a plant which is getting to be known under the name of East Indian Lily, botanically *Tricyrtis pinnata*; the flowers are white, but profusely covered with purple dots. These are opening just as the frost is appearing, and they would no doubt have the same peculiar effect in the autumn scenery of the Himalayan Mountains as a Fringed Gentian would have with us. The Maximilian Sunflower of Nebraska, seldom opens till October, when it is a blaze of beauty.—*Mechans' Monthly*.

Thousands of lives are saved annually by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In the treatment of croup and whooping cough, the Pectoral has a most marvellous effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

Bishop O'Connor at Bowmanville.

We clip the following from the *Canadian Statesman*, Bowmanville. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, visited his flocks in Bowmanville and Newcastle for the purpose of holding confirmation services on Sunday, the 16th. His lordship, who was accompanied by the Rev. Father Collins, the esteemed pastor of the mission, arrived at Newcastle on the preceding Saturday afternoon, and officiated there on Sunday morning, reaching Bowmanville about 10.30 a.m. The distinguished visitor was of course most warmly and cordially received by the Catholic people of the town and district, but the overflowing congregation that packed the church to the very doors, was largely composed of the different denominations, whose demeanor towards his lordship was of the kindest and most respectful character, and tended to make his first acquaintance with this part of his diocese an occasion of the pleasantest and most agreeable nature. After mass, the eloquent Bishop preached a most powerful and lucid sermon which thrilled the hearts of all who had the good fortune to hear it. Immediately after followed the interesting ceremony of administering the sacred rite of confirmation. Although the strengthening sacrament is usually conferred upon christians in their tender years, in the present instance some adults, and persons of mature years, were also confirmed. The favorable impression produced by the sermon of the forenoon had the effect of drawing a large congregation, composed of the various creeds, who listened with reverent attention to the bishop's eloquent discourse at the Vesper services in the evening. Some of the leading members, namely Miss Walsh, the organist, Miss Hallett, Miss Wheeler, Miss Hoaly, Messrs. Foley and Stacey, of St. Gregory's, Oshawa, reinforced by the local choir, rendered the musical part of the services in a way that drew unstinted praise from every listener. During his brief sojourn in town his lordship remained at the Bennett House, and left by the 8.45 a.m. train on Monday for Oshawa, on his way back to Peterborough. The Presentation of the following address to which his lordship replied in very apt and felicitous terms, formed a part of the joyful day's proceedings:

To The Rt. Rev. R. A. O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough.

MY LORD—On behalf of the Catholic congregation of this mission, we bid your lordship a hearty welcome to Bowmanville. As humble and devoted Catholics we are in duty bound to offer to your lordship the tribute of our filial homage and respect. Coming from your spiritual children, this is due you as supreme pastor of this diocese. But apart from your exalted rank as bishop in the church of God we take due notice of your noble qualities of head and heart, and we recognize in you the true shepherd whose life is spent in caring for the spiritual and temporal welfare of both priests and people in your extensive diocese. Bearing this in mind as well as the fact that this is your first visit to us, it increases the heartiness and warmth of our welcome. We can assure your lordship that, although we occupy an exceptional position, and labor under the disadvantage of being deprived of the regular services of a resident pastor, we hold to the saving truths and principles of our faith with as much loyalty and steadfastness as any flock under your lordship's jurisdiction. On this occasion we cannot refrain from speaking some sincere and well-earned words of praise in reference to the good work done by the Rev. Father Collins, since he assumed charge of the mission. It is but simple justice to say that he is the most zealous, punctual and painstaking priest that ever administered to the spiritual wants of the congregation.

We gladly refer to his constant efforts to guide aright the footsteps of those in the household of the faith, and his solicitude in bringing back the strayed sheep to the fold. To his great pains in instructing the children to his additional labors in giving us an afternoon service and benediction of the blessed sacrament, as well as the privilege of hearing mass on the Monday mornings. Nor can we omit to speak of his efforts on behalf of the faithful in Newcastle for whom he holds a separate monthly service in their midst. In a word, it is our unanimous wish that your lordship will be pleased to continue Father Collins with us as our pastor in the years to come. To the young members who are to-day receiving confirmation from your lordship's consecrated hands, as also to every individual member of your flock, the happy memory of this joyful day will be long preserved as a sacred treasure. That you may be long spared to the diocese which already shows abundant fruit of your wise rule, is the earnest wish of our hearts. Begging your lordship's blessing upon us and upon the congregation at large, we are your humble and obedient servants.

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|---------------|----------------|
| P. MARA, | O. MCGARRIGLE, |
| P. FARRILL, | M. FARRELL, |
| T. HOTTERELL, | T. HAYES, |
| I. MO ARTY, | I. KENNEDY, |
| WM. ELLISON, | JNO. KENNEDY. |

The hearts that were made glad by reason of the good bishop's pastoral visit will naturally wish and pray that God may ever guide and guard his footsteps, and the same grateful hearts will yearn for the time when the highly esteemed and venerated prelate's visit may be repeated to us.

Caprivi's Personality.

As Caprivi's figure has grown to even greater bulk in the politics of the German empire, his personal life has begun to attract much of the keen interest formerly felt in Bismark's habit. The chancellor observes severe simplicity in his habits. In the vast official palace at his disposal he occupies but a small suite of rooms—his office, dressing-room, bed-room, dining-room and garden pavilion. His whole force of servants is composed of a butler, groom, coachman and female cook. In summer the chancellor rises punctually at 6 and in winter at 7. He dons the undress uniform of the colonel of the Seventy-eighth Infantry regiment, of which he is honorary chief, takes an early cup of tea and then walks or rides until 10, when he begins his official duties. Until 11.30 he receives department representatives. In the next half hour he confers with Freiherr Marshal von Biberstein, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Exactly at noon he takes luncheon with his aide-de-camp, Major Ebmeyer, and is well pleased if any friend comes in casually to be his guest. From 1 o'clock to 5 he works steadily. He dines between 6 and 7 and then reads, works or attends to his social duties until 10, when he invariably goes to bed.

UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN,—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time traveling for Messrs. Walker Woods & Co. Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTYRE

Relatively—"Is Barton rich?" "Well, only relatively so. He has a rich aunt."

Iron Crown of Lombardy.

The famous "Iron crown of Lombardy," reckoned as being one of the most precious relics of Jesus now in existence, the "holy coat" and the several pieces of the "true cross" not excepted may be seen any day in the year by the sight-seer who visits the National Museum at Naples. Although known to ancient, medieval and modern history as the "iron crown," it is in reality, says the *St. Louis Republic* a crown of gold, made in the form of a gigantic bracelet, the only iron in its composition being a frame-work in the shape of a circle—a thin, narrow strip—on the inside of the gold band. The secret magic of the name rests on the tradition that this inside ring of iron was made from the nails driven through the hands and feet of Jesus at the time of his crucifixion.

We first hear of this relic in the year 501 A.D., when it did service at the coronation of Agilulf at the time when he was crowned king of the Lombards. History states that it was made especially for that memorable occasion by the order of Princess Thuedelinde, wife of Agilulf, but the historian neglects to tell us where, when and how the Princess gained possession of nails, which were hammered into a frame-work for her sacred regal insignia. The Princess was a great church woman, and soon after the coronation of her husband she caused the crown to be presented to the church at Monza.

The next we hear of it when it was used in connection with the ceremonies at the coronation of Charlemagne. After this it was used in crowning all Emperors, whose subtitle was that of King of Lombardy. In the year 1806 Napoleon visited Milan for the express purpose of examining the relic, and while so doing placed it upon his head with the remark: "God has given it to me. Woo unto him who shall attempt to wrest it from me."

Soon after this event the great Napoleon founded a society known as the Order of the Iron Crown, which still flourishes in Austria, where it is reckoned the height of honor to be admitted to membership in the institution.

When Milan was looted in the early part of the century the iron crown was taken to Vienna by the Austrians. There it was kept among the State treasures, wrapped in a purple velvet robe that had once been worn by Frederick the Great, until the year 1806, when it was presented to the King of Italy, who deposited it in the National Museum at Naples, as mentioned in the opening.

Poison of the Press.

The rage for sensations and suggestive illustrations in the daily press is bad for the newspapers and the public. There is an incredible amount of wickedness in certain newspapers and periodicals of the present day. Many of the journals which are scattered broad cast over the country seem to have for their sole object to pervert the minds and the hearts of men, and they are daily filled with misrepresentations, and calumnies, and falsehoods against our holy religion, and with everything that is calculated to stir up the passions in the soul. Such literature should not be tolerated for a moment in any Catholic household, but should be thrown into the fire. There is no dearth of good newspapers, and these alone should be allowed in the family.

Homage to Beauty.

Anybody in foreign lands who sees the Christmas number of the Montreal STAR will get a grand opinion of Canada. The Christmas STAR will be in demand everywhere the world over, where a thing of beauty gets the homage it deserves. The Christmas STAR this year is said to embrace features never before in any illustrated paper in the world. Canadian will be proud of the Christmas STAR and it is a certainty that friends at a distance will be rejoiced to receive it as the prettiest Christmas souvenir of modern times.

THE BURNED CONVENT.

By IRVING ALLEN.

From the Pilot.

The most serious illegal outbreak of modern times in New England was what is known in history as "The Burning of the Convent." This Roman Catholic educational and conventual institution belonged to an association of Ursuline Nuns. The convent at Charlestown was founded in 1820 by the Rev. Dr. Montignon and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cheverus, then Bishop of Boston, the friend of Channing and other Protestant divines, and an eminent scholar and preacher.

Connected with the convent was a school for the thorough education of young ladies, and so popular did this academy speedily become that it was crowded with scholars not only from New England, but from all sections of the Union; from the British Provinces and even from the West Indies. At the date of the riot the school contained some sixty pupils—not a few of them from the most aristocratic Protestant families in Boston and vicinity; among these pupils were connections of the Cabots, the Milton Russells, and others as well known.

It will be easily understood that the sentiment of their Protestant neighbors—the sturdy, but by no means always finely cultured descendants of the Puritans was neither altogether kindly or hospitable. The very name Convent suggested to them all sorts of Middle Age horrors. Added to this was the fact that the income from the school was so much money contributed to the revenues of a Church of which they were always jealously afraid, and, by inference, reducing just so much the financial well being of Protestant institutions.

Moreover, stories of awful punishments, savage penances, under ground cells and starving victims, nightmares, inspired by pious faith in the legends of the "Book of Martyrs," were industriously circulated by ignorant and designing persons.

In the summer of 1884, rumors were prevalent of tortures perpetrated on sick inmates of the institution; and mischievous, if less horrible, tales of increased efforts to proselyte Protestant pupils of the school; the simple fact being (and of the truth of this the reader can easily satisfy himself) that not a single pupil at the convent-school ever became a nun, or was converted to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith, and no efforts were made in that direction.

But the spark that produced the final and fatal explosion was the public misapprehension of the story of Miss Elizabeth Harrison, known in conventual life as Sister Mary John. This young lady—a native of Philadelphia—was, at the date of which I write, a member of the order in full communion. She had near relatives in Boston who frequently visited her. She was a teacher in the school, and enjoyed the confidence and affection of Protestant pupils, and it is the uncontradicted fact that she was not subjected to the slightest personal restraint, but could have left the institution at any time at her own will.

But, through her own over strained sense of professional duty, she was simply overworked, a case of what is now known as nervous prostration.

This will be understood when we add that Miss Harrison had been for months in the habit of giving fourteen music lessons a day of forty five minutes each, quite enough to wear out a strong man in a short time.

In the July of this year the young lady had a head trouble of a nature so serious as to produce mental derangement, these facts were afterward proved in court by the testimony of such witnesses as the eminent

Doctors Warren, of Boston, and Thompson, of Charlestown.

One afternoon the Superior of the convent—a lady described by Dr. Thompson as "thoroughly educated, dignified in her person, elegant in her manners, pure in her morals, of generous and magnanimous feelings, and of high religious principles"—entered the school, and seeing that Miss Harrison was in danger of serious illness, advised her strongly to give up her work at least for a day. To this she replied by a burst of laughter; before evening she was in a state of absolute insanity, and in this condition stole from the building and ran to a neighbor's house.

It must be borne in mind by the reader that at one of the trials resulting from the riot, the fact of Miss Harrison's temporary insanity, as also that up to her illness she had been one of the happiest and most contented, as she was one of the most intellectual and refined, inmates of the convent, was clearly and abundantly proved.

It would seem that much of the subsequent trouble was due to the excitability and strong religious prejudices of a Selectman of Charlestown a man who, when the institution was first established, called on the superior and threatened to pull down the building about her ears; it should be added that he afterwards expressed regret for the violent speech. But he was again, and very effectually, stirred up by this now tale of persecution. This man went himself to the house to which Miss Harrison had fled in her delirium, and took her thence to the residence of a friend of his in West Cambridge (now Arlington). Here on the following day she was visited by her brother, who, at her urgent request, brought Bishop Fenwick to see and talk with her. Bishop Benedict Fenwick—the successor of Dr. Cheverus as Bishop of Boston—was a prelate who enjoyed the respect of the entire community—of all religious denominations. This gentleman afterward testified under oath that he found Miss Harrison in a condition of absolute mental derangement; that his sole object in seeing her—much against his own wishes—was to take her to the convent, and after having her properly dressed—her clothing was in great disarray—restore her to her friends, supposing she had become dissatisfied with her residence there; but when this was proposed "she begged and entreated to be allowed to remain."

The end of this most unfortunate episode was that the innocent cause of the trouble, when restored to her home at the convent, declared that "she did not know what it all meant," and entreated those who called on her to refrain from any reference to her absence, as she was not responsible for anything she said or did. Afterward, as a witness at the trial of a rioter, she declared that had any one predicted her actions, she would have deemed them impossible, that everything had been done for her comfort and happiness, as for those of the other inmates, that she had been for the time insane and had little memory of what had occurred. So much for the facts, now for the results.

The first of these was almost ludicrous, despite its abominable injustice and cruelty; the convent gardener was assaulted by a band of conspirators and nearly beaten to death! A few days after Miss Harrison's return, the Selectman of whom I have written called at the convent and brutally assured the superior that unless the "Mysterious Lady" could be seen and conversed with by outsiders, the convent would be destroyed.

By appointment of the lady-superior, the building was visited on the following Monday by the five Charlestown Selectmen, who proceeded to ransack it from attic to cellar, spending three hours in searching closets, chambers,

even paint-boxes and drawers, assisted by the superior and Miss Harrison herself.

Needless to say, they had their labor for their pains, and left declaring themselves perfectly satisfied: they even went so far as to say that not only was there nothing to condemn, but a good deal to praise, and adjourned to the house of one of their number to prepare a public statement for the papers to this effect. The rest of the story is brief, sad, and bitterly disgraceful.

The Selectmen had delayed action too long. At about 9 o'clock on the evening of that day, the superior was alarmed by the uproar on the Medford road; and shortly a mob of men and boys appeared in front of the building shouting, "Down with the convent!" After arousing those of the inmates who had retired, the superior opened a window in the second story, and demanded the reason for the assembly, assuring the rioters that they were disturbing and alarming the children of some of their most respected fellow-citizens.

To this the leader replied that they had no wish to injure or frighten the children, but that they must see the nun who had escaped. On going to the young lady's room the superior found her in a state of unconsciousness from fright. Returning to the window, the superior told the rioters of this, assuring them that the place had been visited that day by the town officials, and that if they would wait till the next day, full assurance of the entire satisfaction of the Selectmen with what they had found regarding the condition of affairs in the institution would be publicly given.

The leader asked her if she were protected, to which she replied: "Yes, by legions!" referring, of course, to spiritual guardians. By this time the number of the assailants had been largely increased by accessions from Boston, and neighboring towns and the Superior's answer was answered by uproarious shouts and insulting and indecent remarks, they called her a liar and an "old brass figure head," adding that they had with them one of the Selectmen, who had himself opened the gates for their entrance.

Then the same official who had made himself prominent in the first days of the excitement came to the front, advising the Superior to trust herself to his protection. With the former knowledge of this gentleman's disposition and proclivities, the lady declined the offer, requesting him, if his intentions were friendly, to disperse the mob.

To give this personage the small amount of credit he deserves, it may be said that he made some slight efforts in that direction, assuring the rioters when they shouted for torches to fire the buildings, that such action would insure their recognition and subsequent arrest. After which he retired from the scene, as he does from our story.

Directly after the disappearance of the official, a gun was fired by the mob as a signal and at about 11 o'clock the fences were destroyed, and a bonfire lighted—a pre-concerted sign for the assemblage of all the rioters. At almost the same instant, the church bells of Boston and Charlestown were set a ringing as for an alarm of fire (this was long before the electric alarm system).

Engines from both towns soon appeared on the scene, one from Boston drawing up in front of the convent, when it was seized by the mob and prevented from doing anything in the way of protection. It was ramored, and very generally believed, that Boston was ready at this point to furnish means for the suppression of the disturbance, but that such action was prevented by the closing of the drawbridges between the two towns.

The arrival of the engine that reached the scene was immediately followed by a general assault on the building with bricks, stones, clubs and such other weapons as came to hand. Then there was a pause, the assailants waiting to see if the attack would be met by active resistance. The Superior took advantage of the brief respite to assemble the inmates and instruct them as regarded measures of escape from the evidently doomed structure. This was accomplished by a retreat through the garden in the rear, and over the adjoining fences: sixty children and the nuns of whom one was in the last stages of consumption—escaping to the shelter of friendly houses in the neighborhood. It is sad to relate that Miss Harrison—the innocent cause of the trouble—was reduced by fright and excitement to a condition of raving insanity.

With admirable fidelity and self-devotion, the Superior remained to the last—visiting, it is said, every room and calling each inmate by name, to be sure that no one was left behind.

Then the work of destruction began. A horde of ruffians presently poured into the building, ransacking every room despoiling trunks, drawers and cupboards, stealing watches and valuable jewelry, and with the true mob spirit, demolishing what they could not carry off, pianofortes, costly and splendid harps—not even sparing the adornments of the sacred altar, the gift of the Archbishop of Bordeaux.

Then the wretches heaped the wreck of the furniture in the middle of each room, and set fire to the different piles—casting into the flames books, costly vestments—even the Bible and the Cross—and left the building to its fate.

Not satisfied yet, these pious representatives, not of Protestantism, but of the spirit of intolerance which has too often disgraced religion in all ages, proceeded to burn the Bishop's cottage, and the convent farm-house, winding up—O shame that we must tell it!—with the deliberate desecration of the convent cemetery; tearing open the tombs, robbing the sacred vessels there, wrenching off the coffin plates, and scattering to the night-winds the ashes of the long-buried dead.

In the words of a reliable and admirable writer, "not a hand was lifted to stay these abominable proceedings by any one of the vast multitude outside; the firemen, who declared frequently that they could prevent the flames if allowed, were hindered from acting, although their sincerity may be suspected from the fact that an engine returned to Boston decked with flowers stolen from the altar. The magistrates neither made any remonstrance, nor read the riot-act, nor demanded help from neighboring towns, nor asked for the services of the marines at the Navy Yard, nor made a single arrest during all the seven hours of the riot. And though the outside multitude, who took no part in the crime, were all Protestants, not one of them dared to protest against this outrage, not only upon weakness and defencelessness, but upon civil liberty.

It has always been asserted, and I think was never denied, that the Association of Boston Truckmen were the leaders of the Boston contingent of the assaulting hordes. Many readers will recall this formidable body—always prominent in civic pageants—resembling not a little, in their white frocks, a ritualistic procession; but representing the flesh and the devil, rather than the Church Militant.

This is the authentic story of the burning of the convent, an episode in Massachusetts history to be remembered and deplored with its dark record of Puritan persecutions, and hanging of reputed witches at Salem, "the times of ignorance—at which it

in consoling to be assured that the Almighty winks."

The story of her own escape and that of her associates has been graphically told by a lady belonging to one of the most distinguished families of Boston. The book is, I believe, out of print, but I remember seeing it, some years since, in a circulating library.

The invalid—poor "Sister Mary St. Henry"—was kindly sheltered by a neighbour for the night, and afterward, at the invitation of General Dearborn of Roxbury, was conveyed to his mansion, Brinley Place, where she soon after died at the age of twenty. Boston gave her a great funeral—one of those post-mortem requitals for manifest injustice not infrequent in history. We are told that every Roman Catholic in the vicinity made an object of attending, half the citizens of Boston were organized into a special police, and so deeply roused were the feelings of the injured party, that it is probable that nothing but the utmost exertions of their clergy prevented serious retaliation.

It must not be supposed that Massachusetts, or even Boston, heard the story of that disgraceful night without a very general utterance of disapprobation and reprobation. A committee of the first citizens—including Robert G. Winthrop, Wm. Appleton, Horace Mann, Theoph. Parsons, Thomas Mattay—determined to investigate the affair and, if possible, punish the chief offenders. One hundred and forty persons were examined, and thirteen arrests were made, eight of them for the capital crime of arson. Every one of the charges against the management of the institution was fully disproved. Miss Alden—a young lady who had taken the veil at the convent—testified that after living there as a nun for two years, she became convinced that it was not her vocation, and was not only permitted but advised to depart; which she did, with the kindest feelings on both sides.

But two of the rioters were brought to trial—a known leader named Buzzell and a boy. The trial of the former was a mere farce. One of the jury was asleep half the time; and though it was clearly proved that the prisoner had incited rioters, burst in doors, and personally assaulted the gardener; and despite the fact that at the end of the trial the jury stood seven against five for conviction, the wretch was finally acquitted by their unanimous vote.

The boy was convicted—by quite inadequate evidence—and sentenced to State prison for life; he was some time after pardoned; but not before his mother's death from a broken heart, and his own ruin for life.

Whether any legislature has ever reimbursed the convent for its losses on that memorable night, the writer does not know; if such is the case, it was done within the last twenty-two years.

Let the Protestants of the land—especially the good people of Massachusetts—read the following authentic copy of a tax-receipt for the year 1888, signed by an afterwards eminent citizen of Boston, and blush at the memory of an indelible disgrace.

Nov. 28, 1834.

Rec'd of Bishop Fenwick, the sum of seventy-nine dollars and twenty cents, the same being taxes assessed by the Assessors of Charlestown upon the land and buildings of the late Convent of Mt. Benedict for the year 1834, and which were this day demanded by Solomon Hovey, Jr., Collector, agreeably to instructions rec'd by him from the Assessors to that effect, although said buildings had been destroyed by a mob in August last. (Signed) Solomon Hovey, Jr., Col.

There are so many cough medicines in the markets, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy, but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 24th, 1893

The great event of this week has been the severe storm which swept the British coast and caused such an appalling loss of life. Over 200 are said to have perished; and the damage done to shipping is simply incalculable.

Mr. Chamberlain put in an appearance in the House last Tuesday for the first time since his tempest-tossed voyage across the Atlantic. He seemed to be in excellent health, and the paleness in his countenance had given place to quite a ruddy hue. He was scrupulously attired, well groomed, eye glass correctly adjusted and an orchid of marvellous color in his button hole. The only rival Mr. Chamberlain is likely to have in floral display in these dull and chilly November days is the Premier; but the latter never affects orchids: his favourite flower at this time of the year being the yellow rose, with maidenhair. It is curious that the only two men in the House of Commons who indulge in button-holes should be the leader of the Liberal party and his bitterest opponent. In the Upper House, by-the-by, flowers are never worn by noble lords.

The first to greet Mr. Chamberlain when he entered was the bluff, but genial Admiral Field. With him he talked of his nautical experiences, rolling seas and boisterous head winds. And then came his trusty lieutenant, Mr. Courtney, to shake him by the hand. After this he turned to Professor Stuart, and chatted with the leader of the London Liberals until Mr. Balfour strolled up from the front Opposition Bench and gave his co-leader a most effusive welcome. The attention of the House, it must be confessed, was directed to what was going on below the bar rather than to the answers which Ministers were given to questions. As the two men stood together facing the entire House it was singular to note what a striking difference there is in the physical appearance of them both. Mr. Chamberlain (quite diminutive looking by the side of Mr. Balfour, and lacks that grace of carriage which is the peculiar characteristic of the Tory leader. The member for West Birmingham looks, as indeed he is, the representative of the bourgeoisie, while Mr. Balfour strikes the spectator as an aristocrat by birth and training. An hour or so after this incident Mr. Balfour was standing before the throne in the House of Lords, engaged in conversation with Lord Salisbury, and the contrast was striking. Both uncle and nephew have that lofty hauteur which marks them out as men of patrician blood, whose fitting place is the gilded chamber. In nearly every respect Lord Salisbury is the antithesis of Mr. Chamberlain, and yet at the present moment the latter is really the leader of "the Gentlemen of England." The cheers that greeted him from the Tory benches as he walked to his corner seat below the gang way, which had been kept warm for him during his absence by Mr Courtney, indicated how welcome was his return to the Opposition.

With his proverbial discretion Mr. Chamberlain has, however, refrained from running a tilt at the windmill. Last Saturday he informed the country that the Employer's Liability Bill was so execrably bad that he intended to vote against the third reading. It is only charitable to suppose that he had not recovered from the disturbing effects of his stormy voyage across the Atlantic when he confided this heroic determination to a Birmingham reporter. Certainly he had not had the advantage of discussing the situation with his Parliamentary director-in-chief. We shall never know the precise moment when he altered his mind, but I have no doubt that the change was subsequent to his interview with Mr. Balfour on Monday last.

A prominent Conservative has just told me that in his opinion it was very rash and very presumptuous of Mr. Chamberlain to herald forth his resolve to divide the House on the Bill, before he had ascertained the opinion of the Conservative leaders and the rank and file of the Conservative party, who form no inconsiderable portion of the Unionist phalanx. But it is just like him. He was impetuous as a democratic leader, and his unauthorized programme in 1893 did great mischief in the constituencies. Now that he is one of the champions of "the Gentlemen of England" his lack of common prudence and strategical skill is still one of his most serious defects as a political general. Mr. Balfour refused to lead the Tories into the lobby against the Bill, and so Mr. Chamberlain had to ignominiously slink down. His pride could not brook the sorry appearance the Birmingham gang would cut if left alone to bear the brunt of battle. Thus he ran away, and will fight another day. In his speech, which lasted an hour and twenty minutes, he repeated his opinion that the Bill was mischievous in its conception, and would be disastrous in its operation, but as he did not desire to put the Irish members to the trouble of crossing stormy seas to support the point, he did not propose to divide the House. This mock consideration for the convenience of the Nationalist members (who, by the bye, were present in full force) was greeted with loud

laughter and ironical cheers. Everybody in the House saw through the subterfuge to which he had resorted to cover his retreat. Mr. Asquith had a comparatively easy task in demolishing his sophistries. His speech was lit up with gleams of satire, and bristled with irony, which went home with unerring effect. He referred to the stormy seas—and the double entendre was quickly seized by the House—which Mr. Chamberlain himself had crossed in order to take part in the debate, and he regretted he had not had the advantage of following the proceedings of the House. Then—after a pause—"we have missed him greatly"—a sentence of delicious sarcasm which evoked responsive cheers and countercheers. But the Home Secretary, who was in excellent fighting trim, scored the most effectually when he dealt with Mr. Chamberlain's taunt that the Irish members were really forcing the Bill through the House. When the Liberal Unionist leaders complained of the Irish members voting on the Employer's Liability Bill he had evidently overlooked the trilling consideration that the Bill applied to Ireland equally with other parts of the United Kingdom, and so he laid himself open to Mr. Asquith's withering retort that this was a new doctrine of disintegration to preach to that House. The right hon. gentleman would not give the Irish a Parliament of their own, and now he actually proposed they should take no part in the consideration of measures vitally affecting the Irish people which were brought forward in the Imperial Parliament. Moreover, with one exception, the majority of the Government, which had averaged 103 had been entirely independent of the Irish vote.

These ringing sentences were hailed with shouts of jubilation from the Irish benches. One of their greatest joys in this world is to see Mr. Chamberlain castigated, and they cheered again as the blows rained in quick succession upon their bitterest foe, who meanwhile sidged unceasingly in his seat and pretended to be deeply engrossed in conversation with Sir Henry James.

At a protracted meeting of the Irish Party held this week in the historical Room No. 15, the proceedings, though rather lively at times, were of a most harmonious character. The points at issue between the different sections were satisfactorily settled, and they now enter once more upon their arduous duties with renewed courage and confidence.

Diocese of Hamilton.

On Sunday Nov. 20, the third anniversary of the dedication of St. Lawrence church, Hamilton, was celebrated. At High Mass, His Lordship Bishop Dowling assisted, and Rev. J. H. Coty sang the Mass, Rev. Father Brady, pastor of the church, being deacon, and Rev. Father Murphy of the cathedral, subdeacon. The Bishop preached an appropriate sermon, and at the end complimented the pastor and parish on the successful results of their good work.

In the evening the church was crowded. Grand Musical Vespers were rendered by the choir, under the leadership of J. B. Nelligan. A full orchestra assisted. The soloists were Mrs. Martin Murphy, Miss Scobie, T. Murphy, and J. Nelligan.

His Lordship the Bishop was present in the sanctuary, assisted by Rev. Fathers Brady and Murphy. Father Coty officiated. The collection of the day amounted to \$125.

Much credit is due to the pastor and people of this parish for the wonderful progress made during the past three years. Church furniture and grounds have cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000; of that amount but the sum of \$11,000 remains to be paid. This parish is a most compact one. It comprises about three hundred families, all of which are within a radius of a few blocks from the church.

C. M. B. A.

At the regular meeting of St. Basil's Branch, No. 145, held on Tuesday evening last, the following officers for 1894 were elected:

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. L. Brennan, C. S.B.; Chancellor, W. T. Kerahan, President, Jos. A. Walsh; 1st Vice-President, D. Miller; 2nd Vice-President, J. Coughlin; Rec. Secretary, J. D. Wardo; Treasurer, L. W. Byrne; Asst. Secretary, J. F. Shaw; Fin. Secretary, J. F. Cleary; Marshal, C. Daniels; Guard, R. McNamara; Trustees, F. A. Anglin, L. V. Byrne, D. Miller; Delegate to Grand Council, F. O' C. Higgins; Alternate, L. V. Byrne.

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

For pity's sake, don't growl and grumble because you are troubled with indigestion. No good was ever effected by snarling and fretting. Be a man (unless you happen to be a woman), and take Ayer's Sarsaparil, which will relieve you, whether man or woman.

League of the Cross.

The regular weekly meeting of the above League was held in their hall on Power street on Sunday afternoon, the President, Mr. Geo. Duffy, in the chair. The total abstinence pledge was administered to four young men by the Rev. Father Hand, after which the Rev. Father Bloom (one of the Redemptorists who is now preaching the mission at St. Paul's); addressed the members, and gave some very practical advice as to the best means for overcoming the monstrous evil of intemperance. "The mere taking of the pledge," said the Rev. Father, "was not enough to keep men sober; there must be another power, the power that could only be received by being practical Catholics. Attend to your religious duties and your society will prosper, your work will be pleasing to God, and it will be a source of happiness to yourselves and families."

After the regular business had been gone through a select programme of readings, recitations, music and singing was taken part in by Messrs. Kennedy, Simonds, Harris, Sullivan and Barber. As usual the hall was crowded.

The Mission at St. Paul's

On last Sunday at the 11 o'clock Mass a two weeks mission was opened in St. Paul's for the Catholics of the parish. The mission is conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers from Saratoga. The Fathers engaged in the good work are Revs. C. J. Smith, S. A. Lambert and D. Bloom. Father Smith opened the exercises with a powerful sermon upon the nature and fruits of the mission. The Church was crowded, notwithstanding the stormy weather with a vast congregation of devout worshippers.

During this week the mission is for women; next week, beginning on Sunday evening, the good Fathers will devote themselves to men exclusively. Up to the present the Church has been crowded at every service; even at the 6 o'clock morning Mass great numbers of young women attended. Next week the exercises will be at 5 and 8 a.m., and 7.30 p.m. St. Paul's will no doubt reap great blessings and graces from the saintly work of the good Fathers.

Confirmation at St. Patrick's.

His Grace the Archbishop visited this church last Sunday, Dec. 3rd, to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. His Grace, at his side Very Rev. P. H. Barrett and Very Rev. F. Marjion, assisted in Cope and Mitre the High Mass was sung by Rev. Simon J. Grogan. Rev. Wm. Hogan preached a very interesting and instructive sermon, which will appear in our next issue. Rev. L. Brennan occupied a place in the sanctuary.

After the High Mass His Grace preached most eloquently on the ceremonies used in the administration of the sacrament of Confirmation. The Confirmed were then conducted to the Altar railing by Rev. S. J. Krein and were confirmed by His Grace. Eleven adults, eighteen boys and twenty-two girls received this holy Sacrament. The ceremony over, his Grace gave most salutary advice to those confirmed and all present, and then conferred upon them his solemn benediction.

The Christmas Sale.

The annual Christmas Sale in aid of the building fund of the Monastery of the Precious Blood was a decided success. The ladies who are on the committee are not yet able to report the full returns of the different tables, but as soon as possible the REGISTER will publish a full account. The ladies who had charge of the refreshment tables deserve special mention for the kind attention they bestowed on all who patronized them, and for the excellent luncheons they provided.

New Book.

A little book has been placed on the market by Rev. J. Brelivet, Barre, Vermont, called the Pictorial Church for children. It has received the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons, several bishops and priests of the United States, has 32 illustrations, which are alone worth the price of the book. Sample copies sent by mail prepaid for 50 cents. Address Rev. J. Brelivet, Barre, Vermont.

St. Joseph's Church.

A mission was opened at this church Sunday, Dec. 3rd, by the Redemptorist Fathers, Revs. Cyril Dodsworth and John Lynch. Rev. Dr. Bergin is giving his parishioners every opportunity to attend to their religious duties, and the mission will no doubt be a great success.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual 1894.

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

ONLY A FLOWER.

The Count de Clairville had just seen his only daughter, Yolande, married to the Marquis of Kergonet, the scion of one of the haughty and ancient families of Bretagne. The ceremony was over and the doors of the church were thrown wide open, disclosing to the view of the eager crowd outside a high jewelled altar laden with beautiful flowers and flashing the light of a hundred candles.

Down the aisle of the church, drinking in with heads erect the inspiring music of the wedding march, walked arm-in-arm the happy pair.

Outside the bells rang joyously over meadow and stream. The thousand scents of spring were wafted or the soft breezes that also bore along the song from hundreds of little birds' throats.

The laughing sunbeams fell lovingly on the tall, graceful figure of Yolande, clad in her white wedding dress, and sought to steal a kiss from behind the wedding veil that only half concealed her merry, ruby lips.

The country folk from all around had flocked in force to see the wedding. Buttonhole bouquets hung from the men's coats, and the breasts of the women were gorgeous with nosegays, while their joyous cries and laughter combined made the morning air seem positively to tramble.

"Long live Mlle. Yolande!" they shouted. "God bless our old count, and hurrah for the lucky bridegroom!"

The little church at Clairville stands on a hill which overlooks the whole village. It is approached only by a steep, zigzag footpath winding up the sides of the rock.

Rich and poor, fashionable and simple, living and dead, all had to pass along this narrow path—the "Path of Paradise" as it was called—to get to the church.

With the wild huzzas of the crowd behind them the wedding party slowly descended his path into the village.

There where the path joined the street stood the carriages waiting to take them back to the castle. The bridegroom, who was touched and pleased with the enthusiastic appreciation of the crowd for his bride, whispered in her ear:

"See how highly you are prized by these good people. They will never forget you, and I am afraid that in their innermost hearts they are cursing me for robbing them of their good and beautiful angel."

He sealed his words with a stolen kiss, and she turned her lovely eyes to his and laughed her reply.

"Then, turning to her father, who had been conveniently watching the clouds, she said:

"Oh, father! it's such a beautiful day. Shall we not go home to the park at once?"

"Certainly, my darling," he replied "as soon as you like."

The old father was only too glad of an opportunity which would enable him to see even a few hours more of his dear and only daughter, soon to be taken from him for so long.

Thus it was that the bride and bridegroom, with the younger portion of the wedding party, went on foot to the castle through the village, while the older ones followed in the carriages.

Yolande, leaning on her husband's arm, stopped repeatedly at the little cottages, where the weak and aged ones of the village, who had not been able to witness the ceremony, sat before their doors to catch a glimpse of the happy couple as they passed by.

For one and all she had a kind word, and many a feeble hand was stretched out to her, and many a trembling voice blessed her name as she passed by.

A little further beyond the little cortege came a narrow path, along which they had gone but a short

distance when some descending party blocked the way.

Closer observation proved the obstacle to be a funeral. It was evidently the funeral of a very poor person, a young girl, for the sheet that covered her was adorned with no flowers. Not even a cluster of green or a nosegay of flowers lay on the bier.

Behind the bearers of the coffin walked a poorly-clad man with head bent forward and lowered eyes, the only one in mourning and the picture of grief and despair.

At the sight of the wedding party the pall-bearers showed signs of stepping to one side to allow of their passing. But the man raised his head, and glancing with wild eyes on the happy party, so gay and brightly dressed, that seemed to make a mockery of his sorrow, cried:

"Forward! Forward!"

His face assumed an expression of bitterness and anger, as if he could have trampled under his feet all the finely-dressed and laughing young people.

Seeing that the pall-bearers did not move on at the man's word the count stepped forward and in a solemn voice cried:

"Friends, let us show respect to death and allow the bier to pass."

At once his words were obeyed, and the funeral filed slowly past the gaily-dressed throng, who bowed their heads and made the sign of the cross on their breasts.

When the young bride looked upon the youthful and beautiful form that death had claimed so early for his own, she was seized with pity and sorrow. Taking one of the blooming orange blossoms from her hat, she laid it gently and respectfully upon the coffin.

The stern-faced man in mourning noticed this little act of sympathy and his grim features seemed to relax. Then he hid his face again in his hands and let a deep-drawn sigh escape him.

"Who is the man?" asked the Count de Clairville.

"I do not know, Herr Graff," answered the man addressed; "he is a stranger who arrived at the village inn with his sister a few days ago. She was even then in a dying condition."

As the party approached the castle the cheerful sound of the wedding bells was changed into a mournful knell from the church tower.

"Who was the young lady?" asked the man in mourning, as they approached the brilliantly decorated church.

"That is Mlle. Yolande de Clairville," was the answer.

"May she ever be happy and fortunate," he said softly to himself, as he entered the church.

Twenty years have passed away and the Reign of Terror has begun in Paris. The war reached its zenith in the Vendee when the Assembly sent one of its members to Nantes with orders to take the strictest and most decided measures against the Royalists.

In accordance with these orders, Carrier, the man who had charge of the commission, had a large number of "suspects" locked up in a building near the Cathedral of St. Pierre. Men, women, and children were confined there, and, in spite of the vast numbers executed daily, the prison was always filled with victims.

In a long, low hall, the inhuman judge held his mock trials which decided the fate of so many.

The prisoners were divided into two classes—accused and condemned. The first group decreased in proportion as the latter increased, and at length Carrier determined to hasten the proceedings by putting aside every formality. From henceforth the words "condemned to death" were heard as soon as the prisoners passed before the judge's table and before any

semblance of a trial, just or unjust, had been granted to them.

"Henri de Kergonet!" cried the court officers, and a young man, apparently eighteen years of age, separated himself from the crowd. To the judge he made a bow so graceful and distinguished that he might have fancied himself in the court of Versailles instead of before a tribunal of death.

"You are accused of being the instigator of a plot against the Republic and of having taken part in a scheme against my life as its representative."

The young man turned on the speaker a pair of clear, fearless eyes, and answered firmly and composedly:

"I owe to you the debt of my father's death, and I always endeavor to pay my debts."

"Henri!" cried a woman's voice in a beseeching tone.

Carrier cast an angry look towards the speaker, while Henri de Kergonet was led away to his doom.

Two women stood before the judge. "Are you the mother of that young man?" asked Carrier of the elder.

"I am, and this girl is his sister," answered the woman.

"What is your name?"

"Yolande de Clairville, Marchioness of Kergonet."

The judge's eyes rested with a searching glance on the speaker for an instant, and then announced that the trial was over and that all three were condemned to death.

The victims were led to their dismal cells.

The prisoners were as usually taken, bound two and two together and flung into a boat to be rowed out into the middle of the Loire, where they were stabbed and the corpses thrown into the water. Even this method did not suffice to glut Carrier's bloodthirstiness, for he ordered hundreds to be taken to the further bank of the river and shot down, to die hours later of the most painful wounds.

The Marquise de Kergonet and her two children were waiting in the gloomy silence the fulfilment of their sentence of death, when the jailer came and ordered the young countess to follow him.

"Oh, must we then be separated?" implored the despairing mother.

"Carrier has so ordered," answered the stern jailer.

After a long and tearful embrace the young girl bid her mother and brother good-bye, and followed the officer to the much-dreaded Diotator. As soon as the officer had retired and left the two alone Carrier said in a low tone of voice:

"What is your name?"

"Yvonne de Kergonet."

"Do you love your mother?"

"Yes, sir," replied the trembling young girl.

"And your brother, too? What would you do to save them?" inquired the stern-faced man.

The girl answered eagerly: "Oh! I would willingly offer myself to save them."

"I do not want your life, my child," said the man. "I ask only your silence. How old are you?"

"Sixteen, sir," answered the girl.

"Then you have not yet learned to lie," said Carrier. "Listen attentively to me. Here is a letter which I shall give to you on the one and only condition that you promise not to open it before midnight. Besides that you are not to mention it to any living soul. Do you promise me that? Yes? Well, then, you may go."

The frightened girl placed the letter in her bosom and was hurriedly led back to her cell.

Before she had time to answer all the eager questions of her mother and brother, a man with a pistol in his hand appeared at the door and told the three prisoners to follow him.

Telling them on pain of instant death to keep absolute silence, he gave Yvonne his arm and, while Henri de

Kergonet helped his mother, led them out of the prison into the streets.

The three Royalists condemned to death, were conducted along the quietest and least frequented streets to the river. Their conductor then gave a preconcerted sign which was at once answered by a man who appeared suddenly out of the mist that hung over the river, in a boat.

"Step in," said the boatman in a low voice, and as soon as they were seated he began to row them out into the middle of the stream.

"Keep your courage up, my little sister," whispered Henri, as he pressed Yvonne to his heart.

After that none of them spoke a word, but awaited as resignedly as possible their last moment on earth. In those few short minutes their whole past seemed to come up vividly before their minds; all the joys and sorrows of their childhood, as well as the last terrible events of their lives.

Suddenly they saw near them the black hull of a vessel rising out of the mists and water. With great speed their own boat approached it, and before they knew what had happened they found themselves on board, and watching the little boat they had come in fast disappearing into the mists that hung over the water.

"What can this mean?" asked Henri, after his amazement had passed away.

"It means," said the captain of the ship that you are saved."

"Saved! How? By whom?"

"A few hours ago," said the captain, "I received a large sum of money with orders to wait for three passengers who wished to sail to England. The order was accompanied by a release paper signed by Carrier. If we have favourable winds we shall see the coast of England in a few days."

"How late is it, captain?" asked Yvonne.

"Exactly 12.30, mein Fraulein."

Eagerly and excitedly the girl took the letter from her bosom, opened it and read the first lines:

"To Mlle. Yolande de Clairville."

"This letter is for you, mother!" she cried, handing it over to her, but the marquise gave it to her son to read.

The letter read as follows:

"Twenty years ago, on your wedding day, you took a flower from your bride's bouquet and laid it upon the coffin of my sister. You were then exactly sixteen years of age. I wish to liquidate my debt, and in return for your one little flower I herewith make you a present of three lives."—
From the German of Emmauld Fuerst.

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The Calm after the Storm.

Written for the Register by F. N. O. Fairville,
New Brunswick.

When the calm succeeds the storm,
Then our bark at anchor lies,
Sails are furled, then dread alarm
Wings its flight to other skies.

Seamen rest, no danger's nigh,
Waves roll on with gentle motion,
And few clouds are sailing by:
Peace lies slumbering on the ocean

Not a breath his bosom stirring,
And no petrels we discern,
Only gentle zephyrs purring
Chant old ocean's lullaby.

Ocean's breast has lost its fury
Stillness holds the broad expanse,
Now the light enchaning lures me
When God locks its rage in trance.

Peace is slumbering, too within us,
Boisterous gales therein may rise,
Vice, by gentle art may win us,
And the peace there slumbering—dies.

O my God, should human passion
Stir my heart, or ride my will,
Cast Thy sweet look of compassion,
And then speak Thy word, "Be Still!"

MUSKOKA.

Letter from Father Fleming.

BRACEBRIDGE, Nov. 17th, 1898.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—Since my last communication to your valuable paper three more of the old settlers, with their families, have returned from the North West to Muskoka, where, in their own words, they "have come to stay," and they bring the news that many more of the old deserters intend coming back soon to swell the ranks of the Muskoka farmers. Verily indeed, "Muskoka hath its own peculiar charms." Here are those men, after long years of experience elsewhere, returning to their native Province, fully convinced that "Muskoka is, after all, not the worst place in the world to settle down in."

Through correspondence and from not a few outsiders passing through this district, inquiring about and commenting upon, the characteristics of this north country, especially with regard to its climate, one would be led to think that we are in the vicinity of the North Pole. I find that this class of people with whom I have come in contact, without exception, entertain a very exaggerated opinion of the climate of this portion of Canada, and that the cold is much more severe here than in the front. Why they have come to this conclusion I know not. A glance at the map defines our position. Toronto being in latitude N. 43°40' and the most northern parts of the free grant and unclaimed lands in our district as yet surveyed being in latitude about 46°, therefore being 2°20' or one hundred and forty geographical miles north of Toronto. Making every allowance for this difference of latitude you will not find that difference one would expect. The greatest difference, compared to the front, is in the depth of snow—from three to four feet—but this is easily accounted for, as is the case in Newfoundland, by our close proximity to and being surrounded by such vast forests. Our Winters are not, after all, of that severe character many imagine. In fact many places in the front must be colder on account of their height of land.

As I have slightly touched upon this subject I will go a little farther; and, in relation to the nature of our climate, I will produce a few facts that will help to dispel the false notions entertained by many in respect to this section of the Dominion. In the first place we will compare the latitude of Bracebridge and the free grant lands with a few places in Canada and the States in the same latitude, as this will convey to the reader a better idea of the position we hold, and enable him to form some definite opinion of what our climate is like. We will now trace the same

latitude through America, beginning with the boundary line between the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, and Canada, thence through about the centre of the Counties of Dundas, Lanark, Frontenac, Addington, Hastings and Peterborough, across Lake Muskoka, the Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, the northern portion of the State of Michigan, passing through the fine grain-producing State of Wisconsin, taking in St. Paul, and through the northern part of Minnesota: thence through Dakota, Montana and Washington, and some three or four degrees south of British Columbia. In connection with other points, known to us all, but not in the same latitude, we have the advantage of them; for instance, Quebec is nearly two degrees north of us; Ottawa is about half a degree; Pembroke is over two-thirds of a degree; and Fort Garry, Manitoba, is nearly five degrees north of us. Any one knowing anything of or acquainted with any of the above mentioned places can form some idea of our climate, as we are south of them all.

Last winter (and I think it may be looked upon as an exceptionally cold one) I was often surprised at the reports of the daily papers concerning the intense coldness of the weather south of us, we at the same time not at all experiencing such severe weather. Some account for the comparative mildness of the Muskoka winters to the fact of this north country being cut by so many lakes and rivers. They say that the frost is always found to be much more severe and the air more bracing on and near the lakes and rivers than in the surrounding country. They infer from this that so much surface of water, in its relation to atmospheric pressure, draws the frost and acts upon it as a self-conductor, and thus the tendency is to contract and diminish more or less the degree of heavy frost. Be this as it may, I have it on the authority of those old settlers here now, who spent several years in Toronto, that regarding the difference of temperature between there and here in winter time there is no perceptible difference worth speaking of; the only difference they find is in the depth of the snow, but that is due to our being in the neighbourhood of the great un reclaimed lands. This is everywhere the case, even in the front, where there are large tracts of un cleared lands; and as the forest is reclaimed and shaped into clearings, snow will decrease with us as it has done in other places.

Our summers are, as a rule, most conducive to the growth of grain and root crops, and far more enjoyable, I'm informed, than the summers in and around Toronto. Tomatoes, cucumbers and melons grow well here, and all garden vegetables grow in abundance. Our rivers and lakes are still open to navigation, and the boats expect to keep plying for a month yet. As a field of enterprise, near home, to those who find it difficult to procure farms in the front, and who are anxious to become tillers of the soil, I do not know a better. As the question of soil is to the settler an all-important subject, I shall conclude these few remarks with a promise to make it the theme of my next letter.

Thanking you, dear sir, in anticipation of your giving this letter publicity, I remain yours truly,
T. F. FLEMING, Priest.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

Dec. 7—S. Ambrose, Bishop, Confessor,
and Doctor
8—Fast Day, The Immaculate Con-
ception of the Blessed Virgin.
9—S. Eutychianus, Pope and Martyr.
10—Second Sunday of Advent.
11—S. Damasus I., Pope and Confes-
sor.
12—S. Melchitades, Pope and Martyr.
18—Fast Day, S. Lucy, Virgin and
Martyr.

The Immaculate Conception.

To-morrow the Church celebrates the great feast of the Immaculate Conception, which, although in order of time was the last formal crown placed by the Church on the brow of the Blessed Virgin, is nevertheless the first, the source and font of all her other privileges, graces, and honors. Its mystery and reasonableness may be briefly stated.

The first chapter of man's history is written in that sad fall from his high estate, whose consequences were so far reaching and disastrous. Adam fell and dragged down the whole race, so that his descendants were to be born in the likeness of his fall. Man was now flesh—conceived in iniquity and born in sin. The glorious gifts with which our first parent had been invested raising him to a supernatural state and saving him from suffering and death were all lost in one clean sweep. But a remedy was at hand; God promised, a Redeemer, so that where sin abounded grace would more abound. He was to be born of woman—a Virgin would conceive and bear Him, who would be the Mother of God. It was fitting that She should be the greatest triumph and first fruits of His grace and merits. And the greatest victory of grace consisted in that Mary should be prevented from contracting that stain of original sin, which fell upon all other children of Adam like a blight upon blossom and fruit. Around her, therefore, whom He chose to be His mother, at the first instant of her conception, He threw the shield of His foreseen grace, and the anticipated merits of that Blood which St. Paul says was shed from the foundation of the world—saving her from guilt. Amongst the thorns of the desert she was to be the lily, amongst the children of men she alone had the privilege of never being stained with sin. Jeremiah the Prophet and John the Baptist were sanctified in their mother's womb. It was due to the Mother of Christ that grace should show its mightier power and stay the torrent of evil in its very source. It was fitting that she who was to bruise the head of the serpent should crush it by the very spotlessness of her nature and life. It was fitting that

she from whose flesh the flesh of God's only Begotten Son was to be taken, and whose blood was to be the source of the Precious Blood, should be pure from the beginning. It was just and proper that no stain should ever be in her who was the chosen daughter of the Father, the Mother of the Son and the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. It befitting God's glory that our Blessed Lord, looking upon His Mother, could say to her: "Thou art all beautiful, O my beloved, and there is no spot in thee. My death preserved thee; My blood surrounded thee as the island in the sea; the enemy could never reach thee—his breath never tainted thee. Thou art my purest mirror and image, as I am the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness."

From apostolic times we see the centuries testifying to the sinlessness of Mary. St. Augustine, establishing the proposition that there was no human creature without sin, adds: "I however except the Blessed Virgin Mary, of whom I in no way wish to speak when it is a question of sin. For why would she not have a grace more abundant in order to overcome sin in every respect, she who merited to conceive and place in the world Him Who we are certain never had sin." The Church in the Council of Trent, decreeing concerning original sin, states definitely that it had no intention of including therein the Immaculate Mother of God. Pius IX. in 1849 addressed a letter to all the bishops of the world enquiring what was the devotion of the people towards the Immaculate Conception and what was their sentiment in regard to the definition. From all quarters the Supreme Pontiff received the most unanimous consensus of opinion. As an outcome of the unity of devotion and belief the Holy Father, Pius IX., by the supreme power vested in him as Vicar of Christ, pronounced it to be the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

Thus was she exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree on Mount Sion; like a palm tree in Oades, and as a rose plant in Jericho. As the vine she sent forth a pleasant odour, and her flowers are the fruit of honour and riches. Mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope! in her is all grace of the way and the truth, all hope of life and virtue. Come to her, all ye want desire her, and be filled with her fruits, for her spirit is sweet above honey and the honey-comb. The memory of Mary and her Immaculate Conception is unto everlasting generation.

Well Deserved Promotion.

It is with great pleasure that we see Major Mason has been gazetted Colonel of the 10th Royals. He has won his rank by bravery on the field, and deserved popularity amongst the officers and men of his regiment. Well and favorably known in his more peaceful avocation as Manager of the Home Savings Bank, he brings to his military position the same true spirit, the same affability, firmness and decision of character—very necessary qualities for a good commander. We congratulate Colonel Mason, and hope while he wears his honors he may never have to expose his life to that danger from which he before so narrowly escaped at the battle of Batoche.

John E. Redmond's Inconstancy.

The *Nineteenth Century* for November has a documentary essay on the "Prospects of Home Rule," from the pen of the irreconcilable John E. Redmond, M.P. All the arguments adduced by the Parnellite Leader in proof of the Home Rule Bill being wrooked by a postponement of its re-introduction into Parliament, are satisfactory—only to extremists on the one side, and the coercionists on the other side.

The extremists would defy Great Britain to refuse one iota of their demands. They would force English Radicals to forget their own grievances, and think only of Ireland. They would play into the hands of Tory landlords and hostile peers of the realm by acts of imprudence and selfishness and of ingratitude to the Liberal party that would disgust the masses of the English people, and destroy the work of conciliation that has been going on so successfully for the last thirteen or fourteen years.

The arguments of Mr. Redmond are quite satisfactory also to the Coercionist Party, which is upheld only by the House of Lords in its death-like opposition to all demands for Ireland's autonomy. What prolongs the existence of the House of Lords and its baneful influence gives new life to the Tory Party. Therefore are the latter—and among them Lord Randolph Churchill—loud in eulogizing the course pursued by Mr. Redmond and his friends.

To force another parliamentary session of discussion and debating of the Home Rule question upon the British public and against the wishes of the Liberal Party—who have their own grievances to settle—would be suicidal on part of Irishmen really sincere and anxious for their country's ultimate regeneration. "If," says Mr. Redmond, "a second rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords would help us with the electors, then let the measure be reintroduced into the House of Commons in the session of 1894. Let it be sent to the Lords, accompanied, if time permits, by certain British measures; and upon its rejection let dissolution take place forthwith. So far as it is in our power to prevent it, it ought to be our duty not to permit the 'hanging up' of Home Rule during 1894."

But Mr. Redmond should take into consideration the fact that the English people require a little legislation done for themselves during the coming years and that the consent of the English people should be had for a postponement of all their serious demands—to call for such consent would be but imposing on their good nature, and disgusting the electorate of Great Britain. English measures of themselves will occupy most of the time of the House during the coming session; and if the question of the Evicted Tenants be disposed of there will be little room left for another half year's discussion of the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Redmond says: "All that we have claimed is that one week of Parliamentary time should be devoted to an effort to restore the evicted tenants to their homes. A short bill for this purpose could easily be passed in one

week." Again he says: "The argument that the time would be wasted, because the Lords would reject the Bill, is scarcely worth noticing."

The *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, commenting on the above, says: "A week! Mr. Redmond must think that the Americans are very ignorant of the workings of Parliamentary Government, when he attempts to pawn off upon them the theory that a measure of Irish redress could be passed in a week. A Parliamentary week contains only four days. One should be given to the introduction of the Bill; and the division on the reading should never be taken unless after two days' debate. There would therefore remain a day for the committee stage report and third reading, and all the stages in the House of Lords. If it was old times, and the Bill was a habeas corpus suspension Bill, the idea might be practicable. But in the case of a measure of Irish reform, proposed by a Government, which, as Mr. Redmond gleefully recalls, has only 88 of a majority, the recommendation is childish."

The *Freeman's* remarks are criticisms of speeches made by Mr. John E. Redmond at Dublin, Cork and Waterford. His ambitious essay on the pages of the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* we judge to be nothing more or less than a rehash of those speeches.

But our astonishment increases when we discover that Mr. Redmond, on learning that his policy of defiance of English Liberals was not favourably received in America, cabled a recantation of his views as expressed in the *Nineteenth Century* stating the very reverse of all that hitherto had been uttered by him at public meetings, and that appears so independently set forth in the magazine. His cabled despatch reads: "We have never demanded a reintroduction of the Home Rule Bill, or an immediate dissolution."

A page of more glaring inconsistency never shone in print. The last few sentences in Mr. Redmond's essay are: "The session of 1894 cannot well, without excluding British measures altogether, be devoted to both the Home Rule and Evicted Tenants Bill; and we protest against the introduction of the latter, as an excuse for postponing Home Rule and prolonging the present Parliament. And we feel bound, in whatever way seems most likely to be effective, to use our power for the purpose of forcing the consideration of the Home Rule Bill, or the dissolution of Parliament in the year 1894."

Examples of inconsistency, or better, dishonesty, on the part of Mr. Redmond, as here witnessed, must tend to diminish the reorganization and loyalty of his followers, and lead the way very soon to a hearty and much-desired union of all parties in Ireland."

Archbishop Tache celebrated his forty-second elevation to the Episcopacy Nov 28rd, at St. Boniface. The students of the college gave an entertainment on the evening of the 22nd. Congratulatory addresses were presented to his Grace from the English and French Catholics of Winnipeg and St. Boniface.

A Lesson of History.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Catholic Record*, a short time ago pointed out the resemblance between Titus Oates and the present Protestant Persecuting Association. About one hundred years afterwards another event took place, which also has a great similarity to the fanaticism now aflame through many parts of this continent. We refer to the Gordon Riots of 1780.

The Quebec Act establishing Catholicism in Canada had been passed in 1774, without arousing outside of Parliament any more opposition than a petition from the city of London to the King, asking him to withhold his assent to a bill which, it was claimed, was contrary to his coronation oath. When George III. went to the House of Lords to give his assent, an angry mob greeted him with the cry of "No Popery," but things for the time went no further. The success which attended the passing of this Act led Parliament to consider the expediency of affording to the handful of Catholics in England relief from the atrocious penal laws which other fierce ages had framed against them. Considering that in 1761, the year after the Relief Act was passed, the Catholics counted "7 peers, 22 baronets, and about 150 other gentlemen of landed property," we wonder that all England should arm against such an insignificant band. Yet glancing at our own surroundings we can readily understand it. True, nothing stands on the statute against us, but the conduct of many gives evidence of the same spirit. How also explain the formation of an anti-Catholic union where Catholics are so few, or the searching for Catholic names in public offices and institutions where they have only the crumbs? At Brantford the P.P.A. put their Inquisition to work; and after diligent search of city hall, board of health, fire halls, and police force, found one Catholic amongst the police. One Alderman out of sixteen and a payment of \$8,100 to Catholic laborers were the only source of danger to the grasping greed of the Protestant Persecutors. What other spirit animates the inhabitants of a terror-stricken neighborhood who pass sleepless nights afraid that three or four Catholics are going to rise and murder a population of from ten to twelve hundred? Would not such people bring about the state of things described by Lecky, prior to the Relief Bill?

"The worst part of the persecution of Catholics was based upon a law of William III.; and in 1773 Sir George Savile introduced a Bill to repeal those portions of this Act which related to the apprehending of Papal bishops, priests and Jesuits, which subjected those and also Papists keeping a school to perpetual imprisonment, and which disabled all Papists from inheriting or purchasing land. In order to obtain the benefits of the law, it was necessary that the Catholics should take a special oath abjuring the Pretender, the temporal jurisdiction and deposing power of the Pope, and the doctrine that faith should not be kept with heretics, as such, may be lawfully put to death."

This Bill, introduced by Sir George Savile and carried without division, was applicable only to England, but a promise was made by the Lord Advocate that in the following session a similar measure would be introduced

for Scotland. The Presbyterians of Scotland took the alarm, although it must be stated in justice to the General Assembly of the Scotch Established Church that it rejected by a large majority a motion remonstrating against the Relief Bill. In a short time a most violent agitation spread through the Lowlands, stimulated by pamphlets, newspapers and sermons, and a "Committee for the Protestant Interests" directing it from Edinburgh. So alarmed did the Catholics of Scotland become that they petitioned Lord North to forego his intention of relief, as "it would arouse a spirit of fanaticism that would endanger their lives and property." Too late—persecution was upon them. Shops of Catholic tradesmen were attacked, and their goods destroyed; houses of Protestants who were suspected of sympathizing with the Bill were plundered. The troops who were called out were polted. Magistrates showed their fear by servilely proclaiming that the Act of Parliament "with regard to the penal statutes against Papists was totally laid aside, and therefore it was expected that all peaceable subjects would carefully avoid connecting themselves with any tumultuous assembly for the future." The flame spread. Discontented bigotry soon found a leader in a fanatical, unscrupulous man who tarnished a great house by the unenviable celebrity he acquired for himself in his vain ambition as a demagogue. Lord George Gordon presided over a Protestant Association, and in a few days led a mob of mushroom, street gutter patriots to the door of Parliament demanding the repeal of the Relief Act. Had they been satisfied with presenting the petition signed by 120,000, history could have very little comment to offer; but they were not. After blockading the Commons for some hours they first attacked the Catholic Chapel attached to the Sardinian Embassy, then the Bavarian Minister's Chapel. They sacked the houses not only of Catholics, but of men like Sir George Savile, who had proposed the Act, and Lord Mansfield, who on the bench always showed his sympathy for Catholics when brought before him. For days a looting mob held the city of London against the magistrates, civil and military; fanaticism reigned when plunder and outrage had done their worst. Richard Burke draws a vivid picture of the terror prevailing: "This is the fourth day," he writes, "that the metropolis of England is possessed by an enraged, furious and numerous enemy. Their outrages are beyond description, and meet with no resistance. Children are plundering at noonday the city of London." Dr. Johnson passed a party plundering the session house of Old Bailey. They consisted of less than 100 men, and "they did their work," he says, "at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day." After four or five days, during which seventy-two houses and four goals were destroyed, the fury of the mob quickly died out. "Our danger," wrote Gibbon shortly after the suppression, "is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June, 1780, will ever be marked by

a dark and diabolical fanaticism which I had supposed to be extinct."

That affairs in this country and this age are very different from the period of which we write is an undisputed fact upon which all may congratulate themselves. But when we consider the motive which excited the Gordon riots—that relief legislation was dealt out to a long suffering portion of the community, when we compare the relative numbers of the two classes; when we read of the cowardly, unjust suspicions that are noised abroad; and when we see the demands made, we are forced to conclude that so far as depth and intensity of fanaticism go the nineteenth century is not ahead of the eighteenth, nor Canada of England, nor the Protestant Persecuting Association in our midst behind the Protestant Association of 1780.

Catholic Schools in England.

The Catholics of England are rallying their forces to engage in the battle of education by a monster protest against the present system, which inflicts upon their body many and burdensome grievances, stated as follows by the Bishop of Nottingham.

Catholics by the present law are obliged "to pay heavy rates in order to build and maintain Public Schools to which they cannot conscientiously send their children." Besides the free lance which Board Managers have in obtaining sites and raising loans, they have the serious power of preventing any Public Elementary School being opened without their leave. In one instance they did refuse, on the ground that there was sufficient school accommodation in their district; and yet they can go on enlarging their premises as much as they please. A second crying injustice arises from the fact that the law authorizes "the taxing and spending of the money of Catholic ratepayers for the endowment and teaching of a School Board religion which is always non-Catholic and heretical; which is often anti-Christian, and may easily be materialistic and atheistic." As an example his Lordship gives the Unitarians of London, who claimed that the Divinity of Christ should not be taught in the schools. Again, the administrators of the law are seriously interfering with existing Catholic schools by raising the standard in schools enriched with public rates so that Catholics cannot compete; by multiplying their requirements for space, furniture and things of that kind; and by not only fining those which do badly twice in succession, but actually striking them off the list. The Free Education Act deprives the schools of the contributions of parents, so that they must now depend on aims and on the public grants.

As the *Tablet* puts it: "Parents who desire their children to receive definite religious instruction in the schools are under a penal law, which *ipso facto* disables them from receiving any aid from the rates. At the same time they are forced to contribute to the support of the schools used by the other and more favoured class of citizens—those who either want no religion or are quite content with a Christianity from which the doctrines

of the Trinity and the Incarnation may be left out at the discretion of the teacher." It is a war of extermination, in which the weaker party are obliged to equip their opponents.

The demand of the Catholic body is the liberty to give their children religious instruction, which entails the right to appoint Catholic teachers for Catholic schools, and a due share with other denominations in the school rates, to which they all contribute. In making this demand from Parliament the Catholics feel that if the Anglicans would co-operate with them all would be well. But to trust them is to lean upon a broken reed, especially when resolutions against rate-aid have passed several diocesan congresses, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury is now on one side and now on another. The *Tablet* concludes:

"What parity is there between the wealthy body that in these few years has complacently surrendered nearly 900 of its schools, and the Church which, in spite of all its poverty, has held on to its schools with such a desperate grip, that neither departmental pressure, nor the teeth of starvation have ever unclenched her fingers from around a single one? If the Jew, in schools towards the building of which they have never given a single penny, and which are supported wholly by the ratepayers, are allowed to appoint exclusively Jewish teachers, to wipe the New Testament from the Bible, and even in regard to the Old Testament, to use a syllabus drawn up by the Chief Rabbi, it can hardly be contended that Catholics should be placed in a worse position in schools which they have built at their own separate cost, and maintained, to the relief of the rates, for a score of years. The sacrifices we have made to pay the rates for our schools, to build and maintain them, and to prevent even one of them falling, dead or alive, into the hands of the Department, entitles us, at least, to the same consideration which has been extended, with far less cause, to the Jews. It is for the Councilors of the establishment, therefore, to say whether they fall into line with the Catholic Bishops in their most righteous demand, or stand aside at their peril."

Literary Notes.

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, a charming story for boys by Father Francis J. Finn, S. J. "Claude Lightfoot" is a tale of a college boy full of mischief and fun, but always honorable. This book would not only amuse, but would be an inspiration for higher aims. Claude's sister Kate, who is ever ready to help him out of his childish scrapes, is always the good angel at his side, and would serve as a model for many sisters who are often more inclined to find fault with a younger brother's foibles. Price, \$1.00.

"Connor D'Arcy's Struggles," by Mrs. M. Bertholds, is a prettily told tale, the story opening in London, Eng. Connor, the hero, is a fine character, and struggles in vain to assist his mother, who is an invalid, and his two sisters. His father, Gerald D'Arcy, had lost a large fortune in speculations, and emigrated to America, where he became successful; but by some mistake letters miscarried and years passed ere he received tidings of his family. The news of his success came too late for poor Mrs. D'Arcy, whose strength could not survive the hardships she had undergone. It is published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.25.

A despatch from St. John's Newfoundland, Dec. 4th, announces the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Joseph Power, Bishop of that place, aged 68. He was born in Ireland in 1830, and was ordained priest in 1854. He was consecrated bishop of the St. John's diocese in 1870.

Weekly Retrospect.

What a feeling of rest there is, after our tasks are finished, to sit down and fold the hands and gaze idly out of the window at nothing in particular, but everything in general. We see the gathering darkness, the mists rising over the distant meadows; we hear the low bellowing of the cattle, and it all serves to increase the peacefulness of our mood. The words of the poet come to our minds

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

The year is drawing to its close. We have entered the last month of 1893, and we wonder what we have accomplished—what mementoes of self-denial and acts of charity we can offer to the Christ child for whose advent we are preparing.

Now that the long evenings are here, and fires sparkle on the hearths, we are in some quandary how to pass them. The REGISTER suggests to the ladies—only suggests, remember—that where a few friends can conveniently assemble it would be very nice to have one read aloud some interesting book, while the others worked. This would help to pass many pleasant evenings, which otherwise would be dull and monotonous.

We have a volume of beautiful poems before us, but the name of the author is not given, only the initials M. G. R. We are safe in saying she is a religious in Ireland, and belongs to the Order of the Ladies of Loretto, so well known in Toronto.

There is an interesting sketch of Holman Hunt in the Christmas Number of the Art Journal by Mrs. Meynell and Archdeacon Farrar. Mrs. Meynell has written the opening chapter, which is an account of the artist's childhood and bringing up. The Archdeacon follows in the second with the influence of Art on the age, and describes Hunt's different works; then Mrs. Meynell writes the third, describing the artist's early home. Mrs. Meynell is a Sister of Lady Butler, the artist, and wife of Wilfrid Meynell, whose *nom de plume* of John Oldcastle is well known in Catholic literature. She has written some very pretty poems, a few of which the REGISTER has published.

Among the numerous pilgrims who visited the Holy Father during his jubilee, was an old couple from Ardeche, in the diocese of Tournai. The old man was eighty years, and his wife seventy-one; and this was their twenty-first pilgrimage, the journey being always performed on foot. They have also been twice to Jerusalem in the same manner. The Pope spoke with them for sometime, questioned them about these journeys, and bestowed upon them a specially hearty benediction.

Time is the destroyer of all things; and old places, whose historical associations have endeared them to the hearts of the people, have to make way for modern improvements. The following we clip from an English exchange: "Some contemplated sanitary improvement in connection with the kitchens of St. John's College, Cambridge, will probably necessitate the demolition of the rooms occupied by Wordsworth during his life as an undergraduate of the College, 1787-91. These are the rooms of which he wrote in a famous passage of the "Prelude:"

"From my pillow looking forth by light
Of moon or favoring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

There was a very pretty wedding recently in London, Eng., the Earl of Bathurst and Lilias, daughter of Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick. There was great simplicity displayed in the bride's toilet, which was white satin, with a frilled fichu of chiffon, a coronet of orange blossoms and tulle veil. The bridesmaids wore white silk, yoke and waist were made of bands of turquoise


velvet and rosettes of same on the skirts. Around the edges of the skirts was a narrow edging of mink fur. Large beaver-coloured hats, lined with blue, and trimmed with beaver-colored tips.

A description of some bonnets and hats sent to the Princess of Wales for inspection might be interesting to our readers here, as well as in the old land, and we might profit by their simplicity. A bonnet of brown velvet, with an up-standing bow of same in the centre and pretty ostrich tips on each side. A hat of the three cornered form, made in plum colour, with raven's horn feathers turning reverse ways. A plateau had been bent into a most becoming hat trimmed with mirror velvet, the brim edged with fur. Red velvet bordered a black velvet toque with waved brim, having wired tails of fur by way of trimming, intermixed with bows of black satin and red plumes.

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In Memoriam.

Mrs. C. Bolster, died July 19th, 1893.

Oh! Thou to whom our ages are
But moments on Time's dial,
Give Faith to us the guiding star
That lights our souls in trial.

And by its beams the darkness drear
Which followed in Death's train
Shall be dispelled and ne'er a fear
Possess our hearts again.

And tho' from us a mother's gone,
Who prayed thro' good and ill,
We'll humbly say "Thy will be done!"
And bid our hearts be still.

Then, kindly Light, lead Thou us on
Through Life's encircling gloom;
Till we shall meet in Heaven's dawn
And triumph o'er the tomb.

And in the light of Life divine
We'll look with vision clear,
And see the good of Thy design,
Which was before we were.

So, Father, yet again we pray
Thou'lt exercise our sorrow,
And light us with Faith's go'lden ray
To Heaven's bright to-morrow.

Where mother, father, sister—all
Shall reunited be,
And sing Thy praise, Whom angels call—
King of Eternity.

Selected Receipts.

FIG PUDDING—One half pound of chopped figs or dates, half pound of bread crumbs, six ounces of sugar, three eggs well beaten; a little milk, the juice of one lemon, and the rind grated. Bake four hours. Serve with jam or sherry sauce.

SHERRY SAUCE—One egg, one wine glass of sherry two teaspoons of white sugar; whisk the sauce over a moderate heat, taking care to set the stewpan which contains the sauce in another of somewhat larger size already containing a little hot water, and as soon as it presents the appearance of a creamy froth take it off.

HONEY MUFFINS—Two pints and a quarter of flour; measure after sifting; one pint of warm milk, one heaping tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of white sugar, two eggs, one cup of boiled hominy (stiff), half a cup of yeast or half a cake of Fleischman's. Cream the butter and sugar together, then put in the eggs, which must be well beaten, stir in one pint of the flour, then the milk, then the remainder of the flour, add the hominy and yeast, mix all well for five minutes. Let them rise over night; in the morning half fill the muffin rings with the batter. Set them to rise for about one hour, bake in a very hot oven.

CORNMEAL MUSH—The "new process" cornmeal is very finely ground—a great improvement on the coarser, old fashioned, though some prefer the old style. The yellow is preferable to the white in flavor. Fried mush is a thorough relish on a cold winter morning, if properly made—a very important little word—if—in regard to almost everything presented for the approval of the palate. If mush is first well made and then well fried, and of good materials, it is certainly a toothsome dish. Into three quarts of boiling water put a large spoonful of salt. In a bowl mix smoothly one pint of yellow cornmeal in cold water, and add to the boiling water, stirring often. Boil a few minutes, then stir in gradually enough cornmeal to make a rather stiff batter, not too stiff, as the meal swells greatly. Allow this to cook slowly, without scorching, for at least an hour. Then pour into a deep buttered dish, and set away to become cold; then it is ready to slice and fry brown. If the mush is not good it is because it is too stiff and bread-like, or because it was not cooked long enough. Cornmeal requires long cooking to remove its raw flavor and taste.

CREAMY FRITTERS—Delicious creamy fritters that may, if one chooses, be served with currant jelly for the sweet course, are made from a corn starch pudding Heat two cupfuls of milk and stir in it three tablespoons of cornstarch mixed with enough cold milk to

make it smooth. When the cornstarch is cooked add the beaten yolks of three eggs mixed with half a cupful of sugar. Stir this into the cooked mixture and cook one minute, stirring without stopping. Set in a cool place; flavor with vanilla, and cool in a shallow pan. When solid cut with a small biscuit-cutter, dip in egg and fine breadcrumbs, and drop into boiling fat. Drain and set in the oven three minutes before sending to the table.

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

Gardening Notes.

*Out in the woods the nuts are falling;
The squirrels are gathering their winter store.
The red-checked apples lie in the orchard,
The boughs above them are laden with more.*

Cut the strings on budded trees before injury is done by the pressure of growth.

Do your trees bristle with suckers around the stems? They ought not.

Lose no time in picking the fruit when it is ready. Do not let corn cutting, potato digging, wheat seeding, or anything else stand in the way. Any apple, like the Baldwin which drops early, should be picked before it begins to drop. Do not store apples in a potato cellar. Do not pick them when the weather is warm.

You can plant peach and plum pits this fall, dropping them in shallow drills, and covering with about two inches of light, rich soil. The usual practice among nurserymen is to mix their peach pits with sand or common loam soil and leave them in heaps exposed so the frost and rains until spring and sow in drills. But in light soils it is just as well to plant in the fall, dropping one pit or stone every ten or twelve inches in the rows.

The experiment of growing a vine on the wall indoors has been often successful. The common ivy is the best for the purpose, as it thrives in a temperature of 70° and over as well as in a much colder one. It has no flowers, but is a clean vine, harboring no insects, and is sufficiently hardy to stand the strain of fluctuations in the average house temperature. The vine should start from large pots of Leeds pottery, and may festoon a window or door opening, or clamber at will over a wall space, where its glossy, overlapping leaves outshine tapestry or damask. With a soft sponge wet and wipe off the leaves occasionally on both sides.

The Charm of Poverty.

To have been poor is really an experience. I blessed that unexpected poverty which came out to us one fine day just at the close of my too happy infancy, and remained with us for more than ten years. It drew closer together the bonds between us, it made me adore the two dear guardians of my fireside. It has given me priceless memories; it has thrown much charm over my life. I can tell all that it has brought me and all that I owe to it, all of which is certainly wanting to those who have never known poverty; to them one of the most beautiful sides of this world remains unknown.—Lot.

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



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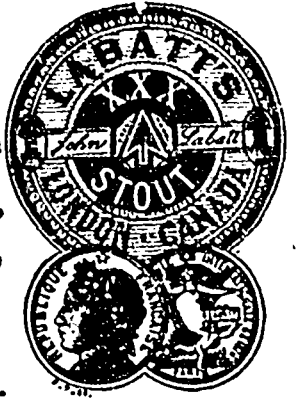
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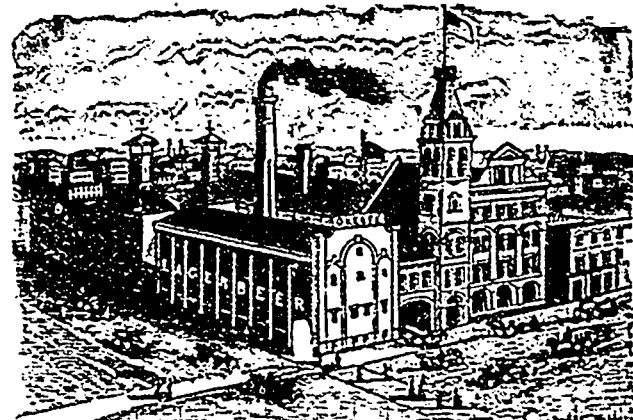
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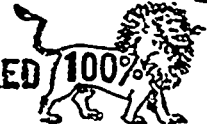
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For one month prior to alterations in his parlors, C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist, S.E. Corner King and Yonge Sts will continue to make plates with best Teeth at his old rates. Painless extraction guaranteed. Special attention also given to Gold and Silver filling.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On Nov. 9th, the remains of the late Sergeant James McGillan, R.I.C., were removed from the Grosvenor Road barracks, Belfast, for interment in the family burying-ground, county Derry.

Armagh.

A woman named Ann Cassels, about 60 years of age was knocked down and run over in West street, Portadown, on Nov. 8th, by a horse and cart. It appears that the horse bolted at the railway station, where the driver, a man named Robert Wilson, was transacting some business for his employer, Mr. Watson, of Belfast. The animal dashed up John street, and into West street, where the accident occurred. The injured woman died two hours after being run over.

Cavan.

The redoubtable "Colonel" Sanderson has retired from the colonelcy of the Cavan Militia. It was never a very arduous post. In the old days of 1856, "Major" Sanderson was popular enough; but the men, who are mostly Nationalists, were so amused at his threats to lead them against Home Rule that he has only ventured to put in an appearance at the parade ground two or three times since. His promotion has gone on, nevertheless, and he has religiously "drawn pay." A Militia officer who is also a member of Parliament may receive his pay and be excused from training. The pay, also, is at a higher rate per diem than in the line of the regular army, as the Militia officer is allowed "commutation of quarters," and other extras, which, as he, presumably, lives in his own house, is so much extra pay.

Clare.

At a meeting of the Protestant Bishops of Ireland, on November 15th, Rev. Canon Wynne was elected Bishop of Killaloe, in room of the Rev. Dr. Cheater, deceased. There were two candidates for the vacant bishopric, the other being Dr. Reid, Archdeacon of Armagh. Canon Wynne belongs to the Sligo family of that name.

Cork.

With regret we record the death of the Rev. James Lehane, C. C., of the Cathedral, Cork. Though not in robust health for some time past, so great was his devotion to duty, and his unselfishness of his own labors, that he never complained of the trying affection which was slowly but surely undermining his system, until it pleased the good Master, whom he had served so well, to summon him to his reward almost in the actual discharge of duty. He died of an attack of acute bronchitis, on Nov. 17th, in the 48th year of his age, and the 23d of his sacred Ministry. Father Lehane had been transferred from Kinsale to the curacy at the North Cathedral about eighteen months ago.

Donegal.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, has intimated to the agent of his property at St. John's Point, that the tenants have been granted 25 per cent. reduction on the present year's rents. Dr. O'Donnell has on former occasions granted from 20 to 30 per cent. abatement, according as the prospects of the occupiers advanced or receded. The reductions are a voluntary concession.

Down.

The early death of Miss Catherine Cunningham, second daughter of Wm. Cunningham, Esq., merchant, Killbay, Kilkee, was the cause of universal regret in Kilkee and district. The funeral cortege, which left her father's residence, at half-past two o'clock on Sunday, November 12th, for Massforth Catholic Church, where the interment took place, showed by its numbers and representative character the widespread sympathy felt for the sorrow-stricken family, and the high esteem in which the deceased young lady was held. The line of cars and other vehicles which followed the hearse extended over half a mile, and was followed by a large procession of pedestrians.

Waterford.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Bartholomew McDonald, father of Mr. D. McDonald, Deputy Vice-Chairman, Waterford Board of Guardians, which took place at his residence, Bailey's New street, on Nov. 14th. Mr. McDonald, who occupied for many years a very responsible position in the employment of the Waterford Steamship Company, was a deservedly popular man.

Westmeath.

About one o'clock p.m., on November 13th, a railway employe named James McLoughlin, aged about 45 years, met his death at the railway station in Mullingar. While engaged at his duties as a shunter he was knocked down by a run-away train, the wheels of which passed over his legs, and severed them completely from the body.

Wexford.

All the out-going councillors for the Wexford Corporation are seeking re-election, and as up to the last day for receiving nominations no new candidate had come forward, it is expected the present councillors will retain their seats. Their names are—for St. Mary's Ward, the Mayor and Mr. James St. George; St. Selskar Ward, Messrs. Laurance Lacy and M. Somers; St. Iberins Ward, Messrs. John Tygbe and Richard Walsh.

St. Alphonsus Catholic Association.

A most successful entertainment was given by the members of the above Association at their hall, on McCaul street, on Tuesday evening, the 28th ult. An immense crowd thronged the hall, the fact that this was the inaugural meeting of the Association attracting many.

The Rev. Father Barrett performed the duties of chairman, and briefly explained the aims and objects of the Association, and its workings from its inception.

Unfortunately Mr. L. V. McBrady, the President, through illness was unable to be present; consequently there was no inaugural address, as was expected.

The violin obligato by Mr. James Ghonna and the harp solo by Mr. B. Ghonna merited the applause which they received; as also did the vocal solos by Miss James, Messrs. G. T. Ponder, Ed. Walsh, T. W. Chattoe and M. Costello. Miss Mollie O'Donoghue made an efficient accompanist.

A storm of applause greeted the newly elected vice-president, Mr. John G. O'Donoghue, as he mounted the platform to outline the programme which the Executive have prepared for the ensuing year in the way of entertainment which the Association proposes giving to the members and their friends. After thanking the large audience for the manner in which they responded to the invitations by turning out in such great numbers to attend the inaugural meeting of the Association, and thereby leaving the impression on the members that their work as a Society was appreciated. The speaker proceeded to explain the nature of the various entertainments for the coming season, which consist of a series of readings, debates, etc., and also lectures on several subjects by such distinguished speakers as Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Father Ryan, William Houston, M. A., Rev. Father Reddin, Mr. Bengough and Mr. Thomas Mulvey, all of whom will doubtless be accorded a rousing reception. Mr. O'Donoghue, in the course of his remarks, stated that the C. U. had undoubtedly made great strides since its formation some five years ago, but regretted to say that the Association was greatly in need of an urgent necessity—a gymnasium—and in order to provide for this necessity the Association intends to enlarge the Club-house at a cost of about \$600. In order that this project may be carried to a successful end entertainments will be given, the proceeds of which will be placed to the credit of the gymnasium fund, and in this way the Club hopes in the near future to have erected a gymnasium which will greatly add to the present comforts of its house. He trusted that each entertainment for this object would be graced with an audience equally as large and equally as spirited as the one here to-night. Mr. O'Donoghue's speech was heard with rapt attention, and was frequently loudly applauded.

The national anthem brought to a close a successful entertainment.

The national anthem brought to a close a successful entertainment.

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This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1870 and is now under his direction by the

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Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

HOME RULE!

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

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

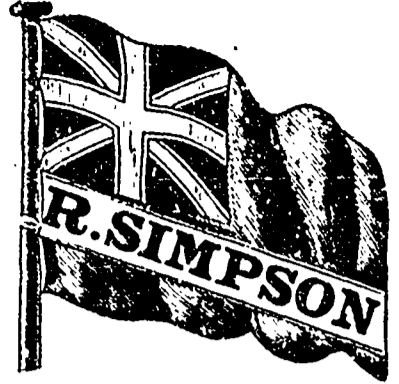
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South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

THE doctors, and they ought to know, tell us that an epidemic of la grippe has struck the town. A first prescription against this unwelcome visitor is "keep warm." "Wear sufficient of flannel clothing. How is it with yourself?"

Imported Striped Flannel Shirtings, 25c. Heavy Navy Shirting Flannel, all wool, 25c. Special value in Grey Flannels, 10c., 12 1/2c., 16c. Cream Saxony Flannel, 20c. Scarlet Saxony Flannel, 10c. Silk Embroidered Flannels, 36 inches wide, plain scollop, 75c.; hemstitch, \$1.00, \$1.25. French Printed Flannels, beautiful designs, 45c., worth 65c. Imported Striped Skirtings, with border, 17 1/2c., worth 25c. Striped Wincey Skirtings, 36 inch, 25c. Ombre Striped Skirting, 36 inch, heavy weight, 50c. Eiderdown Flannels for children's cloaks, plain and napped.

How cosy the little ones can be made in a flannelette night gown. How useful flannelettes are for a multitude of purposes in the winter season. We've made another heavy purchase of flannelettes and have marked at 5c and 6c goods worth 10c and 12 1/2c.

HILLINERY.

French Pattern Bonnet, trimmed blue and white, ostrich feather, \$9, original mark, \$15. Handsome Bonnet, jet trimmings, gasolium velvet, ostrich tips, \$2, original mark \$10.50. Hat, two toned green velvet, beaver trimmings, and moult, \$3.50, was \$6.50. Rose Felt Hat, ostrich and velvet trimmings, \$8, was \$12.

R. SIMPSON,

8. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge at Entrance Queen at W. New Annex, 170 Yonge street. Store Nos. 170, 176, 178, 178 1/2 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.



TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1893.

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on

MONDAY, NOV. 27th, 1893,

FOR THE SUPPLY OF

Butchers' Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Potatoes, Cordwood, etc.,

For the following institutions during the year 1894, viz.—At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetungash on the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind at Bradford.

Two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. R. CHRISTIE, T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, JAMES NIXON, Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities. Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 15, 1893.

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COLUMBIAN JUBILEE or Four Centuries of Catholicity in America.

Published by J. S. Hyland & Co., of Chicago, with the approbation of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago, and approved by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and many Archbishops and Bishops throughout the Continent.

Illustrated with Colored Frontispieces and many rare and beautiful engravings from paintings by Gregori and others. This work has had the largest sale of any Catholic work of recent years. See Editorial notice in CANTONIAN EXHIBITOR of July 27.

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MALE OR FEMALE, 2nd or 3rd class, for R. C. I. S. S. No. 5, Normal by Application, stating salary and testimonials, received up to 1st of December. Address JOHN MURPHY, 44-1

JOHN MURPHY, 44-1 York P. O., Ont.

Catholic News.

Leo XIII. has presented to the Czar an ancient and exceedingly interesting Slav Missal.

A new Catholic college, costing \$100,000, is to be built at Sioux Falls, S. D., close to Bishop Marty's residence.

An English Protestant physician, who has been examining the cures effected at Lourdes has been received into the Catholic Church.

The arched stone roof of the new chapel of St. Pierre College, at Cour-wiere, France, fell while service was being held Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th. A Sister of Mercy was killed and many other persons were injured.

Very Rev. P. Francais, president of Sta. Croix, Neuilly, France, succeeds the lamented Father Sorin of Notre Dame, as Superior of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. His place at Notre Dame is being filled for the present by Rev. William Corby, O.S.C., who was his first assistant in the management there.

The Rev. Father Eis, Rector of the Sacred Heart Church Columbus, Ohio, had a thrilling encounter with burglars recently, during which he was shot in the arm. There was an exciting struggle, during which Father Eis overpowered both men and rejected them from the house. A half dozen shots were fired by the burglars, but only the first took effect. The priest's wound is not serious.

The will of the late Very Rev. Edward Sorin, formerly of the University of Notre Dame, and Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, has been admitted to probate. It bequeaths \$500 to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum at Lafayette, Ind., the remainder, including a life insurance of \$10,000, to the University of Notre Dame. It also forbids any of his relatives attempting to secure any part whatever of his possessions.

Miss Virginia Fair, who is interesting to the public because of the fact that she will some time be one of the richest women in America, is a 19-year old girl, short, plump, dark and vivacious. She is a pious Catholic, and it is said that a few years ago she was anxious to become a nun. By the death of her mother she became heiress to \$1,500,000 to pass into her control when she is 25, and a monthly income of \$2,500. Her father is one of the Western multimillionaires, and she will probably inherit largely from him also.

A Great Offer.

The Globe of Toronto is offering great inducements in connection with their weekly for 1894. To all subscribers who forward them one dollar by the end of December next, they will send The Weekly Globe for 1894, and, in addition, present them with a copy of "Hints for the Million," published by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., the celebrated publishers of Chicago and New York.

This work is an invaluable book of reference and handy for the household, being a compendium of thousands of new and valuable recipes and suggestions on hygiene, medicine, business affairs, traveling, the workshop, the oratory, house, kitchen, garden, stable, etc. The regular selling price is 35c.; it is worth one dollar.

The book will be forwarded free of postage. The offer is a most liberal one and should secure a large increase in the circulation of that old established and excellent newspaper.

Condolence.

At the last meeting of Branch 85, C. M. B. A., the following resolution of condolence was passed:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from Bro. N. J. Clark our ex-President, and now a member of Branch No. 1, Supreme Council, be it

Resolved that we hereby tender to our brother our heartfelt sympathy in his sad affliction, and pray that God may grant him grace to bear with Christian resignation his great bereavement.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and the Catholic Record for publication.
T. B. WINTERBERRY,
Rec. Secretary.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, December 6, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 60	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 50	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 57	0 53
Barley, per bush.....	0 36	0 46
Oats, per bush.....	0 33	0 34
Peas, per bush.....	0 50	0 57
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs. .	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 35	0 50
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 22	0 24
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 20	0 22
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 60	0 35
Parley, per doz.....	0 15	0 03
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 30	0 35
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 23
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 20	0 25
Onions, per bag.....	0 00	1 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 49
Apples, per bbl.....	1 75	3 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	0 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Dec. 5.—Receipts light and business dull at the Western cattle markets to-day. The rush for Christmas beef will begin next week, when it is expected things will brighten up. All the offerings to-day were sixteen carloads, including 537 hogs, 157 sheep and lambs, and about 25 calves.

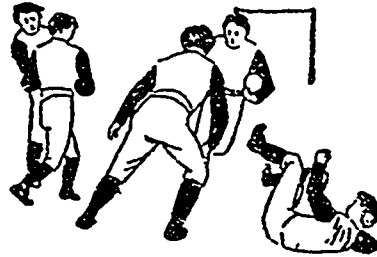
Butchers' cattle trade was firm, although quiet. Everything offered was taken, and fair prices realized. For one car lot of fine animals as high as \$4.10 per cwt. was offered, while several sales were made at 4c. with several loads at 3 1/2c per pound.

Stockers and Feeders—One or two heads only were offered and sold at nominal figures. Sheep and lambs were scarce. Eambs were sold at \$2.30 to \$3.25, the latter price being asked for choice. There was a moderate demand for sheep, and good ones fetched \$3.50 to \$4 per head.

Choice hogs brought \$5.25 per cwt. Mixed hogs sold at from \$4.72 to \$5 per cwt. All kinds are wanted.

Very few calves offered. Prices ranged at from \$2 to \$8.50.

About a dozen milch cows and springers offered, and these were soon disposed of. One sold for \$47 and another for \$30. Choice are in demand.



ACTIVE EXERCISE

and good food in plenty, tends to make children healthy. If children suffer, however, from Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp, Diseases—if their blood is impure and pimples or boils appear, they should be given the right medicine. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery brings about the best bodily condition. It purifies the blood and renders the liver active as well as building up health and strength. Puny, pale, weak children get a lasting benefit and "a good start" from the use of the "Discovery." It puts on wholesome flesh, and does not nauseate and offend the stomach like the various preparations of Cod liver oil. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure you, or your money is returned.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh in the Head.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES & WAGGONS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
CULLERTON & MCGRAW
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Moderate prices. 19-17

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WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

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IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY NONFORFEITABLE after two years.

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W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY. J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Very Old Wines And Whiskeys.

If you are in want of any Old Wines or Whiskeys for the Holidays send for Price List to

WM. MARA,

79 YONGE STREET,

THREE DOORS NORTH OF KING ST.

The Wine Vaults occupy the whole cellars under the James' Block, from Yonge st. to 8 King st. East, and from King st. North to 79 Yonge st.

Father Mollinger's Great Remedies Conquer Disease

Catarrh Cure..... \$1.00
Cure for Splenopy and St. Vitus Dance. 1.00
Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints Cure 1.00
Rheumatism Cure (three separate prescriptions combined)..... 2.50
Blood Purifier for constipation and purifying the blood..... 25
None genuine without my name on each package
A. F. SAWHILL, Alleghie, Pa.
For sale by all druggists
L. J. BIAN, WYON & Co.,
Wholesale Agents, Montreal and Toronto.

MUSIC

Having secured the Canadian agency of the LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF CATHOLIC MUSIC

We shall be pleased to forward Catalogues on application, and should you require anything in the music line, whether it be Sheet Music, Music Books or Musical Instruments. Remember we are Manufacturers, Publishers and General Dealers in everything pertaining to a First-Class Music Supply House. Catalogues free on application.

Best-toned goods required.
W. H. Y. ROYCE & Co.,
138 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Pier's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
Dr. E. T. H. Warren, Warren, Pa.

CHRISTMAS BOOKLETS.

Star of the Morning.....	15
Lead Kindly Light.....	15
Christmas Eve.....	15
Peace.....	15
White Shepherd's Watched.....	15
Mother and Child.....	15
The Shepherd's Watch.....	15
Christmas Poems.....	15
Chants.....	15
Bethlehem.....	15
Yema Carol.....	15
Infant Jesus.....	15
Monk's Vision.....	15
St. Bernard of Clairvaux.....	15
The Sacred Heart.....	15
Palm of Life.....	15
Legends of St. Christopher.....	15
Christmas Night.....	15
Shepherd at the Manger.....	15
Midnight Mass of the Nativity.....	15
Virgin and Child.....	15
Lead Kindly Light.....	15
True Love.....	15
A Legend.....	15
Pilgrims of the Night.....	15
The Christmas Morn.....	15
Birth of Jesus.....	15
The Faithful Monk.....	15
Martin by Cardinal Newman.....	15
My Desire.....	15
The Madonna.....	15
Three Kings.....	15
Our Master.....	15
Dream of Gerontius.....	15
Christmas Flow.....	15

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TORONTO, No. 123 Church street, MONTREAL, No. 1669 Notre Dame st.

Children's Colds.

The prevalence of colds in children, giving rise to croupy coughs and bronchitis, give parents, especially attentive mothers, more uneasiness than any other trouble which commonly visits the home. These things are not incurable but the distress they occasion on the little sufferer causes them to be dreaded. So few of the cough mixtures on the market are at once safe to administer and certain to give immediate relief that those who have used Hallamore's Expectorant for years, appreciate the boon it is to the family. For sale by druggists everywhere in 25c bottles only.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Alas! I did not understand the sign given by your ancestress. I called my father, and the man I hated came into the poultry-yard with him. With little difficulty they lifted out the chest and opened it with the big key still sticking in the lock.

"The Swedes had not taken the treasure. There lay the two bracelets in perfect preservation, there lay the sixty thousand thalers in gold, and the yellow papers and parchments of the Hirschsprung race. Old Adrian had hidden everything here when the Swedish army approached! I was fairly wild with delight. 'Father,' I cried, exultingly, 'the shoemaker's son is no longer a beggar!'

"I can still see him standing there! You know he had a stern, grave face, mirthful words died on the lips at the sight of those immovable features, but his whole appearance bore the stamp of inflexible integrity—he was the most respected citizen in the whole town. Yet now he stood leaning over the chest, thrusting his hands into the pile of gold, and his cold eyes fell upon me with a strange glance. 'The shoemaker's son,' he repeated, 'what is it to him!'

"'Why, it his property, father!' I held old Adrian's will in my hand and pointed to the name 'Hirschsprung.'

"How terribly his face—usually so rigid—altered.

"'Are you crazy?' he cried, shaking me violently by the arm. 'This house, with all it contains, is mine, and I should like to see the person who can rob me of one penny.'

"'You are perfectly right, dear cousin,' said Paul Hellwig, in his gentlest tones. 'But formerly the house, with all it contained, belonged to my grandfather.'

"'True, Paul; I do not deny your claim,' said my father.

"They took the chest into the house. No one knew of the theft except myself, and one last ray from the setting sun which had glided inquisitively over the glittering gold. It vanished to rise again on the morrow and perhaps shine on many a happy human face, but I wandered about, seeing only darkness, sin, and crime, wherever I looked.

"That same evening my father told me that Paul Hellwig had claimed and received twenty thousand thalers and one of the bracelets.

"Do you know what I was suffering, while you believed me faithless, false, and frivolous? I stood alone in the conflict against my two tormentors—my stern, but upright mother was dead, and my only brother was away traveling in foreign countries. It was no longer only my love for you that I was required to resign—they demanded secrecy, inviolable secrecy, concerning what I knew to you and to the world—and this I would not promise. Did your heart ever throb with a presentiment of evil, during those terrible moments when I steadfastly confronted my angry father, even when his hand was raised to strike to the earth his 'obstinate, degenerate daughter?'

"I had kept old Adrian's will—they did not know it—and one evening, when Paul Hellwig asked how I intended to prove the discovery of the treasure, I alluded to this document—then came the frightful end. My father had just attended a large dinner-party, his face was deeply flushed, he had evidently been drinking a great deal of wine. Upon my remark he rushed up to me, shook me so violently with his strong hands that I screamed aloud in my pain, and, fairly grinding his teeth, asked me if his honor and reputation were valueless to me. He had barely uttered the last words, when he thrust me back—his face turned purple, he raised both hands to his neck, and the tall, stately man

suddenly fell heavily prone at my feet. He was still breathing when we lifted him, may be was even conscious, for his eyes rested fixedly on my face with a fearful gaze. Then I yielded. When the physician had left the room for a moment, I drew out the paper and held it in the flame of the candle. I could not look at my father, but, with averted face, I vowed to keep silence forever, that no stain should rest upon his honor through any act of mine. And Paul Hellwig's face wore the smile of a demon as I made this oath. Yes, I did this deed. I secured to my family the property stolen from you, at the moment when want threw you upon your death-bed."

CHAPTER XXV

Felicitas closed the book exhausted—she could read no further. Outside the wind whistled and raged past the windows till they rattled furiously—but what was this compared to the tempest in the heart of her whose story she had just read.

Aunt Cordula had been tortured. Those who rioted in the stolen wealth had placed themselves on the lofty pedestal of inherited family virtue and uprightness, and rejected her as a degenerate descendant. And the blind world had approved their sentence. She had lived alone in the rooms under the roof, exiled and slandered, yet her lips had never revealed her secret. She had called down no curse upon the little town below—its inhabitants had often eaten her bread and clasped her helping hand in their poverty and want. Her strong spirit had created a world for itself, and the sweet, calm smile which, in her old age, illumined her features, attested the victory of her lofty soul.

What a strange thing is public opinion! There is nothing more unreliable, and yet how often it interferes with the fate of individuals! Do not whole families suffer for years on account of a single member who has been condemned and ostracized by the voice of public opinion, and are there not other families who are ever surrounded by a halo of hereditary virtue and integrity, which they have made no effort to gain, merely because their name passes current in the mouths of the people as "good." Ah, how much bold rascality goes unpunished, how often quiet merit weeps under undeserved attacks.

The Hellwig family had always belonged to the class of unassailable reputations. Had any one ventured to lift his finger against the stately and proudest figure among all the portraits in oil in the chamber on the second floor and say, "He is a thief!"—he would have been loaded with abuse. And yet this man had robbed the poor shoemaker's son of his heritage, had died with his sin on his conscience, and his descendants boasted of the wealth "hardly and honestly earned" of the old house. Suppose he should know this, suppose he who had subjugated his own wishes to "hallowed" tradition, who had so long maintained the axiom that virtue and vice, lofty and common ideas, depended on family inheritance, not on the individual, suppose he could get a glimpse at this book—

Felicitas involuntarily held the volume aloft, as though in triumph, and her eyes sparkled. What prevented her from leaving the little gray box with its terrible contents there on the writing-table? He would come in and sit down unsuspectingly in the pleasant, ivy-wreathed recess. With his brain full of earnest thoughts, he would take up the pen to continue his work on the MS. lying yonder. Then he would see the unfamiliar object before him, lift the lid, take out the book, and read—read till he sunk back with a pallid face, till the steel-gray eyes grew dim with the burden of a terrible discovery. His proud self-confidence would be forever crushed. He must bear in secret the burden of

his disgrace. If he seeks to enjoy the luxuries bestowed by his wealth he will know that they are stolen pleasures; if he reads his renowned name—there is an ugly blot upon it—the proud man's peace will be forever destroyed.

Book and box fell rattling on the floor, and the hot tears gushed from Felicitas's eyes.

"No, I would a thousand times rather die than cause him such misery!"

Were the quivering lips that gasped the last words the same ones which, within this very room, had said:

"I should never regret any misfortune that might befall him, and if I could help him to win any blessing, I would not lift my finger to do it."

Was it really the old fierce hatred that made her weep, that filled her heart with unutterable grief at the idea that he might suffer? Was the joyous feeling, with which she suddenly conjured up his manly, powerful figure, aversion? Had the happy consciousness that she was destined to protect him from the annihilating blow about to descend upon his head anything in common with the hateful desire of vengeance? Hatred, aversion, longing for revenge—they had all vanished from her soul. Alas, she had lost her stay. Staggering back, she covered her face with her hands—the mysterious struggle in her heart was solved, not by the light of a heavenly revelation disclosing a sunny landscape hitherto unknown, but by a vivid flash of lightning, revealing the yawning gulf at her feet.

Away, away—there was nothing to detain her here longer. Once more across the roofs, then a hasty flight over the threshold of the ancient mansion, and she would be free—never again beheld by the dwellers in the house of Hellwig!

She picked up the book and thrust it into her pocket—but stood holding her breath, posed on one foot in the act of flight, as though she had been turned to stone—a door in the passage closed and steps were rapidly approaching the room. She fled to the glass door of the balcony and tore it open; the wind rushed in, blowing big drops of rain into her face. Her eyes wandered over the four roofs; she could not go across them now without being seen—her only safety lay in an instant concealment.

Between the railing and the wall was a narrow space, in which there were no flower pots. Felicitas climbed out on it, and, reeling under the violence of the gale, clung to the lightning-rod that ran over the roof. She stood high above the balcony. How the wind seized and shook the slender figure, as if trying, in a fresh outburst of fury, to hurl her down into the dark street that yawned on one side. Black storm-clouds were sweep-over her—was there no angel behind that whirling, tossing mass of vapor to extend a protecting hand over the young girl struggling with this fearful danger?

If any one should come out on the balcony at this moment, the girl standing there must be branded as a thief. She had made her way into a locked apartment—the world would call the act burglary. The charge that she knew something about the missing silver had already been brought against her—now her guilt would seem clear as daylight. She would no longer be permitted to cross the threshold of the ancient house voluntarily: she would be expelled from it in disgrace, and, like Aunt Cordula, though innocent, must henceforth mutely bear the shame throughout her life. Would it be so terrible to yield herself to the clutch of the storm and, after a few moments suffering, breathe out her young life on the pavement of the street below?

She gazed with bewildered eyes at the glass door—the person below did not remain, according to Felicitas's last desperate hope, within, but spite of

storm and rain advanced further and further along the balcony; the figure now became plainly visible—it was the professor. Had he heard the girl's receding footsteps? His back was still turned to her; even yet it was possible that he might return without having seen her, but down swept the betraying blast, forcing the professor to turn, and at the same moment, wildly tossing the hair and dress of the fugitive—and he saw the girl, clinging to the lightning-rod, with her face, ghostlike in its pallor, gazing down at him through the loosened mass of her hair.

For one moment it seemed to her that every drop of blood in her body forsook her veins under the horrified look the professor fixed upon her, then it rushed wildly to her brain, robbing her of the last remnant of composure.

"Yes, here stands the thief! Bring her to justice! Call Frau Hellwig! I am detected!" she called, with a fierce laugh. She let go the rod for a moment to push back her hair, which was being tossed about her face by the storm.

"For Heaven's sake," shouted the professor, "clasp the rod tightly—you are lost!"

"It would be better for me, if all were over!" came sharply back through the roaring and piping of the tempest.

He did not see the narrow ledge to which Felicitas had climbed, but, tossing down the flower-pots, made himself in a few seconds, a way to her side. Clasp her struggling form with resistless strength, he drew her down to the floor of the balcony and into the apartment. The door slammed loudly behind them.

The girl's strong, brave spirit was broken; utterly bewildered, she did not know that her supposed foe was still supporting her—her eyes were closed, and she did not see how earnestly his gaze was bent on her pale face. "Felicitas," he whispered, in a low, imploring tone.

She started, and the full consciousness of her situation returned. All the resentment and hatred she had cherished for so many years again seized upon her—she tore herself from his embrace, and the old expression of demoniacal wrath once more appeared, stamping a deep line between her eyebrows and stern curves about her lips.

"How can you touch the pariah?" she cried, in a tone of cutting scorn. But her erect figure drooped again, she buried her face in her hands, and murmured sullenly: "Well, examine me—you will be satisfied with my statement."

He clasped her hands gently in his own.

"You must first of all calm yourself, Felicitas," he said, in the gentle, soothing accents which had already touched her against her will, beside little Anna's sick-bed. "Do not show the fierce resentment with which you always seek to wound me. Look around you—see where we are! You played here when you were a little child, did you not? Here the lonely woman, in whose defence you spoke so ardently to-day, gave you protection, instruction, and love. Whatever you may have done, or tried to do here, I know it was nothing wrong, Felicitas. You are defiant, angry, and extremely proud, and therefore are sometimes led into injustice and harshness—but you are incapable of any act of baseness. I don't know why, but I felt sure of finding you up here. Heinrich's shy, embarrassed face and involuntary glance toward the stairs, when I asked after you, confirmed my belief. Do not say a word!" he continued, as she hastily raised her burning eyes to his and opened her lips. "I will question you—but in a totally different sense from what you mean—and I think I have some right to do so, after climbing through storm and rain to bring down my noble fir tree."

He drew her further into the room—it seemed as though it was too light for him near the glass door, and he

needed the partial dusk of the other end of the apartment to be able to speak further. Felicitas felt his hand tremble. They were standing in the very spot where she had just had so terrible a conflict with herself; where she had been tempted to thrust a dagger into his heart, inflict a wound that would paralyze his whole mental existence. She bent her head like a culprit beneath the eyes, once so grave and stern, but now animated by a wondrous glow of happiness.

"Oh, Felicitas, suppose that you had fallen!" he began, and it seemed as though a shudder ran through his powerful frame at the bare thought. "Shall I tell you what you have inflicted upon me by the unyielding pride that would rather perish than appeal to the sensible judgement of others? Do you not think that one moment of such mortal agony, such indescribable suffering, can atone for years of injustice?"

He paused expectantly, but the young girl's pale lips did not move; her dark lashes drooped low on her cheeks.

"Your embittered views have become a part of your very nature," he said, after waiting a moment, in a low tone of intense disappointment. "It is impossible for you to understand any change." He had dropped her hands, but he now clasped her right hand again, pressing it closely to his heart. "Felicitas, you said a short time ago that you had idolized your mother—this mother called you Fay, I know that all who love you give you that name. So I, too, will say: 'Fay, I beg you to forgive me!'"

"I am no longer angry!" she gasped, in a stifled tone.

"That assurance from your lips means much; it even exceeds my expectations; but—it is far from satisfying me. What will it avail if we are reconciled, if we must part forever? What consolation will it be to know you are no longer angry, if I cannot hourly convince myself of it? When two people who have been so widely sundered as we, become reconciled, they belong to each other—I cannot bear to have even a single mile separate us. Go with me, Fay!"

"I have a horror of boarding-school life—I could never submit to the monotonous routine," she answered hastily, with evident effort.

A slight smile flitted over his face. "Ah, I would not inflict it upon you! The boarding-school plan was only a subterfuge, Fay. Why, one or two days might have passed without seeing you, and even when I did a dozen inquisitive school-girls would perhaps stand around us, listening to every word, or the strict preceptress, Frau Berg, would sit by and not allow me to hold this little hand in mine. No, I must be able to gaze at this dear, proud face every hour; I must know that when I return after toiling all day to discharge the duties of my profession, my Fay will be waiting for me. On quiet evenings, within my four walls, I must have the privilege of pleading: 'Fay, one song.' But all this can only be when—you become my wife."

Felicitas uttered a cry and tried to release her hand, but he held it firmly, drawing her still nearer to him.

"The thought alarms you, Felicitas!" he said, greatly agitated. "I will hope that you are only startled by my abruptness, nothing more. I am aware that it will perhaps require a long time ere you can give me what I long to possess—with your character, it will be difficult to hastily transform a 'hated enemy' into an object of warm affection. But I will woo you with the patience of imperishable love; I will wait—hard as the task may be—till you voluntarily say to me: 'John, I will!' I know what marvelous changes occur in the hearts of men. I fled from this little town to escape from myself the terrible mental conflicts I

was enduring, and, lo! the miracle was accomplished. Compared to the agony of longing that possessed me, my former struggles dwindled into nothing. I know that what I had defiantly and presumptuously resisted would be my life-long happiness. Fay, amid senseless prattle and coquettish faces the lonely girl with her resolute bearing, and the white brow behind which lived such noble thoughts was ever at my side as we journeyed over mountain and valley. She belonged to me, she was the other half of my life; I saw that I could not sever myself from her without dealing myself a mortal blow. And now give me one word of comfort, Felicitas!"

The young girl had gradually withdrawn her hand from his clasp. How was it possible that the change which had taken place in her expression while he was speaking, could have escaped his notice? Her eyes had long been bent upon the floor, her brow was contracted as though by severe physical pain, and her icy fingers were clasped convulsively.

"Do you ask comfort from me?" she answered, in a low, faint voice. "An hour ago you said to me: 'This shall be your last struggle,' and now you plunge me, with your own hand, into the most fearful conflict the human soul can endure. What is a battle against external foes compared to a struggle against ourselves and our own desires!" She raised her clasped hands and threw back her head with a gesture of despair. "I know not what crime I have committed that God should implant this wretched love in my heart."

He extended his arms to clasp her to his breast, but she put out both hands to repel him, though a light of happiness flashed over her face for a moment. "Yes, I love you—you shall know it!" she repeated, in tones wavering between exultations and tears. "I could say at this moment: 'John, I will!' but these words shall never be uttered."

He started back, with a death-like pallor on his face. He knew "the girl with the resolute bearing and white brow" far too well, not to be aware that this sentence raised an eternal barrier between them.

"You fled from X—, and why?" she began again in a firmer tone, drawing herself up to her full height and gazing intently into the eyes, whose sparkle had suddenly faded. "I will tell you. Your love for me was a crime against your family; it overthrew all your most cherished principles, and therefore was to be uprooted from your heart like an evil weed. That you returned from your flight uncured was no fault of yours—you yielded to the same power which compels me to love against my will. It must indeed have been a terrible struggle, ere all these proud merchant princes were forced to make way for the juggler's child—nothing in the world will make me believe that I could retain this place throughout my life. You told me a few weeks ago of your immovable belief that differences of social rank must inevitably cause unhappiness in marriage. Heaven only knows how many years you have maintained this conviction; it can hardly have vanished in six weeks without leaving even a trace—it is only covered, temporarily disowned. And, though it has yielded to other convictions, what must not happen to efface from my mind the recollection of your words."

She paused a moment in exhaustion. The professor had covered his eyes with his hand, and a slight quiver was visible around his firm lips. Now he let it fall, and said, sadly: "The past is against me—yet you are mistaken, Felicitas. Oh, God! how shall I prove it to you?"

"Not the slightest change has occurred in our external circumstances," she continued, inexorably. "No stain has fallen upon your family,

nor have I been elevated from my despised position—it is solely my personal qualities that have wrought this transformation; it would be foolhardy and unprincipled for me to profit by the moment, when, forcibly repressing your firm convictions, you listen only to the voice of love. I ask you on your conscience, do you not set a very high value on the past of your family? And have you succeeded, even for an instant, in persuading yourself that these ancestors, who all married women whose position was equal to their own, could approve their descendant's marriage with a low born girl!"

"Felicitas, you say you love me, and yet so torture me!" he cried.

Her glance, which had rested steadily on his face, softened. Who would have expected to see in those proud, repellent eyes the look of unspeakable tenderness which now shone in them! She took his right hand in both her own.

"When you described just now a life by your side, I suffered more than can be expressed in words," she said, with deep emotion; "hundreds of others, perhaps, would have shut their eyes to the future and grasped present happiness, but, constituted as I am, I can not do it. All my life through, the fear of your repentance would stand between us." At every gloomy glance, every frown upon your brow, I should think: Now the time has come when he regrets the change in his opinions, when he secretly turns from me as the cause of his ruin! I should make you miserable by this mistrust, which I could not conquer!"

"This is a terrible requital!" he said, in a low tone full of intense suffering. "But I will gladly take this wretchedness upon me! I will bear your distrust, no matter how it wounds me, without a murmur. A time must come when all will be bright between us. Felicitas, I will make you a home into which such thoughts can not enter. Of course I shall often bring home many a gloomy look and frown—those are inevitable in my profession—but, if my Fay is there, the frowns will vanish, the gloom grow radiant with light. Can you really have the heart to crush out your own love, and make a man, on whom you might bestow the highest earthly happiness, utterly wretched?"

Felicitas had gradually approached the door; she felt that her strength of will was deserting her under his eloquent pleading, yet she must be firm for his sake.

"If you could live alone with me in absolute retirement," she said, seizing the handle of the door as though it was her last support, "I would willingly go with you. Do not think I fear the world and its judgment—its opinions are usually blind and undiscerning, but in intercourse with society I dread the foe within our own nature. There a 'respectable origin' has great weight, and I know that you are in harmony with this belief. You have great family pride—though at this moment you will not heed it—in associating with the favored few, sooner or later the regretful thought must come that you had sacrificed much for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD LA GRIPPE.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

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How can I become a ready controversialist? Persuade yourself that you have a chronic disease of some kind.

"Parry Gaffor won't be able to write any more jokes for a good while now." "Why?" "He fell and broke his humorous."



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Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

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

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Distribution of Prizes.

The annual distribution of medals, prizes and certificates to the pupils of St. Joseph's High Class of girls took place on Friday last at the Bond street School. This class, which is in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, consists of young ladies who are making immediate preparation for the examinations required for teachers. If any suspicion or doubt rests in the minds of those who are too ready to criticize concerning the work done in our Separate Schools by these devoted Sisters of St. Joseph they would do well to pay a visit and see the teaching, or examine the Departmental Reports, which give ample testimony. His Grace the Archbishop presided upon the occasion, and congratulated both teachers and pupils upon their success, than which nothing could give him, as head of this diocese, greater pleasure and satisfaction. The Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Rev. Fathers Krein, C.S.R., and Hand were also present. Messrs. Walsh and Carey represented the Separate School Board, while a large number of the parents and friends of the pupils also showed their interest in the success of the talented and industrious candidates.

The following short programme, admirably executed, added a charm to the formal ceremony of giving the prizes:

1. Chorus—Nymphs of the Ocean Spray.
2. Recitation—Smiling the Rock.
Miss A. DENNIS.
3. Indian Club Exercise.
TEN YOUNG LADIES.
4. Recitation—Discords.
Miss M. HARRISON.
5. Chorus—Autumn Song.
6. Distribution of Prizes.
7. Hymn to our Patron.

PREMIUMS.

Primary Certificate—Awarded by the Education Department to Miss Jennie Higgins.

Primary Certificate—Awarded by the Education Department to Miss Maggie Whalen.

Certificate for the Commercial branches of Book keeping, Type writing and Phonography Awarded to Miss Jennie Higgins.

Certificate for the Commercial branches of Book keeping, Reading, Drawing and Penmanship—Awarded to Miss Annie Doyle.

Certificate for the Commercial branches of Book keeping, Reading, Drawing and Penmanship—Awarded to Miss Bella Milne.

Gold Medal for General Proficiency Presented by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Rooney, equally merited by the Misses Higgins and Whalen, drawn for and obtained by Miss Jennie Higgins.

Special Prize for Christian Doctrine, presented by the Very J. J. McCann, awarded to Miss Lizzie Judge.

Special Prize for regular attendance, application and exemplary conduct, presented by the Community of St. Joseph, awarded to Miss Annie Doyle.

CLASS PRIZES—SENIOR DIVISION.

Maggie Whalen—1st English Literature, Rhetoric; 2nd French and Algebra.

Bella Milne—1st English History and Essay Writing; 2nd Geography and English Literature.

Adelaide Dennis—Prize for having passed examination in Type writing, Phonography and Book keeping; Honorable Distinction in English, French and Mathematics.

Mary Muldoon—Prize for having passed examination in Type writing, Phonography and Book keeping; Honorable Distinction in English, French and Mathematics.

Alice Mooney—Prize for having passed examination in Type writing, Phonography, Book-keeping and Drawing.

Nellie Woods—Prize for having passed examination in Type writing, Phonography, Book-keeping and Drawing.

Evelyn Vandusen—Prize for highest attainment in Type writing and Phonography.

CLASS PRIZES—JUNIOR DIVISION.

Rosa Costello—Prize for Christian Doctrine.

Nellie McCarthy—Prize for having obtained highest number of marks in English.

Bessie Gillespie—Prize for having obtained highest number of marks in Mathematics.

Nellie McCarthy—Prize for greatest improvement in English Composition.

Annie Montague—Prize for Application, Regular Attendance and Lady-like Deportment.

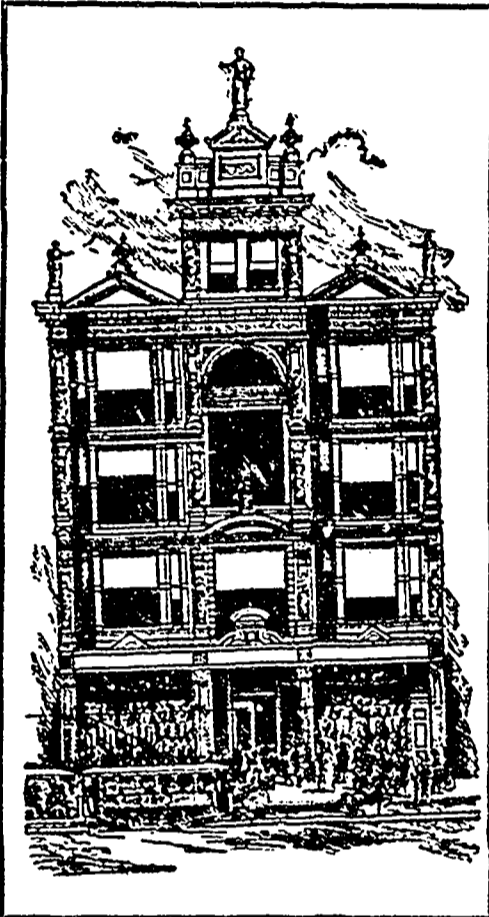
Homage to Beauty.

Anybody in foreign lands who sees the Christmas number of the Montreal STAR will get a grand idea of Canada. The Christmas STAR will be in demand everywhere the world over, where a thing of beauty gets the homage its deserves. The Christmas STAR this year is said to embrace features never aspired to by any illustrated paper in the world. Canadians will be proud of the Christmas STAR, and it is a certainty that friends at a distance will be rejoiced to receive it as the prettiest Christmas souvenir of modern times.

What sort of fruit do a fretful wife and a quarrelsome husband resemble?—A prickly pear.

A little boy, when asked what the text was, answered, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

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

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

	CLOSE	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.80pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	noon 2.00	9.00 7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
U. S. West'n States	6.15 10.00	9.00 8.20

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for December: 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.