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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 11.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

On Tuesday of last week the member for L'Islet, Mr. Tarte, introduced a motion in disapproval of the action of Sir John Thompson's Government in dealing with the Manitoba School Question, and "in assuming to be possessed of judicial functions conflicting with their duty as constitutional advisers of the Crown." The hon. member took advantage of his position as fathering the above motion to make a vigorous attack on the Government in not disallowing the Manitoba Act, and in not keeping faith with Archbishop Tache, to whom, Mr. Tarte alleged, solemn pledges had been given by Hon. Mr. Chapleau when the elections were at hand, and when the influence of his Grace was required in securing a majority for the Conservative party. His speech lasted fully five hours. He was followed by Mr. La Riviere, the fearless but honest champion of the Catholic Separate School question in Manitoba. He declared that he could not support the motion of Mr. Tarte, as he believed it to be conceived in hatred of Sir John Thompson and his Government, rather than in any love he entertained for Catholics, whose Priests and Bishops he showed little respect for in his journal (*Le Canadien*), and whose private letters he (Mr. Tarte) was not ashamed to read publicly in that house. He (Mr. La Riviere) had several letters from Bishops and clergymen, which he might read, and which disproved a good deal of what Mr. Tarte had advanced; but he had too much respect for the sacred character of those gentlemen, and he refused to be a follower of one whom he suspected of partizanship more than of zeal for the real question in debate.

The Hon. John Thompson delivered a characteristic speech, abounding in legal technicalities, sound logic and occasional passages of wit and sarcasm at the expense of Mr. Tarte, whose motion he declared to be one thing and whose speech was another quite foreign to the motion. The speech was evidently prepared by himself (Mr. Tarte), but the motion was the creation of somebody else. Mr. Tarte had made a most forcible part of his argument and attack upon the Government on the ground that the Manitoba School Act should have been disallowed, yet when the House looked into the four corners of the resolution they found that the subject of disallowance was not mentioned at all. In the course of his able and eloquent speech Sir John Thompson denied that any promises had been made to Archbishop Tache to secure his Grace's influence in the elections, since whatever happened between the Archbishop and the Government was

not in the form of a promise, but a mere report of the Archbishop's claims, which he (Sir John) had presented to the Governor-General in Council—not weeks before, but long after the general elections were over. He denied that Archbishop Tache had been deceived. He admitted that his Grace would have been personally gratified if the Government could see its way clear to the disallowance of those statutes, which were exceedingly oppressive to his people; "But," continued Sir John, "his Grace knew, as the government knew, that the Manitoba Legislature would re-enact the disallowed statute, and that they would make an appeal to the people of the Province on the ground that their autonomy had been violated, and create an agitation in that Province which would be greater than that which had existed unfortunately for the last year or two." He said, therefore, that, from first to last, there was "no foundation whatever for the statement that his Grace was deceived or misled, or that his Grace was used for political purpose."

Mr. Curran delivered an able speech in support of Sir John Thompson's position in referring the Manitoba School difficulty to the decisions of the highest Judicature.

Mr. Devlin replied, attacking the Irish Catholic members, Messrs. Curran and Costigan, for not assuming a more independent position, and for not taking a firm stand on a question that interests the conscience of their fellow-Catholics in a distant Province. Mr. Devlin showed in his speech great power as a debater, and greater zeal, which we failed to admire, in charging the Hon. Mr. Costigan with demagogism. But the attack, far from injuring Mr. Costigan, was a source of triumph. It compelled him to explain the personal sacrifices he willingly made, when fighting the New Brunswick School Question, and forced him to justly complain of the imputation of personal motives, which were foreign to his nature. He had convictions strong enough, and courage strong enough to act on his convictions. He took too much pride in himself to stoop so low as to play the part of a demagogue.

Mr. Laurier's speech was eloquent, manly and straightforward. He condemned the Conservative Government for not having decided long before now, one way or the other, either for the maintenance or for the destruction of the Catholic Schools in Quebec. He put the alternative before his Protestant hearers of an attempt made to abolish the Protestant Board of Education in Quebec, and of placing all the educational interests of that Province under the Catholic Board, which is composed of Priests, Catholic

laymen, Bishops and Archbishops. He asked would they tolerate the change, and declared that every Catholic in the House would vote against such a change. He proceeded to say:

"If under the guise of public schools the Protestant schools are being continued and Roman Catholic children are being forced to attend these Protestant schools, I say, and let my words be heard by friends and foes over the length and breadth of the land, the strongest case has been made out for interference, and though my life as a political man depended upon it, I would undertake to say on every platform in Ontario and in Manitoba, yes, and in every lodge room, that the Roman Catholics of Manitoba had been put to the most infamous treatment."

In recording the debate, which closed with a round majority for the Government, we regret that the Manitoba School Bill was not disallowed when it first came up. It would have cut the Gordian knot, and have settled a question which still burns in the breasts of an unjustly treated minority in Manitoba.

Correspondence from Rome announces that the Irish pilgrims arrived at the Eternal City on Shrove Tuesday. The following morning they assembled at the Church of St. Agatha of the Goths, attached to the Irish College. Cardinal Logue, after distributing the ashes, celebrated Mass; and the Rector, Dr. Kelly, presented to the veneration of each a cherished relic of St. Patrick. The devotions terminated with prayers for the Pope, for the pilgrims and their associates, for Ireland, etc., and the hymn: "God Bless the Pope."

They then proceeded to the landings and corridors of the Irish College, where, on the wall of a staircase, a marble slab, surmounted by a medallion bust of Cardinal Cullen, had been erected. It was unveiled with due pomp and ceremony, when his Eminence Cardinal Logue addressed those assembled. He was delighted to see the venerable Mgr. Kirby present, who, for nearly half a century, had been rector, but who from ill-health had for some time been confined to his room.

The day following Cardinal Logue took possession of his titular church of Santa Maria della Pace. All the pilgrims and the Irish in Rome, with many others, filled the beautiful and interesting nave. Amongst the prelates present we are pleased to see mentioned the name of his Lordship, Bishop Dowling of Hamilton. The Cardinal in his discourse expressed his gratitude to all who had assembled to do him honor. He related briefly the history of the little Church which, in its earlier years, was associated with Ireland. It was here the Irish Dominicans settled when priests were banished from every lane and street in Ireland, and when they were forced to seek a refuge abroad from a most cruel persecution.

The Conservatives in the British Parliament held a caucus last week to discuss the situation. Mutterings had passed along the line concerning the leadership of the Hon. A. J. Balfour. But the uncle was there to stand by his nephew, he was full of hope, he rebuked the suggestion of a change, reprimanded laxity and braced up the faint hearted Unionists. The election held at Grimsby the day before, when a Liberal-Unionist was victorious, roused the spirits of the Conservatives, which for some time had been showing signs of depression.

Another meeting of a different shade of politics was held at Dublin on March 8, when the Irish National Federation met in the Rotunda. The following account is taken from the telegraphic despatches:

There was a crowded and enthusiastic attendance, and Thomas Sexton, M.P., presided. All the principal men in the Irish federation were present. Mr. Sexton predicted that before the end of the session the Irish Home Rule bill would reach the house of lords, and that the peers would find themselves in a critical position. They would have to decide whether they would defy the electors of the United Kingdom or yield to the popular will as expressed through the House of Commons. If Ireland, Mr. Sexton continued, would heartily help Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man would beat down opposition both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords, and also the melodramatic exhibition which the Orangemen were offering in order to bewilder and affright their British fellow-subjects. Mr. Sexton also announced that in view of the coming release of the Paris fund the fund now collecting for the relief of evicted tenants would soon be closed.

Mr. Sexton was heartily applauded and the demonstration is expected to have an excellent influence in counteracting the effect of Orange appeals in Great Britain.

The convention resolved, without a dissenting voice, to support the home rule bill at the second reading, and "at the proper time to obtain the needful amendments which will render the bill permanent and the nature of Irish rights a lasting bond of union with Great Britain." The convention also voted to establish a national fund for the promotion of the national movement.

In the Panama scandal trials evidence has been produced proving that the Company had expended 100,000,000 francs to newspapers for advertising and favorable notices. A list of more than one hundred names of conspicuous men implicated was given by a clerk who had access to Baron de Reinach's office. Charles de Lesseps testified to the contribution of 800,000 francs made at Floquet's request by the Panama Company to the fund for the campaign against Boulanger. Then another ex-minister came in for damaging evidence, de Freycinet, who claimed that his action was in the public interest. To which de Lesseps replied that it was in the same interest he had given Baron de Reinach millions. Undoubtedly patriotism inspired all—but they had a terribly itching palm.

The Emeralds of Peterborough promise a very interesting entertainment for to-morrow (St. Patrick's) evening. They have secured the services of Miss Dunn, the elocutionist, for the occasion.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By a REGISTER CONTRIBUTOR.

In spite of the comforts of our elegantly fitted railway coaches, travelling on the railway trains alone is superlatively monotonous. I am very much relieved indeed to learn that I am actually nearing the great Prairie City, and look out on the surrounding country with more interest than I thought it possible an hour ago to arouse.

The first thing that strikes me is the flatness of the country and the spindle-like character of the trees. There are no forest trees—no primeval or even colonial trees—everything is new, new. I cannot help speculating on possible disappointment in store for me, in the much praised parks and boulevards in this Queen City of the West. Can Western enterprise have accomplished the herculean task of transporting and transplanting trees worthy to be the pride of park and boulevard, or has Yankee invention been fertile enough to produce a tolerable substitute in this Prairie City?

Miles and miles outside of Chicago are streets laid out, trees planted, sidewalks laid, and new houses vacant. I do not wonder at the planting of trees; that is wise and provident; but there are more places than Toronto where the real estate man's prophecies are slow in the fulfilment.

We pass the cemeteries. It is apparent, even on this wintry day, they are carefully kept. I learn of the very sensible custom of funerals by train. The railway trains pass the cemeteries; stations are erected at their gates for the accommodation of the public, and trains run for their convenience—either special chartered trains, or scheduled trains.

It would never do to be in Chicago and not visit the World's Fair Building. It could not be. The enterprising, energetic citizen of this Queen City of the West simply would not allow you to pass over his new source of pride so slightly. It does not take long, indeed, to become invested with much the same feelings. In the midst of a city full of people and papers overflowing with World's Fair talk, and making weekly pilgrimages to the, for the moment, Mecca of America, the idea easily takes possession of one that there is nothing so thrillingly interesting as the Great Exposition that accentuates the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Discovery of America.

A very bleak, bitter day found me making my way as best I could over the slippery, treacherous roads around and through that portion of Jackson Park devoted to the World's Fair. Even now, under such unfavorable conditions, in such an unfinished state, what a dream of beauty it is! Perhaps one's mind runs ahead of one's sight, and clothes the present barrenness, and makes a complete picture from the suggestive materials.

However that may be, I find it all, architecture and surroundings, most satisfying, and all in harmony. I am content to forget the unsubstantial qualities of the pageant—it is all as real for me as it pretends to be. I am transported to old Venetian days, to Grecian temples and Roman baths. When the sky is blue, the grass green, the air warm, the lagoons dotted with the graceful, richly ornamented, splendidly fitted gondolas of the fourteenth century, with their picturesque gondoliers, it will be fairyland indeed, if the hurrying thousands of eager, thronging visitors will not weary one into forgetfulness of the beauty.

The puffing, busy little engines one meets here, there, and everywhere over the grounds, recall my thoughts to modern practical times, and are reminders of what modern science and skill are accomplishing here in such

short space of time, and earnest of the completion of the work.

To think that a few short months ago, this enchanting prospect was a desolate waste of sand-hills and marshy ponds. What a clever idea to turn into positive aids what the casual observer would have thought the insurmountable and unaccommodating disadvantages of a site whose sole good quality was extent.

I think not only will the World's Fair be an eloquent monument to the progress of architecture in the country—a school of models in itself for the training of architects; but also a triumph in landscape gardening. The omnipresent water guided by canals from one curving lagoon to another yet more capriciously curved; the basins, with the surrounding stately buildings, forming a larger and smaller court; the arrangement of flower beds, bridges, islands with dense shrubbery, the colonnade walks, the vista of the lake—all these are most skilfully and artistically planned. So if we do not see the natural beauties of a Park such as Fairmount Park, where the Great Centennial Exhibition was held, we have something so decidedly novel, and because it is so novel, attractive and fascinating, that we can afford to forget other beauties.

What a marvelous nation and people is this great American country! I think the material used to cover the rough timber frames of the buildings, to make the colossal statues, the elaborate ornamentations, was invented just for this occasion. The name "Staff" is new any way, though it may be but an improvement upon adobe. It is very simple and quickly made, and has the important qualities of toughness and lightness, and will take any tint or color desired. All the buildings at the present time of writing are in the original grayish white peculiar to "Staff," except the Transportation building, and appear like marble palaces. Staff is indeed wonderful—it has made possible this gigantic work. Now there are working some wonderful machines, in which the power used is compressed air, that will paint or tone surfaces, doing the work of an army of painters.

I could not attempt in any single letter a minute description of the principal buildings; it would become monotonous reading, especially without illustrations, but a little chat about what I saw, may not be uninteresting.

As every one knows, in spite of the large area reserved for the Great Exhibition, space is at a very high premium; so I was not a little surprised to see, almost as I entered from the north west corner, a pretty Moorish building with the ever-popular Puck on the height of the dome—silk hat and cane all complete; a short distance further on another circular building, not unlike a wheel house, whose port-hole windows and star decorations proclaimed the headquarters of the White Star line.

No prompter, no guide is necessary to tell one the uses of the new buildings—the different industries or sciences to be exhibited therein. The elaboration of the exterior of each building is in accord with the industry, or science, or art, to which the building is devoted. Each structure has unmistakable characteristics—the most careless observer must see at a glance for what each is intended. Especially is this true of the Fisheries' Building, where every variety in size and kind of fish is playfully treated in the details; of the Forestry Building, which pathetically tries to preserve its rustic nature amid so much that is artificial, the Hall of Mines and Mining, the Electrical Building, the Fine Art Museum, whose severely classic lines, simplicity and formal stately appearance are in keeping with the display expected to be contained

within its walls; the Transportation Building, where statues finished in bronze, effects of the inventors and improvers of ways and means of travelling are placed at intervals around the building, and allegorical figures of speed and locomotion decorate the walls. The great feature of this building is the Golden Doorway—a most imposing entrance.

But I was anxious to see what ceremonies would attend the handing over of Germany's fine building to the Imperial Commissioner, and hastened, in spite of driving sleet and bitter wind, to the east side of the grounds to witness the event. The celebration is peculiarly German, and is given by the workmen; it always occurs just before the roof is entirely laid. When Herr Wermuth, the Commissioner, arrived six German workmen, the sturdiest there, brought from the building an enormous floral crown and placed it on a platform one hundred feet from the ground. Attached to this immense structure of flowers were numbers of handkerchiefs—souvenirs of the occasion, which were to be distributed among the workmen. The crown is hoisted to the top of the great southeast tower of "Das Deutsche Haus" amid the cheers and shouts of the spectators. Then Herr Neumann, Superintendent of the building work, advanced to the front of the platform but a moment before occupied by the floral crown, and holding up a glass of wine to the people's inspection, drained its contents and hurled the glass from him, to break into a thousand atoms. He then gave an address in humorous verse, with good wishes for everybody connected with the construction of the building, and drinking a second glass of wine, finished by calling for three cheers for the German Emperor, three cheers for the President of the United States, and cheers for Commissioner Wermuth and the Architects. The handkerchiefs were distributed—the German National hymn sung—the artisans finished their celebration of the event at a banquet provided by Herr Neumann, and Herr Wermuth gave his friends a dinner at his residence. The day being Emperor William's birthday, gave, I suppose, the extra enthusiasm required by such dreadfully depressing weather.

It was this same dreadful weather that drove me into the Horticultural Building, and helped me to remain there the rest of the day, though indeed I was so charmed with the exhibits already in place in the Hall that I needed no other inducement to remain inside. But this same dreadful weather is my excuse for not taking the formal entrance into the grounds and describing the general design and the effect of a view of this ambitious display, as taken from the formal place of entrance—the Administration Building.

Since I have brought you, then, to this Palace of the Flowers, I might first give you some little idea of the building, as well as its contents. What attracted my attention first was the graceful transparent dome, which seemed ethereal enough to be blown away like a bubble—an immense bubble it would be with a diameter of 180 feet. Two smaller glazed domes are at the base of the large central one, flanking the portal. The portal itself is a lofty triumphal arch adorned with statuary and profusely decorated. From the central dome, which is reserved for the tallest tropical plants, two parallel galleries branch out on opposite sides; each pair of galleries terminating in a two story pavilion. These pavilions will serve for collections and models illustrative of botany and horticulture, and for spacious and attractive restaurants overlooking the gardens. The glazed roofs and the domes are supported by skeleton iron columns. At the bases of these columns the Cobeia Scandens is planted, and already it has made great growth, its

foliage almost conceals the iron framework, and it is like a living green pillar mounting up, up, and, stretching over the arches, nearly meets, even now, overhead.

Immediately under the great dome is a magnificent collection of palms of all kinds, Australian tree ferns—a wonderful plant to me bare trunks growing about eighteen feet straight up, and bearing at the summit the most luxurious fern leaves—all kinds and sizes of India rubber plants, Norfolk Island pines, and giant bamboos, reaching to the top of the gallery, and numberless other plants—all forming a novel, fascinating pyramidal display. Occupying a prominent place is the Agave, or Century plant, and I stand in front of it and think I see the flower stock grow as I look, for this wonderful plant is making the last supreme effort of its life. The stored-up, carefully husbanded energy of a hundred years is giving the rapid growth of about three inches a day to the flower stock. A record of each day's progress is kept on exhibition with the plant. Another wonderful specimen of plant life is the dwarf pine from the Imperial Japanese gardens. It is but three feet high though three hundred years old, and is a marvelous proof and outcome of the skill of the Japanese people in floriculture or arboriculture. It is the pathetic in trees surely. The elkhorn is another peculiar plant. I scarce know how to describe the peculiar bulbous outer growth, with its dry, withered, stiff brown leaves. Every variety of cactus is on exhibition, from the smallest prickly ball to cacti sixty feet in height. There are plants from every country and every clime here already, though only a small number of the exhibits are in place. It is wonderful how such fine specimens could be so successfully transported.

I must not forget to mention the fine display of primroses—such varieties in color and foliage, and such quantities of the simple, delightful plant. There were exhibits from different parts of England, Scotland, Italy, and from Prussia, as well as many from nearer home—all in the height of bloom and in such healthy condition. I never saw before such an array of primroses. Perhaps the magnitude of the display was its greatest charm. M.

Everything.

Mr. W. H. Holabird, Gen'l Agent, Colorado Beach Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, as well as in my kennels and stables, and it has never failed in a single instance to do everything that could be expected of it."

Mrs. Lucy W. Drexel, of Philadelphia, has sent to the new memorial chapel at Georgetown College a splendid set of vestments, made to order in Lyons, France. They are made of the finest cloth of gold, heavily embroidered in bullion, and are of extraordinary richness and beauty. They will be used for the first time by Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of the blessing of the chapel, which takes place next month.

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical advisor and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 210 to 110 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JEAN VALCOURT,
Wotton, P. Q., General Merchant.

Origin of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

The third centenary of the institution of the Forty Hours' Adoration was celebrated on November 23, 24 and 25 by the Fathers of the Perpetual Adoration in the Church of San Claudio in Rome. The Solemn Triduum was closed by a "Te Deum," in which was given a ready response to the Cardinal Vicar's appeal to the devotion of the Romans who in the crowds assembled there every day to implore pardon and peace from our Father through the mediation of His Son hidden beneath the Eucharistic species. The crowd, in fact, was so great that when the Benediction was given on the last day the doors of the church had to be opened so as to allow those outside in the street also to receive the Benediction. It was an impressive sight. In the middle of the street before the church door men and women of all ranks, poor and rich, knelt together. It was a sight that has not been seen in Rome for many years. His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar, in publishing the *Imito Sacro* for the celebration of this solemnity, gave an historical sketch of the pious institution of the Forty Hours' Adoration. Blessed by Paul IV. and encouraged by St. Charles Borromeo, this pious custom gladdened Milan for the first time under the auspices of the Blessed Zaccaria, founder of the Bernabites, and of F. Joseph of Fermo, of the Capuchins. For half a century—that is, until 1591—this pious ceremony was left to the personal piety of the faithful, and the Church authority did not include it in the Grand Order of the Public Liturgy until Clement VIII., moved by the heavy calamities under which Europe was laboring at the time, especially France and Italy, published the celebrated constitution of November 25, 1592, *Graves et disturbans*, in which he urged Catholics to appease by prayer the just anger of God—incessant prayer night and day during the whole year in this City of Rome, before the throne of Jesus in the Sacrament solemnly exhibited. Confirmed by Paul V., the work of Clement VIII. acquired its last and definite form on January, 21, 1705, by a decree of Clement XI., whose ruling constitution of the Forty Hours remains unchanged until the present day. The calamities, His Eminence says, which afflict the Church and civil society in our days, are not less grave than those during the last period of the fifteenth century; therefore the mode of imploring the tempering of divine justice with heavenly mercy ought not to be different. On Advent Sunday the Forty Hours' Adoration, which formerly began on that day in the Pauline Chapel of the Vatican, for the ecclesiastical year, commenced its course in the Lateran Arch-basilica, the Cathedral of Rome.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.

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We have learned, with much regret, the sad news of the death of Mr. P. J. Begley, at sea, on his way to Australia. Mr. Begley, who was brother of Messrs. James and John Begley, of Toronto, was so well known that it is superfluous to say anything of his antecedents. Mr. Begley left home about a month ago, full of health and spirits; and the cablegram telling of his sad and sudden death at sea has filled his relatives and friends with deep grief.

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The very instant you cause expansion of body by straining, rolling of legs, etc., the pain and motion on the side, enters deeper into the system, causing the Club Feet straightened instruments to be used, deformity of instrument made for a neck, Abdominal support, Crutches, Elastic Hoody. Particulars free. Sent by Mail.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

A Young Artist.

One fine May morning between forty and fifty years ago a little French boot-black was standing at the entrance of the Pont Neuf, one of the finest of the many bridges that cross the Seine between the great divisions of Paris.

The boy was watching for customers, but there was none to be had yet, for it was too early. At length, finding nothing else to do, he took a piece of chalk from the one untorn pocket that he possessed, and began to sketch a face upon the stone parapet of the bridge.

A very strange face it was, very broad across the jaws, and narrowing as it sloped upward, so that with its curious shape, and what with the pointed tuft of hair that stood up from the high narrow forehead, it looked at a little distance exactly like an enormous pear. But it was plain that this was the likeness of some real man, and that the boy was immensely amused at it, for he chuckled to himself all the time he was working, and more than once he laughed outright.

So completely was he taken up with his picture (which was now very nearly finished), that he was unconscious that somebody else was very much taken up with it too.

A stout gray-haired old gentleman, very plainly dressed in a faded brown coat and shabby hat, and carrying a cotton umbrella under his arm, had come softly across the road, slipped up behind the unconscious artist; and was looking at the pear-like face on the wall with a grin of silent amusement.

And well he might, for strange to say, his own face was the very image of that which the boy was sketching so eagerly. The queer pear-shaped head, the large heavy features, the tuft of hair on the forehead, and even the sly expression of the small half-shut eyes, were alike in every point. Had the little artist not had his back turned, one might have thought that he was drawing this old man's portrait from life.

But just as the boy was in the height of his abstraction, and the single looker-on in the height of his enjoyment, the old gentleman happened to sneeze suddenly, and the sketcher turned round with a start. The moment he caught sight of the old fellow standing behind him he uttered a faint cry of terror, and staggered back against the wall, looking frightened out of his wits.

"The King!" muttered he, in a tone as if the words choked him.

"Himself, at your service," answered the old gentleman, who was no other than King Louis Philippe of France. "It seems that I've come up just in time to serve as a model. Go on, pray, don't let me interrupt you."

The boy's first impulse was to take to his heels at once; but there was a kindly twinkle in the King's small gray eyes which gave him courage, and looking slyly from the pear-like head to the royal model, he said, "Well, your Majesty, I didn't mean to make fun of you; but it is like you—is't it, now?"

"Very like indeed," said the King, laughing, "and I only wish the pears in my garden would grow half as big as that one of yours. However, I'm afraid that I haven't time to stand still and be sketched just now, so I'll give you a likeness of myself"—putting a gold twenty franc piece (which was stamped with the King's head) into the boy's brown hand—"to copy at your leisure."

Years later, when King Louis Philippe had been dethroned and driven out of France, a rising young French portrait painter used to tell his friends that the first portrait for which he had ever been paid was that of the King himself, and he declared that "the old man was not such a bad fellow, after all."—*Chicago New World.*

"March to search," is the old adage. It searches out any weakness of the system, resulting from impure blood. Those who use Ayer's Sarsaparilla find March no more searching or even disagreeable than any other month. This medicine is a wonderful invigorator.

FORTY HOURS' ADORATION.

His Grace at St. Mary's.

The Forty Hours' Devotion, began in St. Mary's Church on Sunday last. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Coyle, with Father Goudreau as deacon and Mr. Carberry as sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop assisted in cope and mitre, and was attended by very Rev. Father Marijon Provincial of the Basilians and by Father Cruise. A very joyful feature marked the morning's solemnity which was the first appearance in the church of the beloved pastor of St. Mary's since his recent severe illness. Monsignor Rooney's many friends in the city and country join their prayers to those of his parishioners that he may be spared many years yet to work in the Archdiocese, with that energy which he has displayed in the past. After the Gospel his Grace the Archbishop standing at the altar rails delivered a singularly sweet and touching discourse upon the Blessed Sacrament. His Grace is always eloquent, but never more so than when he is preaching about the Blessed Eucharist. He is never wearied of repeating in his pastorals in his sermons in his instructions to the people before giving Confirmation, and in conversations with his priests and others, that the Blessed Sacrament is the sum and centre of the Catholic religion, that we have and can have nothing greater, that devotion to it is above all other devotions; and must ardently and continually be advocated if religion is to flourish. After reading the Gospel of the day, which recounts the miraculous multiplication of the five loaves and two fishes—by which Jesus fed the five thousand in the desert, the Archbishop proceeded to say that, the other sacraments lead men to God, but the Blessed Eucharist brings God to man, the other sacraments prepare us for Heaven, the Blessed Eucharist brings us that, than which Heaven itself contains nothing greater, the glorified body and soul of Jesus together with the Divinity of the Son of God to which that glorified body and soul are hypostatically united. Jesus in miraculously satisfying the hunger of the five thousand wished to prepare them for a greater marvel—the Blessed Eucharist, the Food infinitely more nutritious—the Food of which they that shall eat shall not die forever. His Grace then related the words of our Lord in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. John which contain the promise of the Blessed Eucharist. He pointed out that the Jews were in reality the first Protestants, exclaiming as they did angrily and incredulously "How can this man give us his flesh to eat." Jesus did not deign to argue with them but repeated in still more emphatic language, Amen, amen I say to you: except you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up on the last day."

And when some even of our Lord's disciples went back, and walked no more with him—Jesus said to the Twelve. Will you also go away? Then St. Peter—the first Pope answered in words which have echoed down through all the ages, and which are ever on the lips of the Catholic Church the Bride of Christ. "Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. So the grand mystery of the Blessed Eucharist was promised—now as to the fulfillment of that promise. It was on the night before He suffered, that Jesus having assembled the twelve together, took bread into His hands and gave it to His disciples saying Take and eat for this is My body. Then taking the chalice of wine He blessed it and said this is My blood.

Here is the fulfillment of the promise made one year before.

The Almighty had spoken. He who said let there be light, and the light flashed radiant throughout; primal chaos, said. This is my body and so changed bread into His sacred flesh; He said this is My blood, and thus changed wine into His blood.

Man can do many wonderful things. We who live at the close of this nineteenth century, need not be told of the marvels of human ingenuity, of the prodigious inventions of human skill, but there is one thing man cannot do. He cannot abolish time or space. Yesterday is gone beyond recall. It is gone forever. Man cannot make that which is distant become present. Now in the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. Jesus Christ has accomplished both these wonders. He has caused the past to become present and what is distant to become near. And how is that? It is now nearly twenty centuries since that Last Supper was celebrated, and we are separated from Jerusalem by thousands of miles. But wherever there is a Catholic altar and a Catholic priest to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass, that last supper is repeated, what is past becomes present—what is distant is brought near; for, in instituting the Blessed Eucharist, Jesus said to His disciples. This do for a commemoration of me and in saying this He consecrated them priests. He gave them power to do what He had done—to change bread into His Body and wine into His Blood.

Therefore, dearest brethren, let us show our gratitude to our Divine Redeemer for this most sacred gift, by visiting Him in the Sacrament of His Love, by assisting with piety and fervor at the Divine sacrifice and by acts of reparation to His outraged insulted majesty. We owe Him reparation for the injuries He receives from bad Catholics, from those who are not worthy of the Christian name. We owe Him reparation for the insults that are hurled at His Spouse the Catholic Church. How many come to this city to ponder to the tastes of the rabble! Shameless women, who call themselves escaped nuns, but who never wore the veil of modesty and of virtue of a Catholic religious, vomit forth their filth into the face of the Bride of Christ as the Jews of old spat in the face of the Incarnate God in the day of His bitter Passion. Wretched priests, who have been for their crimes expelled from the Church of God, come here to gratify the venom of an Orange rabble, turn round on the mother that bore them and stab the breast that gave them suck. Oh let us offer Him reparation, let us show Him some return for His so mighty Love. Let us go to Him in our sorrow and He will give us rest. "Come to me," He says, "all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." Let us give Him our heart—for He says to each one of us "Give me thy heart." Let us love Him with our whole soul and mind and strength for in every way is he most worthy of all our love, who has so loved us and who delivered Himself up to suffer death for us.

At the end of the sermon the Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament in the procession which was made around the church. The Litany of the Saints was then recited and the morning function so ended.

In the evening of Sunday the sermon was delivered by the Very Rev. Vicar General McCann. On Monday evening Dean Cassidy of Brockton preached, and on Tuesday evening Rev. Father Hand of St. Paul's.

A Cure For Croup.

Croup kills thousands where cholera kills tens. For this dread disease no remedy can compare in curative power with Haggard's Yellow Oil. It loosens the phlegm, gives prompt relief, and soon completely cures the most violent attack.

Separate Schools' Exhibit.

We were more than pleased the other day on visiting the Hall where the work of the Toronto Separate Schools intended for the World's Fair was on exhibition. The first four frames consisted of raised maps of Toronto, Kingston and St. Catharines, which last had two. The rest of the fifty-six frames contained about 110 drawings taken from the Christian Brothers' course in free-hand, ornamental and geometrical drawing. A large number of water colors, applied to architectural and mechanical drawing, shows excellent training on the part of the teachers, and more than ordinary in the pupils themselves. Besides these there were several outlines in pen and ink or crayon, taken from a cast or flat model as the case might be. We append the list of the young exhibitors and offer our congratulations:

Ash, Jno., Boland, Ed., Bourke, Ed., Chase, Chas., Jno and H., Cashman, Jos., Coolahan, H., Den, J., Desrochers, M., Ebach, Wm., English, Ed., Feeney, Farr., Fraser, Jno., Finn, Jas., Finnigan, Wm., Giroux, F. W. L. and J., Hobborlin, Ed., Hartnett, Jno., Haldorff, J., Howarth, Richard, Hynes, J. and Chas., Healy Dan, Kormann, J., Kornahan, J. and W., Kidd, J. M., Kelt, Leo and Chas., Macnamara, O. C. and H., Mallon, J. P., McGuire, F. and V., McGrath, J. and W., McNeil, Chas. and W., McConvey, J. and W., Markle, Walt., Marx, P. H., McCarthy, Jno., McBride, Fr., McDonald, Ed., Murray, Mart. and Jno., Moriarty, Jno., Miville, Alp. Wm. and Is., McCandlish, Alex. and J., McGee, G. E., O'Brien, Jas. and Jno., O'Neill, Jno. Jos. and M., O'Reilly, Jno., O'Donnell T., Russill, Fr. and Vin., Read, Chas., Sam. and Wm., Rosar, Wm., Ed. and Peter, Ryan, M. and Jno., Scholl, Geo. I., Sheahan, Jno. and Maurice, Stafford, M. and Pet., Simons, T., Tourson, J. J., Thossien, Jno., Varley, Jno. and J., Winterberry, T., Art and Wm., Waters, Jno., Watson, Fr., Welcher, H., Wickett, Jas. and Jno., Wheeler, P., Wilson, Jas., Woods, M. Jno and J., Whelan, J. P., Eman. and Aug., Travers Ed. and Art.

There were also about 850 pieces from St. Paul's, St. Mary's, St. Michael's, St. Patrick's and St. Helen's school—but lack of space prevents us from publishing all the names. However, the following, having furnished larger and more elaborate drawings and maps, deserve a special mention, namely:

Eug Curtin, Stanislaus Deresski, Mitchell and Holding of St. Paul's; Fr. O'Leary, Fr. Foley, Jno. Bigley and J. Brady of St. Michael's; Jos. Hayes, Fr. and Geo. McGuire of St. Patrick's.

Addresses to Father Walsh.

On Monday evening the ladies of the Altar Society of Our Lady of Lourdes waited on the Rev. Father Walsh and presented him with the following address:

To the Rev. James Walsh, P.P., Lourdes, Toronto.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—In the absence of our much-respected President, Mrs. Long, I am requested by the Altar Society of Our Lady of Lourdes to present you, on this the twelfth anniversary of your priesthood, with a small token of our love and esteem.

Hoping you will be long spared to us in health and strength to administer the high and holy duties Almighty God has charged you with.

On behalf of the Altar Society,
Mrs. M. J. HYNES.
13th March, 1893.

The presents were a beautiful French clock encased in marble, and a valuable arm-chair. The presentation took place in the audience chamber at St. John's Grove in the presence of about forty ladies of the parish. Father Walsh made a suitable reply, in which he thanked the ladies of the Altar Society for their rich gifts, and expressed the pleasure he felt at their appreciation of his efforts in discharge of the duties of his high office.

FROM THE SODALITY.

On Sunday, the 12th, the young ladies of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary assembled at Loretto Academy, Wellesley Place to greet their Spiritual Director. After the singing of a beautiful hymn by forty well trained voices Miss Tena Hughes,

the President of the Society, read the following address:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—What tender memories cling round the glad morn twelve years ago that witnessed your ordination to the priesthood in the Eternal City. Bright days come and pass—but the light of the sun of justice diffused over a life consecrated to the Master is not dimmed by any lapse of time. Gladly then do all your spiritual children welcome the anniversary of the realization of the high hopes of your earliest years, the basis of your fruitful toil in the Master's vineyard; and gratefully do we, the first children of Mary in Our Lady's own parish, offer you our warmest felicitations with the hope, that many glad returns of this joyous feast await you, and that your labors on our behalf will be recompensed through life, by the favor of Our Immaculate Queen.

Miss Curry then presented the Rev. Father on behalf of the Society, a handsome table and neatly embroidered drape, and Miss Nellie O'Connor, the youngest of the children of Mary offered a bouquet of blush roses. Rev. Father Walsh thanked them very kindly, for the address and presentation, spoke very feelingly of some who had been ordained with him in Rome, for the American missions, and had since passed away; he expressed himself delighted with the growth and progress of the Association of the Children of Mary, and ended by saying he would do everything possible for its advancement. All then repaired to the chapel to assist at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Funeral of Chevalier Macdonell.

The late Chevalier Macdonell, whose death was noticed in our last issue, was buried from St. Paul's Church on the morning of the 6th instant. His Grace the Archbishop assisted at the Mass and gave the last absolution. He took occasion to address the congregation upon the life and virtues of the deceased, and the lessons which his death contained. The eloquent prelate spoke most earnestly upon the charm which the many years of charity and devotion to God's poor gave a life. And this was especially true of Mr. Macdonell, whose connection with the St. Vincent de Paul Society stretched over forty years. Who can tell of the sorrow soothed, the hungry fed and the naked clothed in all that time? He watched at the cradle of that Society in this city, and he saw it grown to goodly proportions. It remains for the next generation to carry on the work with energy and perseverance. Another lesson taught by his death was, that it was for us to lay up treasures not for earth but for heaven, where moth consumeth not, and thieves cannot enter in and steal.

The Mass was celebrated by Father Teefy, C. S. B., President of St. Michael's College, with Father J. Walsh as deacon and Father Redden as sub-deacon. Father Hand acted as master of ceremonies. His Grace was assisted by Vicar-General McCann and Dean Cassidy. The other clergy present in the sanctuary were: Fathers Frachon, C.S.B., Brennan, C.S.B., and Kelly. Fathers Murray, C.S.B., and Rohleder assisted the choir, which was formed by a number of students of St. Michael's College and a portion of St. Paul's Choir. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Hugh Ryan, A. Guoderham, Captain McMaster, J. J. Mallon, Alderman Burns, M. J. Burns, J. F. Kirk and J. J. Bondidier. The mourners were Hon. S. C. Wood, Messrs. Beverley Jones, S. F. Jones, Alexander Macdonell and Angus Macdonell. There were representatives from the nine different Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the House of Industry and the League of the Cross. Among those present were Messrs. J. J. Murphy, H. T. Kelly, Major Gray, D. M. Defoe, A. Bolte, D. P. Cahill, Charles Burns, Commander Law, Thomas Long, J. Long of Collingwood, J. E. Robertson, John Kelly and J. E. Robinson.

My Native Land.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

It chanced to me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
Of sensuous blessing did we oft-times go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one—for 'tis soon to find
In thousand-isled Cathay another isle—
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
And then again we yearned and ceased to smile.
And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change, but when in health they stand

'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned

With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief,
My land, that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf—
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with dutie, but the first
Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles—
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles

Church Dedication.

On Wednesday, March 8th, the beautiful new brick Catholic church just completed at Phelpston was solemnly dedicated by His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto. An immense concourse of people from Barrie, Stayner, Collingwood, Orillia and the surrounding country crowded the spacious church, which is perfect in all its appointments of altar, pews, etc. Among the clergy present were: Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie; Rev. Fathers F. Ryan, Toronto, McPhillips, Orangeville; Moyna, Stayner; Kieran, Collingwood, Duffy, Orillia, Gibbons, Penetanguishene, Gibney, Alliston, and Laboureau, Penetanguishene.

After the dedication services by the Archbishop, solemn high mass was sung by Rev. M. J. Gearin, the pastor of the new church, assisted by Dear Egan and Fathers W. Phillips and Contillon.

Rev. Father F. Ryan took his text from the 22nd Psalm, "Holiness becometh the house of the Lord." He said there were two religions on earth, and only two, the religion of God and the religion of man. The religion of revelation and the religion of evolution, the religion of dogmas and the religion of doubt, the religion that is organized and the religion that is disorganized. The religion of man might have meeting houses and prayer halls; only the religion of God had churches. The houses in which men met to pray might have pulpits and platforms, only the church of God had altars. These denominations may have sacraments; only the Catholic Church has sacrifices. Without sacrifice no religion was divine. The house of God should be holy. Holiness was purity consecrated to God by sacrifice and sacrament. Only a Catholic church could be so consecrated because only a Catholic Bishop could so consecrate. This house had been so consecrated to-day. The sacrifice had been offered on its altar; it is no longer secular; it was sacred; dedicated forever to God's service. The sacrifice of the altar made it God's house; the sacrament of the altar made it His home.

The archbishop made a most impressive and touching address to the congregation. He congratulated the zealous pastor in the highest terms on the splendid success of his efforts. He thanked the generous people who had so ably seconded the good priest's labors, and complimented the architect, Mr. Kennedy, on the artistic beauty of his work. His Grace reminded the people that their work would not be

complete till the church was out of debt, and his words were so effective that the collection taken up immediately after by Fathers Maguire and Moyna realized the handsome sum of nearly \$500. Father Gearin closed the morning service with a few fervent words of thanks to his Grace, the preacher and the people. Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie, delivered an able lecture in the evening, when vesper service was held, followed by benediction.

The new church is under the patronage of Ireland's patron saint, St. Patrick, and is one of the largest and handsomest country churches in the archdiocese.

The church is built of red brick, tuck-pointed, with stone trimmings. It is designed in the 16th century Gothic style, having the following dimensions:—length, 108 feet, width of nave, 48 feet, across transept, 84 feet. The chapel is on the east side and is 20x34 feet. On the west side is a tower, with tin covered spire, the total height of which is 120 feet, while on the east is a tower of 69 feet high. The facade presents an imposing appearance, containing eleven beautiful traceried windows, and two main entrances with traceried transom lights. On either side of the church are twelve traceried windows, glazed with cathedral stained glass of artistic design. One of these, the gift of the architect, Mr. Thos. Kennedy, Barrie, contains an accurate perspective view of the church. The seats in both the nave and gallery are arranged in the form of a semi-circle, and will accommodate about seven hundred people. The altar and gallery rails are masterpieces of workmanship and design. The roof is constructed of hammer-beam trusses, beautifully pierced with Gothic panels, which show under the ceiling. The ceiling of the nave is of wood. The walls are plastered in colored stucco, neatly blocked out so as to represent brown stone. Over the windows and chancel arch are run artistic mouldings, which terminate in beautiful bosses. The extreme end of the chancel is octagon in shape with embossed cornice and neat moulded ribs. The altars, of which there are to be three, are at present in process of construction. The building, which will cost about \$14,000 when completed, is a masterpiece both in design, and workmanship, and reflects great credit on all concerned. The contractor is Mr. George Ball, of Barrie, and the work was sub-let as follows:—Stone work, Kennedy Bros., Elmvale; Mason and brick work, Kavanagh Bros., Tottenham; plastering, Mr. James Oades, Dalston; painting, Mr. Albert Bowen, Barrie; galvanized iron and tin work, Mr. Robert Peters.

The collection at morning and evening services amounted to over \$500, the largest ever known to have been taken up in this part of the Province on a similar occasion.

St. Nicholas Institute.

A lecture by the Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann is announced for next Sunday in St. Michael's Cathedral in aid of the above institution. The reputation of the orator, as well as the great object to which the proceeds are to be devoted, appeals to the charity of all our people. The lecture will be preceded and followed by sacred selections of music by St. Michael's Choir. The services begin at 7, p.m.

Death of Mr. Thomas Lane.

The many friends of Thomas Lane will be sorry to hear of his death, which took place on 28th February, in Los Angeles, Cal., after a short illness. The funeral took place in Toronto on the 10th March to St. Michael's cemetery, after celebration of High Mass in St. Patrick's Church. May his soul rest in peace.

Restored To Health.

DEAR SIRS,—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try B. B. B. I did so and find myself quite restored to health. HOWARD SULLIVAN, Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.

Mgr. Decelles' Consecration.

A despatch from St. Hyacinthe, dated March 9 says: Addressees were presented to Mgr. Decelles yesterday afternoon by St. Hyacinthe citizens and by the Mayor and Councilors. Last night all the societies of the city also made similar presentations. The church was fitted gorgeously and was crowded with people. The consecrating bishop was Mgr. Fabre, of Montreal, assisted by Mgrs. Racine and Gravel. The bishops who assisted at the ceremony were: Mgr. Duhamel, of Ottawa; Mgr. Lorrain, Pontiac; Mgr. Blais, of Rimouski; Mgr. Gabriel, Ogdensburg; Mgr. Michaud, and other prominent clergymen. Among those present were: Hon. Boucher de la Bruere, Dr. Cartier, M.P.P.; Grand Vicar Gravel, Mgr. Marois, Mgr. Paquet, Rector of Laval University; Rev. M. Colin, Superior of St. Hyacinthe; Grand Vicar Lacombe, Grand Vicar Thibaudier. The Prefect of the County of St. Hyacinthe, Mgr. Brochu, the Mayor of St. Roch, Canon Beuregard, the Superior of the Seminary of Nicolet, Canon Archambault, the Superior of St. Hyacinthe; Canon O'Donnell, the Superior of the Seminary of Ste. Therese; Canon Laroque, the Superior of the Seminary of L'Assomption; Canon Jeannotte, the Superior of the Seminary of Three Rivers; Canon J. B. Dupuy, the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Jesuits, the Very Rev. Prior of the Dominicans, the Very Rev. Guardian of the Franciscans, the Very Rev. Provincial of the Oblats, the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Redemptorists, the Very Rev. Superior of the Viatores, Canon Bouillon, Canon Godard, Canon Desorcy, Canon St. Georges, Canon Lesage, Canon Trepanier and Canon Savariet, also the Presidents of the Union St. Joseph, St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Societe des Artisans, C.M.B.A., Catholic Order of Foresters, St. Jean Baptiste Society and Cercle Catholique.

After the reading of the Apostolic mandate for his consecration, the oath was administered to the Bishop-elect and the usual questions on matters of faith and church government were put. The ceremony of the imposition of the hands then took place and after prayers for the newly elected bishop Mass was proceeded with.

In the afternoon a banquet was held at the Hotel Dieu, at which about 800 persons took part. After the banquet Mgr. Decelles and all the clergy proceeded to the Seminary, where a grand reception was held. Special trains from Montreal, Nicolet and Farnham gave the best accommodation for the occasion.

Jesuit Education.

Although I have seen a considerable number of men and cities, yet I have never seen or heard of (or met anybody who has seen or heard of) but two kinds of public schools; and, as short names, if not always complimentary, are always convenient, I will call one of them the "Jesuit" and the other the "Jail-bird." The "Jesuit" school is not at all necessarily a Roman Catholic establishment. It is simply a school presided over by men who, very possibly detesting everything else connected with Popery, have nevertheless, on the principle, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, had the sense to take a leaf out of the Jesuit's book in regard to education.

This Jesuit idea of school-life is that a boy at school should, as far as possible, be in the same position as he will afterwards be in as a man in the world, that is to say the position not of a wild beast in the African jungle, free to do what he pleases, but of a human being in a civilized country, living under the eyes of the law. The Jesuits, in fact, police their schools; that is what it comes to. This policing is called by people who don't

like it (*i. e.*, don't like the trouble of enforcing it), "espionage," and other ugly names. Well, call it what you please, as a matter of fact it amounts to no more than ordinary care which a commonly decent and commonly sensible father exercises in his own house. Such a man does not demean himself in any way; he is not a spy, lurking around corners or peeping into rooms or over balusters. But, practically speaking, he knows all that goes on within the four walls of his house. If he does not, then he is neither a commonly decent nor a commonly sensible man, but a fool or a knave, or both.

Not long ago a boy was killed by gross bullying in the corridors of one of the London schools, and the headmaster had the effrontery to declare to the coroner's jury that he "did not profess to know what went on in the corridors." What would be thought of the father of a family who "did not profess to know" anything that went on outside his own study? So much then for the Jesuit system. It means simply reasonable supervision, aided, of course, by rationally constructed school buildings, large rooms, no holes and corners, not many locks and keys, the massing of boys for study as well as for play—living in the light of day, in fact. Now, neither a boy nor a man does much harm, nor has much harm done to him so long as he lives in the light of day, and the consequence is that although of course, many boys who leave Jesuit schools become bad men afterwards, yet they get no harm while they stay at school. They leave as good as they came, and, moreover, if they do not come pretty reasonably good, they do not stay long. The father gets a letter to say that the boy "is doing no good at school and had better be removed." If he asks for particulars he gets them, not otherwise.

Now for the other system of public school education—the "Jail-bird" system. The Jail bird system is simplicity itself. The headmaster draws his salary, attends to the teaching of Greek and Latin, and shuts his eyes firmly, deliberately, conscientiously, "like an English gentleman," as he would say to himself, to everything else that is going on around him. All his subordinates follow his example, and shut their eyes firmly too. I declare I know of no crime short of actual murder which has not been committed with almost absolute impunity in an ordinary public school. Boys won't tell, won't "sneak" as they say. It is their point of honor. The master's point of honor is to know nothing.

The curious result is that whereas the beggar child outside the school is comparatively safe under the bull's-eye of the policeman, the young gentleman is precisely in the position of a boy who has tumbled into the bear-pit at the Zoological Gardens. If the bears are good-natured, he is all right. If they are ill-tempered, why he is rather in a fix. Surely it stands to reason that the public schools ought to be policed by some one. There is ample evidence in countless Blue Books, in the minds of countless parents, in the recollection of countless boys now grown into men, that the schools want policing. If the masters are too genteel to do the policing, why not call on the county or the borough to supply a few constables? Surely it is not too much to ask that a public school should be as safe and as innocent as—well, I don't ask for ideal perfection—say the street, or the park. —*Labouche in Truth.*

Mr. Wm. Mara, wine merchant, has opened extensive vaults at 79 Yonge st., through to King street, which he has stocked with the choicest brands of Wines, &c., as may be seen by a glance at his advt. in another column. Customers can always rely upon obtaining the best qualities at reasonable prices, and receive at the same time courteous treatment.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Graphic Sketch of the Irish Parliamentary Leader.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., contributes the following sketch of Justin McCarthy to the *Westminster Gazette*:

"I have often wondered," said Mr. McCarthy to Sir George Trevelyan, when that exquisite writer and good-hearted and kind fellow was dogged by detectives in the heart of the Irish storm, "why you have ever bothered yourself with political life." "Do you know," replied Sir George Trevelyan, "that's a question I often ask myself about you?"

Justin McCarthy is a *litterateur* to his finger tips. His happiest hours are those which he spends at the Remington typewriter, especially if the work he is engaged on be fiction. I had occasion to visit him last Christmas day, and as I approached his study I heard the click of his machine. "And this," I said, "is how you are spending your Christmas day!" "And not a bad way either," replied the cheerful writer. There are many well read men in the House of Commons; I doubt if there be one who has read so variously as Mr. McCarthy. Unlike other men of creative fancy, he has an extraordinary memory for what others have written. If, in the course of preparing your impromptu against a malignant minister, some faint recollection comes back to your mind of a quotation that might be apt, you have only to go to Justin McCarthy, and from out the infinite depths of his extraordinary memory that passage comes up immediately—accurate to the last syllable. He has a good reading acquaintance with four or five languages; at one time he never passed a day without reading Greek for half an hour or so; and even now, after all the distractions of the last few years, he can read it probably as well as Mr. Gladstone.

And yet even in literature Mr. McCarthy has not done as he would have done. The eternal drive of journalistic life first left him but the odds and ends of time to write his works of fiction, and then came the storm and stress of public life to still further curtail his opportunities, with the result that he has sometimes longed for a good year's vacation in which he might write a book after his own heart, which might not be just what the publishers wanted, but which would answer his highest ideals. As it is known I am not a great believer in slow work; the glow and excitement of rapid composition often make up for what is lacking in polish and smoothness; and some of the things Mr. McCarthy has written in the very storm and fury of work, as good, I believe, as he can do. For instance, "The Comet of a season," in my opinion, the very best of his works of fiction up to the present, was written at a time when he was pressed with labour of all kinds from all sides.

He has had a life of hard struggle almost from the start. He comes from the city of Cork in Ireland. There is a homely proverb which gives each province what is supposed to be its especial characteristic; and Munster, the province of Justin McCarthy, gets credit for learning. It is certain that Cork always has made specially excellent schools, particularly for the study of the classics; and, though Justin McCarthy came from people who were not rich, he came from a cultivated family that gave him full opportunities for an excellent education. He had to start at the lowest rung of the ladder as a shorthand writer. He learned some good old system that belongs to the pre-phonetic days; but it was a good system, and he has maintained it so well that even now he takes down nightly on the margin of his order paper any critical passage in a ministerial statement which it is desirable to remember in writing his leading

article. Liverpool was really his first training ground, and there he might have permanently remained if he had not had the enormous luck of marrying early in life a bright, brave woman, who was always urging him on and cheering him up, and telling him what great things there were in him—a sympathetic companion to whom he owes all the happiness of his life and who then—just after he had entered Parliament and become universally known—died and left him forever desolate.

Justin McCarthy is not only romantic in his books, but in his thoughts and acts. He had a £10 note, or perhaps a couple of them, when he came to London, and the first thing he did—his small house was in the trackless wilds of Battersea—was to buy a flower bush, which exhausted half his funds, and, worst of all, it never came to anything beyond a sickly and brief existence. But soon he was on the press, and he passed from place to place there until he was editor. Then came a restless fit, and he travelled all over America—lecturing, writing, visiting—everywhere received with the generous hospitality America always extends to literary men. There is no man in the House of Commons who has seen so much of America, not even excepting Mr. Bryce, and America has no stauncher advocate and friend. And then he got back to England, and immediately joined the staff of the *Daily News*, and has been pretty constantly connected with that journal ever since.

In the meantime—still acting largely under the inspiration of his devoted and helpful wife—he had started as a novel writer, and ever since his first work he has been steadily doing his novel either every year or every second year—usually alone, sometimes in collaboration. He is one of the *litterateurs* who believe in regularity of work, what irregularity there is in his life comes from circumstances beyond his control. But if he were free he would be found at his desk every day, doing each day his allotted work. He has all the conscientiousness of the newspaper man in being up to time. It is related that when he was contributing a story to a magazine he handed in his last page of the manuscript the second week after the publication started. Financially, his most successful work was his "History of Our Own Times." It was by a lucky accident that he was able to get so large a share of the great profits from this work. It had been written originally for a certain figure for a firm; but times were troublous, and Mr. McCarthy had made no secret of his political opinions. The publishers got alarmed, and asked to withdraw from their bargain. Mr. McCarthy put his MSS. in his pocket, walked over to another publisher, and, arranging on the system of royalty, received from that work something like the income for a year of a lord chancellor.

The most marked characteristic of Mr. McCarthy's style is its extraordinary lucidity, ease and simplicity. He detests affectation or mannerism; and when he has to choose between a long and short word—a familiar and out-of-the-way expression—always selects the short and familiar. The result is that he is one of the easiest writers of our time to read. His history follows as smoothly, and can be perused with as luxuriant a sense of ease, as though it were a beautiful and touching love story. It is only when you leave the book down that you fully appreciate the exquisite art that has made the hours fly on such golden and quick wings.

People are naturally surprised that a man whose whole nature is gentle and kind almost to a fault, should be chosen to be the leader of so stern and strenuous a movement as the Irish struggle for self-government. Everybody knows that Mr. McCarthy does not hate a human being in the

world; that he is modest and shy almost to a disease. But what his own intimates and colleagues know is that there is a vast deal of strength, and, above all, a courage inflexible and unquestioning behind all the shyness and modesty. There are men who hate life and yet dread death. There are other men who enjoy life, and are perfectly indifferent to death. It is to the latter class that Mr. McCarthy belongs. He takes a moderately pleasant view of human nature, is optimistic without being blind, and, on the whole, loves all the world can give, sunshine and beauty and thought. In almost the worst circumstances he remains equable and cheerful, and has the power of enjoying a vacation as keen as any man. But he is indifferent to danger and to death; and, whatever betide, he can be counted on to face the music.

In the last few years there have been abundant tests of his spirit. In the early days of the Irish conflict there were some very ugly mobs to face—some very bad quarters of an hour to pass through. In spite of every remonstrance, Justin McCarthy—shy, modest Justin McCarthy—with his mild eyes beaming through his golden rimmed glasses, went down to Cork, and calmly met the howling mob that was gathered to receive him. It is this sense of his wonderful determination that has won him so much of the respect and affection of his followers.

And there is another quality, which accounts for the universal assent which his leadership commands. There isn't the possibility of a moment of selfishness in the man. He is devoted to the cause of Ireland with a thoroughness and a self-forgetfulness that are marvellous. He has plenty of excuses in his varied and laborious occupations to shirk that meeting with its attendant hardships of railway journeys and strange beds; but whenever he has made up his mind that it is his duty to be present anywhere, not hail, nor storm, nor even illness can keep him away. At the last great convention at Dublin he came to the hall after days of severe bleeding from the nose that had reduced him to a deadly pallor. But he was there to face that vast assemblage, though he had immediately to withdraw and take to his room. To Ireland he had sacrificed fortune and health and his most loved pursuits. Other Irish leaders will occupy a larger and a higher place for their power over men; no leader will be entitled to a higher place for the quiet heroism of his courage, sacrifice and integrity.

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Where was the first Mass said on the American continent? How many people know? It was on the bank of the Grivalva river, and Bishop Manuel Arnezquita, of the Tabasco Diocese of Mexico, has issued an appeal to the Catholics of Mexico, the United States and Canada for money to be used in the erection of a magnificent cathedral on the spot where the Holy Sacrifice was first performed. The church will be one of the finest in America if the contributions amount to as much as is expected from present indications. The Mexicans are enthusiastic over the pious project. At present the spot referred to has no mark to.

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Rev. Father Benedict Mary (McCabe), O.S.F.C., who has been about twelve years on the Mission in Australia and the United States, has returned to Ireland, and is at present in the Capuchin Convent, Cork.

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A Hasty Blow.

"Little Sisters of the poor," exclaimed a gentleman to an Indianapolis Journal reporter. "That is the plain inscription upon the sides of a modest vehicle, drawn by one horse, driven by one and sometimes two pale, patient looking women, dressed in the sombre garb of Sisters of Charity. As I sat by the window the other afternoon in a real estate office of a friend, conversing with the agent, the carriage bearing those words rolled slowly by. The thermometer was indicating the zero mark outside. As there was a lapse in our conversation just then, I remarked to my friend about it being very cold weather for those good women to be out. He looked at the retreating vehicle a moment in silence, then, turning, laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: 'I struck one of those Sisters not long ago; yes, sir,' he continued, seeing my look of astonishment—'struck one of them with my hand, in anger.' He paused for an instant, as if meditating. I was completely dumbfounded. I had known him for twenty years, and a more royal hearted, kindly disposed fellow don't exist.


"Come, old fellow," said I, "surely you were either very ill or in your sleep."

"No, sir," he said. "I will tell you about it, but please don't repeat it. I have suffered enough already. It happened this way," he went on. "Business had been awful dull. Everything I tried to do turned out a failure. It was either a case of the wife won't sign the deeds or there was some blanket mortgage or something else that bobbed up at the last moment to spoil every trade I had on hand for two weeks or more, and I was blue and worried. On that particular afternoon I had just come into my office, and found on my desk a note from a client that a certain trade I felt sure of making must fall through, as the wife in the case had concluded she would rather have a divorce with alimony than take her chances on getting a share of the proceeds from the sale of the property. I was almost furious. Just then two Sisters came into the office. I saw them enter, but paid no further attention to them, but turned my attention to my desk. In a moment a mild, clear voice over my shoulder said something about my giving for charity, or something like that. I impetuously threw out my hand with a sudden, impulsive movement, half in anger, by way of emphasis, declaring at the time that I had nothing for myself. My hand, as I threw it up, came in contact with the outstretched white hand of the nun, with a resounding whack. I had struck her hand a severe blow. I was on my feet in a moment to offer an apology. Never to my dying day will I forget my feelings at the moment I turned and faced the Sisters. She was standing, holding out her delicate white hand, while the great big tears stood in her eyes—yes that seemed too expressively beautiful for this world. With the saddest smile in her pale face she said in a low, sweet tone or voice: 'That blow was intended for me, sir; now what have you got for the poor?'

"What a terrible wretch I felt myself to be. I know the dear kind woman saw my emotion; I know she understood it all, yet the thought that I had so far forgotten myself as to strike that little hand that was stretched out in humble appeal for the poor almost bereft me of my senses. I only had \$10 in my pocket. I laid that gently, aye, reverently, in her hand, adding as I did so, that I wished it was a thousand."

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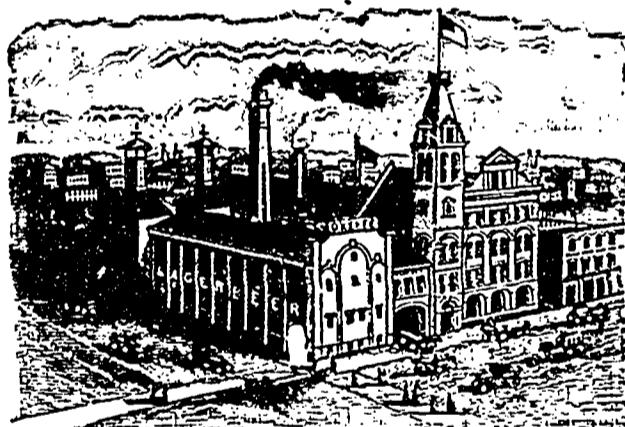
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A Severe Retort.

Perhaps the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which Curran hurled at Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favor of the Government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for their servile and rancorous sourrility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which small though it was but for Curran's roady wit and scathing eloquence might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side Curran said he had consulted all his books, and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established.

"That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the Judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with noble retaliation: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and, I hope, have been properly perused. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the perusal of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty. I should be ashamed of my wealth, if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise to rank I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

Gladstone's Boyhood.

A short time ago Mr. Gladstone opened a workingman's institute at Saltney, near Chester. One of the company made the remark to Mr. Gladstone that he had been recently speaking to a gentleman who knew him at the time when he was a boy at school.

"What was his name?" inquired the premier.

"Mr—, of Liverpool," was the reply.

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Gladstone; "and did he tell you anything particular concerning our school days?"

"Yes, sir; he said that he and you once fought and you thrashed him."

"Ah! I thought he would remember that; and did he tell you what it was we fought about?" eagerly inquired the veteran with apparent warmth.

"No sir, he did not," was the reply.

"Then I will tell you," said the grand old man, rising up with as much determination as if to enter on a debate. "He induced me to steal some strawberries from a field, and when I had done so he wanted to take the beat of them. Now, when I had run all the risk of detection, I was determined not to let him have them, so we fought for them, and I thrashed him and I stuck to my strawberries.

"And when you see your friend again will you kindly remember me to him, and tell him that I do not know whether I could repeat the operation to-day, as I have not seen him for many years, and do not know the condition he is in? But I will mention this fact to you that that field of strawberries was where Bold Street, Liverpool, now stands."

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THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

Mar. 16—Ferial Office.
17—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.
18—St. Gabriel, Archangel.
19—Passion Sunday.
20—St. Joseph, Spouse of the B. M. V., and Patron of the Catholic Church.
21—St. Benedict, Abbot.
22—St. Catharine Flicca, Widow.

Philosophical Talks.

THE HEART AND HAPPINESS.

It seems that the ladies, who are of course much interested in our philosophical talks, think there is too much head and too little heart in our philosophy. They especially complain of this excess and defect in the matter of happiness, which, our fair listeners hold, is altogether an affair of the heart, while our philosophy would have it an affair of the head. It is not knowledge, they contend, that makes us happy; it is love. A philosopher is always glad to hear the ladies, especially in affairs of the heart, in which they are sure to be right. Of course happiness has to do with the heart, for it has to do with the whole man, and the heart, after all, is the best part of a man. The Creator does not ask for the head, but He does ask for the heart. "My child, give me your heart." God help the man that is all and only head. He cannot have much happiness himself, and he can never make anyone else happy. But what of the man that is all heart? Is he not a proverb of unhappiness to himself and everyone else? How often do we hear it said in pity. "Poor fellow! he is all heart: he is his own worst enemy." Not quite so, however. He may be his own worst enemy, but he is never his own enemy only. He is also an enemy to those who love him, and to those whom he should love. To those who love him, because he has reproof and warning. To those whom he should love, because he is ready to sacrifice their happiness to his own inconsiderate selfishness and sensuality. With desolation are homes made desolate because the "poor fellow," who is not to be pitied but punished, will not consider in his heart. His love is a passion. It is not what it should be, a rational act. To be a rational act, there must be head in the love as well as heart. A man should always be able to give a good reason for the love that is in him. But the heart does not reason.

"I do not like you Dr. Fall;
The reason why I cannot tell,"

is the rhyme of the heart, and it is a rhyme without reason. It would be equally unable to give a reason if it did like Dr. Fall. Love, as a passion is blind. It desires and rejects by instinct. The instinct is true as far as it goes, but it goes only as far as the sensible; and the sensible, the merely

material can never make a soul happy. If happiness were all and only sensual; if human nature were merely emotional; if man were all material, then what is called "modern morality" would be right: modern morality prides itself in being "independent." It is independent of faith and reason, and depends only on sense perception. Its principle of happiness is that of the old pagan philosopher, "Eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." For to-morrow we die! Yes, there's the rub and the reason—not for eating and drinking to-day, but for fasting and abstinence to prepare for to-morrow. But the heart will not see this reason: it cannot. The heart does not consider, and especially it does not conclude. It bears a lesson written on itself but it will not read.

For our hearers though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

But the heart can be happy at its own funeral. It plays the dead march, but cannot hear the music. The eyes and ears are in the head. It sees the grave to which the heart is hastening. It hears the music of heaven and bids the heart turn its love to things that do not die. The heart may plead, with the poet—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

The plea is false. It may be good poetry, but it is bad philosophy. The head would put it this way

"'Tis better to have lost and loved
Than never to have lost at all."

And its authority for so putting it is divine. "He who loves his life shall lose it, and he who loses his life for my sake shall find it."

Mr. Mallock asked "Is life worth living?" A dyspeptic answered. "that depends on the liver." If it be asked: Is life worth loving? Reason answers: that depends on the lover and the life. A life of pleasure, of sensual gratification, of sentimental emotion, is not worth loving if the lover is an intelligent immortal being. But all this is an affair of the head which must lead the heart to happiness and in leading must control it. The heart will go towards any good: the head must direct it to its true and only good. It is a law of our rational nature that the heart should listen to the head and hear its philosophical talks. Humility gives the heart ears to hear. Obedience gives it eyes to see. And meekness gives it a tongue to speak. Its happiness is to be a handmaid of the head. And to say to the intellect: Be it done unto me according to thy word. United in peaceful companionship, head and heart move on together towards their true, eternal, and only good. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord," they say, "and we cannot find repose or happiness till we rest together in Thee."

Dr. Caven.

The Toronto Ministerial Association, in its meeting of the 6th instant, took up the subject of Church union begun some time previous. The chief item on the programme was a paper entitled "Points of Agreement," etc., by Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, upon which a rather lengthy discussion ensued. In the course of this debate a Mr. Blackstock (etho-dist) is reported as follows: "To

reach anything like union they must go back beyond theology or ecclesiasticism. Christ was not a theologian, nor did anything in His sayings savor of ecclesiasticism. Christianity existed before either, and it was on the broad basis of the Gospel that union, if it were to come, must be established." What twaddle! Such remarks from one who claims to be a guide in Christianity! Christ not a theologian! Why, man, He was the theologian—the theologos by excellence, the Word of God, the one who declared the Father unto us, and by whom last of all God spoke to us. Christ not an ecclesiastic! He was the ecclesiastic, the Ecclesia, "who delivered Himself up for His Church that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." And what could savor more of ecclesiasticism than that saying of our Lord's: "He that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican"; or that other: "He that heareth you, heareth Me"; or again: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath life everlasting?"

Such theological lore as Mr. Blackstock displays augurs ill for the union of Churches. But let us turn our attention to an examination of Principal Caven's paper. And while we disagree with almost every point contained therein, we agree with him in this at least, an earnest desire for the union of all who profess Christianity, that there may be one fold and one shepherd; that there may be peace in Jerusalem and abundance in its towers.

Having given as a reason for stating the points of agreement the objection that the opposite course magnifies the points of disagreement, the writer mentions as the first matter of agreement the authority given to the Bible. "We all regard the canonical Scriptures as the word of God, and the supreme and only infallible rule of faith and practice." To support this statement Principal Caven quotes from the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession of Faith, and concludes that: "Nothing which is not set forth in Scripture should enter into the credenda of the church, or be laid as duty upon the conscience. The Church of Christ may be properly spoken of as the custodian of Scripture, and her testimony concerning it is of great value, but, since the close of the canon, her utterances are not to be placed on a level with the Word of God; their authority depends upon their agreement with that word."

The centre of a circle is the point at which all the radii converge, but it is also the point from which they diverge. Let any christian take his stand on the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, and immediately he is involved in self-contradiction. The Scripture may be the point about which the Protestant sects may hope to unite, but it is the very subject upon which they will dispute and differ in the future as in the past. The Scripture, without an authority to bear witness to its authen-

ticity, to its divine inspiration, to its meaning, is sure to be the source of schism and division. By what authority will any Protestant assert that the written Word is, and was meant to be, the complete revelation of divine truth? The Church, even according to Dr. Caven, is the custodian of Scripture. What Church? Only that Church can be, and is, the guardian thereof, who can come with power and tell me: This is God's word; this is the canon. The Church that can do that must have a history preceding the Bible, and must have an authority and jurisdiction whose source is in the very heaven and in the God whose vice-gerent she is upon earth. That Church has alone the right to close the canon. How else can it be closed? Who is to tell me that the newly found *Gospel of St. Peter* is not a fifth Evangel, or that the *Epistle of St. Clement* is only a human composition? If the Church is the custodian, to whom do these Scriptures belong? They are the Church's heritage, used by the prudence and the parental authority of the Church for the benefit of the children. Century succeeds century and she ever stands with that Book, bearing witness to it as the inspired Word of God, teaching them what its obscure passages mean, and the relation of its parables, its mysteries and its doctrines upon the threefold relation of life. In its origin the Church was independent of the Scripture. No command was ever given the Apostles to write. The Church must, therefore, continue with the same undiminished authority whether the Canon is closed or not. By what chain of reasoning is the apostolic power weakened by, or after, the closing of the Canon? Our Lord said to His apostles: "As the Father hath sent me, so I send you" long before a line of the New Testament was penned. He commanded them to teach; He gave no instruction that they were to write. With them, and not with the written Word, He promised to be until the end of time. If Principal Caven wrote a book, his evidence and teaching power and authority would be just as valuable and forcible as they had been before. The idea of lowering a teacher's authority because he happens to write one volume, or a dozen volumes, is surprising logic. The volume may be taken as evidence in its historical character. But for the purposes of faith and grace, in so far as it is the inspired word of God, it must have a living teacher, independent of it in origin, with full authority to declare its meaning, and who will throw her protecting agis over it against the caprice, malice and passion. Nay, more; it belongs to that authoritative teacher to say whether the volume in question contains all, or only a part of, her teaching. Will Dr. Caven say that the Scriptures do teach complete Christian doctrine? St. Paul writes the Thessalonians thus: "Hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by our epistle." "Hence," concludes St. Chrysostom, "it is plain that the Apostles did not deliver to us everything by their epistles, but many things without writing. These are equally to be

believed. Wherefore let us believe the tradition of the Church."

This is the position which the so-called Reformers took three hundred years ago. They rejected tradition and the teaching authority of the Church. So far from leading to union, it has broken Protestantism into hundreds of fragments. As Tertullian put it: "To the Scriptures there can be no appeal. The sole question to be settled is: To whom belongs the Faith itself? Whose are the Scriptures? By whom, and through whom, and when, and to whom was that authority to teach delivered by which men are made Christians? For where the true Christian discipline and doctrine are shown to be, there will be also the truth of the Scriptures, and of their Interpretation and of all Christian Traditions." Dr. Caven does not tell us who is to interpret the Scriptures, and hence the old difficulties and sources of disunion remain. History will repeat itself. He assures us that they "agree in co-ordinating no other authority with that of Scripture." Without directly replying to this, Provost Boddy remarked that "it was perfectly consistent if they could not get light from the apostles on certain points that they should go to other contemporary testimony."

The other points, covering as they do the greater part of dogmatic theology, are very indefinitely stated. Dr. Caven thinks that the teaching on the person of Christ is one throughout the sects, and also in matters referring to the state of man after death. We do not think so; and we base this opinion upon the judgment that modern philosophical systems, especially materialism, experientialism and Kantian philosophy are at variance with Christianity upon these points; but we must reserve further criticism for another issue. Our examination leads us to the conclusion that Christianity needs a living authoritative teacher, whose voice in every century will be stronger than the din of human error and passion.

Father Spillman.

Rev. Father Spillman, O. S. B., assistant pastor of St. Anselm's Church, New York City, was stricken down with typhus fever a short time ago. The disease was contracted in the performance of his priestly functions. He had learned that a number of Catholics were confined in the pest houses on North Brother Island, and three times a week this self-sacrificing priest visited the spot. He celebrated Mass, heard confessions, administered holy communion and extreme unction, and brought words of hope and comfort to the helpless victims of sickness. He was wont to row to the island from Port Morris in all sorts of weather. At last the awful pestilence overtook him: he was stricken down and the latest accounts give little hope of his recovery. This little episode is one of ten thousand of which the Catholic priesthood can always boast.

The report of the above is not to be found amongst the stories related by such people as Mrs. Sheppard; nor is it one in which a certain class of

Toronto Protestants will feel any joy. Their taste runs in quite another direction—still we commend it to their notice. It is true, pure and noble; the episodes they heard lately are untrue, impure and ignoble.

Opposition to Home Rule.

"Ulster not alone in opposition to Home Rule." Such was the heading of despatches that reached us on Saturday last, detailing the incidents of a delegation from Dublin and other places that waited on Lord Salisbury the day previous, and represented that a strong opposition to Home Rule existed in other parts of Ireland besides Ulster. The members of the deputation spoke of disaster to business interests, which they predicted would follow the creation of a separate government for Ireland. It was also maintained that Mr. Gladstone refused to receive the deputation. Lord Salisbury told the delegates to keep up their courage. There were signs, he said, of a healthy change in public opinion. Coercionist Balfour and the bigoted Jew, Goschen, re-echoed the sentiments of their leader, and Lord Randolph Churchill anticipated disastrous results from separation.

One sentence of the Hon. Edward Blake's speech last week in the House of Commons might be quoted as a crushing reply to all those gloomy forebodings. He stated that nothing worse could result from Home Rule than the conditions that actually existed. It would be hard indeed to conceive of a worse condition for any country than a continuance of the reign of terror created by Mr. Balfour's enforcing of perpetual crimes' acts and coercion acts. The laws against imaginary efforts at intimidation left people afraid to open their lips on the public streets. Some people were actually imprisoned for whistling an air: others got three months on the plank bed for having the audacity to wink at the sale of a boycotted pig.

The most heart rending scenes were every day being witnessed at landlord evictions. There was no living at peace or security for her Majesty's subjects in the land. Removable Magistrates, ignorant of law and careless of consequence, well paid and well fed constables, imported emergency men and impecunious shoneen agents of tyranny had in their hands the lives and liberties of the whole community. And now we are told that worse than all these horrors must occur if Irishmen are allowed the shaping of their own destinies and the making of their own laws. The very worst result that could be predicted of Home Rule could never equal the actual miseries and degradation under which the whole country groaned during the late coercionist administration of Balfour and Salisbury.

It is mentioned in the cabed despatches that bankers, ship-owners and tradesmen from Dublin formed part of the deputation. No doubt the other part, and by far the larger portion, was composed of shoneens, emergency men and pliant tools for jury packing, whose occupation, like Othello's, is already gone since the advent of John Morley to Dublin Castle. But why should bankers or

ship-owners dread the coming of a state of things when a new impetus will be given to the trade and commerce of the Nation, is a thing we cannot for the life of us understand. With Home Rule shall also come, and come inevitably as a necessary condition, fixity of tenuro and peasant proprietary. Every farmer will be owner of the soil he tills, and sole lord and master of his own household. The enormous sums of money that are now taken out of Ireland every year to satisfy the demands of absentee landlords shall remain at home. The Ormonds, the Derbys, the Bloomfields, the Clanricardes, and a hundred other extravagant aliens who lived riotously on the hard-earned moneys of Irish tenants, must henceforth bank their surplus funds in English consols or Egyptian securities. The capital that was every year swept out of Ireland must remain at home to build up manufacturing interests and help open Irish trade with the European and American Markets. How the new state of things can injure the bankers and ship owners of Dublin or Belfast, or any other part of Ireland, can be known only to such as are willing to see no future for Ireland but in the degradation of its people.

But if there are others besides men in Ulster opposed to Home Rule, we are glad to perceive by a late despatch that there are people in Ulster, eye even Orangemen, who welcome it. We clip the following items from the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* of the 25th ult:

When Lord Randolph declares once again that "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right," Ulster only laughs at him. If Ulster ever fights it will be to shake the incubus of Lord Randolph's peers off Ulster's back. The plain common sense of Ulster is beginning to assert itself. The first note has come from the Grand Master of No. 7 Lodge. Speaking the other evening to his fellows, he declared that Home Rule was coming, and it was time for them to speak out and say, "Give us Home Rule." The Orangemen of Belfast, he declared, were not afraid of it. They would take Home Rule and make their own terms afterwards, for they had the fighting men, and the industry and intelligence of the people.

Mrs. Sheppard Once More.

Rec. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.

The following letter has been handed to us. We very gladly publish it, thanks to the lady to whom it was sent; and we call the special attention of Toronto Protestants to it. Show us your friends and we will show you our man. Nothing was too good for this Mrs. Sheppard. Wherever she went she attracted crowds. No doubt or question was cast upon her statements, however horrible and loathing they might sound:

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,
ARRO'S VALE, BRISTOL.

DEAR — Feb. 26, 1893.
"Some little time ago we had photos sent us of Mrs. Sheppard, when she was identified as a woman who was received into our "Refuge" in order to regain her character. The name she then went by was Isabella Marron. She was about 32 in 1833, when she was received; she remained about two years. At that time she was a well known character in England, and we are not surprised at anything we hear she turns to.

Of course she was never a nun. Neither was she ever in the Convent—only an

inmate of the Refuge for bad characters," or Home of the Good Shepherd.

Mother Prioress is sending you a book which explains the work of our Order, you will there see what she is working her lies upon. She was a Penitent only, not a consecrated who are mentioned in the book.

I remain, &c.,

ST. MARY OF ST. URSULA.

P.S.—The reason of her leaving was, I believe, there was no further hope of doing any real good with her.

The Protestants of Ontario are to be warmly congratulated upon their taste in selection, their judgment of character and their sense of justice. They are the most gullible people in the world. The most bare-faced falsehood upon Catholic subjects will be swallowed by them without a whimper. The boldest, filthiest calumny upon any of the consecrated and most devoted children of the Church is listened to and believed without a blush or a question. But now what think you of your last witness against the Church? They may well be ashamed who welcome such characters to their midst, who rejoice in the discord they sow, who lean upon such broken reeds, and who believe the lies these people are not ashamed to utter.

Challenged to the Proof.

The following is from the *Empire* of Saturday last, whose Montreal correspondent thinks that the *Witness* will not accept the challenge. We think also that the *Witness* will not change its calumniating propensities, which have characterized it from its earliest years, whenever any question of Catholics or Catholicism was raised:

For some months past the daily *Witness* has freely and lovingly thrown open its columns to all who had a bad word to say of Sir John Thompson, and amongst other communications there have been several from "Nova Scotia," which are replied to to-day by Bishop Cameron in the following vigorous manner:

"Sir—My attention has been called to two letters that lately appeared in the *Witness* over the signature 'Nova Scotia.' As both of them seriously reflect on myself and my clergy I beg leave to make the following proposal: Provided that your anonymous correspondent is not a man of straw, and that he will have removed his visor, I hereby undertake to prove his communications to be tissues of untruths and misrepresentations. If he declines to honestly show his face he will deserve to be stigmatized as an impostor, a coward, and a slanderer, and as such to be treated by me with silent contempt. Let him choose his alternative. Meanwhile I confidently affirm that neither have I, either as a citizen or as an ecclesiastic, said, writ or done ought that I have reason to be ashamed of before God or man in connection with Sir John Thompson's public or private career. Truth compelled me to prefer him to his political rivals, according to his deserts. To condemn me for having so preferred him is like the impiety of censuring the Great Giver of every excellent grace and of every perfect gift for having graced him with such a rare combination of abilities and virtues. (Signed) + JOHN CAMERON,
Bishop of Antigonish."

Chevalier Macdonell's Will.

The estate of the late Chevalier Macdonell amounts in value to about \$55,000, and consists of the building at the northwest corner of Colborne and Church streets, stocks in the Freedold Loan and Dominion Type foundry, and books. The principal bequest is to Mrs. McQueen of Montreal, a near relative of deceased. The books are left to St. Michael's college. The deceased gentleman was at one time quite wealthy, but lost heavily by the failures of different financial institutions now defunct. He was at the time, about 30 years ago, manager of the Toronto Savings company, and successfully tided it through a serious crisis. He had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts had saved many investors from disaster, and that it was largely by his industry and application the institution had regained the strong position it held in the public mind when a few years later its affairs were taken over by the well-known Home Savings & Loan company of the present day. Hon. S. C. Wood of the Freedold Loan Company is sole executor of the will.

ST. THOMAS OF AQUIN.

The Angelic Doctor's Feast Celebrated at the University of Ottawa.

Special to the Catholic Register.

The feast of St. Thomas of Aquin was, as usual, duly observed at the University. On the eve of the festival, the students of the Theological Seminary gave a private entertainment, presided over by his Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Duhamel, who was attended by Mons. Routhier, the Very Rev. J. M. McGucken, Rector, and not a few of the Rev. Fathers and Clergy of the Diocese.

Rev. Father Groux, who was raised to the sacred priesthood on Sunday last, opened the evening's programme in a few well chosen sentences, alluding to the propriety of paying honor to the "Patron of Theologians," whose works have done so much towards reconciling Reason with Faith, and have been so highly recommended by the reigning Pontiff as well worthy of the first place in every Catholic institution of learning in the land.

After thanking the Rev. clergy for the encouragement which their presence lent the humble efforts of his confreres, the young Father called upon Mr. D. A. Campbell of the diocese of Alexandria, Ont., to read his paper—a treatise on Miracles.

Few could have handled the subject as admirably as did the Rev. essayist. The clear and comprehensive exposition of the thesis and the masterly manner in which the various arguments were set forth and explained, together with the fluent diction of the writer—all conspired to render the work one of superior merit.

A notable feature of the essay was its practical bearing. Miracles, as we all know, have been repeatedly attacked, not by the mere infidels and atheists, nor in the remoteness of antiquity, but in our own days by Christians—nominal to be sure—and even by ministers of the Gospel themselves. The divers objections currently raised against their authenticity or possibility by such as might issue from a Rexfordian school were ably dealt with, and ample provision made for the repulsion of any future attack that might be directed against this long-cherished Catholic doctrine.

The Essay was written in Latin, and such, we may add, as would have done honor to the pen of a no mean contemporary of Cicero himself.

The next paper, an Essay on Education in its triple relation, was presented by Mr. Corbeil, who gave every reason for his Alma Mater—which, by the way, is St. Teresa—to feel proud of her progeny. In discussing this question of present all-absorbing interest, he clearly and distinctly defined the respective rights and duties of the parent, the Church and the State as regards education, very judiciously pointing out what restrictions must be laid upon the latter, and showing how the Church, ever abreast of the times, has in every age opened to her children the very best of schools, and how she is still ever foremost in adopting measures to place at their disposal the most efficient means of temporal as well as spiritual advancement.

The writer's easy and graceful style throughout testified to the command which his former connection with journalism has given him over the language of Cornille and Racine, and the clever reasonings and practical suggestions on the School question afforded abundant evidence of a keen perspicacity in social matters—the fruit of his already wide experience.

The other work, which deserves more than a passing mention, was entitled "The Authenticity of the Four Gospels." Mr. Chisholm, who represents the Maritime Element in the "Grand"—being at present a devoted subject of Cape Breton's venerable Prelate—was very happily

chosen as the defender of Christendom's fundamental claim. A lawyer of ten years' standing, who had secured a not unenviable reputation in the Department of Justice, he laid aside the "cap and gown" last Fall to don the sober sable of the "fishers of men," and now bids fair to plead the throne of the Judge of judges with as much success as he was wont to interest himself in their behalf before the solemn tribunal of the peruked dispensers of justice at the Capital. The essayist has been gifted with an excellent voice, and proved on this occasion that he knows law to render it most advantageously subservient to its proper end.

His Grace was exceedingly pleased with the entertainment. It afforded him much satisfaction, he said, to see those upon whom the task of defending the Church in the future must devolve full of energy and zeal during their course of preparation. He was glad to witness the interest they manifested in the live questions, to see them already awake to the great problems which agitate the minds of contemporaneous thinkers. In the different papers just presented it was gratifying to find practical questions treated and discussed—questions upon whose ultimate issues hinges the destiny of the Church in this country. Our Catholic populations are not familiar enough, he thought, with the many and solid arguments in favour of such as the authenticity of Miracles, of the Gospels, etc., while they are better acquainted, unhappily, with the misleading sophistries of unbelievers. The truth of such doctrines must be brought home to them, and supported by all the proofs which philosophy and history afford. The priest must be the channel of transmission.

Catholic Education, too, he went on to say, is sadly misunderstood. Our schools are underrated—and not altogether by our dissenting friends, but even by members of our own house, by Catholics themselves! Prominent educators—had remarked this to him on many an occasion. Such a state of affairs is to be regretted; for our people are deceived, and often deceived by themselves. The spirit of ungodliness that persuades the age is being imperceptibly infused into members of our own communion, and they are unconsciously being dragged over to the camp of the enemy. Some even imagine—and go so far as to assert the claim of their false imagining—that secular education and secular schools are preferable to a good sound Christian training and our Catholic institutions. This, however, on principle is false, and in practice very frequently untrue. The material thus threatens to subvert the spiritual element, and nowhere may it attain success more expeditiously than in crushing out the spiritual in its embryonic form. The child is, in very truth, the parent of the man; and as the child is trained, so shall the man be found formed. Should we save Christianity, which is found concrete in the man, we must preserve spirituality in the child.

In conclusion, his Grace expressed his hearty approbation of the work which is being at present accomplished in the Seminary under the guidance of its wise directors. It was a great source of felicity to him to see the direction which the studies are taking. The seance, as a fair exposition of the practical character of the Ecclesiastical training which is being presently given, inspired him with much hope for the final and complete triumph of our holy cause.

Gives Strength and Appetite.

DEAR SIR,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B. B. B., which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 143 pounds.
M. T. MURPHY, Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Que.

Christian, Frenchman and Zouave.

We take from the *Libre Parole* the following touching story of a burial at Tonkin:

"We returned to the river to rest ourselves, to refresh ourselves. The companies, who in February numbered 250 gallant soldiers, are now reduced to 100; the others are in the ambulances, in the hospitals—or under the earth.

The commander of the column has learned that it was no longer possible to march the company during the day; the heat, oppressive and damp, is intolerable; the men fall like flies. We march then from midnight to five o'clock in the morning.

We arrived in the morning at Phutu-son. We came from Dapeau. Entering the cantonment I saw fall before me Zouave Billau, the best soldier in my section. His comrades laid him quickly on the camp-bed of the nearest hut in the village. We undressed him immediately, bathed him with plenty of water, whilst the captain tried to revive him with a drink of tea, to which was added some spirits of mint; but Billau looked quite blue, and I sent for the doctor.

The doctor came at once, felt his chest, which was burning, raised his eyelids and says:

"This man is dead. It is sunstroke. It is congestion of the lungs."

The captain announces the news to the commander, and the commander gives the order to bury Billau at five o'clock in the evening.

The sixth squad is dejected. The corporal weeps over the corpse. Zouave Billau was a good comrade, willing and self-sacrificing. He had marched in the ranks from Sud Oranais; he was an indefatigable soldier.

The captain reconnoitres a place outside the village in a withered rice-field, at the foot of a large tree one hundred feet from the road. There will they dig the grave with the squad's portable implements. Guitoneau made a large cross of two long bamboo sticks; the quarter-master wrote on a small piece of wood:

HERE LIES
Zouave Billau of first rank
2d Regiment—3rd Battalion—4th Company
R. I. P.

At five o'clock the company is formed. The corporal and four men from the sixth squad place the body on the shafts from the ambulance and carry it away. Guitoneau marches ahead, carrying the cross. Four Zouaves of the first rank carry the body; Baye follows with the wreath. Water is already in the bottom of the grave. They let down the corpse and throw down leaves and flowers, then the earth; the cross is planted; Baye lays the wreath down on the little mound. Then the captain commands: "Form a circle," and he says:

"My children, when one is, as we all are, a Christian, Frenchman and Zouave, one understands what it means when an obscure, little known soldier dies 4,000 leagues from his native land, for the honor of his country's native flag. God Himself rewards those who die thus. Zouave Billau was a model soldier; his soul is now in Heaven, since he died for his country. May he rest in peace! As for us; let us continue to walk in the way our duty as soldiers directs us, and let us pray God to give us a happy death. Here the sun kills more than the bullets. God's will be done! Baye, say aloud a prayer over our comrade."

And Baye, who had often served at Mass, repeats in Latin *Pater noster qui es in caelis*, and the Zouaves, with much pity, answer Amen and make the sign of the cross.

At midnight the companies form on the left flank, leave the village and take the road. And down there at the foot of the big tree, under the cross and the wreath, the poor Zouave sleeps his last sleep.



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The Protection of Mary.

The Christian parish of C— has just been greatly edified by a consoling death-bed conversion. It is one proof more in favor of Mary's merciful goodness towards those poor sinners who have cherished, as a last resource, a real affection towards this tender Mother.

For more than forty years C. neglected to practice his religion. The public-house counted him among its most regular visitors, and alas was the cause of his disregard for all the sacred obligations of a Christian husband; and, to the great despair of his family, he never succeeded in breaking the chains that bound him to this disorderly life.

Through all vice one thing, however, had been preserved by this baptised soul—this was devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin. This devotion had been inspired in him from his tenderest youth, and on the happy day of his first Communion was firmly established in his heart. The faults of his unruly life had not hindered him one single day from addressing an humble prayer, the *Memorare*, and a Hail Mary to the good Mother, as he loved to call her.

Otherwise C. enjoyed the esteem and affection of his fellow-citizens, who, whilst deploring his weakness, could not but recognize his natural qualities as an obliging and civil man. He was never heard to speak unfavorably of religion; far from it; his remarks, characterized by a certain stamp of education and a sense of originality, were respected in the village when he questioned the justice of modern theories and the vexatious measures employed against the Church.

Nor did one ever see him close his purse to the petition of the unfortunate. At the time of the foundation of a free school in the parish the Cure did not think he should be passed over in the collection which he took up for the work. "Alms redeems the sinner," he whispers gently in his ear. "Ah, I understand, I understand." And without further ado he subscribed a handsome sum.

Some time after that the same man replied to the remonstrances of his pastor on the irregular life he was leading in these words: "I know I am a wretched sinner; I dare not address God directly in my prayers, but I invoke the good Mother; I hope she will at last take pity on me."

We cannot pass over in silence one delicate attention of C. to her whom he called the guardian of his salvation. He had some rare plants that bore magnificent flowers. It is related of him that for several years in succession he sent them to the Blessed Virgin's altar during the month of May, at considerable personal inconvenience, as he lived an hour's walk from the church. "These flowers, he used to say, will pray for me, since I do not go there any more."

Two years afterwards a great mission stirred to the depths the parish of C—. Many and striking conversions gladdened the heart of the Master. Exhortations, prayers, a visit from the Missionaries, nothing was neglected to obtain the conversion of Mary's sinner. All these zealous efforts failed to overcome his lamentable weakness; he was, alas! among the number who failed to avail themselves of the grace of the mission. His hour of repentance had not yet come. Mary reserved for this soul one of those final graces which should not, it is true, authorize rashness or presumption in sinners, but which, by a mystery of mercy, God is pleased to sometimes grant for the honor and glory of His holy Mother.

Towards the last C. was confined to his bed with an illness, at first, slight. Meanwhile chance or rather Providence led M. le. Cure in his daily walk

to that locality. Hearing of the sick man's condition, he hurried to visit him. The illness had just taken an alarming turn. The pastor considered it his duty to acquaint the sick man with his serious condition, and especially to point out the great necessity there was of reconciling his poor soul to God. The tears that gathered in the sick man's eyes told him how well he understood, and it was with pious eagerness C. accepted a medal of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Some hours were then spent in serious preparation for the Sacraments; and the evening of the same day, Mary's sinner, reconciled with his God, received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with the liveliest faith, asking pardon from the deeply affected assistants for the bad example he had given in the village and in the parish, earnestly declaring he owed his salvation to the good Mother!

Two days after he fell asleep peacefully under the protection of the Blessed Mother. At his funeral, which took place on Sunday, January 15th, in the presence of a visibly affected assembly, M. le Cure could not but recall these words of Our Saviour: "There shall be joy in Heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance." (Luke xv., 7), and this solemn declaration of Saint Bernard: "Whoever called upon Mary never perished."

An Anecdote of Ruskin.

Mrs. Ritchie, daughter of the great Thackeray, has given to the world, in a clever book, many interesting reminiscences of famous people, and among them is this charming anecdote of Ruskin. For its authenticity Mrs. Ritchie does not vouch; but this does not matter, as Ruskin himself tells substantially the same story in his "Letters to Working Men." Mrs. Ritchie's "beggar" was, however, a Franciscan friar. From this incident dated the renowned art critic's regular visits to Assisi, a place he has never ceased to love:

"The legend begins with a dream, in which Ruskin dreamed himself a Franciscan friar. Now, I am told that when he was in Rome there was a beggar on the steps of the Pincio who begged of Mr. Ruskin every day as he passed, and who always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the outstretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, drew his hand hastily away, and then, with a sudden impulse, bending forward, kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him bringing a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said—a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis. Mr. Ruskin remembered his dream when the poor beggar brought forth the relic; and thence, so I am told, came his pilgrimage to the Convent of St. Francis Assisi, where he beheld those frescoes by Giotto, which seemed to him more lovely than anything Tintoretto himself had ever produced."

Though a non-Catholic, poor old Ruskin is really a client of St. Francis of Assisi. Many passages in his writings bear witness to his devotion to the post-Saint and his love of the Francis can Order. "I shall soon be sending a letter," he writes to a friend in Italy. "to the good monks at Assisi. Give them my love always." As Mrs. Jameson, another non-Catholic art critic, wrote of St. Charles Borromeo, the Seraph of Assisi was a Saint that Jews might bless and Protestants adore. —*Ave Maria.*

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Amtrim.

In Belfast, on Sunday, February 10 th, was performed the solemn ceremony of dedicating the church of St. Brigid, Derryville avenue. The ceremony of dedication was most impressive. At the celebration of solemn High Mass, the Most Rev. Dr. McAllister, Bishop of the Diocese, presided, Rev. H. Laverty and Rev. J. Tohill acting as assistants at the throne. Very Rev. Dr. Henry, V. G., acted as Celebrant; Rev. W. J. Boylan as Deacon, and Rev. H. Boyle, as Sub-deacon. Rev. D. McAshin, Adm., was Master of Ceremonies. The dedication sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry.

Armagh.

The constitution of the Newtownhamilton magisterial bench seems to be of a somewhat peculiar character, judging by a question on the subject which Mr. E. McHugh, M. P. for South Armagh, recently put on the Question Paper of the House of Commons. It appears that 4 out of the 5 magistrates reside a considerable distance from the town. One lives in Dublin, while another is incapacitated through deafness, a third is usually traveling abroad, and a fourth is confined in a lunatic asylum! It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, the people of Newtownhamilton have some difficulty in getting justice, even of such a type as could be expected from so variously afflicted a magisterial bench.

Clarr.

We regret to have to announce the death, on February 16th, at her residence, Cappa House, Kilturb, after a short illness, of Caroline, third daughter of the late R. Holmesborough, J.P. The deceased lady was universally esteemed for her many amiable qualities, as was shown by the large cortege of mourning friends that attended her remains to their last resting place. Very Rev. Dr. Malone, P.P., V.G.; and Rev. P. Sweeney, C.C., attended the funeral. During her lifetime Miss Borough was a general favorite with rich and poor.

Cork.

While a man named Edward Walsh was working at the Courthouse, Cork, on Feb. 24, a log of timber fell on him and fractured his ankle.

The *Dublin Gazette* announces that the Lord Lieutenant has appointed Morgan Wm. Donovan commonly called "The O'Donovan," to be a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Cork.

On Feb. 23d, a young man named Michael Clarke was admitted to the North Infirmary, Cork, suffering from severe injuries, caused by the ignition of his clothes, at his residence, Philip's lane. He died, next day, from his injuries.

Derry.

On February 21st, a large and representative meeting of farmers was held at Craignahoun, between Coleraine and Portrush, for the purpose of urging on the Government the necessity for an immediate reduction of the present judicial rents, and for a measure of compulsory sale of land, on terms favorable to the farmers, in consequence of the depression in agriculture and the cattle trade.

Donegal.

On February 22d, the Master of the Rolls gave judgment in the case of the Kelly Minors, which had come before the court on application of the Rev. Patrick Daly, P.P. of Ballintra, that the children of Neill Kelly, deceased, should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, in accordance with the will of the deceased. The mother was a Protestant and had all the children brought up in her own religion. The Master of the Rolls made no order as regards the eldest of the minors, who had formed strong convictions in favor of the Protestant religion; but he ordered that the two other children, who were of more tender years, should be brought up as Roman Catholics. He would allow them to remain in the mother's custody.

Down.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed the Marquis of Downshire, of Hillsborough Castle and Murlough House, Dundrum, a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County Down, in the room of the late Sir Thomas McClure, Bart.

Dublin.

The Peter's Pence, brought to the Pope by the Irish Pilgrims amounted to £10,000. Cardinal Logue turned over—as the contribution of his diocese—28,000 francs; the diocese of Killaloe gave 28,000 francs; diocese of Raphoe, 11,000; diocese of Ossory, 10,440 francs; and diocese of Dublin, 40,000 francs. An address of the Irish people to the Pope, to which more than a million signatures were subscribed, was presented to the Pope on February 21st. The signatures were enclosed in twelve beautifully bound volumes.

The funeral of the Rev. Patrick J. Brennan, C.C., Skerries, who died February 9, at the Parochial House of SS. Michael and John, Dublin, took place on February 21. Office and High Mass for the deceased were offered up in the Church of SS. Michael and John, Very Rev. Dr. Tynan presiding. The celebrant was Rev. Daniel Heffernan, C.C.;

deacon, Very Rev. Joseph Nolan, P.P.; sub-deacon, Very Rev. James Baxter, Adm. After the conclusion of the High Mass the remains were removed for interment in Glasnevin. Father Brennan (who had attained his 46th year, and had been for 22 years in the sacred ministry), was for a considerable period curate in St. Andrew's, Westland row, Dublin. The funeral was very largely attended. The chief mourners were Messrs. Philip Brennan, Michael Carton, and Philip Nolan.

Galway.

At his Jubilee reception, Pope Leo XIII., was presented with £630 by the Archbishop of Tuam, the Peter's Pence of the Archdiocese; and the Bishop of Galway presented £310 from his diocese.

On February 20, an inquest was held at Dunmacreeva, in the petty sessions district of Milltown, on the body of an old man named King, a herd. Some three months ago, for passing through land at Kinmicknella, and making a breach in the mearing, King was assaulted by one of Captain Elliot's sons, from the effects of which, it is alleged, he died on February 19th. Four doctors—McGuire, of Cong; Costello, of Ballindine; Kelly, of Claremorris; and O'Reilly, of Danmore, however, jointly made a *post mortem* examination, and deposed at the inquest that King's death resulted from heart disease; and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony—which was the only testimony the coroner thought necessary to take.

Kerry.

On February 21st, a woman named Shea, a resident of Strand street, Tralee, was committed to the asylum. She became violently insane on that day, and threatened to kill several persons with whom she came in contact.

Miss Margaret Susan Larkin, second daughter of Mrs. Larkin, Tralee, has gone to Liege, Belgium, to enter the Teaching Order of "The Daughters of the Cross." Miss Larkin was for two years a pupil at "The Royal College of Music," under the best masters, but came to the conclusion that a conventual life would suit her best.

Kildare.

The Manchester steeplechase meeting, under National Hunt rules, concluded on Feb. 21st. A remarkable series of successes for Irish horses was the characteristic feature of an excellent afternoon's sport—no less than four races falling to the share of Mr. Linde's stable at the Curragh—the winning horses being Ardcarne, Red Prince, Mercury and Shotaway.

Kilkenny.

On February 24th, Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, conferred the holy order of priesthood on one of the Capuchin students attached to the Community at the "Friary," Watkin street, Kilkenny. The young priest, known to the world as Michael Brophy (in religion Father Leonard), is a native of Castlecomer, and is the first from that historic spot who has worn the brown habit of St. Francis since the "penal days," and the first Kilkenny "Capuchin," Franciscan ordained in his native city and diocese for close on two and a half centuries. Several of the young priests friends, from Castlecomer, were present for the occasion, including his father, sister and brother, who enjoyed the great happiness of being first to receive from the newly consecrated hands of the young religious his priestly blessing.

Laltrim.

A committee of the tenants in Drumkeerin district, who purchased under the Ashbourne act, met in the village, on Feb. 22d, and had a statement of their grievances drafted and forwarded to P. A. McHugh, Esq., M.P., for presentation to Parliament, as owing to the generally felt agricultural depression they find it impossible to meet the instalments now due. The petition deals with the terms which the tenantry were receiving from the former landlord; and by comparing them with their present government instalments, and taking bad seasons into account, it shows that their position is infinitely worse at present than before the purchase arrangements.

Limerick.

Kilmallock fair was held on Feb. 23d. A large amount of stock was in the market; but buying was slow, and prices were very middling for all kinds of stock, except mutton. Beef went as high as £5 3s., mutton as high as 7d., calves £2 to £4 1s. Springers £11 to £17 10s., strippers (cheap) £7 to £11.

In the House of Commons, on Feb. 23d, Mr. O'Keefe, M.P. for Limerick, asked the Chief Secretary if, following the precedent in the case of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, he would advise the restoration of the name of the Mayor of Limerick to the Commission for the holding of the Assizes, in accordance with the ancient custom of that city, which had been suspended by the Torics. Mr. Morley replied—"Yes, sir; that has been done," which was hailed with cheers from the Irish benches.

Louth.

With sincere regret we record the death of the Rev. Charles Boyle, C.S.S.R., a young novice of the Redemptorist Order, who died on Monday, February 13th, at the Redemp-

trists' Monastery, Teignmouth, England, at the early age of 10 years. The deceased was the son of M. Boyle, Esq., Wellington Place, Dundalk, and brother of Rev. T. Boyle, C. C., Drogheda. He had early evinced a desire for the religious state, graduated at St. Mary's, Dundalk, and about three years ago, joined the Redemptorist Order. He had received minor orders; and it seemed as if a career of usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord was opening for him. But, "God knows best." He had dedicated his life to the service of the Almighty; and the Omnipotent took him to Himself. May he rest in peace. Amen.

Mayo.

Col. Knox, J.P., D.L., Creagh, has appointed Mr. R. T. Crawford, of Ballinrobe, his estate agent. Mr. Darley, having succeeded to an estate at Stillorgan, retires to his own property.

We regret to announce the sudden demise of Mrs. Bridget Jordan (*nee* Curley), which took place on the 16th of February, at her residence in the village of Cummer, near Ballyhaunis.

Rev. Father Canning who has been recently appointed P.P. of Ballyhaunis, was formerly curate at Belclare. He was then promoted to the Administration at Westport, which has often been the stepping stone to high places. From there Dr. McCormack went to Achnoary, and, after him, Dr. Carr to Galway.

Tipperary.

On Feb. 22d, the remains of Rev. Mother Morrissey, of the Sisters of Charity, Clonmel, who died on the previous Saturday evening, were laid to rest in the convent cemetery Clonmel. The deceased Nun was born in Waterford, was a niece of Mr. Delahunt, M.P., and belonged to a very respectable family. She entered the order at the Dublin novitiate in her twenty-eighth year, and had been Rev. Mother of the Clonmel community for the past seventeen years. The Requiem Office and High Mass was celebrated in the presence of a large congregation of townspeople. The officiating clergy at the High Mass were—Rev. John Everard, C.C., celebrant; Rev. V. Walsh, C. C., deacon; Rev. C. M. Bradley, O.S.F., sub-deacon; Rev. C. J. Flavin, P.P., St. Mary's, M. C.; and at the Requiem Office the Very Rev. Francis O'Brien, P.P., V.G., presided. The chanters were—Rev. W. Meagher, C.C., and Rev. J. Wall, C.C. In the choir were a large number of the clergy of the diocese.

Waterford.

Laurence Strango has been sworn in a solicitor of the High Court of Justice. Mr. Strango served his apprenticeship to Mr. Thos. F. Strange, of Waterford, and intends practising in that city.

On February 19th, the impressive ceremony of a Religious Reception took place in the beautiful church of the Sisters of Mercy, Wexford. The sister who had the happiness of pronouncing the vows is the eldest daughter of the late Wm. Strike, Esq., Waterford, and is known in religion as Sister Mary Bernard. Most Rev. Dr. Brown, assisted by Very Rev. Luke Doyle, President of St. Peter's College, celebrated the Mass of Profession, and performed the ceremony.

Wexford.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Patrick Furlong, of Seaside, father of the Rev. James Furlong, C.C., which occurred on February 22d. On the 24th the Office and Mass of Requiem was held in the Church of Kilmore, the Rev. M. O'Gorman, P.P., Kilmore, presiding. The Chanters were—Very Rev. Canon Hora, Rathangan and Very Rev. S. B. Hors, O.S.F. In the choir were Rev. M. F. Ryan, C.C., Mulrankin; Rev. M. O'Farrell, C.C., Rathangan; Rev. D. W. Redmond, C.C., Murrinstown; Rev. M. F. O'Hanlon, O.S.F.; Rev. J. Furlong (son), and Rev. J. Boggan, C.O., Screen, nephew of deceased. Mass was sung by the Rev. T. Clooney, C.C., Kilmore.

On Wednesday, February 22d, there passed away, at the Parochial House, Ballymore, at the great age of 95 years, Mrs. Cahill, widow of the late Mr. Martin Cahill, merchant of Wexford. The deceased lady was the mother of the Very Rev. Canon Cahill, P.P., Ballymore, and of the late Sister Josephine, of the Convent of Mercy, whose exemplary life and labors in the mission of charity was widely known in Wexford. After Solemn Office and High Mass in Ballymore, the remains of Mrs. Cahill were accompanied to the Franciscan cemetery, Wexford, by a large cortege of friends. At the solemn Office the Venerable Archdeacon Roche, P.P., Lady's Island, presided, assisted by a numerous assemblage of the local clergy.

Wicklow.

On February 21st an extraordinary escape from drowning was made by two Arklow sailors named Patrick Murray, mate of the schooner *Premier*, and A. Fitzpatrick, an able seaman of the same vessel. They were proceeding in the direction of one of the columns of the bridge to unloose a cable, when the boat in which they were upset. A Danish schooner, the *Getrude*, lay close at hand, and two of the sailors belonging to her, on hearing the cries of the drowning men, lowered a boat and were just in the

nick of time to save them. What makes the incident extraordinary is the fact that late in the evening, just as Lady Aberdeen's party were proceeding to the railway station, the crew of the *Getrude* were having the anchor, when the two Danes who, in the morning, had saved the two Arklow men, and who, in honor of the *fest*, had taken some liquor, overbalanced themselves and one of them fell into the water. The other, who was as much "under the influence" as his mate, jumped in to save him; but to all appearance both were drowning. The two Arklow men who had been rescued in the morning by the Danes now lowered their boat, and in turn saved the men who had in the early part of the day saved them from a watery grave.

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At Los Angeles, California, on the 26th February, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Lane. R.I.P.

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N. and N. W.	7.20	4.10	10.15	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50	4.30	10.45	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.	6.30	4.00	11.15	9.55
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
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		4.00	10.30	11.00
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English mails close on Mondays and Saturdays at 10 P.M., and on Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 P.M. The following are the dates of English mails for February: 2, 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 23, 25, 27.

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

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TELEPHONE 1830.

M. Grandcadet's Servant.

M. Francois Coppoe, of the French Academy, writes in a Paris newspaper a "moral tale." The hero of the tale, M. Grandcadet, Deputy from Doux-Garonnes, is returning to his distant department to spend the New Year's holidays:

M. Grandcadet is very much shaken up by recent events, and a gloomy uneasiness takes possession of his soul. His good name has not been questioned—so far so good. He has written nothing, signed nothing—so much the better. But who can tell, as time passes, if, one of these fine mornings, there may not be found a compromising paper? For indeed, all the same, the honorable gentleman, like his fellow-colleagues, has received his little present, and he has thought it no harm to do so. Let us see; I leave you to judge. He had no opinion on the last appeal for funds; he was undecided. A man of some weight, a rich banker whom he met often in his political circle, and with whom he was on the best of terms—almost friendly indeed—approached him: showed him how very seasonable, how very—what shall I say?—patriotic it would be to vote favorably for the expenditure. This gentleman, so well bred, so courteous, proposes, in the most delicate way, to bring him into some financial operations, which are in readiness, simply waiting upon this important business, and assures him—pays him in advance, to calm his scruples—a profit—dear me, not so large; only a paltry sum of 25,000 francs.

M. Grandcadet, all his journey, is haunted by hideous nightmares. At last he reached his little town. Arrived home, his servant, Theresine, whom he had apprised of his coming, served him his coffee; and whilst he aipped in easy enjoyment: "M. Grandcadet," says the young peasant, with much embarrassment, "I have something troublesome to tell you."

"Ah, what is it, then, my child?"

"First, I am going to be married."

"To Peter, the harnessmaker, across the way? For two years that has been expected. I knew it well. It is always to take place next week."

"Yes; but wait. In order to be married, I had to go to confession, and tell M. le Cure a wrong I had done you."

"Wrong? To me?"

"Yes, Monsieur; forgive me," exclaimed Theresine, bursting into tears. "I stole from you. Yes; I have stolen for two years from you, and I confessed it to the priest, and he ordered me to give back what I had taken; and here is your money—oh to the last copper I swear!"

The unhappy girl draws from her pocket her hand full of gold and copper coins, and empties them on the table in front of her master.

"What? You stole from me," says M. Grandcadet, full of wonder and anger.

"Alas, sir, do not betray me, do not tell any one! See; I was not altogether dishonest, for I have brought back to you all."

"There. All right; leave me," replied the master, impatiently.

Left alone, M. Grandcadet falls into a reverie. Do not fancy that he dreams, for instance, of making restitution, he too, of his twenty-four thousand francs—his present! Once for all does he consider the bonus as earned. No; the act of this poor girl, to whom the priest has recalled the forgotten teaching of her catechism, absorbs M. Grandcadet's thoughts from the economists, the statesman's point of view. He dreams a moment, Then he gathers the money left by Theresine, puts it in his pocket, and then—would you believe it?—he, the fiery free thinker; he who has voted for all the anti-clerical laws, he mut-

ters: "It is idle to talk; religion is necessary—for the people."

Ah, M. Grandcadet; let me tell you, if you and your colleagues had not forgotten your catechism you would do like Theresine. You would make restitution, or rather, you would never have stolen.

On the Wrong Track.

According to the *Boston Herald*, "the mind of every minister of New England" is agitated by the question, "What to do with the evening service."

It seems that in the old home of Puritanism "the clergy are in most cases at their wits' end to obtain a proper attendance" at this second service, "and the constant discussion of the subject in the clerical gatherings indicates their increasing perplexity." "In many places it seems like the waste of powder and shot" to continue it: yet to give up would look like a neglect of duty. What, then is to be done in the matter? ask our spiritually minded Boston contemporary.

Creeds in the hearts of the people a vital interest in religion, kindle in them the fire of true and enthusiastic faith. When there is a genuine religious revival, services are held every day, and even several times a day, without exhausting the patience of the people. In the Roman Catholic churches of the large towns the services of Sunday begin early in the morning and go on with brief interruptions until they are concluded with vespers, and every one of them is crowded.

The theatres are able to draw great audiences to both matinee and evening performances on Wednesday and Saturday. The ladies of society will go to day receptions, evening dinners, the opera, and still later entertainments, all on the same day. Brokers will gamble on the Stock Exchange until 3 o'clock, and then go up town resume the exciting business in the evening.

People usually find time for doing whatever they are eager to do. If they are unwilling to go to church more than once on Sunday, they have not any real craving for religious worship, and take part in it only as a perfunctory performance of a conventional duty. These recreant New Englanders spend only about an hour a week in church if they go to the morning service merely on Sunday, yet it is seriously discussed in Boston whether it is not of the nature of an imposition to ask them to give up another hour for the worship of God. Why, in the old Puritan days a vigorous parson's sermon alone would often last for an hour and a half, and his long prayer would consume half an hour more.

The trouble is that really a great part of the descendants of the pious New England Puritans do not want to go to church at all, and only keep up the practice, so far as attending the single morning service goes, as an irksome concession to convention.

Let the Boston clerical gatherings dismiss further consideration of the evening service question, and devote their time to the discussion of methods of awakening genuine religious faith and zeal, lest the day come when New England will refuse to go to any Sunday service at all.—*The Sun*.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Dr. James Doyle, Lake View House, Deconnet, to the Commission of the Peace for the Petty Sessions districts of Rathfriland and Dromara.

Lady Aberdeen, President of the Irish Industries Association, who is touring through Ireland, inspecting specimens of lace and other work prepared for exhibition at the World's Fair, in Chicago, recently visited the Convent of St. Louis, Carrickmacross, where she was presented with an address. On her arrival she was met by Rev. P. Segrave, Adm., and by the Superiors and Sisters of the Community, who conducted her ladyship through the school and laundry. She expressed herself much pleased with the work and appearance of the children.

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	Per Gal.	Per Doz.
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Marsanilla	4 50	10 00
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RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

There were no gaities in the Senora Moreno's home. Felipe, when he needed them, went one day's journey, or two, or three, to get them, went as often as he liked. Ramona never went. How many times she had longed to go to Santa Barbara, or to Monterey, or Los Angeles! but to have asked the Senora's permission to accompany her on some of her now infrequent journeys to these places would have required more courage than Ramona possessed. It was now three years since she left the convent school, but she was still as fresh from the hands of the nuns as on the day when, with loving tears, they had kissed her in farewell. The few romances and tales and bits of verse she had read were of the most innocent and old-fashioned kind, and left her hardly less childlike than before. This childlikeness, combined with her happy temperament, had kept her singularly contented in her monotonous life. She had fed the birds, taken care of the flowers, kept the chapel in order, helped in light household work, embroidered, sung, and, as the Senora eight years before had bade her do, said her prayers and pleased Father Salvierderra.

By processes strangely unlike, she and Alessandro had both been kept strangely free from thoughts of love and of marriage—he by living in the shadow, and she by living in the sun; his heart and thoughts filled with perplexities and fears, hers filled by a placid routine of light and easy tasks, and the out-door pleasures of a child.

As the day went on, and Felipe still remained feeble, Alessandro meditated a bold stroke. Each time that he went to Felipe's room to sing or to play he felt himself oppressed by the air. An hour of it made him uncomfortable. The room was large, and had two windows, and the door was never shut; yet the air seemed to Alessandro stifling.

"I should be as ill as the Senor Felipe if I had to stay in that room, and a bed is a weakening thing, enough to pull the strongest man down," said Alessandro to Juan Can one day. "Do you think I should anger them if I asked them to let me bring Senor Felipe out to the veranda and put him on a bed of my making? I'd wager my head I'd put him on his feet in a week."

"And if you did that, you might ask the Senora for the half of the estate, and get it, lad," replied Juan. Seeing the hot blood darkening in Alessandro's face at his words, he hastened to add "Do not be so hot-blooded. I mean not that you would ask any reward for doing it; I was only thinking what joy it would be to the Senora to see Senor Felipe on his feet again. It has often crossed my thoughts that if he did not get up from this sickness the Senora would not be long behind him. It is but for him that she lives. And who would have the estate in that case I have never been able to find out."

"Would it not be the Senorita?" asked Alessandro.

Juan Can laughed an ugly laugh. "Ha, ha! Let the Senora hear you say that!" he said. "Faith it will be little the Senorita gets more than enough for her bread, may be, out of the Moreno estate. Hark ye, Alessandro; if you will not tell, I will tell you the story of the Senorita. You know she is not of the Moreno blood—is no relation of theirs."

"Yes," said Alessandro; "Margarita has said that; the Senorita Ramona

was only the foster-child of the Senora Moreno."

"Foster child!" repeated Juan Can, contemptuously. "There is something to the tale I know not, nor ever could find out; for when I was in Monterey the Ortega house was shut, and I could not get speech of any of their people. But this much I know, that it was the Senora Ortega that had the girl first in keeping; and there was a scandalous tale about her birth."

If Juan Can's eyes had not been purblind with old age, he would have seen that in Alessandro's face which would have made him choose his words more carefully. But he went on; "It was after the Senora Ortega was buried that our Senora returned, bringing this child with her; and I do assure you, lad, I have seen the Senora look at her many a time as if she wished her dead. And it is a shame, for she was always as fair and good a child as the saints ever saw. But a stain on the blood, a stain on the blood, lad, is a bitter thing in a house. This much I know, her mother was an Indian. Once when I was in the chapel, behind the big Saint Joseph there, I overheard the Senora say as much. She was talking to Father Salvierderra, and she said, 'If the child had only the one blood in her veins, it would be different. I like not these crosses with Indians.'"

If Alessandro had been civilised, he would at this word "Indian" have bounded to his feet. Being Alessandro, he stood, if possible, stiller than before, and said in a low voice: "How know you it was the mother that was the Indian?"

Juan laughed again maliciously: "Ha, it is the Ortega face she has; and that Ortega, why, he was the scandal byword of the whole coast. There was not a decent woman would have spoken to him, except for his wife's sake."

"But did you not say that it was in the Senora Ortega's keeping that the child was?" asked Alessandro, breathing harder and faster each moment now; stupid old Juan Can so absorbed in relish of his gossip that he noticed nothing.

"Ay, ay. So I said," he went on; "and so it was. There be such saints, you know; though the Lord knows if she had been minded to give shelter to all her husband's bastards she might have taken lease of a church to hold them. But there was a story about a man's coming with this infant and leaving it in the Senora's room; and she, poor lady, never having had a child of her own, did warm to it at first sight, and kept it with her to the last; and I wager me a hard time she had to get our Senora to take the child when she died; except that it was to spite Ortega, I think our Senora would as soon the child were dead."

"Has she not treated her kindly?" asked Alessandro, in a husky voice.

Juan Can's pride resented this question. "Do you suppose the Senora Moreno would do an unkindness to one under her roof?" he asked, loftily. "The Senorita has been always, in all things, like Senor Felipe himself. It was so that she promised the Senora Ortega, I have heard."

"Does the Senorita know all this?" asked Alessandro.

Juan Can crossed himself. "Saints save us, no!" he exclaimed. "I'll not forget, to my longest day, what it cost me, once I spoke in her hearing, when she was yet small. I did not know she heard; but she went to the Senora, asking who was her mother. And she said I had said her mother was no good, which in faith I did, and no wonder. And the Senora came to me, and said she: 'Juan Canito, you have been a long time in our house, but if ever I hear of your mentioning aught concerning the Senorita Ramona, on this estate or anywhere else in this country, that day you leave my services!—And you'd not do me the ill-

turn to speak of it, Alessandro, now!" said the old man, anxiously. "My tongue runs away with me, lying here on this cursed bed, with nothing to do—an active man like me."

"No, I'll not speak of it, you may be assured," said Alessandro, walking away slowly.

"Here! Here!" called Juan. "What about that plan you had for making a bed for Senor Felipe on the veranda? Was it of raw-hide you meant?"

"Ah, I had forgotten," said Alessandro, returning. "Yes, that was it. There is great virtue in a raw-hide, tight-stretched; my father says it is the only bed the Fathers would ever sleep on, in the Mission days. I myself like the ground even better; but my father sleeps always on the raw-hide. He says it keeps him well. Do you think I might speak of it to the Senora?"

"Speak of it to Senor Felipe himself," said Juan. "It will be as he says. He rules this place now, from beginning to end; and it is but yesterday I held him on my knee. It is soon that the old are pushed to the wall, Alessandro."

"Nay, Juan Canito," replied Alessandro kindly. "It is not so. My father is many years older than you are, and he rules our people to-day as firmly as ever. I myself obey him as if I were a lad still."

"What else, then, but a lad do you call yourself, I wonder," thought Juan: but he answered, "It is not so with us. The old are not held in such reverence."

"That is not well," replied Alessandro. "We have been taught differently. There is an old man in our village who is many, many years older than my father. He helped to carry the mortar at the building of San Diego Mission, I do not know how many years ago. He is long past a hundred years of age. He is blind and childish, and cannot walk; but he is cared for by every one. And we bring him in our arms to every council, and set him by my father's side. He talks very foolishly sometimes, but my father will not let him be interrupted. He says it brings bad luck to affront the aged. We will presently be aged ourselves."

"Ay, ay!" said Juan, sadly. "We must all come to it. It is beginning to look not so far off to me!"

Alessandro stared, no less astonished at Juan Can's unconscious revelation of his standard of measurement of years than Juan had been at his. "Faith, old man, what name dost give to yourself to-day!" he thought; but went on with the topic of the raw-hide bed. "I may not so soon get speech with Senor Felipe," he said. "It is usually when he is asleep that I go to play for him or to sing. But it makes my heart heavy to see him thus languishing day by day, and all for lack of the air and the sun, I do believe, indeed, Juan."

"Ask the Senorita, then," said Juan. "She has his ear at all times."

Alessandro made no answer. Why was it that it did not please him—this suggestion of speaking to Ramona of his plan for Felipe's welfare? He could not have told; but he did not wish to speak of it to her.

"I will speak to the Senora," he said; and as luck would have it, at that moment the Senora stood in the doorway, come to ask after Juan Can's health.

The suggestion of the raw hide bed struck her favourably. She herself had in her youth, heard much of their virtues, and had slept on them. "Yea," she said, "they are good. We will try it. It was only yesterday that Senor Felipe was complaining of the bed he lies on; and when he was well he thought nothing could be so good; he brought it here, at a great price, for me, but I could not lie on it. It seemed as if it would throw me off as soon as I lay down; it is a cheating device, like all these innovations the Ame-

ricans have brought into the country. But Senor Felipe till now thought it a luxury; now he tosses on it, and says it is throwing him all the time."

Alessandro smiled, in spite of his reverence for the Senora. "I once lay down on one myself, Senora," he said, "and that was what I said to my father. It was like a wild horse under me, making himself ready to buck. I thought perhaps the invention was of the saints, that men should not sleep too long."

"There is a pile of raw-hides," said Juan, "well cured, but not too stiff; Juan Jose was to have sent them off to-day to be sold; one of those will be just right. It must not be too dry."

"The fresher the better," said Alessandro, "so it have no dampness. Shall I make the bed, Senora?" he asked, "and will the Senora permit that I make it on the veranda? I was just asking Juan Can if he thought I might be so bold as to ask you to let me bring Senor Felipe into the outer air. With us it is thought death to be shut up in walls, as he has been so long. Not till we are sure to die do we go into the dark like that."

The Senora hesitated. She did not share Alessandro's prejudice in favour of fresh air.

"Night and day both?" she said. "Surely it is not well to sleep out in the night?"

"That is the best of all, Senora," replied Alessandro, earnestly. "I beg the Senora to try it. If Senor Felipe have not mended greatly after the first night he have so slept, then Alessandro will be a liar."

"No, only mistaken," said the Senora, gently. She felt herself greatly drawn to this young man by his devotion, as she thought, to Felipe. "When I die and leave Felipe here," she had more than once said to herself, "it would be a great good to him to have such a servant as this on the place."

"Very well, Alessandro," she replied; "make the bed, and we will try it at once."

This was early in the forenoon. The sun was still high in the west, when Ramona, sitting as usual in the veranda at her embroidery, saw Alessandro coming, followed by two men, bearing the raw-hide bed.

"What can that be?" she said. "Some new invention of Alessandro's, but for what?"

"A bed for the Senor Felipe, Senorita," said Alessandro, running lightly up the steps. "The Senor has given permission to place it here on the veranda, and Senor Felipe is to lie here day and night! and it will be a marvel in your eyes how he will gain strength. It is the close room which is keeping him weak now; he has no illness."

"I believe that is the truth, Alessandro," exclaimed Ramona; "I have been thinking the same thing. My head aches when I am in that room but an hour, and when I come here I am well. But the nights too, Alessandro? Is it not harmful to sleep out in the night air?"

"Why, Senorita?" asked Alessandro, simply.

And Ramona had no answer, except, "I do not know; I have always heard so."

"My people do not think so," replied Alessandro; "unless it is cold, we like it better. It is good, Senorita, to look up at the sky in the night."

"I should think it would be," cried Ramona. "I never thought of it. I should like to do it."

Alessandro was busy, with his face bent down, arranging the bedstead in a sheltered corner of the veranda. If his face had been lifted Ramona would have seen a look on it that would have startled her more than the one she had surprised a few days previous after the incident with Margarita. All day there had been coming and going in Alessandro's brain a confined process-

sion of thoughts, vague yet intense. Put in words, they would have been found to be little more than ringing changes on this idea: "The Senorita Ramona has Indian blood in her veins. The Senorita Ramona is alone. The Senora loves her not. Indian blood! Indian blood!" These, or something like them, would have been the words; but Alessandro did not put them in words. He only worked away on the rough posts for Senor Felipe's bedstead, hammered, fitted, stretched the raw-hide and made it tight and firm, driving every nail, striking every blow, with a bounding sense of exultant strength, as if there were suddenly all around him a new heavens and a new earth.

Now, when he heard Ramona say suddenly in her girlish, eager tone. "It must be; I never thought it; I should like to try it," these vague confused thoughts of the day, and the day's bounding sense of exultant strength, combined in a quick vision before Alessandro's eyes—a vision of starry skies overhead, Ramona and himself together, looking up to them. But when he raised his head, all he said was, "There, Senorita! That is all firm now. If Senor Felipe will let me lay him on this bed he will sleep as he has not slept since he fell ill."

Ramona ran eagerly into Felipe's room. "The bed is all ready on the veranda," she exclaimed. "Shall Alessandro come in and carry you out?"

Felipe looked up startled. The Senora turned on Ramona that expression of gentle resigned displeasure which always hurt the girl's sensitive nature far worse than anger. "I had not spoken to Felipe yet of the change, Ramona," she said. "I supposed that Alessandro would have informed me when the bed was ready; I am sorry you came in so suddenly. Felipe is still very weak, you see."

"What is it? what is it!" exclaimed Felipe, impatiently.

As soon as it was explained to him, he was like a child in his haste to be moved.

"That's just what I needed!" he exclaimed. "This cursed bed racks every bone in my body, and I have longed for the sun more than ever a thirsty man longed for water. Bless you, Alessandro," he went on, seeing Alessandro in the doorway. "Come here, and take me up in those long arms of yours, and carry me quick. Already I feel myself better."

Alessandro lifted him as if he were a baby; indeed it was but a light burden now, Felipe's wasted body, for a man much less strong than Alessandro to lift.

Ramona, chilled and hurt, ran in advance, carrying pillows and blankets. As she began to arrange them on the couch the Senora took them from her hands, saying, "I will arrange them myself," and waved Ramona away.

It was a little thing. Ramona was well used to such. Ordinarily it would have given her pain she could not conceal. But the girl's nerves were not now in equilibrium. She had had hard work to keep back her tears at the first rebuff. This second was too much. She turned and walked swiftly away, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Alessandro saw it; Felipe saw it.

To Felipe the sight was, though painful, not a surprise. He knew but too well how often his mother hurt Ramona. All he thought now, in his weakness, was, "Alas! what a pity my mother does not love Ramona!"

To Alessandro the sight was the one drop too much in the cup. As he stooped to lay Felipe on the bed he trembled so that Felipe looked up half afraid.

"Am I still so heavy, Alessandro?" he said, smiling.

"It is not your weight, Senor Felipe," answered Alessandro, off guard, still trembling, his eyes following Ramona.

Felipe saw. In a second the eyes of the two young men met. Alessandro's fell before Felipe's. Felipe gazed on, steadily, at Alessandro.

"Ah!" he said; and, as he said it, he closed his eyes, and let his head sink back into the pillow.

"Is that comfortable? Is that right?" asked the Senora, who had seen nothing.

"The first comfortable moment I have had, mother," said Felipe. "Stay Alessandro. I want to speak to you as soon as I am rested. This move has shaken me up a good deal. "Wait."

"Yes, Senor," replied Alessandro, and seated himself on the veranda steps.

"If you are to stay, Alessandro," said Senora, "I will go and look after some matters that need my attention. I feel always at ease about Senor Felipe when you are with him. You will stay till I come back?"

"Yes, Senora," said Alessandro, in a tone cold as the Senora's own had been to Ramona. He was no longer in heart the Senora Moreno's servant. In fact, he was at that very moment revolving confusedly in his mind whether there could be any possibility of his getting away before the expiration of the time for which he had agreed to stay.

It was a long time before Felipe opened his eyes. Alessandro thought he was asleep.

At last Felipe spoke. He had been watching Alessandro's face for some minutes. "Alessandro," he said.

Alessandro sprang to his feet, and walked swiftly to the bedside. He did not know what the next word might be. He felt that the Senor Felipe had seen straight into his heart in that one moment's look, and Alessandro was prepared for anything.

"Alessandro," said Felipe, "my mother has been speaking to me about you remaining with us permanently. Juan Can is now very old, and after this accident will go on crutches the rest of his days, poor soul! We are in great need of some man who understands sheep, and the care of the place generally."

As he spoke he watched Alessandro's face closely. Swift changing expressions passed over it. Surprise predominated. Felipe misunderstood the surprise. "I knew you would be surprised," he said. "I told my mother that you would not think of it; that you had stayed now only because we were in trouble."

Alessandro bowed his head gratefully. This recognition from Felipe gave him pleasure.

"Yes, Senor, he said, "that was it. I told Father Salvierderra it was not for the wages. But my father and I have need of all the money we can earn. Our people are very poor, Senor. I do not know whether my father would think I ought to take the place you offer me, or not, Senor. It would be as he said. I will ask him."

"Then you would be willing to take it?" asked Felipe.

"Yes, Senor, if my father wished me to take it," replied Alessandro, looking steadily and gravely at Felipe; adding, after a second's pause, "if you are sure that you desire it, Senor Felipe, it would be a pleasure to me to be of help to you."

And yet it was only a few moments ago that Alessandro had been turning over in his mind the possibility of leaving the Senor Moreno's service immediately. The change had not been a caprice, not been an impulse of passionate desire to remain near Ramona, it had come from a sudden consciousness that the Senor Felipe would be his friend. And Alessandro was not mistaken. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

How No More.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

AYER'S PILLS

Unlike other aperients, strengthen the excretory organs and restore their natural and regular action. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, indigestion, and all irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. They are recommended by prominent medical men, as the safest and most efficient cathartic for family and general use, and are everywhere ranked among the most popular of domestic medicines.

The Best Family Medicine

"For over twenty years, I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills in my family, and have never known them fail to master the trouble for which they are taken. I should not feel safe to be without them."—J. W. L. Porter, North Ogden, Mich.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effectual in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Pasadena P. O., Cal.

"I have been selling Ayer's medicines for eight years and can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other."—J. J. Ferry, Spotsylvania C. H., Va.

"I consider Ayer's Pills superior to any other."—Dr. George P. Spencer, Unity, N. H.

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Every Dose Effective

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ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian
brand of Hops. They are highly recom-
mended by the Medical Faculty for
their purity and strengthening
quality.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International
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General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention,
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FOR SALE
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WHEN THE DEAFNESS IS CAUSED BY
SCARLET FEVER, COLDS,
MEASLES, CATARRH, &c.
BY THE USE OF THE INVISIBLE
THE DEAF SOUND DISC
which is guaranteed to bring a larger
percentage of cases than all similar de-
vices combined. It is sent to the ears
in glass cases to the eyes. Positively in-
visible. When months without removal.
H. A. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10
to 20 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

The Divine Lullaby.

By Eugene Field.

I hear Thy voice dear Lord
I hear it by the stormy sea,
When winter nights are black and wild
And when, affright, I call to Thee;
It calms my fears and whispers me,
"Sleep well, my child."

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
In singing winds, in falling snow,
The curfew chimes, the midnight bell,
"Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low;
"The guardian angels come and go—
O Child, sleep well!"

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
Ay, though the singing winds be stilled;
Though hushed the tumult of the deep,
My fainting heart with anguish chilled
By Thy assuring tone is thrilled—
"Fear not and sleep."

Speak on—speak on, dear Lord!
And when the last dread night is near,
With doubts and fears and terrors wild,
Oh, let my soul expiring hear
Only these words of heavenly cheer,
"Sleep well, my child!"

Scared the Orangemen.

Archbishop Ireland tells the following story in the Chicago Post:

"In 1887," said the Archbishop, "I was a passenger on the ship *Umbria*, which carried William O'Brien to America. You remember that visit, how O'Brien was mobbed on his way to Montreal, and all that? Well, aboard the ship was an Irish lawyer named Fox, an Orangeman, and a pugnacious creature generally. Of course he didn't like O'Brien, and by the time the ship was two days out from Queenstown he had organized a party of passengers who hissed O'Brien every time he came on deck or into the saloon.

"This wasn't pleasant for the rest of us, but we didn't say a word until one day O'Brien slipped as he was leaning over the railing contemplating (in imagination) the beasts of the sea, and nearly fell overboard. Fox stood in the centre of the group not far away, and he and the rest of them commenced to hoot and make other disagreeable noises. That aroused my Irish, and walking over to them, I said in my most sonorous and commanding voice:

"See here, you ruffians, this disgraceful business has gone far enough, and I won't stand it any longer. Listen—if you don't quit it and get down into your staterooms in just two minutes, and leave Mr. O'Brien alone the rest of the voyage, I'll take the matter into my own hands."

"And with that I took out my watch, opened it and began to count the seconds. You ought to have seen the expression of Fox's face. It would have gladdened the heart of the painter who drew the sneering devil.

"Oh, ho," said he, "he's going to launch the fulminating curse of Rome against us. Oh, oh! But where's his bell, book and candle?"

"Don't you believe it," says I, still locking at the watch. "Don't you believe it. I wouldn't waste a good, valuable curse on a beggar like you. But I'll fix you in spite of that," says I. "I'll go down into the steerage and bring up a troop of those husky Irish lads," says I, "and I'll tell 'em to sweep you off the deck and tie you down on your berths. You've only half a minute left, and I advise you to start pretty soon."

"There wasn't one of them in sight in thirty seconds, and Fox was the next to go.

"They didn't bother O'Brien after that," added the Archbishop; "but the news got about in the steerage, and next day I received a deputation from that quarter of the ship expressing the sincere sorrow they felt down there because they didn't get a chance to larrup the dirty blackguards."

A Plain Statement.

Hegyard's Pectoral Balm cures coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, bronchitis, tightness of the chest, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c.



ALWAYS THE DESIRED EFFECT.

Minerton, O., June 15, '92.
Two boys and a young lady of my congregation were cured by that glorious remedy, **Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic**. The young lady had suffered for eight years from epilepsy, having the fits almost daily and oftentimes over several in a single day. Now she is entirely cured and all by the use of this remedy. I herewith refer all sufferers from epilepsy or other nervous troubles to **Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic**, for I know from experience and also hear continually from all sides that it always has the desired effect.
LOUIS GRIMMER, Rector

Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Worcester, Mass., September 3, '91.
We are happy to state that the boy on whom **Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic** was used has entirely recovered from St. Vitus' Dance, and has been working for some time with his father.
SISTERS OF MERCY.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5
Largo Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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OF ONTARIO

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Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.
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Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

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

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

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Dry Goods, Mantles,
Millinery,
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6 & 8 Queen St. West.

The Spring Business in Millinery will begin Reception To-Day with our

Special Easter offerings in Fine Trimmed Millinery, Mantles, Capes, Wraps, Ladies' Tweed Costumes, Tea Gowns and Wrappers. Take Elevator to second Floor and see them.

New Spring Dress Goods come to our counters daily. Enthusiasm rules among our salespeople. Styles and prices are inspiring. French Challis or Delaines will be the correct thing for Travelling Costumes this summer. Our range is unexcelled; all wool, 25c, 30c, 37½c and 40c.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 15, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$3 67	0 68
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 67	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 62	0 63
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 00	0 61
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 46
Oats, per bush.....	0 38	0 37
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	8 00	8 40
Chickens, per pair.....	0 45	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 23
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 17	0 18
Beets, per bag.....	0 40	0 60
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 00
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 40	0 60
Celery, per doz.....	0 50	0 60
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 25
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 25	0 40
Carrots, per bag.....	0 25	0 50
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 85	1 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	11 00	13 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Mar. 14.—The market was dull, prices were weak, the quality of much of the cattle poor, demand easy, and sales dragged. Prices were steady at from 4 to 4½c per pound; but for ordinarily good cattle from 3½ to 3¾c was paid, while second-rate sold slowly at from 3 to 3½c, and inferior as low as 2½c per pound.

There were close on three hundred sheep and lambs, which can be quoted as steady and unchanged, grain-fed lambs being in fair demand at from 5½ to 5¾c per pound, still we had ample here for all legitimate requirements.

Milkers and springers were in steady demand, and good milkers were firm at from \$30 to \$45 each.

Calves were wanted, and if of good quality would sell well, but the few here were as a rule poor and sold at low figures.

Hogs were weaker; all of the 481 that came in were sold, but prices were off half a dollar per cwt. for the best; the highest price paid was \$8.50; stores and small hogs are not wanted at all.

TENDERS.

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of THURSDAY, 20th April, 1893, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1894, duty-paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. VAN ROUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, March, 1893.

F. ROSAR, UNDERTAKER,

240 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
TELEPHONE 1034.



South-West Corner Yonge and Queen
GREATEST BUILDING SALE

WALKING over one another is the way shoppers have described the crowds that have packed this store daily.

The Fun Only Commencing.

The bargains will be made more acute this week than last week.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Ladies Kid Gloves (large sizes) 19c | Gingham Shirts, 10c. |
| Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 12½c Perfect beauties. | Ladies' Chemises, Lace Trimmed, 15c. |
| Black Pongor Silks, 20c. | Silk Striped Delaines, 25c. |
| Fancy Prints, Fast colors, 5c. | Flannelottes, Wonderful Value, 5c. |
| Flannelottes, Fine, were 12½c, now 8½c. | Flannelottes, Very Special, were 15c, Now 10c. |
| Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.75. | Three quarter Coats, \$3.75. |
| Navy Estamins, Serges, 35c, were 50c. Choice stocks. | Tapestry Carpets, Extra, 49c, was 60c. |

Orders from out-of-town shoppers have attention same day as received. Sale prices do not include postage or express charges,

R. SIMPSON,

8. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st. TORONTO.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

"VITALIZED AIR"

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. Fearless extraction guaranteed. Special attention also given to Gold and Silver filling.