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The Catholic Register.

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

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THE APOSTLE OF ONTARIO.

Missionary Labors of Father Edmund Burke.*

1791 to 1800.

As nearly as possible one hundred years ago, there passed by on his way from Kingston to Niagara, an Irish secular priest, who, after laboring for nearly seven years in this western country, was made Bishop of Zion and First Vicar-Apostolic of Nova



Rt. Rev. EDMUND BURKE.

Scotia and who by his successor in the ecclesiastical government of that province, the present Archbishop of Halifax, is designated as the Apostle of Ontario.

In 1753 Edmund Burke was born in Maryborough, County Kildare, Ireland. Despite the penal enactments meant to crush out the intellectual life of Catholics the love of learning was strong in the people. As soon as he was able, therefore, he went to Paris, and in the University there made a brilliant course distinguishing himself in theology and mathematics. Soon after being ordained he was made parish priest of Kildare, where, in 1783, he became embroiled in some discussions which arose on the appointment of Rev. Dr. Delaney as coadjutor to the Bishop of that see. The unpleasantness of his position led him to think again of an old project. He wished to become a missionary. Having obtained the favorable advice of Dr. Carpenter, then Archbishop of Dublin, he was, by the influence of that prelate, sent to Canada in answer to the call of the Bishop of Quebec for Irish or English priests.

He landed in Quebec in the summer of 1786 and was immediately appointed as a professor in the seminary, where his lectures on philosophy, mathematics and astronomy were received with great applause. That he was not inclined to this kind of life appears from some of his letters written at that time. He complains that the Governor General would not allow him to give a public instruction on any religious subject in the city of

Quebec and argues that teaching the catechism is a more rational employment for a priest than giving lectures in astronomy. In 1790 his thoughts were already definitely turned toward Upper Canada and he was seeking to be sent thither. He asked Dr. Troy, who had by then succeeded to the see of Dublin, to intercede with the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome, to the end that he might be empowered to administer the sacrament of Confirmation.

Mgr. Hubert, the then Bishop of Quebec, did not agree in this view of the case, and it was not until 1791 that the desire of the good priest was realized. An unexpected circumstance was the occasion of the change of policy.

Bluff old Governor Simcoe besought the Governor General to have a priest of tried fidelity to the British cause sent out to the settlement beyond Lake Erie to instruct the people in morality and their duty to the King. Father Burke was appointed. Bishop Hubert informed the Propaganda that he had given the missionary a commission of Vicar-General for the whole of Upper Canada. It is noteworthy that Father Burke in requesting to be sent on this mission had mapped out a division of the diocese of Quebec similar to the plan afterwards acted upon by Bishop Plessis, as recounted by his Grace the Archbishop of Kingston in a recent letter to the Registrar. The foresight of the zealous priest has been still further approved in more recent years. At one time he expressed the opinion that the diocese of Quebec should not extend west beyond Three Rivers and that there should be a Bishop at Montreal as well as a separate jurisdiction in Upper Canada. The wisdom of this apportionment is seen in the present division of the government of the Church.

It would appear that at that time the Rev. Alex. Macdonell lived at Montreal and attended some place in Upper Canada, probably New Johnson. His cousin, Roderic, was stationed at St. Regis, and him Father Burke instructed to visit Kingston twice a year. He also ordered Rev. Alex. Macdonell to build a church in his mission and to reside there. It is easy to suppose that this step paved the way for the honors that came afterwards to that priest.

Leaving Kingston on Oct. 14, 1794, he passed by way of Niagara to the base of his mission, Fort Miami, now Maumee City, Ohio. From there he wrote to Dr. Troy that he was in the administration of Upper Canada, with every Episcopal power, except what requires the Episcopal Order.

Here his life was one of the severest hardship. Not only was his life always in danger from wolves, bears, rattlesnakes, but frequently from the Indians and, at least once from the Canadians themselves, from whose savagery he was only saved by his own presence of mind. It was to him Governor Simcoe looked, and wisely, for the prevention of the sale of rum to the Indians. At all times he was a most efficient assistant in promoting the work of the British Government, and when it became necessary to choose, he left his old mission and came to this side of the river, refusing to remain in Detroit.

For the last four years of his mission in this province Father Burke labored

almost alone, unable, for reasons that will appear presently, to obtain the assistance he so much desired, and which was so much needed. He passed between Sandwich, Niagara, York, Kingston and Catarqui, visiting every settlement of Irish and Scotch Catholics he could hear of. In Niagara he found the troops of whom three fourths of officers and men were Catholics, obliged to attend Protestant worship, not indeed from ill will on the part of the commander, but simply as a matter of discipline, the Catholic chaplain not being at hand. The same was the case at Catarqui. He was also anxious to be at Niagara when the legislature was in session, being anxious to see that his people suffered nothing there. He received a small grant of land in most of the new towns, York, for instance. On Feb. 25th, 1800, he wrote from York. "I have come here to see a poor fellow who is to be hanged to-morrow."

In so vast a territory considering the primitive state of the roads and the evils of the semi-military state, it is easy to conceive the immensity of Father Burke's labor during those years. The part he played in the affairs of the country may be inferred from some remarks concerning the Brandts which are contained in the same letter from York just referred to. "The famous Brandt, chief of the Mohawks, says he is a Catholic and has told the Governor, who has spoken of it to me. . . . Brandt himself has spoken to me two or three times, and has requested me to recommend his son to the seminary and to ask the professors to instruct him in the Catholic religion, so that he might be able to rule his village and bring them all to the faith in time. I strongly recommend him to you. The young Indian can read and write English; he is desirous of learning a little Latin and French." It was this younger Brandt who has left so enviable a name.

The one grievance entertained by Father Burke was the insufficiency of priests in the territory where he labored. In a letter to Archbishop Troy he says. "If it just be to sacrifice the salvation of thousands to a handful of the most ignorant and impudent fellows that I ever knew, your Grace will determine."

He frequently desired the Bishop of Quebec to negotiate with the Sulpicians. Eventually he placed his views in the form of a memorial, pointing out the necessity for three priests at Assumption, (Sandwich) and two others at either Kingston or Niagara, one of them to remain at the station, the other to go occasionally and spend at least three months of the year at the other place. He even received the consent of the Sulpicians to this arrangement, but owing to one or another reason the consent of the Bishop was never received and Father Burke was obliged to do the whole work himself. With the exception of the Sandwich settlement the whole country from Lake Huron to Lower Canada was peopled by English, Irish, and Scotch. Some Catholics were among them, and for these Scotch or Irish priests were required. As he could not get them he did all the work himself.

Archbishop O'Brien in commenting upon the non-adoption of Father Burke's plan expresses a passing regret but does not pause to consider the effects of not promoting the wise policy

outlined. It will not be out of place here to mention one of them. Had the arrangement with the Sulpicians been assented to, there would have been active missionaries in Ontario when the great tide of immigration of 1840 to 1850 was pouring in. The Irish Catholics came and found no priests. More than half of them went elsewhere, many more were lost to the Church. It is not too much to say that had consent been given to this plan Ontario would be at least half Catholic to day.

We must extend a word of commendation to the Archbishop of Halifax for the exceedingly interesting and scholarly character of this work of his pen. At another time we shall avail of the opportunity presented by the further chapters concerning Father Burke's later life and the history of the Acadian Church; in the meantime Ontario Catholics are placed under a debt of gratitude to him for the publication of these memorials of the man of whom he says, "Withal doubt he has the honor of being the Apostle of English speaking Ontario, and the founder of its oldest missions."

A Tragedy by Sir Walter Scott.

"Few people are aware," writes Henry Labouchere, "that Sir Walter Scott once wrote a tragedy called 'The House of Aspen.' The substance of the story and part of the diction was borrowed from a dramatic romance called 'The Holy Tribunal,' which fills the sixth volume of the 'Tales of Antiquity,' by Bert Weber. The famous actor, John Kemble, at one time was very anxious to bring out the play at Drury Lane and promised to appear in it with the great Mrs. Siddons. But great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the mainspring of the thing—the binding engagements formed by the members of the Secret Tribunal—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mysterious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of 'Tom Thumb' and 'Hamlet' where almost all the characters die on the stage. It was, beside, esteemed perilous to put the parade of the secret conclave at the mercy of the underlings in the cast and the scene-shifters, who, by a ridiculous motion, gesture, or accident, might turn seriousness and gravity into farce. Sir Walter Scott willingly acquiesced in this reasoning and never afterward made any attempt to gain the honors of dramatic authorship and the glory of the stage."

The "Polish American Catholic Church" at Freeland, which was composed of seceders from the true church, has disbanded. They purchased a church property and had appointed Rev. Father Dembinski as pastor. Some time ago the congregation began warring among themselves, which resulted in resignation of Rev. Dembinski recently. The trustees now have a church on their hands with a big debt, no pastor and few parishioners.

The demand for Ayer's Hair Vigor in such widely separated regions as South America, Spain, Australia, and India has kept pace with the home consumption, which goes to show that these people know a good thing when they try it.

* Memoirs of Rt. Rev. Edmund Burke, Bishop of Zion, First Vicar-Apostolic of Nova Scotia. By Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax. — Ottawa: Theobald & Co.

FREEDOM OF EDUCATION.

Criticism of an Address by Bishop Campbell.

It is much to be deplored that a man occupying the dignified position of Bishop, in any Christian denomination, should stoop to the unworthy and mischievous methods of the sensational lecturer who caters for unlearned and bigoted audiences. Right Rev. Bishop Campbell did very little credit to his title or position when devoting a whole hour of what is styled "Divine Service" to the task of misrepresenting Catholic Faith and Practice before an Orange gathering at Christ Church on Sunday afternoon of the 4th inst.

It must be a very strange caricature on Divine Service, where instead of prayers, anathemas are pronounced, and where invective and vituperation are made to do duty for Christian worship and acts of adoration. Every Christian Bishop on an occasion of public thanksgiving in God's temple is expected to say something for promotion of God's honour and of peace and good-will among men.

A different line of action was adopted by Bishop Campbell, who, from start to finish of his Guy Fawkes address, made use of every possible argument and unfair weapon at his command, to malign God's Church, and make her and her millions of faithful adherents the objects of the contempt and detestation of his already prejudiced audience. If Bishop Campbell does not share in our belief that the Catholic Church is a divine institution, he at least knows history sufficiently to admit that as a Christian organization, she is the most venerable for age, the most widespread throughout the nations, the best known for her great charities, and the most highly respected by rich and poor, by king and peasant, of all churches that ever existed. It is not the part of a devout and well intentioned pastor of souls to heap ridicule and obloquy upon any Christian society, much less upon a noble and stately edifice that bears on its lofty open countenance the marks of oneness, of sanctity and of apostolicity. Surely Bishop Campbell could not expect to promote christian faith and morals by such unholy, we might say, uncharitable and unmanly procedure.

The Bishop opened his remarks by a quotation from a letter of Pope Pius IX to the Bishops of Granada written about fifty years ago, against secular and masonic interference with the education of children of Catholic parents. In these schools as in the public schools of France to-day, the name of God was to be excluded from the text books and no religious doctrine or act of Christian Faith tolerated. These are called Free Schools and as such are condemned by the Pope. Bishop Campbell to be consistent should have told his audience that he approves of the lay education and Godless system now legalised in France by which whole generations of men are trained in the work of scouting the Bible and mocking Almighty God. The irreligious press that upholds such abomination and issues low stories to corrupt the morals of tender youth, tries to ennoble itself with the title of our glorious freedom of the press. The goddess of reason adored, is styled Free Worship. Such are the freedoms condemned by Pope Pius IX. in his letter to the Bishops of New Granada, and for which condemnation his Holiness is held up to the ridicule of the Orange True Blues, by a so-called Christian Bishop who stated: We give his very words as taken from the Orange Sentinel of the 8th inst.

"Pope Pius IX., in his address to the Republic of New Grenada, said there should be 'no free education, no freedom of worship, no freedom of the press.' These words strike harshly on our ears. They carry us back to medievalism and recall what we have read of the days when the tyrants ruled and the people were slaves. If we knew less than we do we could hardly

believe these words expressed the sentiments of men of this century, and would catalogue the sentence as a quotation from dusty documents of the ages before the dawn of this era of enlightenment and liberty. But they are the words of to day. They express the sentiments of the Church of Rome in this year of grace. The ruling party in that vast religious corporation is the pronounced foe of individual freedom, and is branding all the energies of the Church to turn the wheels of our civilization and carry us back into the Egyptian bondage of the dark ages."

Bishop Campbell may rest assured that when men in numbers and power, no matter how great, undertake to poison the springs of knowledge, and sow corruption and Godlessness in the hearts of her children, the Church will denounce such wickedness at all hazards, even at the risk of laying herself open to the charge of medievalism or Egyptian bondage, or any such big word that may tickle bigoted ears, or help a bombastic orator to round off a sentence.

Bishop Campbell employs the low cunning of all thorough haters of Rome. In one sentence, he says, "We should avoid all occasion of strife, and be charitable in our dealings with our neighbors, but you must remember boys, and (don't you forget it) the Roman Catholic Church today is opposed to civil and religious liberty, and is striving to destroy our national liberties." This from one who makes a profession of preaching Christianity! In the Sermon on the Mount, we read "Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land." If the Roman Catholic took one step or uttered one word towards destroying our national liberties, the world would soon ring with denunciations and the tocsin of war would be sounded from every pulpit and from every steeple.

No, Bishop Campbell we tell you openly and from our hearts, there is no room for P. P. Aism in the Catholic Church. It never tried to get among Catholics a foothold, or even a beginning of existence either in Ontario or Quebec. All the national liberties you have now, or that you ever enjoyed, and all England with you, were wrested from King John on the plains of Runnymede by Cardinal Langton and the Catholic Barons, whose acts and constitutions were ratified and confirmed by Pope Innocent III.

Bishop Campbell's address to the True Blues is largely interspersed with quotations from prominent Catholic clergymen or Bishops who have more than once publicly denied that they ever used the expression of opinion thus fathered on them. It was the Jew Rabbi Lalien that invented what Bishop Campbell quotes of Father Hecker viz: that "in fifteen years we will take this country and build our institutions over the grave of Protestantism" as that other "there is or ought to be a state religion in this country and that state religion is to be Roman Catholic." Father Hecker denied positively before his death that he ever used such expression. Brownson never uttered the phrase quoted "that it is the intention of the Pope to possess this country." It is very possible however, that in 1873 Father Phelan said at a convention in St. Louis:

"The reason why the children of the country go heels over head to the devil must be attributed to the education they receive in the public schools; hence these children turn out to be learned horse-thieves, scholastic counterfeiters, and well posted in all the schemes of devilry."

Father Phelan knew of what he was speaking.

When Bishop Campbell says: "The prolates maintain that the catechism is the essential part of education, and arithmetic and other studies are not essential," we are ready to believe him. Our Blessed Lord said exactly the same thing. He tells us that "there is but one thing necessary" or essential. Our Catholic catechism teaches so. When the question is

put—"For what end did God create us?" the answer should be: "To know and serve God here on earth, and afterwards to enjoy Him in Heaven." If Bishop Campbell knows of anything more essential he may inculcate it to the True Blues.

It appears, however, that he does not approve of this, for he declares that such teaching is "an injury to our social and national life, to have a part of our population growing up in comparative ignorance." We pity the True Blues or any other society of professed Christians, who, instead of worshipping God in spirit and in truth, must listen for hours to vituperation and calumny of that most venerable Church, which is the spouse of Christ, termed by St. Paul, "The pillar and ground of Truth."

It is laid down by Bishop Campbell that "the Roman Catholic hierarchy object to the Public Schools upon the principle that the Church is the supreme authority." Most certainly. If the Church is a Divine Institution it is supreme in all matters concerning faith and morals. The true principle is God first, then the Church, then the State. The very opposite of this principle is what Bishop Campbell maintains, viz.: the State first, then the Church and finally God.

Religion is the supreme law, the one thing to be lived for, and all in life, social or individual, civil or political, should be subordinate to it and esteemed only as means to the eternal end for which man was created and exists. As Brownson declared: "We hold that education, either of the intellect or of the heart, or of both combined, divorced from faith and religious discipline, is dangerous alike to the individual and society. All education should be religious, and intended to train the child for a religious end, not for this life only, but for eternal life—for this life is nothing severed from that which is to come." DIDYANUS.

Chinese Catholics.

A story is told in Cooper's "Journeys of a Pioneer of Commerce," which illustrates the success of the Catholic missionaries in the Celestial Empire. Much of the author's life of adventure was passed in the endeavor to open a trade route from Assam or Northern Burma into the South-western provinces of China.

On one of his journeys he made his way to a remote town in the province of Yun-nan. There he received the hospitality of the Catholic mission. On the morning after his arrival he was awakened by the native Christians telling him that it would soon be time for Mass. The Chinaman have rashly concluded that all white men were Catholics. "I had not the heart to deceive him," wrote Cooper. He went to Mass, and he tells how, as he looked on the little flock of native Christians gathered round the humble altar in that remote spot in the very heart of Asia, he could not help, Protestant as he was, praying heartily for the success of the Catholic mission in China.

The Catholic mission of the Chinese Empire have a long history, taken as a whole, but most of the actually existing Apostolic Vicariates and church date only from the present century. The first mission from the West was that of the Franciscan, John of Monte Corvino, created in 1307 "Archbishop Cambalu" by Clement V. The brave friar, with seven companions, actually penetrated into China and made converts there. Three Franciscan Bishops ruled in succession the See of "Cayton," which has been identified with Ohuen-chu foo, in the province of Fukiang. A political revolution, followed by a persecution, put an end to this period of the Chinese missions.

The next begins with the arrival of the Jesuit, Matthew Ricci, in 1582.

Despite numerous persecutions and the almost complete withdrawal of the missionaries in consequence of the events that marked the close of the last century in Europe, Catholicity has always had representatives in China from the days of Ricci to our own. Some of the better class families which he converted are still Catholics to this day, notably the family that claims descent from the Mandarin Paul, the first important convert.

At the beginning of the present century there were very few priests in China, and for many years the missionaries who arrived from Europe had to think less of making new converts amongst the pagans than of seeking out and instructing the families who, once Christians, were now only Catholics in name, for want of a Christian education and of access to Mass and the Sacraments. For many years, too, this work had to be carried on in spite of, first official persecution, then the fanatical outbreaks of the hostile mobs, and finally the trouble arising out of the Taeping rebellion. It was only in 1860 that toleration was accorded for the missions by the treaty of Peking, and before this many of the missionaries had laid down their lives for the faith, some them in the midst of the hideous torments that have so long been a feature of the Chinese code.

The Church government of the country is now in charge of twenty-four Vicariates more than half of which were erected in the period between 1880 and 1890. In that year the care of Catholic population of China was divided, about about as follows:

	Catholics.	Priests.
Franciscans.....	81,579	135
Dominicans.....	37,801	40
Augustinians.....	118	7
Jesuits.....	139,015	135
Lazarists.....	90,651	128
Missions Etrangères, Paris.....	168,383	363
Totals.....	517,047	813

Of these more than 75,000 people and about a hundred priests are in the vicinity of the seat of war.

Conan Doyle on Fiction.

Dr. Conan Doyle does not agree with Mr. W. D. Howells on the subject of realistic fiction, and expresses himself strongly upon the latter's strictures upon art in romance-writing. "We talk so much about art," says Dr. Doyle, "that we tend to forget what this art was ever intended for. It was to amuse mankind—to help the sick and the dull and the weary.

"If Scott and Dickens have done this for millions, they have done well by their art. Where would 'Gulliver' and 'Don Quixote' and Dante and Goethe be if our sole object be to draw life exactly as it exists? No; the object of fiction is to interest, and the best fiction is that which interests most. If you can interest by drawing life as it is, do so. But there is no reason why you should object to your neighbor using other means."

One of the blackest crimes which the late Czar of Russia will have to answer for was the infamous manner in which his government treated the Catholics and Jews of his realm, without evoking a single protest for him. The latest massacre of the Catholics at Kroscho excited the indignation of the whole civilized world, and yet that brutality was but one in a long series of crimes for which Alexander III. was largely responsible. His persecutions of the Jews were as bad as the injustices towards the Catholics; and it is to be hoped that his successor will not stain his record by continuing such infamies.

About two years ago, the Rev. Mr. Surf, of Blue Springs Nebr., lost his hair after fever, and became nearly bald. He finally resolved to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now has as fine a head of hair as could be desired. This is certainly a fact worth remembering.

A REJOINDER.

Mr. Ewart's Reply to the Manitoba Government's Manifesto.

To the Editor of the Empire.

Sir—With your kind permission I shall make a short reply to the state paper recently issued by the Manitoba Government. Its principal argument is the following:

"No citizen of the province has any justification, in fact, for claiming that he has not the same rights and the same privilege respecting education that any other citizen possesses. . . . The statement that Catholic people are compelled to pay for the education of Protestant children creates a false impression. The law is not responsible for any such effect. The correct statement of fact is that. . . all taxable property is assessed for public school purposes, and all citizens have the same right to make use of the schools."

Some years ago a bill was introduced into the Canadian House of Commons forbidding the employment, upon public works, of any laborer whose hair was more than six inches long. Ordinary citizens took this for a hit at the Chinese. But the promoter stoutly contended that there was nothing about Chinese in his bill; that the provision applied to everybody; that the proposal was a good one, for high sanitary reasons; and if it affected the Chinese only, "the law was not responsible for any such effect." The plain remedy for the Chinese was to cut their hair!

The interstate commerce law requires railways to give equal rates to all. One of the lines, desiring to give a special rate to the largest miller in Minneapolis, declared that it would give a reduction of 40 per cent. to everyone who would ship so many barrels a day. The largest miller was the only one who could qualify; but, of course, the railway company "was not responsible for any such effect." The plain remedy for the other millers was to increase their output!

By a treaty between two nations, one of them agreed that its canals should be open to the use of the other, "on terms of equality" with its own inhabitants. Afterwards the promising nation declared that the charge should be 20 cents a ton to all alike, but there should be a refund of 18 cents to everybody who after passing through the canals, should proceed to places where vessels of its own nationality alone sailed. The practical result was discrimination, but, of course, "the law was not responsible for any such effect." The plain remedy was to send the other ships to places they did not want to go to!

In 1748 the corporation of the city of London made "a by-law imposing a fine of £400 and 20 marks on any person who, being nominated by the Lord Mayor for the office of sheriff, refused to stand the election of the common hall, and £600 on anyone, who, being elected, refused to serve. The office of sheriff was one of those in which no one could serve who had not previously taken the Sacrament according to the Anglican rite, and it was, therefore, one of those from which dissenters were excluded. It would appear almost incredible, if the facts were not amply attested, that under these circumstances the city of London systematically elected wealthy dissenters to the office in order that they should be objected to, and fined; and that in this manner it extorted no less than £15,000"—(Leccky's History of England, iv., 261). Nevertheless any one can easily see that "the law was not responsible for any such effect." The plain remedy for the dissenters was to swallow their scruples along with Sacrament.

An English Act of 1699 provided that "all persons who did not within six months of attaining the age of 18 years subscribe to the declaration against transubstantiation should become incapable of inheriting or purchasing

land." Is it not plain that if this law injured Catholics only, "the law was not responsible for any such effect!" The plain remedy for them was to declare solemnly that the doctrine, which they firmly believed, was an abominable farce.

If the province of Quebec abolished the Protestant schools, continued the Catholic schools (calling them public schools), taxed everybody for them, and provided that all citizens should "have the same right to make use of the public schools," and if Protestants refused "to take advantage of the public schools," can anything be more capable of demonstration than that "the law was not responsible for any such effect." The plain remedy, for the Protestant, would be not to "refuse to take advantage," etc.

In Manitoba there are schools which are called public schools, but to which Catholics do not, and cannot, go, because of their religious belief. The Catholics are compelled to pay taxes to support these schools. If they complain of this state of affairs, is it not clear that "the law is not responsible for any such effect." The plain remedy for them is to change their religious belief.

If it be said that the schools in Manitoba are unsectarian, I reply:

1. They are not so. In the course of this controversy I have asked several times, without reply:

(a) What is unsectarian religion? Disraeli said that, if there was any such thing, it is a new religion. Any language that could be called unnational would be some new volapuk, would it not? Either that, or not an efficient language at all.

(b) Would it be possible for a Jew or Unitarian to join in the religious exercises prescribed for the schools?

(c) Would Protestants send their children to "nonsectarian" schools, in which Roman Catholic teachers would be required to give "instruction in moral principles," using as "means to be employed," "memory gems, didactic talks, teaching the ten commandments," etc., and in which some of the subjects for historical instruction were "religious movements (Henry VIII. and Mary)?" If not, why do you ask Catholics to send their children to similar schools, but with Protestant teachers?

(d) And I have asked for production of an unsectarian decalogue. What, for instance, is the fifth commandment, according to it? It is not necessary to ask comparison (contrast is all that is possible) of the Protestant and Roman Catholic manner of "teaching the ten commandments." The mere production of a harmonized edition of the commandments themselves will go a long way towards satisfying me.

2. And if the schools were unsectarian, would they be the less invidious? They would then be (as I translate the word) almost entirely secular, and for that very reason obnoxious to the faith of Roman Catholics. If a state were to set up an ethical (unsectarian) church with the irreducible common denominator of all religions in it, a vanishing quantity, I think, and should require Protestants to pay tithes to it, would their complaint be sufficiently answered by saying that there was no religion there? It seems impossible to the opponents of separate schools to understand that it is the transformation of education, which ought to be religious, into mere secularity; that is the chief ground of complaint. The answer of these opponents is constantly, "What do you complain of? There is very little religion of any kind in the schools," which is much like saying, "Why do you cry out? I knocked you down with a stick. You ought to be cheerful and happy."

The Manitoba Government answers the charge that the Legislature confiscated all the property of the Catholic schools by saying that the Privy Council "expressed the opinion that Roman

Catholics were somewhat better treated than Protestants in regard to the disposition of school property under the Act of 1890." The sections of the Act to which the Privy Council was referring made provisions for distribution of assets and liabilities, in cases in which Protestant and Roman Catholic school districts had theretofore been coterminous. I had never heard that there were any such cases. At all events, it is not the operation of these sections that is complained of but other clauses, which did hand over all Catholic school property to what are now called "public schools,"—to schools, namely, in which Catholics have no interests. This we call confiscation.

These, then, are the replies of the Manitoba Government.

1. There is no injustice. The schools are open to all alike. Change your religion and come.

2. You complain that your school property has been confiscated by the operation of certain clauses of the School Act. There are other clauses under which you would have been well treated in some minor respect, had there been anything for these clauses to apply to!

JOHN S. EWART.

Winnipeg, Nov. 2.

Patrons of the Month.

St. Andrew Avollina (10th) was a Neapolitan and lived in the last half of the sixteenth century. He first studied law, but later on abandoned the bar for the altar. Gifted with great eloquence he sometimes still pleaded the cause of his friends. Once, however, he let an untruth escape from his lips. Shortly after his eyes fell upon the Scripture text: "the mouth that lieth killeth the soul." Filled with regret he resolved never to plead against but to enter the Order of the Theatines. In it he used his eloquence in defence of the Blessed Sacrament against the errors of heretics. He was indefatigable in preaching and administering the sacraments to the sick.

One of the best known saints is St. Martin of Tours (11th). When still only a catechumen he met one winter's day a beggar almost naked and frozen. He cut his cloak in two and gave the stranger the half. That night he saw our Lord clothed in the half cloak, and heard Him say to the angels: "Martin, yet a catechumen, hath wrapped Me in this garment." He soon after professed the Christian Faith. He left the army of the Emperor for that of Christ. In 372 he was made Bishop of Tours. For his zeal and miracles he is known as the Apostle of Gaul.

A saint dear to the hearts of all young is Stanislas Kostka (13th), the noble Polish boy. Though he died at the age of seventeen the Church testifies in the collect of his feast, to the mature sanctity which he attained in so short a time. The trials and ill-usage he endured for his faith at the hands of his brother and tutor when at college proved that he possessed the courage of a man. Twice was Holy Communion brought to him miraculously in answer to the longings of his heart. In spite of the determined opposition of his family he entered the Society of Jesus. Ten months later, on the feast of the Assumption, 1568, the angelic novice died. He had asked his Blessed Mother to spend this feast with her in Heaven.

We have a favorite for all those who love the Sacred Heart in St. Gertrude (15th). Her life from the age of five was spent in a Benedictine Abbey. The perfect pupil became later on the perfect religious. It was said of her that in her mind was no error, on her heart no cloud; none could resist her, and it seemed that our Lord could refuse nothing to her prayer. For forty years she ruled the abbey with wisdom and love, though in the most continual suffering. Christ himself came to her at the hour of her death to console her

and opening to her His Sacred Heart received into It her blessed soul and bore it to heaven.

E. B. A.

In celebration of the seventh anniversary of St. Joseph's Juvenile Branch No. 1 E. B. A. a lecture, illustrated by lime light views was given in Association Hall, Hamilton, last evening to an audience which should have been larger considering the excellence of the entertainment. The subject of the lecture was Ireland, and the lecturer was D. A. Carey of Toronto, Grand President of the E. B. A. of Canada.

W. I. Hackett operated the instrument, and the first picture thrown on the canvas was that of Mr. Carey, after which about 100 magnificent views of cities and spots of historic interest in the Emerald Isle were exhibited, and appreciated by the audience. The description given by Mr. Carey was vivid and added greatly to the interest of the views.

THE BLANTYRE PARK CONCERT.

Blantyre Park is one the loveliest spots in the suburbs of Toronto, and His Grace Archbishop Walsh, in looking out for a place suitable for an Industrial School within easy distance of the city, was quick to perceive its advantages. The wayward youth will find himself transferred from the dingy by way of the city to the lordly surroundings of Blantyre. Industry, art and nature, will make a pleasant profitable home, rather than a place of incarceration. A large and commodious building has been erected, at a great outlay, and to assist in meeting this expense the concert is given and it is hoped the patronage of our friends will enable us to present His Grace with a sum that will prove the Catholics of the city desire to assist in completing this much needed institution W. LANE, S. T. and O.

C. Y. L. L. A.

The usual weekly meeting of the C. Y. L. L. A. was held in the Hall on McCaul street on Monday evening Nov. 5th. Mrs. O'Keefe was elected an honorary member of the Association—the list increases, it was but a few weeks ago Lady Smith became the first honorary member.

The young ladies' choral class under the direction of Miss Hillary will meet for practice Monday evenings.

The nomination of officers will be held on Monday the 12th inst. when a full attendance of members is expected; the election will take place two weeks later.

There is a praiseworthy desire on the part of the young ladies to endow a cot in St. Michael's Hospital and ways and means of doing so were discussed.

Mrs. Kavanagh, who is the Society's Delegate to the Social Council of Women, interested the members of her report of what the Council is doing.

Miss Kelly read extracts from Brother Azarias' Books and Readings and also a sketch of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Miss Hart contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by a song entitled "Yearnings."

St. Francis School.

TESTIMONIAL LIST.

The following boys deserve commendation for good conduct and application during October:

Form IV.—Excellent—H. Duern, W. Corbett, J. Connors, J. Callaghan, D. Drohan, D. Glynn, D. Kennedy, Good—J. Donnelly, D. Garin, J. Ryan, Joseph Murphy, F. McGuire, Jas. Murphy, W. O'Brien, R. Roccomora.

Form III.—Excellent—L. Duern, J. Glynn, F. Walsh, L. O'Connor, T. Lannigan, Good—G. Fogarty, S. O'Connor, T. Glynn, E. Clancy, L. Cummins, F. Purcell, J. O'Connor, F. Mallen.

Special Mention, Form IV.—H. Duern, J. Connors.

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 219 to 119 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, General Merchant, Wotton, P. Q.

A FOOT AND A FIELD.

The Rambler on Allumette Island.

Historical Reminiscences.

Last week I was discoursing about Shoon and the people whom I have met during my pleasant sojourn in that highly-favoured region. This week the reader will be brought, in imagination of course, over what is called the "Government Road," through the Township of Chichester, and from thence to the Allumette Island.

On leaving Sheenboro I was impressed with nothing more than the great progress which the important industry of agriculture had made in what was a comparatively new settlement. I visited in succession the pleasant homes and fertile fields of Messrs. John McGoldrick, Michael Gleason, George Morris, Mrs. McCool, Jas. Walker, Jno. McCauley, Timothy Kennedy, Arthur Devine, Archibald McDonnell, Thomas Paine (no relation at all to the atheist of that name), John Sullivan, Peter Langan, &c., &c., and everywhere I was made a witness of the most substantial evidences of contentment and prosperity.

PIONEER DAYS.

Privations and troubles in abundance, these good Irishmen of Shoon have had in their struggles with rude nature, and the story of their efforts to keep soul and body together, whilst driving back the primitive forest, is sometimes both amusing and pathetic; but this is the history of every settlement attempted in any part of Canada at any time during the first half of the present century. Many of the men who make our laws to-day, as well as a number of those who administer them, will tell you quite proudly of the long distances their fathers had to travel on foot, with the little bag of wheat on their backs, before the nearest little grist-mill was reached; and boastingly (small wonder!) will they recount the struggles of their sires over lake and river, mountain, moor, and morass, before the little "lock of wheat" returned to the log cabin.

A GLORY THAT HAS PASSED.

Eight miles from Sheenboro' I reach the Village of Chichester. This I was told, was a hustling little place at some remote period of the world's history, but there are strong indications that its glory has departed, and that the sun of its greatness has set. It contains a post-office, a store, blacksmith's shop and hotel, besides a number of fairly respectable houses, most of them untenanted. I was told however, that the occupants of the latter had not yet returned from their summer resorts, hence the death-like stillness prevailing. The well filled village store is owned by Mr. Patrick McMahon, who is evidently striding onward, along the path that leads to wealth and fame, and very few who know "Patsy" will envy his good luck. The leading and only hotel in the place is kept by Mr. W. J. Wheolly. Calling upon this gentleman, and announcing both myself and my mission, I was received with many demonstrations of good will. In the midst of deep emotion he assured me that both in his heart and in house, there was always a warm corner for the newspaper tramp.

PAST AND PRESENT ALLUMETTE.

Allumette Island, as its name would indicate, is an island situated on a widened expanse of the Ottawa River, called Allumette lake, and is about twenty miles long, with a width varying from four to six miles. It is a separate municipality and belongs both for Parliamentary and Judicial purposes to the county of Pontiac. It contains a population of 1,500, all with the exception of four families being ardent adherents of the Catholic faith. I have not heard that those few families need in their midst the

presence of a "Protestant Protective Association;" indeed I am proud to be able to bear testimony to the fact, that this treatment meted out to them is on a par with the generous course so eminently characteristic of the great Province of Quebec in its dealings with the Protestant minority. Another peculiarity in that those professing the Catholic religion are about equally divided between those of Irish and French origin.

Allumette Island was surveyed and thrown open for settlement in the year 1845, the land being held at 80c. per acre. Amongst the first settlers were Messrs. Andrew Whelan, now in the ninety-first year of his age, and still hale and hearty, Cornelius Hynes, Abraham Mousseau, John Honey, John McKinley, John Kelly, Patrick Fox, John Mulligan, J. B. Larond, Louis Perreault, Samuel Adams, mill-owner, Edward Monk, Louis Therrien, Hugh Isctie, Terence Smith, Philip Tacknoy, Michael Driscoll, James, John and Frank McGuire, Patrick O'Donnell, George Stubbs, lumber merchant, J. Wittomere, William and John Fitzpatrick, Jeffrey O'Donohoe, Wm. Gregg, Michael and Donald McNeill, Charles Warren, Terence Duff, Edward Gallagher, Jas. Dunn, Thomas Cahill, Alexander Ban Macdonell, Alexander Hugh Macdonell, John and Alexander Kennedy, Donald and Alexander McGillivray, John O'Brien, John Ryan, Michael Culleton, Thos. Leahy, Walter Fitzhenry, Patrick Donnellan, Archibald Gribben, James Kellett, William and John Groy, Joachim Raymond, Olivier LaRiviere, F. X. Gaudette, Michael Gaudette, &c., &c.

THE CHURCH IN EARLY DAYS.

Before settlement on the "Island" had actually commenced a modest frame church was built at a place called the "Point," which was attended by Rev. Father Morreau, for many years a missionary in the North-West. The erection of the church was largely the work of Mr. J. B. Poupore, grandfather of Mr. W. J. Poupore, for many years the popular member for Pontiac in the Quebec Legislature, and the father of a family who have done much to lessen the burthens of the settlers on Allumette Island in their pioneer struggles with the trackless forest.

On the 16th of May, 1853, one of those appalling fires passed over the Island, devastating everything—forest, fields, houses, barns and church in its course, and ceasing its ravages only when there was nothing further to feed upon.

In 1855 the handsome frame church, so well known to the second generation of Catholics on the "Island," was erected, Mass in the meantime being said in a temporary house built for the priest; and this in its turn, in accordance with the onward march of improvement, gave way to the magnificent crest of architecture which now crowns the crest of a hill overlooking the village of Chapeau, and which is at once the pride and the glory of priest and people in Allumette Island. This was erected during the incumbency of the present pastor, Father Leduc, which dates from the year 1888.

AN EARLY MISSIONARY.

Away back in the forties a young Irish priest, full of life and energy, and with an ardent thirst for glory in his sacred calling was assigned to the parish of Allumette Island. This was the Rev. James Lynch. The parish over which Father Lynch exercised spiritual jurisdiction embraced as wide an area as some European monarchies. Northward, as far as the Polar regions, west and south, and east, over forests of magnificent lengths he was monarch of all he surveyed. Many are the stories which I have heard him relate of his journeyings through the wilderness, to offer up the solemn mysteries of religion in some remote primitive

settlement or mayhap to bring consolation to the soul of some dying penitent; his route leading through unexplored solitudes, with nothing to guide him but the Indian track, or the surveyor's "blaze"

Full of years, and revered by all, irrespective of creed or of nationality, Father Lynch closed a life of usefulness here about eight years ago.

TO-DAY.

Of the good man who, at present, wields the pastoral sceptre in Allumette Island, I can say that he appears in every sense fitted to bear the mantle of his sainted predecessor. Zealous, able, and thoroughly conversant with both languages, the parish, under his jurisdiction, is destined to win fresh victories. The church, of which I have already spoken, and the commodious presbytery, which he has also built, will hand down to posterity a record of a portion of his good deeds; but the holy zeal and active temperament of Father Leduc will not allow him to stop here.

And now to "conclude and finish," as the Irish ballad-singer would shout, I have to thank Father Leduc for his kindness towards myself. To the eloquent words which he uttered from the pulpit of his church I owe much of the success which has attended me in his parish. Nor must I omit in this connection a hurried reference to the services rendered to me by that patriotic Irishman—Mr. Wm. Sarsfield—who was my right bower during the whole campaign. May his shadow never grow less! RAMBLER.

Election of Officers.

A large and influential meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association was held in St. Patrick's Hall, McCaul street, on Monday, Nov. 12th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Hon. Pres., Mrs. W. Kavanagh.
President, Miss A. Lyne.
Vice President, Miss N. Kelly.
Recording Secretary, Miss Sexton.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. A. Moran.
Treasurer, Miss Regan.

Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe was enrolled as the second honorary member—Lady Smith being the first.

Four new members were voted in. A musical club, under the direction of Miss Nora Hillary, has been organized. The Secretary was instructed to notify members of the Catholic choirs to that effect, inviting them to join. The next rehearsal takes place on Saturday evening, Nov. 17th, and the usual meeting on Monday, Nov. 19th.

The City of the Dead.

INTERMENTS IN ST. MICHAEL'S CEMETERY.

Luke P. Dillon, died Nov. 3, aged 3 years
Richard J. Burns, " " 3, " 9 mos.
Jane McKee, " " 4, " 39 years
Thos. S. Hickey, " " 4, " 3 mos.
Patrick Frawley, " " 4, " 83 years
Mary Jane Martin, " " 5, " 6 y 10 m
Hanner Innuto, " " 6, " 7 mos.
Johanna Henry, " " 6, " 55 years
John Noonan, " " 7, " 54 years
Bridget Franklin " " 7, " 75 years
Patrick Harrington " " 7, " 3½ years
John Ghonna " " 8, " 1 moe.
Joseph Jobin " " 9, " 2 wks.
Justus Lapreche " " 10, " 6 years
Mary M. Hubbert " " 9, " 5 y 4 m.
Margaret Slattery " " 9, " 58 years
Michael Foley " " 10, " 49 years
Wm. Fitzsimmons " " 10, " 78 years
William Enright " " 10, " 10 y 8 m.

Obituary.

On the 7th instant, at her family home-stead, No. 29 Yorkville avenue, there passed away peacefully Mrs. Bridget B. Franklin, relict of the late Launcelot Franklin of Montreal. The deceased had passed her seventy fifth year. She was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, and came to Canada at the age of eighteen. When her son Mr. J. J. Franklin was appointed as superintendent of the Street Railway in 1881 the family removed to Toronto, where they have since lived. Besides Mr. J. J. Franklin now Manager of the Electric Traction Company of New York, Mrs. Franklin left four daughters, three of whom are in Toronto, and the fourth, now a member of the Order of Gray Nuns, is at the Convent of the Order in Minneapolis. Requiem High Mass was celebrated in St. Basil's Church on Friday, 9th instant by Rev. L. Brennan assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. Funeral was to St. Michael's cemetery.

FREEHOLD LOAN & SAVINGS CO.

DIVIDEND NO. 70.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the

1st DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT,

At the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive. By order of the Board.

S. O. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 31st October, 1894.

CHRISTMAS SALE

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

Sisters of the Precious Blood

TO BE HELD IN

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,

Will open with

A GRAND CONCERT

ON NOVEMBER 26th.

TALENT:

Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. J. J. Costello,
Mrs. J. D. Ward, Mr. J. F. Kirk,
Miss Elliott, Mr. D. Herald, A.T.C.M., Pianist,
Miss Herson, Mr. C. Wagner, Violin.
Miss ANNIE JOHNSON, A.T.C.M., Musical Directress.
An attractive programme has been arranged for each evening.

Tickets of Admission to Concert and Sale,
25 Cents.

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90,000,000 miles to our store,
but when it gets there we let
it in, and for that reason we
have the lightest and brightest
clothing store in Toronto.

Overcoats and Suits
are displayed in the
windows behind glass,
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and dust of the street.
If you want to exam-
ine the cloth come in-
side and look around.
You are welcome with-
out being asked to
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Men's Double-breasted Suits
and Overcoats in Ulster or
Walking style at \$10 are sell-
ing very freely. The good
value is plain to anyone who
takes a look. The Boys' suits
and Overcoats, too, are close
by if you want them. Bargains
are plentiful among them.

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LITERATURE.

"Considering the condition of intellectual and spiritual life among Catholics in this country, I realize how inadequate is the school, and, in a manner, how helpless the pulpit. Therefore do I turn to the Christian home as a essential element in the education, and intellectual and spiritual development of the children of the Faith." It is in these terms that the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. S. A., editor of the Rosary, enters upon the discussion of Catholic literature in Catholic Homes. The essay is a very cogent example of what he calls the "apostolate of good reading." Originally an address delivered at the Catholic Summer School, it now appears in the form of a tasty pamphlet, and is so published in the hope that the clergy will commend to their flocks the study of reliable Catholic literature, whether newspapers, magazines, or the more pretentious output of the press. The address itself is such as to deserve this practical recognition—P. O'Shea, 19 Barclay St. New York.

Francis Thompson's volume of poems has gone through three editions within five months and a fourth is now on the market.

The Nancy Fair Journal, issued by those conducting a bazaar in aid of St. Mary's Church, Montreal, is something quite out of the ordinary run. It contains, to begin with, a sympathetic historical sketch of the parish and of the work of its several priests, accompanied by half-tone portraits. The rest of the work is clever and tasteful.

The Catholic Home Annual is now in its twelfth year, and is in form and matter very much as in previous years. The death of Archbishop Tache is briefly referred to.

In Donahoe's Magazine for November James H. Gallivan writes of the "Catholic Sons of Harvard," with sketches and portraits of those who have won especial renown. Other articles of interest are "Georgetown College Observatory" and "Archbishop Ireland," the second of the Eminent Prelate series by Rev. John Talbot Smith. The character of the illustrations in this honored old publication continues to improve. In the present number the portraits are of exceptional interest.

The Rosary is up to its usual high literary standard, among the more notable articles this month being "The Astor Library," "The Coronation," a chapter by Eliza Allen Starr on one of the favorite subjects of Christian art, and a sketch of the Dominican Nuns of Perpetual Adoration.

The Catholic Family Annual is now in its twenty-seventh year. The articles are for the most part biographical and historical.

Loretto Abbey.

On the evening of November 8th the pupils of Loretto Abbey tendered to His Grace Archbishop Walsh a musical entertainment in honor of the anniversary of his Episcopal consecration. The hall was filled by the guests of the Abbey including many priests of the city and towns.

A chorus of welcome was followed by gratulatory addresses to His Grace spoken by pupils representing Loretto, religion, science and the arts. A programme of some length was then rendered, the numbers that seemed to meet with most approval being the greeting of the little ones, a chorus, march and fan drill in Japanese costumes, and an adaptation of Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women, the different characters of which were represented in appropriate costumes. Altogether the entertainment bore evidence of assiduous care in prepara-

tion and merited the applause of the audience and the expressions of thankfulness and encouragement with which the Archbishop brought the pleasant evening to a close.

Among those present were Dean McCann, Dean Bergin, Fathers Rohleder, Teesy, Murray, Hand, McRae, Haydon, Grogan, Coyle, Krein, and Lamarche, and Messrs. D. Millar, F. O. Law, T. W. Anglin, W. Ryan, J. O. Smith, F. Anglin, A. W. Anglin, L. Cosgrave, J. F. White, W. Kavanagh, D. M. Defoo, W. T. J. Leo.

St. Joseph's Couvent.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Walsh, and the fortieth of his ordination to the priesthood were commemorated by the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy on Tuesday evening by a musical and dramatic entertainment in his honor. Besides his Grace there were present Fathers McCann, Marijon, Brennan, McBrady, Bergin, Ryan, Barrett, Murray, Rohleder, Frachon, Cruise, Carberry, Trayling, Treacy, Aboulin, Walsh, Krein and others. A chorus of greeting, sung by the little children, was the first number. The principal feature of the programme was an allegory entitled "Anima," a three-act play in which the progress of the human soul is represented in its joy at perceiving the beauties of the universe, its grasping at the pleasures offered by Pride and the Senses, its revulsion from these, its hearing from Faith, Hope and Charity of the incarnation and redemption, and its final acceptance of Faith as the first guide, with Poverty, Purity and Obedience as companions in life—the whole making an agreeable form of sermon on the Christian life. The principal portions of the dialogue fell to the Misses Nordell, Cassidy, Quinn and Boyle. It may be said that these and all the members of the cast acquitted themselves in a manner creditable to themselves and their teachers. Several vocal and instrumental numbers were also well rendered and in the tableaux the figures were tastefully and effectively grouped.

A happy little speech from His Grace in which he deplored the too rapid recurrence of these anniversaries, closed the proceedings. The hall was filled with friends of the children and well wishers of the Academy.

Bishop Duhamel.

On the 28th ult. the pupils of Bcurget College, Rigaud, P. Q., celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the consecration of his Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa. Inside and out the college was decorated in the most sumptuous style, and the reception given to his Grace on his arrival amounted to an ovation. On Sunday his Grace celebrated Pontifical High Mass, and during the ceremony raised to the dignity of the priesthood Mr. G. H. Levac, a member of the College staff of professors. An entertainment was given in honor of the Archbishop in French and English including addresses, vocal and instrumental music and two plays, one in French, "Fais ce que dois," the other in English, "Barney the Baron," both of which were ably rendered. His Grace was formerly parish priest at St. Eugene.

Brockton.

On Sunday last Archbishop Walsh administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a very large class at St. Helen's Church, Brockton. In the evening Very Rev. J. J. McCann preached a special charity sermon in the same church.

SLEEPINESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitated great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

C. M. B. A.

The open meeting to be given by Branch 49, will take place on the evening of Nov. 28th. An energetic committee has perfected arrangements for an enjoyable evening.

BRANCH 20, MONTREAL.

The religious celebration of the 11th anniversary of Branch 20, of the C. M. B. A., of Canada, took place Sunday. The members of the branch assembled at St. Patrick's hall at 7.45 a. m. and proceeded from there to St. Patrick's church, and received Holy Communion in a body. Rev. Father Fahey was the celebrant of the Mass, and also preached a most instructive sermon. In the evening at 7 o'clock the members again assembled at the Glonora hall, together with a good representation from the sister branches and proceeded in a body to attend the evening services at the St. Patrick's church. The ceremonies at the church were opened by prayer by the Rev. Martin Callaghan, spiritual director of branch 20, followed by congregational singing. The sermon was preached by the Rev. James Callaghan, who took for his subject, "The love of God and the love of our neighbor." The reverend father's discourse was a most eloquent one, and in course of it he pointed out the beneficial effect of such societies as the C. M. B. A. The sermon was followed by the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Rev. Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's and a member of Branch 50, being the celebrant. The main altar of the sacred edifice was most brilliantly illuminated with countless electric lights and tapering during the benediction. The music portion of the service by the choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, was most admirably rendered. The social celebration of the anniversary will be held this evening. The regular meeting of the branch will open at 7 o'clock, and will be followed at 8 o'clock by an "at home."

A. C. H.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death from our midst our late Brother Michael McCabe; and whereas in the death of our late Brother his family has lost a loving husband and a kind father, the community a worthy and respectable citizen and the Church an earnest and devoted Catholic; and whereas, we, the members of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians have in the death of our late Brother lost one of our most esteemed and respected members and one who has endeared himself to us all by his many noble qualities.

Therefore be it resolved that we the members of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians do hereby tender to the bereaved family of our deceased Brother our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in the loss they have sustained and pray that God in His infinite goodness will have mercy on the soul of our deceased Brother and comfort his family in this hour of their affliction.

Be it further resolved that our charter be draped for the period of thirty days out of due respect to the memory of our late Brother; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the family of our late Brother, Michael McCabe, inserted on the minutes and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.

Signed on behalf of Div. No. 1, A.O.H.
WM. RYAN,
Recording Sec.

C. O. F.

The first grand concert and social under the auspices of St. Joseph's Court, No. 370 C. O. F. will be held in Dingman's Hall, Queen's-street East, on Wednesday next, Nov. 21st. An excellent list of talent has been secured, including a first-class string band. Refreshments will also be served.

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TALENT: MRS JULIETTE D'ERVIEUX C. SMITH, Soprano, M J MAY FLOWER, Contralto, MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, Elocutionist, HEIK RUDOLPH RUTH, Cellist, HERR H. KUL-GANFELD, Violinist, M. A. M. GORRILL, Tenor, Mr. F. ANGLIN, Baritone, M. J. COSTELLO, Bass-tone, Mr. BERT HARVEY, 3rd Violinist, Miss FANNY SULLIVAN, Pianist and Musical Directress. Plan of Hall open at Ticket Office, Massey Hall, on Nov. 12, 14, 15 and 16, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. TICKET, 25 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS, 50c.

THE CAUSLAND & SON'S MEMORIAL WINDOWS TORONTO ONT. CHURCH & SECULAR MEDALISTS 1886 STAINED GLASS LONDON-1775

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XV.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR— Since my last letter the weather has not been as fine and pleasant as usual. The thermometer went down to 55 degrees one day, which is most unusual in Bermuda. There has been a good deal of rain also since our visit to the Dockyard. I have therefore been spending more time indoors and devoting my leisure hours to poring over old books and journals in the Public Library indulging my love of reading.

Those ancient tomes have a strong fascination for me. It is delightful to be dosed with memories of the past in the company of sages, poets and philosophers, communing with those great writers long since departed, but whose legacy of beautiful and sublime thoughts will be prized till time itself shall be no more. Nearly all my favorite authors are here, and many others with whom I am becoming well acquainted.

"In that garden of the soul
Where many a figured leaf enrolls,
The total world since life began."

"Books are the storehouses of thought." The thoughts of giant intellect, inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, are treasured in books. In silent converse with the mighty dead, with those grand old masters whose distant footsteps echo through the "Corridors of Time," higher contemplations and more tender feelings come to us, "like instincts unawares." Our souls are lifted above the common, sordid things of earth, refreshed and strengthened.

"Then the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs and
silently steal away."

Pope tells us that :

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian
Spring."

But the poet Pope is not infallible in the world of letters, as Pope Leo XIII. is in the spiritual world; so I venture to differ with the great poet, even though it may be called heresy. But I'll admit that learning is :

"A bunch of grapes sprung up among the
thorns;
When but by caution, none the harm can
miss."

"No man is the wiser for his learning;
wit and wisdom are born with a man."

"Learning is the more profound
When in the few solid authors it may be
found;
A few good books digested well will feed
The mind: much cloys, or doth ill humors
breed."

However, I must confess I fully endorse what Mrs. Hale says about books :

"A blessing on the printer's art,
Books are the waters of the heart:
The burning soul, the burdened mind
In books alone companions find."
These are a sailor's words :

"A book's the tow that makes the tether
Which binds the quick and dead together;
A speaking trumpet underground
That turns a silence to a sound."

The above is graphic if not refined. But here is a self-evident proposition :

"Books should to one of these four ends
conduce
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
How empty learning and how vain art
But as it mends the life and guides the
heart."

C'est assez.

Of all necessary studies history is the least charming, in fact often the most disagreeable, and Gibbons spoke truly when he said: "History is but a record of the faults and follies of mankind."

In my last letter I gave you a description of the great Bermuda docks and the war ships of Her Majesty. Since then I have found in some old journals certain facts, some singular and authentic incidents concerning the Royal Navy and also the Army of England. The substance of my discoveries amounts to this: That at least two-

thirds of the British heart and arm in the Navy and also in the Army for nearly two centuries have been and are still composed of Irish Roman Catholics. It seemed strange that young Irishmen should so freely enlist and fight the battles of their country's oppressor; but, as the Duke of Richmond said in Parliament, "a high-priced loaf and starvation wages were the best recruiting sergeants for His Majesty." Wolfe Tono, speaking before Parliament in 1790, said: "Let it not be forgotten that at least, fully two-thirds of the British Seamen are Irish Catholics. On my voyage to America our vessel was boarded by a British frigate whose crew consisted of 220 men, 210 of whom were Irish Catholics." And said Mr. Tone, "The Army and Navy of England are supported by the MISERY OF IRELAND."

"Poor Ireland! The Niobe of Nations,
there she stands."

Mr. Grattan stated in Parliament (1796) that without the Irish Catholics the British Navy could not keep the sea, "Britain would no longer rule the waves." Transfer the Irish to the French Navy, and where is the British Navy, said he. Mr. Grattan's statements were corroborated by Sir John Cox and Sir Jonah Barrington. As it was then so it is to-day; yet until recently a Catholic Chaplain was forbidden in the forces.

As in the navy so it has been in the army. I wondered to see so many Catholic soldiers in Her Majesty's service in Bermuda. I find on excellent authority that as a rule long before the last century fully two-thirds (on an average) of the British army is composed of Irish Catholics. At the beginning of the century Sir Samuel Aachmouty stated publicly before a Parliamentary committee: "That three fourths of his command were Irish Catholics, and that the capture of Monte Video in 1807 was due entirely to the Seventh Regiment under Sir Edmund Butler, which was composed altogether of Irish—every man of them was an Irish Catholic—and out of the 4,000 men who attacked that fortress 3,000 were Irish Catholics. Sir Samuel passed a high encomium on the valor and discipline of the Irish soldiers.

"Their swords are thousands, their bosoms
are one.
Though the prishing ranks should be strewed
in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten
shore.
They are true to the last of their blood and
their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of
death."

I knew of course that there were many Irish Catholics in the army, but I thought they were greatly outnumbered by the English. However, the Duke of Wellington stated in Parliament that at the battle of Waterloo two out of three parts of the army were Irish, that is Catholic.

At the very time when Irish soldiers were dying by hundreds for the defence of England, when the peninsula of Spain was reeking with their life-blood, they were not only refused the consolations of their religion, but were cruelly and inhumanly punished for seeking to obtain them. Even when at time of the American Revolution the penal laws were abrogated to some extent, and Catholics were permitted to breathe their native air in safety, these poor soldiers were deprived of the ordinary rights of citizens. The following is one of many similar instances :

Patrick Spence, a Catholic private in the Dublin Militia, was ordered by the sergeant to attend Protestant service. He refused, and was sent to the black hole. He then wrote a respectful expostulation to his commanding officer. For having dared to do this he was tried by court martial and sentenced to receive 999 lashes! The barbarous sentence was in the act of execution when he was offered the

choice of exchange into a condemned (convict) regiment, which he gladly accepted.

O'Connell brought another instance of this kind before the Catholic Committee on the 1st December, 1810. The following is an extract of his speech from the Dublin Evening Post of that date: "I conceive we are called upon by every social feeling as Catholics and Irishmen to drag the bigoted delinquents, whatever may be their exalted rank in life, not only before an enlightened public, but before a Court of Criminal Jurisdiction. The facts, as reported to me, are as follows: A Roman Catholic soldier in the Militia, for no other offence than for attending chapel to discharge those religious duties which he, in common with all mankind, owed to his God, has been sentenced to be TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE and has actually, like a criminal, a common convict, proceeded so far on his passage into exile as the Isle of Wight.

"Though I have told most bitter truths, I have told them without bitterness; deem not my zeal factious or mis-timed."

I will give you the Duke of Wellington's speech here, as it seems an appropriate place for it. Perhaps you have never read it. The Duke of Wellington, in 1828, addressing the House of Lords in favour of Catholic Emancipation, which measure was then before the House, said: "It is already known to your lordships that more than half the troops entrusted to my command were Irish Catholics; and we must admit that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor no victory could have been obtained. If, on the eve of a battle, I had thus addressed my Catholic troops: 'You will know that England, our country, either so suspects your loyalty or so detests your religion that she has not thought proper to admit you amongst the ranks or give you the rights of her citizens; if on that account you deem it an act of injustice on her part to require you to shed your blood in her defence you are at liberty to withdraw,' I am quite sure, my lords, they would have spurned the alternative, for the hour of danger and glory is the hour when the Irishman best knows his duty, and is most determined to perform it. But if they had deserted, the remainder of the troops could not have crowned the British arms with victory. Whenever I meet one of the brave Irishmen of my command, and see him degraded below the lowest menial and proclaimed unfit to enter within the pale of the Constitution, I feel almost ashamed of the honors which have been lavished upon me."

Apropos of Lord Wellington's speech there is an anecdote of Shiel the Eloquent, who replied to an unwise onslaught by Lord Lyndhurst against the Irish nation. Shiel asked: "Where was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, when these words were uttered? Breathlessly he should have started up to disclaim them. 'The battles, sieges, fortunes that he passed, ought to have come back upon him.'"

The Iron Duke justly praises the faithful and courageous soldiers who served him in many a scene such as the following :

"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
asunder,
The rattling musketry, the crashing
blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O Man! with such discordant voices,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies."

Adieu. PLACIDIA.

RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.

COMBINATION OF TROUBLES WHICH
MADE LIFE MISERABLE.

Mr. Ell Joyce Relates His Experience With
These Troubles—Could Not Retain Food
and Was Thought to be Beyond
Hope of Cure—But Relief Came
and He is now a Well Man.

From the Coatbook, Que., Observer.

The readers of the Observer have become familiar with the remarkable cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through their recital in these columns, as taken from other reputable newspapers. It is now our purpose to tell them of a cure, hardly short of miraculous, which was effected on a person with whom many of our readers are acquainted. We refer to Mr. Ell Joyce, formerly of Dixville, but now living at Averil, Vt. A few days ago we saw Mr. Joyce and asked him about his recovery. He stated that for four or five years he had been afflicted with rheumatism and dyspepsia. He was laid up and unable to do anything on an average four months in a year, and was constantly growing worse, although treated by good physicians and trying numerous remedies recommended. A year ago last August he was taken seriously ill while at his sister's, Mr. Dolloff of Dixville. He could not retain anything on his stomach and the physicians who attended him were powerless in improving his condition. One of them stated that he had cancer of the stomach and could not live long. It was while in this precarious condition that he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long was able to retain food on his stomach. His pain gradually became less and in six weeks time he was back to his home in Averil, feeling that he had obtained a new lease of life. He continued taking the Pink Pills for some time longer and gained so much in health and strength that he is now able to do the hardest kind of a day's work, and he frankly gives Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit for his rejuvenated condition, and says he believes their timely use saved his life. The Observer has verified his story through several of his neighbors, who say that it was thought that he was at the point of death when he began the use of Pink Pills; in fact when we mentioned his case to one of the doctors who had attended him he said he supposed he was dead long ago. When such strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merit of Pink Pills it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.

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WORDS WITH WOMEN.

By Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan.

The following letter is from a most successful teacher in one of the primary schools. Its frank acknowledgment of the benefits of the kindergartion system is worthy every mother's consideration:

"I am glad to see you are making an effort to awaken in the minds of the readers of the CATHOLIC REGISTER, an interest in the education of children before they are sent to school.

It will be news to some mothers that any preparation for school is necessary, beyond getting up early on the eventful morning and taking the child there. By these, the walk over is considered a sufficient bridging of the gulf which lies between the home-life and that of school.

How often in the writer's personal experience has not the utter absence of any, even the simplest, commonest information been lamentably apparent. In the little preliminary talks every teacher holds with a new pupil in the hope of conquering the child's shyness and winning his confidence one will be surprised again and again to find the child cannot tell the color of his cat, how many legs it has or whether it is covered with feathers or fur. Neither, very frequently, will he know his right hand from his left nor the number of toes he has on his chubby little feet.

To me it seems little short of cruelty to thus suddenly transplant a child from a home, where he has been under little or no discipline, to an atmosphere of routine and quiet—the confinement alone within four walls, for five long hours of the little restless spirit that hitherto had found the whole house and its surroundings none too extended for his wandering feet, is in itself a species of torture.

Setting aside the injury done a child the matter is worth considering from a teacher's point of view. It is to one who has to teach children coming directly from home, instead of from a kindergarten, that the good results of a kindergarten training are apparent. In the latter case the teacher has trained material to work with. No time is wasted in waiting till—well to coin an expression—till the little one gets on his "school legs." His fingers have been strengthened by working and are ready now for lessons in writing and drawing. There is no need for the teacher to be constantly on the alert to arrest his wandering attention while the mysteries of his "First Book" are being unfolded.

The child has been taught to observe and think for himself. His senses and hands have been trained to accuracy and delicacy and habits of work have been found and its dignity impressed upon him. To sum it up, he has come to school prepared. He is ready for work, and the teacher, need it be said, is more than ready to welcome him. A. W.

Politics in Belgium.

In conformity with the usual practice, non-Catholic journals in this country to be called upon to regret the defeat of the Liberal party in Belgium and to assume that the victors at the polls, the Catholic party, represent reactionist tendencies. One such journal laments the defeat for the reason that the Liberals were aiming at universal suffrage. It happens however that the election was conducted under a system of universal suffrage. This system takes into account not only the fact that the person has reached the age of twenty-five, at which age he becomes entitled to one vote but also gives two and sometimes three votes to those having particular qualifications: Universal suffrage has not worked to the satisfaction of European Liberalism. Under a restricted franchise the Lib-

erals were in power. The new plan has almost wiped them out of existence.

Liberalism in Belgium stands not for the alleviation of the burdens of the lower classes of society, but simply for the irritation of the church. Under their regime the priest was driven into his sacristy and the godless schoolmaster was sent abroad into the land. Their legislation was altogether directed in favor of the upper and middle classes. The poor were allowed to go on bearing their burdens of sorrow, while from the miserable was taken the hope of happiness hereafter.

Out of this grew Socialism. With it the Catholic ministry has now to deal. In the mining districts and among the hot headed Walloons it has taken root. Liege returned eleven, Verviers four, Soignies three, Charlerois eight, and Mons six Socialists.

How deeply the populace has been steeped in misery, by neglect on the part of those who were content to let the miners suffer so long as dividends came from the mines, will be guessed when some of the utterances of Anseels, one of the Socialist leaders are thought upon. "The workmen must endeavor to compete with capital in order to kill it. To do this we must get hold of all the resources of the state, province and commune, by means of universal suffrage. But so long as there is a priest on earth, universal suffrage itself will be enslaved. To destroy capital, one thing above all is necessary—You must strike down the priest."

The priest therefore stands for the security of the state. This man received 85,000 votes in Liege. The Catholic Ministry has already begun to grapple with the difficulty. It has done its best to legislate against the excessive labor of men and women in the mines, the evils of the liquor traffic, of the truck system and so forth. The presence of four hundred thousand Socialist voters in Belgium constitutes a menace and necessitates a government at once powerful, wise and sympathetic.

A Brave Sister's Funeral.

A company of infantry, with their flag and band of music, rendered military honors at the funeral of Sister Eufrosia, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity in Pau, France. She belonged to the distinguished order of the Legion of Honor. The funeral cortege, headed by the Mayor of Pau, was followed by the most eminent authorities, civil and military. When the coffin was lowered into the grave the Mayor, in the name of the people, pronounced an eloquent and tender tribute, expressive of the love and affection of the nation for the brave and patriotic Sister who had so well deserved the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

An Odd Invitation.

Robert Louis Stevenson and Conan Doyle have never met. For several years, however, they have corresponded with more or less regularity, and when Dr. Doyle announced his intention of coming to America, Mr. Stevenson wrote him, characteristically, from Samoa:

"Come out and stop awhile with us. You can easily find your way. After leaving San Francisco we're the second town on the left."

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

Nov. 16—St. Joseph.
17—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus.
18—St. Pontian.
19—St. Elizabeth.
20—St. Felix Valois.
21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
22—St. Cecilia.

Concerning Songs.

Mr. O. A. Howland broke some new ground in his speech at London recently. "In the Separate Schools we don't purpose that anything disloyal or false in history shall be taught." That at present false history was being taught he promised to prove during the next session; history false not only as to religion, but as to questions affecting patriotism. "We want the schools so conducted that the children will come out of them singing 'The Maple Leaf' and not 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

Here is more honor for man already praised in many lauds and many generations—Fletcher of Saltoun, who held the making of laws to be secondary to the making of ballads.

In passing it may be as well to ask a question which Mr. Howland and those groundlings whose ears he meant to tickle will probably think to be of minor importance. "Do the children of the Separate schools sing 'The Wearing of the Green?'" Of course they do not. Do they sing "The Maple Leaf?" In a great many cases they do—unfortunately.

The truth is we have no national song. Even the one Mr. Hughes built for the purpose is not the thing required—if anything is required. The fact is, that Mr. Muir, the author of "The Maple Leaf," is a lover of the old Jacobite songs. We are assured that it was his delight to sing these songs in his school, to the joy of the pupils, who woke up whenever the vigorous notes of "Johnny Cope" and the like enlivened the otherwise dull precincts of the class room. What unlucky incident suggested the need of a national song, is not known; but the suggestion came and by some combination, which includes very bad literary taste and a very narrow conception of Canadianism, the outcome has been foisted upon unwilling minds as a national song, and now forsooth has won a champion who would give it statutory protection.

The very first lines of the production proclaim its narrowness.

"In days of old the hero Wolfe
Britain's glory did maintain."

This is all out of sympathy with the generous sentiment that erected a common monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. Further on there is another reference to "thistle, shamrock,

rose entwined," and a lot of other sentiments that breathe nothing of Canadianism whatever. There is no aspiration in it all that causes an extra heart beat. Its success rests upon the refrain, a simple expedient of iteration viz: "The Maple Leaf, the Maple Leaf, the Maple Leaf forever."

The trouble with Mr. Howland is that he mistakes the nature and purpose of a national song. The Wacht am Rhein, the Marseillaise, Maryland my Maryland, typified and gave expression to the soul stirrings of the peoples by whom they were sung. They were the songs of hope in times of storm and stress. Even the much despised 'Wearin' of the Green' meant something. It is at least a hundred years old and was the expression of a protest raised by an oppressed people against corruption in high places and the unscrupulous tyranny of bigotry. It was a voice crying out of the depths the desire of the Irish people for their civil and religious liberties. And so all honor to the old song. The misfortune is that it is not known enough even by those who have cause to hold it in honor. Mr. Howland, we venture to say knows nothing whatever about it, unless perchance he has some dim notion that it is the anti type of "Croppies Lie Down." There is precious little of this class of composition in the literature of England, whereas Irish pages teem with it. The chances are that when the real Canadian song comes to be written the work will be done by an Irish Canadian; failing that, by a French Canadian.

Revision of History.

It must be said that in regard to his project for the revision of history Mr. Howland has stumbled into a field of considerable usefulness. Not that there is any need of his services in connection with the Separate Schools, but that now his attention is upon the matter, he will find plenty of room for the exercise of the historic faculty in setting things right in the Public and High Schools, more particularly the latter, whereto Catholic children go, after passing the entrance examination, from the Separate Schools. It is a matter of the gravest concern that these children have to listen to erroneous explanations of great historical facts.

For instance, there is the question of the revolt against the sovereignty of the Holy See on the part of the English Hierarchy under the dictation of Henry VIII. From our able contemporary, the Northwest Review, we clip the following:

The morals of this remind us of an answer given to a question once asked by a small Catholic boy, of his Protestant teacher, in a country school in Ontario, while the teacher was explaining the character of Henry VIII. "Was it not peculiar that God should select such a wicked brute to establish a new religion?" The teacher replied, after an embarrassing pause. "God often selects the most characterless wretches to do his greatest works." The reply of the teacher did not give the boy a very high opinion of the wisdom or goodness of God, and until his mother explained the fallacy, and even blasphemy, of the teacher's reply, he was not able to change his opinion of God, as conveyed in the teacher's answer."

There is a recent work of great historical value touching this very period. It is the story of Henry's divorce from Katherine of Aragon, as shown by the State papers. It was written by the late Mrs. Hope, and verified by its

editor, Dom Adrian Gasquet, into whose hands it came at the too early death of the talented author. The contents would be found edifying and instructive by the reconstructor.

Then there are many other questions, notably those concerning the epochs of Irish history to which casual but not precise allusion is made here and there. Carlyle was once so disgusted with the encomiums on Washington that he threatened "to take George down a peg," and that is certainly what would happen to Elizabeth, and James I., and Cromwell, and William III., and a good many others if the truth were told of them. Some very instructive letters have just been published which deal with the Elizabethan Wars. Treachery and barbaric ferocity are what they prove. It is an unpleasant reflection to make, but the fact is that Irish Catholic children in the high schools—these Celts have a way of acquiring knowledge—have been obliged to draw the unwilling attention of the teachers to the misleading character of their statements. But it is not wise to depend on this contingency, so Mr. Howland's idea is welcome.

But then there is always that little "if" which has ere now been of service. "If" Mr. Howland would go into this investigation determined that the truth shall be taught—well. "If" on the other hand he wants to make the present worse, his mission is less creditable. When he says that the Catholic children are taught what is disloyal he is wrong and if he has been careful about his information he knows he is wrong.

The charge which he announces he will make on this score at the next session of the Legislature will be awaited with interest. If it ever is made no doubt there will be a case in disproof.

Froude's Inaccuracies.

Father Burke's lectures in reply to the late James Anthony Froude were received with such applause that in the comments made since Froude's death there has been little mention of any other opponent. Somewhat late in the day the Chicago New World has pointed out the services of John Mitchel in the same cause. It is to be regretted that Mr. William Dillon, the editor of the paper, did not adhere to his original intention of dealing with the subject personally, preferring instead to leave it to a letter received from Ireland. Mr. Dillon has all the materials concerning Mitchel, and is the author of a very thorough and sympathetic biography of him.

It was in the winter of 1872-3 that Mitchel wrote for the Irish-American newspaper the series of letters afterwards published in book form as "The Crusade of the Period." He bitterly resented the impertinence of Froude in crossing the ocean to repeat his calumnies against the Irish race. "Even here," he says, "we find at every turn a vigilant English 'ruler of men' cooling our friends, heating our enemies, carefully warning our neighbors that we are false, treacherous, cowardly and cruel; that we never knew what to do with our own country, when we had one, and will

surely do what in us lies to ruin America, as we ruined Ireland."

The replies are an exhaustive criticism of Froude's romantic methods of writing history. In one dramatic passage Froude charges that the Irish, having been endowed by Providence with as lovely a land as the sun ever shone on, "had pared its forest to the stump until it shivered in damp and desolation." Concerning this statement, Mitchel proved that it was not the Irish but the English settlers and undertakers who had "pared the forests to the stump," and also that if Froude were familiar with the authorities he refers to he must have been perfectly aware of the facts. "Indeed," says Mr. Dillon, commenting upon this, "even to the casual reader, it must seem strange that the native Irish, having preserved their forests from time immemorial, should be suddenly seized with a desire 'to pare them to the stump,' just when the land of Ireland was passing into the hands of English and Scotch adventurers."

Singularly enough one of Froude's most palpable mis-statements has reference to Mitchel himself. It is well known that Thomas Carlyle entertained for Mitchel feelings of the kindest personal regard. "A fine, elastic-spirited young fellow, whom I grieved to see rushing on destruction palpable by attacks of windmills, but on whom all my persuasions were thrown away. Both Duffy and him I have always regarded as specimens of the best kind of Irish youth"—then follow uncomplimentary references to O'Connell, the "Big Beggarman," as Carlyle calls him. Later on Carlyle wrote: "Poor Mitchel, I told him, he would most likely be hanged, but I told him, too, that they not hang the immortal part of him." And again:—"Irish Mitchel, poor fellow! is now in Bermuda as a felon; letter from him, letter to him—was really sorry for poor Mitchel, but what help?"

In his life of Carlyle which was so little respectful of privacy as to have driven Lord Tennyson to burn all his papers rather than risk his reputation falling into such irreverent hands, Froude took his revenge for Mitchel's castigation. He says "Mitchel has lately died in America. The 'immortal part' of him still works in Phoenix Park, and in dynamite conspiracies. What will come of it has yet to be seen..... Those ardent young men with whom he (Carlyle) dined at Dundrum were working as felons at Bermuda." In the "Life of John Mitchel" Mr. William Dillon bases upon these passages a very formidable arraignment. "It may be noted: (1) Mitchel did not die in America, but in Ireland; (2) none of the 'ardent young men,' except Mitchel, were ever at Bermuda at all; (3) Mitchel, while at Bermuda, did not work either in the docks or anywhere else. Mr. Froude might perhaps say that he would scorn to be accurate in matters so unimportant—base is the historian who does not sometimes lie. Some people, on the other hand, might hold that Mr. Froude would do well either to tell the truth about such matters or to let them alone. As to the observation about Mitchel's 'immortal part'

I do not deem it necessary to say anything beyond calling the reader's attention to the striking contrast between the truth and kindly sympathy of Carlyle's observation of Mitchell, and the falsehood and brutality of Mr. Froude's comment thereon."

With this as a guide we can form some opinion concerning Froude's own "immortal part" as a historian.

Crispi.

The Premier of the Italian Government has shown himself to be very much nettled by the Pope's failure to embrace the cunning overtures made in the Naples speech. He seemed to think that he had only to cease persecutions and the Vatican would hasten to his relief. Such has not been the case. Leo XIII. is a much greater statesman than his persecutor. He did not go begging for terms but waited until the other should make some definite offer.

The circumstance reminds one somewhat of that other time when Victor Emmanuel, physically victorious was calling upon Pius IX. to accept the logic of the situation and yield to the proposals of the Government by abdicating the temporal sovereignty, to all which overtures, said John Mitchell in the Irish Citizen, "the grand old Pope had but one answer—*non possumus*, which is ecclesiastical Latin for 'I'll see you d—d first.'"

Crispi has revenged himself by shutting up all the socialist associations in the kingdom, confiscating the institution for catechumens and expelling first Abbe Montennis and then Mgr. Boeglin, members of the editorial staff of the *Moniteur du Rome*, a newspaper favorable to the Pope, and which by the vigor of its articles has been found to exercise a considerable influence.

The suppression of the socialist clubs will have no other effect than to drive the complaining classes into secret societies for the propagation of their principles. It will be news for those who boast of the liberalizing of Italy under its present government that a government which causes civil discontent by bad government, grinding taxes, unjust administration of law, tyrannical treatment of labor and kindred evils should seek to avoid the consequences by forbidding the discussion of their short-comings.

The confiscation of the institute was a simple act of brigandage. It was a charitable foundation of the Pope's affording hospitality to Jews and unbelievers who were about to be received into the Church. It has been under Papal jurisdiction and in no sense State property.

When Abbe Montennis was escorted to the frontier at an hour's notice the Government thought that the hand that wielded the lash had been removed. Not so. The paper was as vigorous as ever. At midnight the police visited Mgr. Boeglin, seized everything they could lay their hands on, clapped the prelate into the common jail and next morning took him out of the country also.

Those who are in the habit of talking of Italy as regenerated when authority was torn from the Popes may find food for reflection in the account of these proceedings.

Handsome Is As Handsome Does.

At the banquet given to Mr. Laurier just before he left Winnipeg on his way home after his western trip, Mr. Joseph Martin, the author of the Manitoba school legislation of 1890, expressed his gratification that the ablest representative of the Liberal party was a Frenchman; because it had been represented that he (Mr. Martin) was an enemy to the French people, and he was enabled by the devotion he extended to the leader of the Liberal party to answer fully that charge.

In 1888 there was an election in a Manitoba constituency the population of which is French Canadian and Catholic. A Catholic, Hon. Mr. Burke was the Conservative candidate. The result meant the security or fall of the Conservative government. The French Canadians were warned of the danger of trusting the Liberals. Mr. Martin went into the constituency and vigorously denied the accusation.

His speech is thus described by Mr. James Fisher:

"Mr. Martin, in a powerful speech, denounced the statements of Burke and his friends as false. He told the meeting that it had never been the policy of Liberals to interfere with the language or institutions of the French Catholic population, and he appealed to them to trust the Liberals, and to support their candidate. At that time I was President of the Provincial Association of Liberals, and Mr. Martin referred to my presence at the meeting and said I could put him right if he was wrong. He went further, and not only said Liberals had no idea of interfering with these institutions, but he gave a positive pledge, in the name of the Liberal party that they would not do so. I have always thought that the movement to establish the present school law, abolishing all Catholic schools, against the strong protest of the minority was, under the circumstances, and in the face of that promise, a gross wrong. Personally I made no promise, but I felt as much bound by the pledge given as if I had given it myself."

Shortly after this election, at which by reason of these promises the French Canadians rejected their fellow-countryman and co-religionist and elected the nominee of Mr. Martin, the Government fell. A Liberal Government took its place and Mr. Martin became a member of that Government. Shortly afterwards there was a general election.

One morning early in 1888, Premier Greenway called upon Archbishop Tache. His Grace was confined to his bed through illness. Father Allard, the Vicar-General, took Mr. Greenway's communication, which was, as appears from Father Allard's sworn statement:

"The Hon. Mr. Greenway then stated to me that he was called to form a new Government in this Province, and that he was desirous to strengthen it by taking into his Cabinet one of the French members of the Legislature who would be agreeable to the Archbishop, whereupon I remarked that I did not think His Grace would favor any French member joining the new administration unconditionally and without any previous understanding as to certain questions of great importance to His Grace. Mr. Greenway replied that he had already talked the matter over with his friends and that he was quite willing to guarantee, under his Government, the maintenance of the then existing condition of matters with regard

1. To Separate Catholic Schools.
2. To the official use of the French language.
3. To the French electoral divisions."

Next morning these promises were renewed. Both interviews were in the presence of Mr. W. F. Alloway a banker, who by affidavit attests the truth of Father Allard's statements.

At that time Mr. Martin was the Attorney general. In view of these promises the subsequent legislation

cannot be looked upon as sustaining his profession of love for the French Canadians. On the contrary his character can only be fittingly described as a compound of brazen effrontery, basest duplicity, and dishonor public and unblushing. If secular education be the good thing some of its advocates say it is, they have cause to blush that their object was accomplished by means of such treachery.

The New Chancellor.

There is a disposition to look upon the appointment of a Catholic as Chancellor of the German Empire as a sign that the old anti-Catholic laws of the reconstruction period are to be at an end. Probably the view is the correct one. Nevertheless, when the quarrel between Bismarck and the Pope was raging, Von Hohenloe, though of the Catholics, was not with them. He has a brother a Cardinal of the Church, of whom it is freely prophesied in certain quarters that he will be the successor of Leo. Some secular papers go so far as to say that Humbert of Italy, William of Germany and some others of the crowned heads have decided to accept no one else. This goes to show that Mr. Barnum has to-day some disciples who believe in the eternal gullibility of the sovereign people. A precious deal these kingly gentlemen are likely to influence the selection of a pope! And a great value a pope would set upon their ratification of his election! There is something exceedingly funny in the notion of King Humbert's dictating the choice of a successor to Leo XIII., who, a prisoner in Rome has been for years the mightiest mind and the greatest force among the nations of the world, spite of the petty annoyances of Humbert and his cabinet. And it is not likely that the position will be seriously altered because what we would call a "hickory Catholic" stands ready to do the bidding of Emperor William.

The Catholic Almanac.

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario which has just been issued by the Sisters of the Precious Blood is a work which has not heretofore been attempted in this Province and the Sisters are to be congratulated upon the very excellent character of their initial publication. There is a great deal of information concerning astronomical calculations for the year, postal regulations, histories and directories of the leading Catholic societies and much other information of a similar nature. In addition there is the calendar for the whole year, 1895, and for each month a religious reflection appropriate to the season upon some attribute of Christian perfection. Several short stories, written for the Almanac constitute a pleasing feature. There are also sketches of the late Archbishop Tache, Sir Frank Smith and others and an interesting narration of the history of the order which publishes the work, all of these being copiously illustrated by engravings in the half tone process. The work is of such a nature that whether from the standpoint of literature, varied information typography or appearance, but particularly from the essentially Canadian character of its contents, it should command a ready sale. The intention is of course to make the Almanac an annual publication.

"Thinkin' Long"

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann,
Meself could lift a song!
An' no'er an hour by day or dark
Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
The rain might lay the corn,
We'd up an' look for better luck,
About the mofrow's morn.

But since we come away from there,
An' far across the say,
I still have wrought and still have thought,
The way I'm doin' the day.

An' now we're quarely better fixed,
In troth, th' are nothin' wrong!
But many a time, by rain an' shiuo,
I do be thinkin' long.

Molra O'Neill, in London Spectator

The Exile Lover.

By HENRY COYLE.

The twilight now is falling,
The moon shines o'er the sea,
A loving thought, alanna,
This night I send to thee;
This hour while stars are gleaming
Ashore agra machree,
A white wave is my messenger
To take my love to thee!

Soft be the downy pillow
That bears thy head this night;
Good angels watch and guard thee
From aught thy joy would blight;
Sweet be thy peaceful slumbers,
Ashore agra machree,
And if thou canst, alanna,
Come thou, in dreams, to me!

There is no grief nor sorrow
Thy love cannot remove;
And how its ties are strengthened
This absence can but prove,
Then trust me, O my darling,
And thou shalt surely see
Thy loved one soon returning
To thee across the sea.

Catholic Union and Times.

Waiting for the Dawn.

For the Register.

I sit and watch to see night's veil withdrawn;
So long it hath been dark! The hours so drear!
Now e'en the shadow-sprites that hovered near
And roused my fancy—even they are gone.
Fold after fold, still thickening shades come down
Until to outstretched hands they would appear
To form a barrier. Can it now be near?
'Tis over da keat just before the dawn.
Methought the light was breaking! Like the lar's,
My spirit soars to greet the glorious sun.
'Tis morn! Birds warble matins! Nay, still dark—
'Twas an illusion; day is not begun.
Dear God! I wait thy time—it ne'er is wrong—
But still my heart will cry "How long, how long?"

Rose F.

There is an Orchard.

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
And high is the orchard wall;
And ripe is the fruit in the orchard tree—
O my love is fair and tall!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
And joys to its haven hies;
And a white hand opens its gate to me—
O deep are my true love's eyes!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
Its flowers the brown bee sips;
But the stateliest flower is all for me—
O sweet are my true love's lips!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
Where the soft delights do roam;
To the Great Delight I have bent my knee—
O good is my true love's home!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
With a nest where the linnet's hide;
O warm is the nest that is built for me—
In my true love's heart I bide!

Gilbert Parker, in the Chap Book.

Quatrains.

I. ART TO THE ARTIST

"Are you content to yield me up your peace,
To bid me drink your youth as so much wine;
Fevered, to know not yours the perfect line,
And, when your brush begins to breathe, to cease?"

II. THE TORCH-RACE.

Swift as on wing the first has sped his course,
And, wearied, fainting, dim with vain remorse,
Surrenders bright the torch to him behind
Who starts as swift to end as faint and blind

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

The City of Unrighteousness.

By Rev. William Barry, D.D.

As I walked through the great wilderness, it chanced upon a day that I came to a city, the walls whereof seemed to reach unto Heaven; and its mighty gates stood open, but so thronged by a multitude pressing in between them that to make entrance was no easy thing. Yet I contrived to pass in with the crowd, and immediately I was aware of a murky and flaming sky overhead with the sound of roaring furnaces and resounding wheels, and all manner of machinery at work, in the tall houses which lined every street on both sides, while the men and women with me hurried onwards as in a flood to the main square of the city. A strange sight it was which met my eyes on arriving thither. Beneath clouds of rolling smoke, lighted up incessantly by the jets of chemical fires that the chimneys cast out, I beheld the crowd swaying to and fro, now surging to one side of the square, and now to the other, as distracted by contrary impulses. And as I looked more closely, I discerned on my right hand a huge statue, carved in darkest bronze, which rose high above the crowd on a golden pedestal. A figure, it seemed, of a Titan or giant, one of the mighty men of old, in the countenance an expression of pain, of striving, of unsatisfied desire, while the crooked talons grasped between them the globe of the earth, and the eyes bent downwards were absorbed as in steadfast calculation. To that anguish-stricken, strenuous symbol of a task for ever renewed and never accomplished, the multitude were lifting hands of prayer, cries and clamours of entreaty, in their eager struggle. Some had their hands upon their fellows' throats, and not a few were trampled down. Bewildered by so fierce and cruel a vision, I turned my eyes, as for relief, to the far-off side of that immense piazza, where the crowd kept shifting and moving like a sea which the storm is beating into foam. There, likewise, a figure stood enthroned, but how little resembling the Titan over against him! For this was a statue shaped of Parian marble, fair as some Greek God—a beautiful, dissipated young man it seemed, on whose features passed a rosy tinge, and in his hands a golden cup which he was lifting to his mouth for a draught. And here, too, men and women, young and old, kept up a litany of petition, as asking to share in the enchantments of the cup, from which, whenever a sparkle of the contents fell upon any of them, into their faces passed the expression of dreamy pleasure I had noted in the marble deity. But how they strove with one another. How hard was the light in their eyes! And under their feet lay many children beaten down, whom no man regarded. For the intoxication was universal; and ask as I might, it was vain to expect an answer from these worshippers, touching the object which they adored with such over-mastering passion.

ITS STRANGE FOUNDATIONS.

Then methought, in my perplexity I looked round for one who was sober, and a little apart I saw standing what seemed a venerable old man, robed in white down to his feet, and he was writing with an iron pen in the book which he held. His aspect was severe and awful, so that I could not bear to fix a steady gaze upon him. And I said, "O, my Lord, what is this city into which I have wandered, and how do men call the idols which here I see them worshipping?" He made answer after a while, not looking up from the pages wherein he still was writing. "The city that thou seest has many names, but in the Book of God it is styled Babylon the Great, which hath committed evil with all the kings of the earth, the golden city, the oppressor. And the dark Titan upon thy right

hand is Mammon, the god of gain; but the fair young man whose semblance thou beholdest in the marble is Belial, the god of selfish pleasure. Now, moreover, if thou wilt open thine eyes, thou mayest mark upon what foundations this Babylon is established." Therewith I saw—a thing dreadful and unexpected—that the vast city had for its very basis whereon it was built thousands and tens of thousands of living and writhing bodies, all the slaves, and serfs and miserable hirelings of the world, who with their strength upheld it, while the continual murmur of their unheeded lamentations made music, as discordant as it was heartpiercing, like a chorus to the tumult and trappings above them. It was too much, and I could bear it no longer.

NOT PARABLE BUT REALITY.

But as I lifted my eyes from that sad spectacle, in quest of the man with whom I had spoken, lo, he was gone, and with him the whole vision passed. Yes, like a flash it went, yet, no sooner had I turned round about, than, instead of the one great Babylon, I seemed to catch, as in a sudden view, the sight of modern cities, the hives of industry, the marts of commerce, brought in an instant together and making a world-metropolis, filled with the same multitudes I had been watching. And if the figures of Mammon and of Belial were not erect in their streets, the reason was that these worshipping idols had taken up an abode in their hearts. That city was there before me; the idolatry was manifest on every hand.

A South African Chief.

A modern traveller gives an account of a king or South African chief who wished to dispatch a message to one of his favorite warriors who had fallen in battle and whose remains had been entombed with the usual pomp and ceremony. How did he proceed to carry out his wish? He called into his dead presence a little naked boy of the tribe, and gave him the message verbally. He made him repeat it till he was satisfied that the poor child had thoroughly grasped it. Then the powerful savage drew his sword, and with a single well-directed blow struck off the boy's head, exclaiming: "Go and deliver my message." Now, whatever we may think of the barbarity this indicated, it at least proves that the savage king believed (a) that his warrior still existed somewhere, and, what is more, that (b) the boy, whose head he had severed from the trunk, would also continue to live on in some other sphere, and might even communicate with others in a similar condition. Such instances might be multiplied. One more, and a really pretty one is from the history of the Seneca Indians. "When a maiden died, they had a custom of imprisoning a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song. Then, loading it with messages and caresses, they loosed its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it would neither fold its wings nor close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost." Among other peoples, we find indications of the same belief, though manifested in a somewhat different manner.

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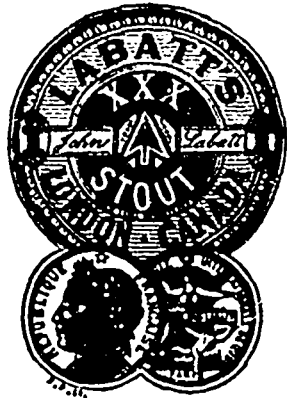


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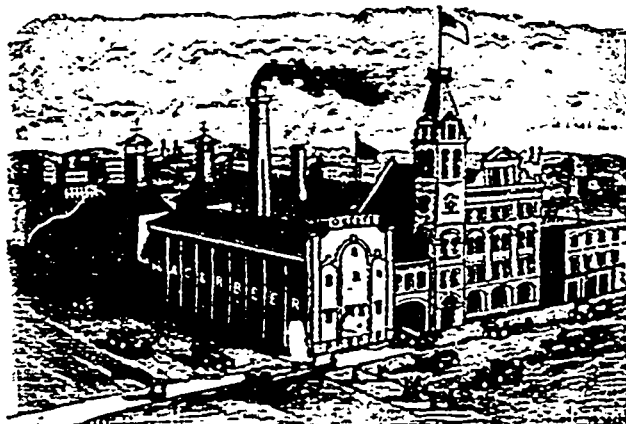
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BRANCHES—548 Queen Street West, and 899 Yonge Street.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On the night of October 14th, about 11 o'clock, a terrible tragedy took place in Sebastian st., Ballymacarrett, near Queen's bridge. A man named William Kenny was walking with a young woman named Mrs. Cecilia Devlin, when another young man named Wm. Conroy, who had been paying attentions to Mrs. Devlin, met them. Some conversation ensued, in which Mrs. Devlin told Conroy she did not want to have anything to do with him, and did not care for him. Conroy immediately drew a revolver and fired two shots at her. One bullet entered her breast, and a bullet mark was also found at the back of her shoulder. As soon as the woman fell, Conroy fired another shot at Kenny, who, however, escaped uninjured, and got away. Conroy then put the revolver in his own mouth and fired, falling dead immediately. Mrs. Devlin was brought to the hospital, and lies in a critical condition. She is a married woman, but her husband, who is in America, left her some time ago.

Armagh.

On October 11th an inquest was held by Mr. Thomas Phelan, J.P., Coroner for South Monaghan, on the body of Robert Martin, of Muckno, County Armagh, whose dead body was found in a pool near Castleblaney. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death from drowning.

Cavan.

In Belturbet, on October 15th, an election for three Commissioners took place in room of Messrs. T. Boland, Philip Kennedy and Peter Fitzpatrick, who were going out by rotation, and were opposed by two Redmondites and one Tory—Messrs. George Royburn, James Bogue and Wm. Winslow. The result was as follows:—Timothy Boland, Nationalist, 83; Philip Kennedy, Nationalist, 79; Peter Fitzpatrick, Nationalist, 78; George Royburn, Conservative, 46; James Bogue, Redmondite, 35; Wm. Winslow, Redmondite, 35. The result was received with loud applause.

Clare.

The polling for the contested seats in Church street, Jail street, and Mill street Wards, Ennis, took place on October 18th, and as a result of the scrutiny before Mr. John H. Harvey, Chairman of the Commissioners, it was found that the three outgoing Commissioners Messrs. M. A. Scallan and Denis Roughtan (Nationalists), and P. J. Linnane (Redmondite)—were reelected. The contests excited unusual interest, and neither side left an effort to secure a successful issue.

Cork.

On the evening of October 10, the Literary Session of the Cork Young Men's Society was opened, when the inaugural address was delivered by the Rev. Father Hayden, S. J., Galway. Rev. Canon McGuire presided, and there was an extremely large attendance. The Rev. lecturer dealt mainly with the causes which had led to the decay of the Irish language, and advocated a system of phonetics, on the lines of Isaac Pitman, whereby the sounds of the language could be recorded as a means of reviving the language. In Skibbereen, on October 19th, a young lad named Cornelius O'Driscoll, aged about nine years, died from the result of injuries said to have been inflicted on him by a comrade in the course of some petty quarrel while returning from school. A boy named Cornelius Bohane, aged about twelve, was arrested in connection with the affair and was admitted on bail.

Derry.

On October 11th, Dr. McIvor, Coroner, attended at Moneyconey, some four miles from Draperstown, and held an inquest touching the death of a young man, aged 20 years, named Hugh Bradley, who died suddenly on the previous night. The father of the deceased deposed that the deceased left home about three o'clock on the 11th, with a horse, to go to the blacksmith's shop some distance off. Shortly after dark the horse came home alone. A search was immediately instituted and about eight o'clock the deceased was found quite dead, lying along a bye-path through which he was returning on his way home. Dr. Harty, J. P., deposed that death resulted from natural causes, probably heart disease. Verdict accordingly.

Donegal.

Mr. Peter Kelly, father of the late Mr. Bernard Kelly, M. P., has resigned, owing to old age and debility, his seat as a Town Commissioner of Ballyshannon.

Douglas.

The spire on St. Patrick's Memorial Church, Downpatrick is almost completed, workmen at present being engaged in giving it the finishing touches. The new bell, which is, like the tower and spire, the bequest of the late Mr. Anthony Mehan, Downpatrick, has been received from Byrne's Foundry, Dublin. The weight of the bell is two tons and a half, its cost being £300.

Dublin.

On Thursday evening, October 15th, about five o'clock, while two workmen were engaged in one of the strong rooms of the Belfast Banking Company, which are in course of erection in College Green, Dublin, the inner, closely-barred gate, accidentally slammed to, and the key not being procur-

able until 11 o'clock next day, the two artisans who were inside had to remain over night within the precincts of the iron room, which is situated about ten feet below the level of the street. Were it not for the kindness of a fellow-workman, who managed to squeeze some sandwiches through the bars, they would have been in a far worse plight. As it was they had to remain prisoners till the "time-lock" opened its clutch and enabled the bank officials to let them out.

Galway.

In Ballinasloe, on October 15th, an inquest was held on the body of Mary Morrissey, a widow, aged 62, who lost her life through suffocation by a fire which occurred the previous day in a storeroom, occupied by Mr. Thomas Claffy, grocer and spirit merchant, Main street. As soon as it was known that the old woman was in the burning building a man named Pat Burke made a desperate effort to reach her, and found her lying dead on the lobby outside her own door. He took her up in his arms, carried her across the room, and handed her to two policemen, who were on a ladder. The verdict of the jury was that she died from suffocation, and that no blame was attachable to any one in connection with the affair. On the motion of Mr. Cogavin, one of the jury, a resolution was passed, calling on the Royal Humane Society to make some recognition of the bravery of Patrick Burke.

Kerry.

On Sunday, October 14th, eight young men from the neighborhood of Fenit went on a boating excursion to Camp, and seven of them left the latter place about six o'clock in the evening on their return. They, however, failed to reach home, and next evening the canoe they had taken with them was found ashore at Garahies, at the Camp side of the bay, with a hole in its bottom, indicating too plainly the fate that had overtaken its occupants. Their names were James Parker, a farmer's son; John Brown (Derrymore), farmer's son; John Griffin, Tim Crowley, Mike McCarthy (1), Mike McCarthy (2), Batt Stack, fishermen, and Mike Sheehy, laborer, Kilmolloy. Stack remained behind in Fenit, and thus escaped the fate that overtook his companions. On a search being made, all the bodies were recovered the corpses being locked in each others' arms, showing that the men could make no effort to swim. One of the men, Brown, is said to have been a returned American.

Kildare.

Acting Bandsman Butler, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, committed suicide at the Curragh, on October 15th, by shooting himself with his rifle. The deceased, who bore a good character, had seen some sixteen years' service, and was married. Of late rumors prevailed that his domestic affairs were not entirely happy. This is the second case of self-destruction which has occurred at the Curragh Camp, as a sergeant-instructor of musketry, recently committed a similar act.

Kilkenny.

On October 12th, there died in Patrick street, Kilkenny, a young lady of much ability and promise. Miss Mary Cecilia Kelly, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Kelly, composer, Kilkenny Journal Office, after a brief illness of ten days, passed away in her fourteenth year. Miss Kelly had been a pupil of St. Camelia's Convent, where her many good qualities had won for her the affection of her fellow-pupils and of the Sisters of the Community. In her studies she displayed remarkable ability, and her natural talent for drawing, and the proficiency she had acquired at the art, were a matter for wonder among all who knew her. She had been preparing to take part in the great O'asary Fete but the fatal illness intervened.

King's County.

On October 12th, an extraordinary case of hydrophobia was reported at the Clonsaulough Police Station. During the evening a lad named Patrick Rigney, aged 16 years, who resides at Clonsaulough, near Belmont, was passing along the road, a quarter of a mile from home, when he observed a dead cat lying in the ditch by the roadside, and a live one near the carcass, in the bushes. Young Rigney was in the act of stirring the dead animal with a stick, when the live cat sprang at him, tore his trousers, and bit him in the thigh. He seized the cat by the back of the neck, and she caught him by the fourth finger of the right hand, inflicting a severe wound. The terrified boy flung the infuriated feline to the ground; but the cat flew at him a second time, taking hold of his left hand, and continued to bite and scratch until he succeeded in choking her. Mr. Nolan, V. S., inspected the carcass and pronounced the cat to be suffering from rabies. Rigney sustained six severe bites, besides numerous scratches; and he is about being sent to the Pasteur Institute, Paris, for treatment.

Limerick.

Legal documents at the suit of Mr. John A. Place, and signed by Mr. Francis M. Fitt, solicitor, have been served on Messrs. Gilligan, T. C.; McDonnell, T. C.; McNamara, McInerney, Connery, and Mahony cautioning them that they were illegally declared elected Fishery Conservators for Limerick, at the election on the 1st October, and intimating that if they attempted to exercise



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Established 1822. Head Office, 3 College Green, Dublin.
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INCOME (exceeds)..... 300,000
INVESTMENT FUNDS (exceeds)..... 500,000

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Correspondence is invited as to Agencies at unrepresented points in Ontario.

the position they would be held responsible for the costs in any action at law that might be necessary to get their elections declared void. At the recent elections the above-named gentlemen were declared elected by Mr. John Earles, who presided, and who declined to treat as valid a number of votes tendered on behalf of the candidates proposed by Mr. Place, and which it was contended by him were perfectly legal.

Longford.

A convention of the clergy and delegates of the Irish National Federation took place in Longford, on October 15th, to arrange matters in connection with the postponed National demonstration. On the motion of Mr. Joseph Flood, Mr. J. P. Farrell, County Delegate, was moved to the chair. Mr. R. Noud, Longford, was appointed secretary. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—That a public meeting be held in Longford at the earliest date in November that can be arranged. That the Hon. E. Blake, or Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. T. M. Healy be requested to address the meeting. That a committee be appointed, consisting of the County Delegate and the secretary of each branch of the county, or an accredited delegate, to draft resolutions to be submitted to the meeting. A vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Mr. Noud, seconded by Mr. Flood, brought the proceedings to a close.

Mayo.

Mr. Healy, for a considerable time Editor and Manager of the Connaught Telegraph, Castlebar, has, we are glad to see attained the degree of B.A., at the Royal University Examinations. His early call to the bar may be looked forward to, and in the practice of his profession we hope he may win success and fame.

Meath.

Mr. J. C. Sullivan, of Nacan, has purchased the celebrated racehorse Rouge Dragon, by Bend Or, out of Tiger Lily, by Macaroni, her dam Polly Agnes, by The Cure, and he will keep company with Winkfield at the Killybeg stud next season.

Monaghan.

On October 15th, Most Rev. Dr. Owens, assisted by the Very Rev. L. J. Canon O'Neill, P.P., Clones; Rev. P. McDonnell, Adm., Monaghan, and Rev. P. J. Lynch, C.C., received the vows of the following young ladies at the Convent of St. Louis, in Monaghan:—Miss Ellen McKeon, Kingscourt, in religion Sister M. Alphonsus; Miss Annie Ryan, Limerick, in religion Sister M. Malachy; Miss Annie Dowd, Carrick-on-Shannon, in religion Sister M. Austin; Miss Mary Gillespie, Dublin, in religion Sister M. Clement; and Miss Alice Reynolds, Malahide, in religion Sister Mary Gonzaga. The Mass suitable to the occasion was celebrated by the Bishop. On the same occasion Miss Connolly was solemnly received into the Order of St. Louis, taking the name of Sister M. Aiden.

Queen's County.

A public meeting was held on October 13, in Mountmellick Schoolhouse, for the purpose of considering the question of the drainage of the River Barrow, and to advocate the adoption of the scheme with this view. Mr. William Goff Pim occupied the chair, and among those present were—Messrs. H. Smith, J.P.; T. Morrin, C.T.C.; W. H. Cobbe, Chairman Mountmellick Board of Guardians; Wm. Neale, J.D.; Wm. Delaney, V.C., P.L.G.; V. Scully, J. Bergin, P.L.G.; P. Deering, P.L.G.; W. D. Pattison, P.L.G.; J. A. Millner, D. Regin, D. Woods, A. Malone and others. The meeting was large and representative, and resolutions in accordance with the object of its call were passed unanimously.

Reconnaiss.

In Boyle, on October 15th, the result of the municipal contest was made by the returning officer, Mr. James Clarke, C.T.C., P.L.G., as follows:—Laurence O'Hara,

(Redmondite), 62; John Leyland (Nationalist), 53; Thomas Keaveny (Nationalist), 42. Those three were the outgoing Commissioners, and were opposed by Mr. John Callaghan, Redmondite, who only received 35 votes.

Sligo.

On October 13th, in the Northern Divisional Police Court, Dublin, before Mr. O'Donel, Mr. Martin W. Phillips, J. P., Postmaster of Sligo, charged on remand with having committed wilful perjury while being examined in the Bankruptcy Court, on the 27th July 1894, was returned for trial at the City Commission. In consequence, the office of Postmaster in Sligo is vacant, and already there is a crop of candidates in the field, amongst them being Mr. Sampson, Chief Clerk in the Sligo office, and for many years engaged in the postal service.

Tipperary.

Mr. John Loughnan, of Fiberta, near Banaha, an evicted tenant, has just been reinstated in his old home. The farm is on the Mazy estate, and on the recent appointment of Mr. Dickinson, of Dublin, to the agency, negotiations were reopened by Mr. Cullinan, with the result that a permanent abatement of over 40 per cent, was granted, with allowances of 250, water and county cess, and all arrears, which were very considerable, thrown overboard, on payment of £5, out of which all rates and taxes are to be met. Mr. Loughnan gets the crop on the lands, and goes in a free tenant on 1st November inst.

Tyrene.

On October 12th, Mr. John G. R. Porter, Coroner, Omagh, held an inquest in Mullyrudden, Ballygawley, on view of the body of a child named Maggie Jameson, whose death took place by drowning on the previous day. The jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning.

Waterford.

The result of the Dungarvan Town Commissioners' elections was declared on October 16th. The following were declared elected for Dungarvan Ward—E. Keolan [N], 118; Thomas Flynn [N], 102; Michael Barry [N], 98; John Mooney [N], 93. The Redmondites canvassed night and day, but all their efforts were unavailing, and the result of the poll showed that Dungarvan is thoroughly Nationalist. John Carran [N] polled 88, and Thomas O'Connor 85. Mr. M. Stuart [N] was elected for the Abbeyside Ward, his opponent, Mr. John Scallan [R], having retired before the day of election. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and tar barrels were lighted throughout the principal streets.

Westmeath.

Sunday, October 14th, was again marked by scenes of violence and disorder in Athlone in connection with the street preaching. Eggs, mud, stones, and whatever missiles came handy were flung, and the crowd, rushing in, swept the police aside, and made straight for the preachers, who were badly mauled. After a brief period the police succeeded in extricating the preachers from the hands of the mob and in getting them back to their lodgings in King street.

Wexford.

On October 17th, the marriage took place, in New Ross parish church, of Mr. Michael Murphy, of the well-known firm of Falgrave, Murphy & Company, the famous steamship owners in Dublin, and Miss Elizabeth Fitzpatrick. The bridegroom, being one of Dublin's wealthy merchants, and the bride, also, moving in high circles, the marriage was looked forward to with great interest, and the church was filled. The young lady (who is a Protestant) had been staying with the Boyd family, at Chilcomb, New Ross, for some time past, and her father and mother being dead—she was given away by Mr. J. T. E. Boyd, solicitor, who escorted her to the altar.

Catarrh—Use of Balm. Quick, positive cure. See advertisement on 7th page.

Becomes a Catholic.

Mark White Handley, a bright young man who for three years has been private secretary to George W. Cable, the author, has made a stir in Northampton, Mass., by leaving the Protestant church to enter the Catholic fold.

When he went to Northampton he was a decided agnostic, and last June he was confirmed by Bishop Lawrence and became an active member of the Episcopal church. He came from Nashville, Tenn., where he was connected with the *Nashville American*. He belonged to a prominent Southern family, and his uncle was Governor Marks, of Tennessee.

Handley was baptized recently in the Catholic church and left for Washington, where he will connect himself with the institution conducted by the Paulist fathers.

Implicit Faith in His Mother.

The following pretty story about the little Crown Prince of Germany is told by a member of the Emperor's household: "A clergyman was recently explaining to him that all men were sinners, whereupon the royal pupil asked gravely if his father, the Emperor, was not an exception to this rule. 'No,' replied the clergyman, 'he is not. The Kaiser is a sinner, like every other mortal.' 'Well, I'm positive of one thing,' insisted the little Prince, 'and that is that my mother is no sinner.'"

The Holy Father has put a considerable sum at the disposal of the art committee for the purpose of restoring several valuable masterpieces in the Vatican. The work will be commenced next November, and will last several years, occupying about thirty artists, to be chosen by the said committee.

BIRTH.

In this city, on the 5th instant, the wife of Mr. A. T. Hermon, 256 Church street, of a son.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, November 14, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 55	\$0 01
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 54	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 53	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 30	0 31
Peas, per bush.....	0 55	0 58
Barley, per bush.....	0 10	0 14
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Dressed hogs, per cwt.....	5 25	5 60
Chickens, per pair.....	0 35	0 50
Ducks, per pair.....	0 55	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 00
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 19	0 21
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 21	0 21
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 25	0 30
Celery, per doz.....	0 30	0 35
Onions, per bag.....	0 80	0 90
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 20	0 60
Lettuce, per dozen.....	0 15	0 20
Radishes, per doz.....	0 10	0 15
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	1 50	2 50
Hay, clover.....	7 00	8 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 50	9 50
Straw, sheaf.....	8 00	9 00

AT THE CATTLE YARDS.

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to-day:

CATTLE.		
Good shippers, per cwt.....	\$ 3 00	\$3 50
Butchers' choice, picked, per cwt.....	3 00	3 50
Butchers' choice, per cwt.....	2 75	3 00
Butchers' medium, ".....	2 50	2 75
Bulls and mixed, ".....	2 25	3 00
Springers, per head.....	30 00	45 00
Milkoows, per head.....	22 00	45 00
CALVES.		
Per head, good to choice.....	3 00	5 00
" common.....	1 50	2 50
SHEEP AND LAMBS.		
Shipping sheep, per cwt.....	3 00	3 25
Butchers' sheep, per head.....	2 25	3 00
Lambs, choice, per head.....	2 25	2 75
Lambs, inferior, per head.....	1 00	1 50
HOGS.		
Long lean, per cwt (off cars).....	4 00	4 25
Thick fat.....	3 80	4 15
Stones, per cwt.....	13 50	4 00
Stags.....	1 50	2 50

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. *Pamphlet free.* Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.



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Mostly Boys. Short Stories by FRANCIS J. FIXX S.J. 16mo, cloth, with a Frontispiece, 75 cents. The Flower of the Flock and the Badgers of Belmont. Two Stories by MATRICE FRANKS S.J. 16mo, cloth, with a Frontispiece, 75 cents.

Legends and Stories of the Holy Child Jesus from Many Lands. By A. FORTNER LITZ. 16mo, ornamental cloth, gilt top, with a Frontispiece.....\$1.00

Birthday Souvenir; or Diary. With a Subject of Meditation or a Prayer for Every Day in the Year. With ruled pages for memoranda. Cloth, gilt..... 25 cents

Our Birthday Bouquet. Collected from the Shrines of the Saints and Gardens of the Poets. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. 16mo, cloth, gold side.....\$1.00

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TRENT CANAL. Sinoe and Balsam Lake Division, ALSO Peterboro' and Lakefield Division. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at this Office until noon on Saturday, the twentieth day of November, 1894, for the construction of about five and a half miles of Canal on the Sinoe and Balsam Lake Division, and also for the construction of about three and a half miles of Canal on the Peterboro' and Lakefield Division. Plans and specifications of the work can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, at Ottawa, or at the Superintendent Engineer's Office, Peterboro', where forms of tender can be obtained on and after Monday, October 22nd, 1894. In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm, and, further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for each section; this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for work at the rates and terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. By order, J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, October, 1894.



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THIS WEEK

we begin the greatest retailing the store has ever attempted. Let the news spread. Let customers show their purchases to their neighbors. Let everybody look at the goods, whether they wish to purchase or not. The throttle valve is wide open for this week and the price pressure will drive sales higher than they have ever gone before.

GOOD VALUES AT 9c.

36 in. All Wool Serger, worth 25c for.....	9c	Ladies' Beautiful Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs.....	9c
27 in. Dress Flannels, all colors, for.....	9c	Children's Merino Shirts, worth 25c.....	9c
40 in. Novelty Tweed Dress Goods, worth 30c.....	9c	Best Twilled, Soft finished Selicas.....	9c
Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, worth 15c.....	9c	Handsome Printed Vienna Flannels, worth 20c.....	9c

NOTE WELL OUR OFFERINGS AT 19c.

62 in. Turkey Red Table Linen, worth 50c.....	19c	Ladies' Heavy Jersey Ribbed Vests.....	19c
46 in. All Wool Cashmeres.....	19c	Ladies' All Wool Hose.....	19c
22 in. Changeable Satins.....	19c	Men's Real Kid Gloves.....	19c
44 in. Black Cashmere.....	19c	Men's Scarfs, worth up to 50c.....	19c
40 in. Novelty Black Goods.....	19c	Big promiscuous lot of Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, worth up to 50c.....	19c
54 in. Unbleached Table Damask.....	19c		

HERE ARE OUR OFFERINGS AT 25c.

Ladies' Heavy Merino Vests.....	25c	A special line of Bleached and Cream Table Linen, worth up to 65c.....	25c
Ladies' Cashmere Hose, double toes and spliced heels.....	25c	Ladies' Muslin Drawers and Chemises.....	25c
Misses' Fine Heavy Merino Shirts and Drawers.....	25c	Big promiscuous lot of Dress Goods, consisting of 44 inch Boucle C oths —42 inch Plaid Novelties—42 inch Snowflake Novelties—44 inch Tweed Effects.....	25c
44 in. Black and Navy, Serges.....	25c		
44 in. Stripe Velours Cloth, worth up to 60c.....	25c		

HERE ARE OUR OFFERINGS AT 50c.

54 in. Black Gros Grains, warranted to wear, worth \$1, for.....	50c	44 inch Black Priestley & Sons' Serge Royal, warranted to wear, worth \$1, for.....	50c
22 in. Black Satin Duchesse, warranted to wear, worth \$1.25, for.....	50c	54 in. 3 yard wide, all wool English mixtures—Scotch Tweed Effects—stripe Boucle Cloths—Plaid Bruiette Suiting and Fancy Mixtures, warranted to wear, worth up to \$1.50, for.....	50c
22 inch Black Brocade, Silks and Satins, warranted to wear, worth \$1.25, for.....	50c	Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves, worth \$1, for.....	50c
22 inch Beau de Soie, warranted to wear, worth \$1.25, for.....	50c	Men's Heavy All Wool Underwear, worth \$1, for.....	50c
22 inch Gros des Londres, warranted to wear, worth \$1 25, for.....	50c	Ladies' Real Kid Gauntlets, worth \$1.25, for.....	50c
22 inch Black Amure Royal, warranted to wear, worth \$1.50, for.....	50c	Best Corsets in the city for.....	50c
All colors in Faille Francaise, warranted to wear, worth \$1, for.....	50c		
42 inch Silk Warp Henrietta, warranted to wear, worth \$1.25, for.....	50c		

MANTLES AND CLOAKS.

They all go at 50c on the dollar. Not one will be reserved. The cost not counted. They must be sold. You get the benefit, the manufacturer takes the loss.

We have just added a large assortment of new goods to our 5c and 10c department. Be sure and visit it this week.

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Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation.

PALATABLE AS CHOICEST OLD WINES.



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General Grant and Leo XIII.

The widow of General Grant, says Texas Sittings, once told us an incident of Grant's visit to Rome, which shows the interest taken by the Pope in American affairs. When the ex-President was presented at the Vatican, the Pope said:

"I have especially to thank you for the religious privileges which you granted to Catholic soldiers in your armies."

The general considered for a moment and could not recollect any special privileges bestowed upon Catholics. Perceiving this the Pope said:

"I refer to the fact that before every battle you kindly notified the officers to allow the Catholic soldiers an opportunity to make their confessions."

With his usual directness Grant replied:

"I did that as a military measure, because my soldiers fought better when they felt that their conscience was clear. But I had no idea that your Holiness was aware of this custom."

"Ah, my friend" said the Pope, "there is nothing which affects my children in any part of the world which is not known to me, and every such benefit is cordially remembered."

Paderewski's Minuet.

"A curious story is told of Paderewski's famous 'Minuet,' perhaps the most popular of all his compositions. Paderewski, while still a professor at the Conservatoire of Warsaw, was one night at the house of Swiczychowski, the Polish litterateur. The poet declared that no living composer could ever compare with Mozart in simplicity and beauty. Paderewski at the moment simply shrugged his shoulders, but on the following evening he returned to the same house and sat down at the piano.

"May I play a little thing of Mozart's which perhaps you do not know?" he said.

"He played the minuet Swiczychowski was enchanted, and exclaimed:

"Now you will acknowledge that a piece like that could never be written in our time!"

"Well," said Paderewski, "that happens to be a minuet written by myself."—Demorest's Magazine.

At Athens the Greek Government has recently declared the whole region lying between the Theseion and the monument of Lysicrates archaeological ground, thereby compelling the proprietors to sell at prices to be fixed by a commission.

Taking the earth as the centre of the universe and the Polar star as the limit of our vision the visible universe embraces an aerial space with a diameter of 420,000,000 miles and circumference of 1,329,742,000 miles.

Before the Privy Council.

Mr. John S. Ewart, Q. C., left this morning, en route to England, to appear before the Privy Council for the Roman Catholics in the Manitoba school case. Mr. Ewart will be associated with Mr. Holden, Q. C., of London, both these gentlemen appearing for the appellants. It is expected that the case will come up in about a fortnight. The most important feature of the case is the announcement that the Provincial Government will be represented by counsel, Mr. Cozen Hardy, a well known English barrister, having been retained to appear and argue the case for the Government. It will be remembered that when this appeal came before the Supreme Court at Ottawa the Government declined to argue it.

Effect of the French Treaty Claret at Half Price.
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as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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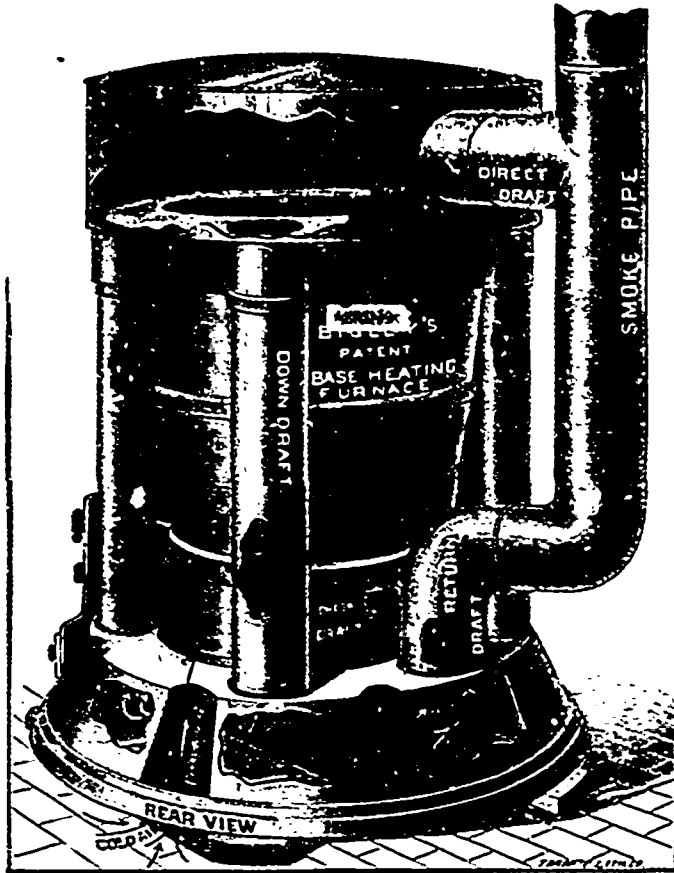
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The Abbe Constantin.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"I spent all my time in the offices of New York lawyers; but none of them would take charge of my interests. Everywhere the same response: 'Your case is very doubtful; opponents are very rich and formidable, money is needed; money to carry on the suit, and you have none. You have had an offer of ten thousand dollars, besides having all your debts paid, accept it, sell your suit.' But I could always hear my father's last words, and I would not consent. Poverty might, however, have soon constrained me, when, one day, I solicited an interview with one of my father's friends, Mr. William Scott, a banker in New York. He was not alone; a young man was sitting in his office near her desk. 'You can talk freely,' said he, 'this is my son, Richard Scott. I looked at the young man, and he looked at me, and then we recognized each other. 'Suzie!' 'Richard!' He held out his hand to me. He was twenty-three and I was eighteen, as I have told you. We had played together very often when we were children. Then we were great friends. Seven or eight years before, he went to finish his education in France and in England. His father made me sit down, and asked me what brought me to him. I told him. He listened and replied, 'You will need twenty or thirty thousand dollars. No one will lend you such a sum on the uncertain chances of a complicated lawsuit. It would be folly. If you are in need, if you want assistance—' 'That is not what Miss Percival asks,' said Richard, warmly. 'I know it; but what she asks of me is impossible.' He rose to the door. Then I broke down for the first time since my father's death. I had been strong until then, but I felt my courage exhausted. I could bear no more, and I burst into tears. At length I recovered myself and went away. An hour afterward, Richard Scott came to see me. 'Suzie,' said he, 'promise to accept what I am going to offer you; promise me.' I promised him. 'Well,' said he, 'I will put the necessary sum at your disposal, on the single condition that my father shall know nothing of it.' 'But you must know about my claim, so that you will understand what it is, what it is worth.' 'I do not know the first word about your claim, and I do not wish to know. What would be the merit of assisting you, if I were sure of getting my money back? Besides, you have promised to accept it. It is done. There is no going back.' It was offered to me with such simplicity, such openness of heart, that I accepted. Three months afterward, we gained our case. The property became indisputable ours, and we were offered five millions for it. I went to consult Richard. 'Refuse and wait,' said he, 'if they offer you such a sum, it is because the land is worth double.' But I must pay you back your money.' 'Oh! that will do later, there is no haste; I am doing well for the present, my credit is in no danger.' 'But I want to pay you immediately; I have such a horror of debt! Perhaps there will be a way without selling the property. Richard, will you be my husband?' 'Yes, Monsieur le Cure; yes, monsieur,' said Mrs. Scott, laughing. 'It was I who threw myself like that at my husband's head. It was I who asked for his hand. That you can tell to all the world, and you will only tell the truth. Besides, I was obliged to make this offer. Never, oh! I am as sure of it as I am of my life, he would never have spoken. I had become too rich. And, as he loved me, and not my money, my money frightened him a little. That is the history of my marriage. As to the history of our fortune, that can be told in a few words. There was, in-

deed, millions in these tracts of land in Colorado; they were found to contain very rich silver mines, and from these mines we receive every year a fabulous income.

"But we are all agreed, my husband, my sister and I, to give a large share of this income to the poor; you see, Monsieur le Cure, it is because we have known such bitter days. Bettina can remember when she was our little house-keeper in that fifth story room, in New York. It is for that reason, you will always find us ready to help those who, as we have been, are struggling amidst the misfortunes and hardships of life. And now, Monsieur Jean, will you pardon this long discourse, and give me a little of that tempting cream?"

The cream was Pauline's composition of eggs and milk—and while Jean hastened to serve Madame Scott, she continued:

"I have not yet told you all. You must know how these extravagant stories were started. When we first came to Paris, a year ago, we felt it our duty to give a certain sum of money to the poor. Who told of it? Not we, certainly; but the fact was published in one of the newspapers, with the amount. Directly two young reporters came running to Mr. Scott, to ask him a whole catalogue of questions about his past. They wanted to write about us in the papers—a . . . how do you say that?—a sketch of our lives. Mr. Scott is sometimes a little hasty. He was that day; and he dismissed these gentlemen, very abruptly, without telling them anything. Then, not knowing our true history, they invented an imaginary one. The first one said, that I had begged in the snow, in New York; and the second, the next day, to make his article still more sensational, made me jump through the paper balloons in a circus at Philadelphia. You have some very droll journals in France, and we also—in America."

Now, for the last five minutes Pauline had been making the most frantic signals to the cure, who so completely failed to understand them, that at last the poor woman summoned all her courage:

"Monsieur le Cure, it is a quarter after seven."

"A quarter after seven! Oh! ladies, I beg you to excuse me. I have a service this evening; it is the month of Mary."

"The month of Mary—and is the service to be soon?"

"Yes, immediately."

"And at exactly what time is our train to Paris?"

"At half-past nine," replied Jean, "and you need only fifteen or twenty minutes to reach the station."

"Then Suzie, we could go to church."

"We will go to church," replied Madame Scott, "but before we part, Monsieur le Cure, I have a favor to ask of you. I want to have you dine with me, without fail, the first time that I dine at my new home at Longueval, and you, too, Monsieur—all all alone, just we four, like to-day. Oh! do not refuse; the invitation is heartily given."

"And heartily accepted, Madame," replied Jean.

"I will write to let you know the day. I will come as soon as possible. You call that *hanging the crane* do you not? Well! we will *hang the crane*, we four."

Pauline had carried Miss Percival off into a corner of the room, and was talking very earnestly. Their conversation ended with these words:

"You will be there?" said Bettina.

"Yes, I will be there."

"And you will tell me just the right moment?"

"I will tell you, but take care, here comes Monsieur le Cure, and he must not suspect anything."

The two sisters, the cure and Jean came out of the house. They went

through the cemetery to the church. The evening was delightful. Slowly and silently all four walked through the little pathway, in the last rays of the setting sun. They approached the monument at Dr. Roynaud's grave, which, though simple, was, by its proportions, conspicuous among the other tombstones. Mrs. Scott and Bettina stopped, their attention drawn by this inscription which it bore:

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF

"DOCTOR MARCEL REYNAUD,"

"Surgeon-Major of the regiment drafted at Souvigny, killed on the 8th of January, 1871, at the battle of Villerssexel."

"PRAY FOR HIM."

When they had finished reading it, the cure, pointing to Jean, said simply:

"It was his father!"

The two women drew near the tombstone and stood with bowed heads, affected, pensive, in meditation. Then, turning around, they both at the same moment held out their hand to the young officer and went on towards the church. Jean's father had had their first prayer at Longueval.

The cure went to put on his surplice and stole—Jean conducted Mrs. Scott to the first pew, which for two centuries had been reserved for the owners of Longueval.

Pauline had preceded them. She was waiting for Miss Percival, in the shadow of a column in the church. She led Bettina up the steep narrow staircase, into the gallery and seated her at the harmonium.

The old cure came out of the sacristy, preceded by two choristers, and just as he knelt down on the steps of the altar:

"This is the moment, mademoiselle," said Pauline whose heart was beating with eagerness. "Poor dear man, how happy he will be!"

When he heard the organ's strain raise softly, like a murmur on the air, and swelling, fill the little church, the Abbe Constantine was touched with such tender emotion so that the tears came to his eyes. It was the first time he had wept since that day when Jean told him he wanted to share all he had with the mothers and sisters of those who fell at his father's side, under the German bullets.

That tears might come again to the old priest's eyes, it was necessary that a little American girl should cross the sea, and come to play one of Chopin's Reveries in the church at Longueval.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning at half past five, as the bugle sounded through the quarters Jean mounted, and took command of his section.

At the end of May all the recruits in the army are trained, and ready to take part in the general drill. Almost every day they execute different manoeuvres with the field batteries.

Jean loved his profession; he was accustomed to superintend with the greatest care the caparison and harness of the horse, and the equipment, and bearing of his men; but this morning he gave very little attention to these details of the service.

A problem troubled him, perplexed him, left him undecided, and this problem was one of those whose solution is not given in the Polytechnic School. Jean could not find the exact answer to this question:

"Which of the two is the the prettier?"

On drill, during the first part of the manoeuvres each battery works independently, under the Captain's order—but he often puts one of his lieutenants in his place, so that he may be accustomed to the command of six pieces. That very morning it so happened, that from the beginning of the manoeuvres, the command was given to Jean. To the captain's great surprise, who considered his first lieutenant a very well-trained, competent, skilful officer, everything went wrong. Jean ordered two or three false movements—and

neither keeping up nor correcting the distances, the horses several times came in contact. The Captain was obliged to interfere. He gave Jean a slight reprimand which ended in these words:

"I cannot understand it. What is the matter with you this morning? It is the first time this ever happened."

And it is also the first time that Jean ever saw on parade, anything besides guns and drums, anything besides soldiers and leaders. In the clouds of dust raised by the carriage wheels and the the horses' feet, Jean saw, not the second mounted battery of the 9th Artillery, but the distinct image of two Americans with dark eyes under golden hair. And at the very moment when he was receiving the merited rebuke of his captain, Jean was saying to himself:

"Madame Scott is the prettier."

The drill is divided every morning by a little rest of ten minutes. The officers get together and chat. Jean stayed by himself, alone with his memories of the day before. His thoughts returned, persistently, to the parsonage at Longueval. Yes, Mrs. Scott was the more charming of the two. Miss Percival was only a child. He saw again Mrs. Scott at the cure's little table. He heard again her story, told with such frankness and so naively. The slightly foreign tone of her peculiar, penetrating voice still charmed his ears—he was again in the church. She was there, in front of him, bending over her *prie-dieu*, her pretty head in her two little hands. Then the organ began to sound, and in the shadows at a distance Jean could see Bettina's elegant, refined profile.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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A LITTLE AFRICAN STORY.

"What was I afraid of? How foolish I have been!" she said, when she came to a place where the trees were not so close together. And she stood still and looked back and shivered.

At last her steps grow wearier and wearier. She was very sleepy now, she could scarcely lift her feet. She stepped out of the river-bed. She only saw that the rocks about her were wild, as though many little "kopjes" had been broken up and strewn upon the ground, lay down at the foot of an aloe, and fell asleep.

But, in the morning, she saw what a glorious place it was. The rocks were piled on one another, and tossed this way and that. Prickly pears grew among them, and there were no less than six kippersol trees scattered here and there among the broken "kopjes." In the rocks there were hundreds of homes for the coneys, and from the crevices wild asparagus hung down. She ran to the river, bathed in the clear cold water, and tossed it over her head. She sang aloud. All the songs she knew were sad, so she could not sing them now, she was glad, she was so free; but she sang the notes without the words, as the cock-o-veets do. Singing and jumping all the way, she went back, and took a sharp stone, and cut at the root of a kippersol, and got out a large piece, as long as her arm, and sat to chew it. Two coneys came out on the rock above her head and perped at her. She held them out a piece, but they did not want it, and ran away.

It was very delicious to her. Kippersol is like raw quince, when it is very green; but she liked it. When good food is thrown at you by other people, strange, to say, it is very bitter; but whatever you find yourself is sweet!

When she had finished she dug out another piece, and went to look for a pantry to put it in. At the top of a heap of rocks up which she clambered she found that some large stones stood apart but met at the top, making a room.

"Oh, this is my little home!" she said.

At the top and all round it was closed, only in the front it was open. There was a beautiful shelf in the wall for the kippersol, and she scrambled down again. She brought a great branch of prickly pear, and stuck it in a crevice before the door, and hung wild asparagus over it, till it looked as though it grew there. No one could see that there was a room there, for she left only a tiny opening, and hung a branch of feathery asparagus over it. Then she crept in to see how it looked. There was a glorious soft green light. Then she went out and picked some of those purple little ground flowers—you know them—those that keep their faces close to the ground, but when you turn them up and look at them they are deep blue eyes looking into yours! She took them with a little earth, and put them in the crevices between the rocks; and so the room was quite furnished. Afterwards she went down to the river and brought her arms full of willow, and made a lovely bed; and, because the weather was very hot, she lay down to rest upon it.

She went to sleep soon, and slept long, for she was very weak. Late in the afternoon she was awakened by a few cold drops falling on her face. She sat up. A great and fierce thunderstorm had been raging, and a few of the cool drops had fallen through the crevice in the rocks. She pushed the asparagus branch aside, and looked out, with her little hands folded about her knees. She heard the thunder rolling, and saw the red torrents rush

among the stones on their way to the river. She heard the roar of the river as it now rolled, angry and red, bearing away stumps and trees on its muddy water. She listened and smiled, and pressed closer to the rock that took care of her. She pressed the palm of her hand against it. When you have no one to love you, you love the dumb things very much. When the sun set, it cleared up. Then the little girl ate some kippersol, and lay down again to sleep. She thought there was nothing so nice as to sleep. When one has had no food but kippersol juice for two days, one doesn't feel strong.

"It is so nice here," she thought, as she went to sleep, "I will stay here always."

Afterwards the moon rose. The sky was very clear now, there was not a cloud anywhere; and the moon shone in through the bushes in the door, and made a lattice work of light on her face. She was dreaming a beautiful dream. The loveliest dreams of all are dreamed when you are hungry. She thought she was walking in a beautiful place, holding her father's hand, and they both had crowns on their head, crowns of wild asparagus. The people whom they passed smiled and kissed her; some gave her flowers, and some gave her food, and the sunlight was everywhere. She dreamed the same dream over and over, and it grew more and more beautiful; till, suddenly, it seemed as though she were standing quite alone. She looked up: on one side of her was the high precipice, on the other was the river, with the willow trees, drooping their branches into the water; and the moonlight was over all. Up, against the night sky the pointed leaves of the kippersol trees were clearly marked, and the rocks and the willow trees cast dark shadows.

In her sleep she shivered, and half awoke.

"Ah, I am not there, I am here," she said; and she crept closer to the rock, and kissed it, and went to sleep again.

It must have been about three o'clock, for the moon had begun to sink towards the western sky, when she woke, with a violent start. She sat up, and pressed her hand against her heart.

"What can it be? A coney must surely have run across my feet and frightened me!" she said, and she turned to lie down again; but soon she sat up. Outside, there was the distinct sound of thorns crackling in a fire.

She crept to the door and made an opening in the branches with her fingers.

A large fire was blazing in the shadow, at the foot of the rocks. A little Bushman sat over some burning coals that had been raked from it, cooking meat. Stretched on the ground was an Englishman, dressed in a blouse, and with a heavy, sullen face. On the stone beside him was Dirk, the Hottentot, sharpening a bowie knife.

She held her breath. Not a coney in all the rocks was so still.

"They can never find me here." She knelt, and listened to every word they said. She could hear it all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lord Aberdeen is winning the same popularity in Canada as in Ireland. He opened an exhibition the other day in Quebec. The address of welcome was first read in French, and as the president of the exhibition committee began to read it in English, Lord Aberdeen stopped him, saying: "If we don't understand French we ought to learn it," and proceeded himself to reply in French as well as English amid the cheers of the people.

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SUGAR.....two pounds
Lukewarm water.....two gallons
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MERCIER.

From the Northwest Review.

While listening to Mercier, you never felt, as many felt during Chaplain's speeches, that he was a seductive siren whose sweet voice was not true, whose very sentences were grammatically unfinished, though the sonorous cadence brought them to an elegant full stop; nor did you ask yourself, as you might after one of Laurier's oracular pronouncements, what in the world he had said besides gilding a platitude or deftly diverting the expectations of an audience. Plainness, directness, earnestness were written in every line of Mercier's martial face as he looked straight into the eyes of his hearers. You realized that he might be mistaken but that he meant every word he uttered. And those words were backed by great, strong, clear arguments. His reasonings, like his sentences, were never lame and incomplete. As a master of the French language, he was far and away above either of his two great rivals. This distinguished trio were born within fourteen months of each other; but Mercier had the advantage of a better college training; he had lived with models of taste and masters of logic and criticism, this intellectual refinement stood him in a good stead throughout his whole public career; it taught him to seize the strong point in every important question, and, although it did not save him from strange aberrations due to the vehemence of his feelings, it made him value the paramount claims of God so highly that his greatest public triumph was a religious one and the noblest act of his life was the way he laid it down.

Those who have known him intimately testify to the thoroughness of his Catholic faith. Glaring as were the faults of his conduct at certain periods, they simply point to the vast difference between faith and practice. His faith was strong; his will, so masterful in organizing a political campaign, was weak as water in presence of unscrupulous friends soliciting favors. At the time when he settled the matter of the Jesuits' estate his influence in the Province of Quebec was immense; he had, as it were, baptized the Liberals into the Catholic Church, he might have passed any wholesome measures he chose, had he remained disinterested and truly Catholic in deed, as he then was, he might have become the foremost man in all the Dominion, as he gave promise of being when he gathered about him in Quebec the Liberal leaders of the various provinces. But, alas! he was led astray by a clique of flatterers, and when the idol of the people proved to be a thing of clay, it was shattered as never political idol was before. Mercier's ruin was as complete as his triumph had been splendid.

Experiments show that the right side of the human body, when magnetized, gives off a bluish light and the left side a yellowish red.

The visit which Archbishop Corrigan recently paid to Monsignor Satolli at Washington, to which city the New York metropolitan went from Baltimore, after the late meeting of the American archbishops, ought to put at rest those silly statements that the apostolic delegates are not upon friendly terms. It will convince a good many people of the falsity of all such statements, which will be regarded in their true light when they again appear in print, as they probably will when the abettors of such falsehood have nothing else to do.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Missionary Recommends It Heartily. St. Paul's Mission, Montreal, Dec. 12, '90. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in curing ailments of any nervous disease caused by nervous debility or over exertion. Three children of my school had falling sickness, the use of this tonic cured them at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. PHILIP PHEWSELETT, S. J. Stretton, Ill., Oct. 26, '91.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine that ever helped one of our sisters who was suffering from nervousness and sleeplessness for ten years, we also recommended it to many others and it about had the desired effect. A lady in Ohio was suffering from epileptic fits for several years and found no relief, until she used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; three bottles cured her. SISTERS OF ST FRANCIS

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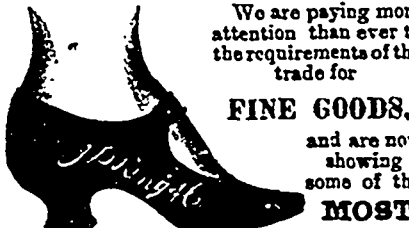
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