

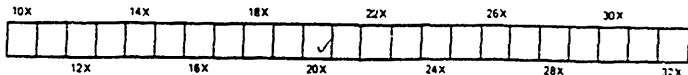
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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. V.—No. 39.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The Penitentiaries Muddle

Enforced Retirement of Deputy Warden McCarthy.

(COMMUNICATED)

The Montreal and Ottawa papers announced, last week, that "leave of absence"—masked for by him—had been given to Mr. Thomas McCarthy, Deputy Warden of St. Vincent du Paul penitentiary. This means his forced retirement from the public service. The reason assigned for treatment so summary and so suddenly and unexpectedly upon the object of it is age. Mr. McCarthy is in his sixtieth year, and it is not said that he is unable to discharge his duties. There are scores of men in the employment of the Government much older than he is and less qualified for the work devolving upon them, and, yet, they are not disturbed. Many of these could be disposed with and no loss to the country or the public treasury would ensue. They could be easily replaced. But it is quite different in Mr. McCarthy's case. He is a man of long experience, sound judgment and well-tried courage. His conduct and character are good. Only the evil tongue of the slanderer and scoundrel-monger could assail him, and harmlessly at that. Such an officer cannot be so aside or spared to a penal institution that has become so demoralized as the penitentiary of St. Vincent du Paul, where, as The Montreal Star has described, "all rule and discipline have gone to the dogs," without serious and injurious results following.

It is rather remarkable that Mr. McCarthy was not given "leave of absence" until the rebellious spirit manifested by the convicts had subsided and all danger and trouble for the present were over. In the hour of emergency and time of greatest need for a brave, cool-headed and reliable man to stand in the gap when the responsible officer turned his back upon his post, in the height of the uproar and impending revolt, the ex-Deputy Warden filled the post and proved himself to be "the right man in the right place." In all decency, some few weeks, at least, ought to have been allowed to pass before retiring the officer, who, according to The Star's account, suggested and directed whatever was done to quiet the trouble and restore peace and order and the tranquillity of the convicts. What renders this action on the part of the Minister of Justice all the more strange and unaccountable is the fact that the person who has been put in Mr. McCarthy's place is just as incompetent and less qualified for it as the Acting Warden is for the office into which he has been so culpably fostered; and that is saying enough. The recent Chief Keeper, now Acting Deputy Warden, was a failure as a blotchy policeman; he has not been a success in the penitentiary. He wants brain, ballast and good common sense. Instead of these essential qualities for even a guard or keeper self-conceit, presumption and a domineering disposition are the prominent and easily discerned traits of his character.

May we not expect that some deplorable occurrence or catastrophe should happen from this ill-advised Foster-Constant combination? The one is wholly devoid of administrative ability, knowledge or tact in governing men, who are prisoners or officers; and of this incapacity he has given notable proof, at St. Mary's Mountain and New Westminster, the attempts at whitewashing him to the contrary, notwithstanding. The other is held more in contempt than respect by the convicts and his subordinates, for the reason above given. An honest and thorough inquiry, conducted by just and impartial men, would show that the brief pen and ink sketches drawn of Messrs. Geo. L. Foster and Charles N. Constant are true to life.

It were to be hoped, most earnestly, for the good of the penitentiary and its inmates, free and in duress, that the present official status of these two incapables is only temporary and will be a short-lived one. Where there is no daily risk of an outbreak and loss of life, through improper and unsuitable management, and its direction, no time should be lost in providing against such a contingency by the appointment of a warden and deputy warden fit and qualified for their important trusts. Why not restore Dr. Duchesneau to his former position, in the event of Mr. O'Rourke not being retained? He deserves well of the party in power and those who know him well enough would offer no objection.

Mr. McCarthy has many personal friends in Kingston, Montreal and in the locality where he has lived for so many years. He is widely known by reputation. Naturally enough, his friends are all who take an interest in the treatment of our public servants would like to know why he has been retired, at this particular juncture. One would not be far astray, perhaps, in hazarding the conjecture that the same causes have operated against him that proved so efficacious in bringing about the stipulation

A Heartless Cry.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER)

We commented, last week, upon the claim of a minister, that dogma, or what he called complexity of dogma, is opposed to simplicity of religious thought. The contention is so much like insanity that one hardly knows how to deal with it. Dogma, in its first intention, means a correct statement, in approbrious speech, of some truth relating to God. If falsehood sometimes masquerades in its clothing, that no more makes against the usefulness of the genuine article than the fact that there have been bad laws and false prophets is a reason to condemn law and prophecy. Usurpation, or the preaching of untruth, is very rightly condemned, but who therefore thinks of flying to anarchy to get rid of the one, or, in order to be free from the other, that religion and its truths should never be spoken of, or at least never taught? And if they are to be taught, there is no other way of doing it than by speech, and speech, embodying divine truth, is what we call dogma. The ten commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, are, in a sense, only speech rightly ordered to the kindling up in minds of the virtues it expresses; that is, these teach us, and instruct us, and bring us to God, just so far as they are the correct and sufficient indicators to us of the divine mind. Does any one, reverend or otherwise, pretend that Christianity has not the power of correct y fulfilling her heavenly mission, which, like her divine founders, is to give testimony to the truth?

This testimony, then, always the same in substance, but requiring many propositions to bring it before our weak apprehension, the Church has been elaborating for 1900 years, and calls it dogma. It is a burden to a religious thought, and utters a cry against it! How thoughtless and how cruel is such a proceeding!

Even to our slaving first parents the compassions of heaven taught a way of clearing the mind against the shame a device for false knowledge had revealed to them, and would this clergyman, in the name of religious thought, strip our souls of the garments of truth which Christ came down from Heaven to provide us with?

"For this was born, for this I came into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice," John 18, 37. A voice is a something uttered! He uttered except in words? To attack dogma as such, then, is simply to give the lie to Christ and question His power to continue to the end, and for the benefit of all nations that same voice which all who long for the truth are obliged to hear. To attack the foundation of Christian doctrine, which goes under the name of dogma, is to cast suspicion upon the only means provided in this world for the attainment of right knowledge. If there is anything to be aspired to, not withstanding a little of something else. Given but a bit of stick, or even a stout straw, and it shall spring upwards to the sun, and open its blossom in beauty and fragrance. How cruel to deny the irrational creature so trifling an aid! How horrible to deny it supplied! To like this, only infinitely worse, is their work who take away from thinking man the best support of right thought, true speech or dogma.

Seating from the pocket is base, striking the rock is cowardly, murder the most shocking of crimes! But all these begin and end in what is only temporary and may be repaired in some sort of way. But to knock away the support, reflection, and break up the world or dogma, what account goes to heaven and God, through the attractions of His truth, proffered in right words, is to do a work which eternally is too short to punish; and this is what they do who announce true speech and Christian dogma.

Even in this life their mission is a mission of woe and despair. "There is nobody, I suppose, but knows Wordsworth's lines:

"The intellectual power through words and things
Is conveyed in a direct and perilous way."

Yes, indeed, a dim and perilous way it is, in that, without the aid of the words of heaven, what account goes to heaven and God, through the attractions of His truth, proffered in right words, is to do a work which eternally is too short to punish; and this is what they do who announce true speech and Christian dogma.

harous natives thrust him violently back to hopeless death; and shall we call them enlightened who snatch away the plank of sound words from one struggling in the deeper and more dangerous sea of error?

Indeed, some of the saddest things we have been called to contemplate for a long time is the sight of a brilliant profane, whose pen is always diamond-pointed, abusing his noble gifts by scattering doubts and raising suspicions of dogma, in such a way as neither to enlighten his mind, nor resist the fascinations of his style.

Would we blot out the stars as they shine and announce the glory of God in the firmament? They are but irrational creatures in themselves, but have been chosen and appointed as instruments for diffusing a mild light around when the kind of day himself is gone. A greater than they looks through them and blesses His children in the necessary season of the night—all the full orb returns. The sun's divine power, which He would illumine the eye, not of the body, but of the mind and soul, and console and comfort and guide us through the mists and fogs of this life, speaks to us in words—the choice and manufacture of the Holy Ghost and the Apostolic Church. Therefore, having a name of their own, dogma, and our acceptance of them, whilst, on the one hand, it opens our souls to the light and grace they contain, is on the other a loving answer to His goodness, and constitutes us in the life of faith, which is the condition and root of all holiness in the creature.

Let us have freedom of mind as much as is good, and argument upon all such subjects, which shall sharpen the wits, or deepen the understanding, but in the name of reason, as well as religion, let us not dissipate the treasures of truth received from our fathers, nor make all religious life and progress impossible by denying the essential condition of it, namely, a true or dogmatic knowledge of God and His law.

Written for The Register.

IRISH FAIRY SONG.

[BY SEAN-NAM-BÓD.]

When green fields bask in the glow of day,
Deep down in the earth we hide away,
Our heads and necks are under the sod,
Than courts of Orient monarchs are.
Hie away! Hie away!
The low vale echo our olden play,
The flowers fold their petals bright,
And the grey owl hoots thro' the
dewy night.

But when darkness weighs on the sleeping hills,
And all is peace but the chattering rills,
Which are heard in woods and fields,
A golden bolt in an azure sea,
Thou hie away! Hie away!
From trill and cairn and castle gray,
From haunted hollow and sombre
glen
We come to our eerie sport again.

Softly our airy buskins fall,
Round claired lace-hell and fox-glove tall,
Lightly tumblers the woodland bird,
Nod o'eu by him are our foot-falls heard,
Hie away! Hie away!
The reed-top pipers' gin to play
Afar where lustrous moon-beams
glance,
We'll join in the rhythmic fairy dance.

North you sad hazel sighing lone,
The white-browed Banaboe maketh
long
And mortal man doth shiver aglast
To hear her dirge of the days long past,
Hie away! Hie away!
These golden minutes will not stay,
In thrilling cadence the whole night
long
The echoes answer our fairy song.

The sun shall flock the skies afar
Will shake the gold and azure bar,
His deep obligation we may not see,
Then deep in our magic-halls are we.
Hie away! Hie away!
The dawn's dread spear-shafts
cluster gray,
An spirit of darkness must hide below
When God's breath kindles the
morning-glow.

Chocolate as a Nerve Tonic.

While in common use, few, perhaps, understand what an excellent tonic chocolate is for the nervous system. It has an exquisitely soothing effect, and it does not produce any of the morbid effects of alcoholic liquors, filling the mind and body with a compound that only those who have endured nervous trouble can appreciate. It does its work almost imperceptibly, not producing a moment of semi-conscious state, as do narcotic quinine draughts, but a healthy, normal condition.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Paroulet's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Prico, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Paroulet's Pills and when the best medicine for me for Ague and I have ever used."

If Emperor William carries out his intention of visiting the Holy Land, he will be the second German Emperor to see Jerusalem. The only other member of the Kaisers who toured there was Frederick II., the great Crusader.

England and the Catholic Church.

At the celebration of the thirtieth centenary of the Landing of St. Augustine at Ramsgate and Ebsworth, commencing on Sunday September 12th, the following letter from the Pope was read:

To Our Beloved Son Herbert, Cardinal Archbishop of the Holy Roman Church, and Gregory on the Gellan Hill, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Westminster. Leo XIII. Pope.

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

The letter you sent us at the beginning of this month filled us with joy. For we saw with what ardor and grateful remembrance you were preparing to celebrate in England the 12th centenary of St. Augustine's coming, as I am sure, to honor the memory of that apostle man whose labors amongst you were so notably advantageous to religion and civilization. We have already approved the intended celebration; but now our heart shares in your gladness and we wish to join with you in commemorating an event as deserving as any of being marked by public festival and thanksgiving. Not only is such a festival most appropriate in itself, but it is also a loving answer to His goodness, and constitutes us in the life of faith, which is the condition and root of all holiness in the creature.

Let us have freedom of mind as much as is good, and argument upon all such subjects, which shall sharpen the wits, or deepen the understanding, but in the name of reason, as well as religion, let us not dissipate the treasures of truth received from our fathers, nor make all religious life and progress impossible by denying the essential condition of it, namely, a true or dogmatic knowledge of God and His law.

When green fields bask in the glow of day,
Deep down in the earth we hide away,
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The flowers fold their petals bright,
And the grey owl hoots thro' the
dewy night.

The evil days that came upon England three centuries ago almost obliterated Augustine's work. England then broke away from the centre of unity, and was parcelled out into the fragments of faith itself. Thus England received back the sacred treasures of Christianity—those treasures which the providence of the Roman Pontiffs had before supplied to the British race, but which she had lost through the invasion of barbarian tribes. The faithful thanks are none the less due to Augustine, for he brought, to completeness and perfection what Gregory had inaugurated. Therefore, like Gregory himself, he is rightly and justly called the Apostle of your nation.

But while that privilege gives you true cause for joy and for being grateful to God, our most bountiful Father in Heaven, it should also awaken within you a sense of responsibility and duty, the responsibility and the duty of the carefully safeguarding the deposit of Faith, and of transmitting it as a rich inheritance to your sons with the same perfect faith which you have yourselves received from your fathers.

Nor may you be unmindful of those charitable duties which you owe to your native land and your fellow-countrymen. Let the solemn commemoration of Augustine and of your own inheritance of Faith and of the duty you owe to make renewed effort to enrich your country with the blessing of unity, and with all these treasures that accompany unity. By fresh diligence in prayer all these things may indeed be gained; but they will be scanty if they are not secured. There is no one who, by persevering prayer and by showing forth in his life what a Catholic should be, cannot do something to promote the unity we desire, and to receive back, our brethren to the embrace of perfect charity.

Lastly, we are very glad of this opportunity to bestow upon our venerable brethren in the episcopate, and, after them, upon all the English clergy, well merited praise for their conscientious and in carrying out our desires for the conversion of those who are still alien. Your strenuous toil has already been largely rewarded by the joys of success; and we are sure that you will follow in Augustine's footsteps and display an ever-growing diligence in what has so happily begun.

Augustine himself will look down in kindness upon that England which he loved, and to be its instrument in praying to God that the brethren who have been torn away, and carried off, may at length be gathered together in the one true fold and be united to the Supreme Pastor.

Meanwhile, as a pledge of Divine grace and a sign of our paternal love, we grant, with great affection in the Lord, the Apostolic Benediction to you,

beloved son, to the Bishops, and to all the Catholic clergy and people, to be given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 30th day of August, 1897, in the 24th year of our Pontificate. Leo XIII., Pope.

Interesting Figures.

The Catholic University of Ottawa publishes annually on the fourth Thursday of September an "Opening Statement" for the information of its students and professors and the Catholic public in general. The "Statement" for September, 1897, shows a highly satisfactory condition of things. Up to that date there were registered 467 students in the various departments. The Registrar, Mr. W. Murphy, M.A., states that the number will certainly pass 500 before the 1st of November, as in previous years an average of 45 students have registered during the month of October. So far this session there is an increase of 30 students over the largest attendance last year.

The 467 students are classified as follows:—Theology, 71; Arts and Philosophy, 238; Commercial and Preparatory, 158.

They hail from every province in Canada and from several states of the American Union and are divided thus:—Ontario, 205; Quebec, 81; United States, 67; other Canadian provinces, 48; other nationalities, 21.

Of the chief officers of the University, with the subjects they teach and the institutions in which they themselves received their training for professorships, are next given. The following is the list:—
Rev. M. McGuckin, D.D., Rector, Ottawa and Rome.
Rev. W. J. Murphy, Physics and Astronomy, Ottawa and Harvard.
Rev. G. Gauvreau, Chemistry, Ottawa and Harvard.
Rev. E. David, Latin and Greek, Laval.
Rev. A. Young, Botany and Geology, Ottawa and Harvard.
Rev. W. Patton, Mental Philosophy, Ottawa and Rome.
Rev. W. Howe, Latin and History, Trinity College, Dublin.
Rev. C. Ocheit, Moral Philosophy, Paris and Rome.
Rev. H. Lacoste, French and History, Paris and Rome.
Rev. L. Tigue, English and Mathematics, Ottawa.
Rev. H. Gervais, Latin and Greek, Ottawa.
Rev. J. Duffy, English and Latin, Ottawa.
Rev. D. Sullivan, Mathematics, Harvard.
Rev. B. McKenna, English and History, Ottawa.
Rev. A. Madden, Greek and Mathematics, Ottawa.

The professors of theology are all graduates of the Gregorian University, Rome, to which great seat of learning Ottawa University sends every year some of its members, the better to prepare them for good or for evil.

A summary of the rules of discipline is also given in the "Opening Statement." Students who are not residents of the city of Ottawa live entirely within the University, and are therefore in close and constant communication with their professors and directors. Thus the moral and religious training of the students is secured at the most critical period of their lives, when their whole life is decided for good or for evil.

Besides the libraries and laboratories of the University itself, the students have free access to the library of Parliament with its 200,000 volumes, as well as to the museums and laboratories of the Government, and take the debates in the House of Commons, at the best of which the students assist, are a splendid training in oratory and a valuable means of forming good citizens.

On the whole, the Catholic University of Ottawa offers to students educational advantages certainly unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by any institution, secular or religious, in the Dominion of Canada.

Irish Race Convention Re-united.

Mr. Hugh Ryan invited a number of gentlemen to dinner at his residence, Holywell, Rosedale, on Wednesday evening last to meet the Archbishop of Toronto, Hon. John Gossagan, Sir Frank Smith, Mr. Justice McMillan, M.P.; Hon. William Hart; Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Rev. Dr. Harris, Dean of St. Catharines; Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, St. Michael's; Vicar-General, St. Peter's, Patrick's, Ottawa; Mr. Patrick Hughes; Mr. Patrick Boyle, Captain Larkin; St. Catharines; Rev. Dr. Flannery, St. Thomas; Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, Rev. Dr. Burns, Hamilton; Rev. Frank Keefe, St. Patrick's, Ottawa; Rev. Thomas Long, M.P.; Mr. Smith, Mr. F. B. Hayes, Ottawa; Mr. P. F. Cronin, Rev. Father James Walsh, Mr. James J. Foy, O.C.; Mr. John Long, Collingwood; Hon. C. S. Wood, Mr. Robt. A. Jeffrey, Rev. Dr. Healy, St. Peter's, St. Francis; Rev. Dr. Tracy, Rev. Frank Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral.

Legal.

Messrs. L. V. McBratney and T. J. Y. O'Connor have entered into partnership as barristers, solicitors, &c. The office of the firm is at the same as that occupied by Mr. McBratney in the Canada Life Building, 40 King street West, where litigants may count on safe advice on all questions of law.



The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

Autism

A very large meeting of the Belfast United '04 Centenary Association, which embraces delegates from the most influential of the '08 Clubs in the city, together with the committees of the National Federation and National League, was held in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast. The meeting was convened for the purpose of furthering the arrangements in connection with the demonstration to be addressed by Messrs. Dillon, M.P.; Harrington, M.P.; and Wm. O'Brien, on 6th October next.

A train has been running for thirty years between Cork and Youghal and Cork and Queenstown. But in accordance with the disease-paving policy pursued on inland railroads, the route is to be abandoned. In reply to a question by Captain Daniel, the Postmaster-General declared it would be impossible to accelerate the mail cars. But he indicated that the Department is considering the transfer of one of the mails to the trains. The trains are running for 80 years, and the Department is still considering.

On September 12, in Cork, the function took place of translating the relics of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, formerly Bishop of the diocese, to the Cathedral of St. Mary's. There has seldom been an occasion upon which a more widespread and devotional interest was manifested by the Catholic community of the southern capital. The recent celebrations at Ivrea in honor of the beatification of Blessed Thaddeus are fresh in the minds of all Catholics, and it was not meet and right that, now that his relics were transferred to Cork, and that their solemn deposition in the great cathedral of the diocese, over which he once ruled, took place, the ceremony should be honored in a manner worthy of the occasion. The body of the sainted bishop had been resting for something over four centuries in the Cathedral of Ivrea in Italy. His story of his life has become almost part of the domestic traditions of his people. In the most recent record of his life is given a striking description of the end which came, also, too soon. Blessed Thaddeus had, but one month of his thirty-seventh year. Those who looked upon his form in death marvelled how deeply sorrow had marked the weary pilgrim for its own. With solemn rites the body was interred at Eusebius, and since that day our Irish bishop has been venerated by the faithful of Ivrea and the surrounding country. On the 20th of August, 1742, Monsignor V. Morio caused the tomb to be opened, when the body was found not decayed, and clothed in his violet surplice, his white beard falling on his breast and on his finger the episcopal ring. The relics were then transferred to a new sarcophagus and placed beneath the high altar of the cathedral. With his remains were found an emerald ring, his pilgrim staff and scapular shell, and a roll of parchment containing words descriptive of the dignity, sanctity, and sorrow of the great saint and confessor. In August, 1896, the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued a decree of beatification, which was confirmed by the Holy Father. The present illustrious occupant of the See of St. Finbarr, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, has never ceased to co-operate with the Bishop of Ivrea in doing honor to the name of Blessed Thaddeus, and to-day's celebration of the translation of the relics of the saint may be said, indeed, to have been the consummation of his wishes and those of his people. The incidents associated with the promulgation of the decree of the Holy Father last year are fresh in the memory of most Catholics—when the Irish bishops joined their venerated brother, the Bishop of Ivrea, in that solemn celebration.

It would be impossible to exaggerate a description of the impressiveness of the proceedings. The sacred relics had lain for a while at the Episcopal Palace, Ferrarys, and from thence they were amid a scene of surpassing solemnity conveyed to the cathedral. Rarely, if ever, has there been witnessed such an outcome of Catholic feeling. For upwards of a mile, in fact from the city to the college, the approaches were lined with people. Every house bore decorations and mottoes, streamers of green spanned the highways, and the bells of the cathedral rung out bright music of rejoicing. In the procession itself many thousands of people took part, and it may fairly be said that the noble cathedral, vast as is its capacity, was all too small to accommodate even a tithe of those who sought admission through its portals to the final function. Before noon the pathways leading to the college were bordered by the members of the different religious orders, forming a guard of honor, and they presented a most striking and impressive feature of the procession to the city.

His numerous friends in Dublin and all over Munster regretted to hear of the departure of Mr. T. Lucey, of Queenstown, for America. Mr. Lucey, who is a past student of Blackrock

College, Dublin, has won several prizes as an orator and cricketer, while he is the possessor of some dozen Gaelic medals.

The Lord Lieutenant has received the following telegram and letter:—
To Lord Lieutenant, Dublin.—I thank you very much for your kind telegram received yesterday evening, and am greatly pleased to hear of the very loyal and kind reception my dear grandchildren have met with everywhere in Ireland, and would ask you let this expression of mine be generally known.—V. H. I.

Mountstewart, Newtownards, County Down, Sept. 28, 1897.

Dear Lord Cadogan—I cannot leave Ireland without expressing to you, on behalf of the Duchess of York and myself, our very sincere appreciation of the warm and enthusiastic welcome which has been accorded to us during our visit by all classes, and in all parts of the country.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and hospitality which have been shown to us, and the agreeable impression which we have derived from our visit can never be effaced from our memory.

I regret that the limited time at our disposal rendered it impossible for us to see many districts in a country which contains so much that is beautiful and interesting.

I hope, however, we may have further opportunities of improving our acquaintanceship with the people of Ireland, and with the country of which they are so justly proud. Believe me, very sincerely yours,
GRONCEZ.

Captain Charles Underwood O'Connell, who took such a prominent part in the stirring times that led up to '97, has recently been staying at Lydon's Hotel, Clifton, Connemara, traversing all his old favorite haunts and walks. Mr. O'Connell was born at Tyreconnell, County Limerick, at the seat of his ancestors, which is held still by the family. During the captain's stay at Clifton some of the old people who knew his parents and himself in the days that are gone greeted him warmly.

Father John Healy, writing from Carraroe, Galway, writes: "The condition of the people in this district is simply woful by reason of the failure of this year's crop has not been witnessed since '46. Preceded by another bad harvest the same as we had last year, when the potato crop rotted to the extent of one-half, people this time have nothing to fall back on, such as cattle, sheep or even pigs, the greater portion of which died of swine fever during the summer months. Deaths from starvation as a consequence are sure to follow before we are far into the winter. Nothing can tide the people of this congested district but relief works on a large scale. No amount of private charity will suffice to cope with this year's famine."

In the adjacent islands of Gorumna and Lettermullin things are no better. The fishing has failed as well as the help industry.

Kerry.

William Ryan, a tailor, residing at Coolclarig, six miles from Listowel, was murdered on the way home from Listowel. Two men named Barrett and Guinness were arrested charged with the murder.

Last week Denis Keane, Meenoughane, Brosna, county Kerry, arrived at Abbeyfeale, on his way home from Maryborough, where he had been incarcerated for moonlighting since December, 1898.

An immense gathering of the people of West Limerick and North Kerry was held in the village of Athesa, Co. Limerick. The meeting was held principally to consider the case of the evicted tenants and to denounce land grabbing, and for these most laudable and patriotic objects Nationalists and Parnellites, many of them travelling long distances, gathered round the platform to-day, and also mingled together on it, reminding one forcibly of the old days when the people were united.

It was expected that Mr. T. Harrington, M.P. would have been one of the speakers, but owing to illness in his family he was unable to be present, a circumstance that caused a good deal of disappointment. Mr. Wm. O'Brien travelled over from Limerick, and on his arrival at Athesa he was the recipient of a most enthusiastic ovation. The reception accorded to Mr. M. J. Flavin, M.P. for North Kerry, was also very hearty.

Mayo.

William O'Brien writes concerning the case of Widow Sammon, already mentioned in this column: I have to return thanks for a number of subscriptions for the relief of Widow Sammon and her children. The letter of the Archbishop of Cashel is not only the saving of this unfortunate family, but will, I think, prove to be an event of National importance. His Grace is beyond question the greatest living personality of our race, and he has not only the patriotic but the power, whenever he sees fit, to band together all that is worth loving in the country in a new National upris-

ing, in which voices of discord will speedily subside. The spark kindled in Mrs. Sammon's case is already rising into a blaze which is astonishing her oppressors, "high and low." Longwater per proscripta, brave defiance is worth bullets of death. Has not this time come for extending similar comforts to the hundreds of Mrs. Sammons scattered through the country, equally wronged, equally poor, and equally neglected?

Menasha.

The death has taken place of Patrick Duffy, J.P., at his residence, Drumshel House, Co. Monaghan. Deceased was advanced in years. He was a staunch Nationalist.

ENGLAND.

Illness of Father Turner.

Considerable regret is caused by the announcement that the Rev. Father Turner of the Benedictine Order, who was taken suddenly ill just prior to the celebrations at Raunsgate, is lying at St. Augustine's Abbey in a very critical condition. Father Turner is a well-known authority on ecclesiastical music.

An Ancient Catholic Family.

In the person of Robert Berkeley, of Spatchley, whose death has just taken place at the ancient family seat, Spatchley Park, Worcester, has passed away the head of one of the most distinguished of the old English Catholic families who kept the faith many generations. The Berkeleys trace their descent from Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. The deceased was nearly allied to the Earl of Donbigh and the other families of prominence.

Hospital Visiting in Isle of Man.

For some time past the Catholic community in Douglas has agitated the Catholic clergy should have free and unrestricted access to Catholic patients in the Borough Isolation Hospital, but hitherto the town council have left the discretion as to permitting visits of all ministers of religion with the medical officer. In response, however, to a memorial signed by all the Churches of England clergy in the town and the superintendents of the Wesleyan ministers the council has passed a resolution permitting visitation.

Queensland Converts.

Canon Grigson, of the Protestant Cathedral of Townsville, Queensland, who was recently received into the Catholic Church at the Redemptorist Monastery at Ballarat, is shortly about to leave for England, where he intends to place himself under tutelage of Cardinal Vaughan with a view to preparing for the priesthood. The Canon is an Englishman, graduated at Durham University, and was a curate for some time in the East End of London. Canon Grigson has stated as the ground of his conversion that, having become convinced that an entirely new Church was established at the Reformation, he was forced to doubt the validity of Anglican Orders, and the conscientious scruples on that point and on questions of dogma forbade him any longer to remain a member of the Protestant Communion.

SCOTLAND.

A Good Harvest.

The Dundee Courier to-day gives reports collected from farmers in every county of Scotland regarding the yield of the season's harvest. These reports were all of a satisfactory character. The yield of barley is described as much above the average, and the quality is excellent. Wheat and oats are also very good crops.

Respect Service at Liberton Cemetery.

The new Catholic cemetery recently consecrated at Liberton, Edinburgh, has been the scene of a solemn Requiem service, which, we understand, was unique so far as Scotland is concerned. Two priests and a number of laymen are interred in the cemetery, and the Requiem was for the repose of their souls; it is, moreover, intended that a similar service shall be held annually. A temporary wooden chapel accommodated the clergy, who were present to the number of about twenty.

The Highland Mod.

The past week has been a sort of national carnival among our Gaelic kinsmen in the Highlands, writes a special correspondent of The Freeman's Journal. The scene of the festival celebrations was Inverness, which may be called the capital of the Scotch Highlands, and which was struck at once by the beauty of that fair northern town. In the morning twilight Inverness was cheerful. At 10 a.m. assembled the Mod Gaelic festival, the literary and musical presidency of Charles Fraser Mackintosh, of Drummond, Esq., LL.D., and a right worthy president was this modern chieftain of Clan Chattan, formerly member of Parliament for his native county. The Mod, if I mistake not, was first instituted by Lord Archibald Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll. Lord Archibald continues to take a lively interest in its creation, and his name appears among the list of those who donate the prizes awarded on this occasion. Touching which it may be remarked that instead of the prizes being granted out of a general fund subscribed by the public at large, as was done in the Orreachtas of 1897, each prize is

given by a separate donor. The donors included Lord Argyll, Lord Campbell, Dr. Charles Fraser Mackintosh of Drummond, Mr. John Mackay, J.P., of Inverness, the St. Columba Gaelic Order of Inverness, the London Inverness Association, and the Town Council of Inverness. There are town councils and city corporations in Ireland that fancy themselves above the example of any Scottish town in matters of patriotism. Well, in future let us judge the tree by its fruit. This Mod is the sixth such festival held in the Highlands. It has not yet attained to anything like the proportions of the first Orreachtas and Ewes Cool. But it must be remembered that the Highland population is scant and scattered, and, like the Irish Gael, has been left the lean of the land to live on.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

A striking sermon was delivered by Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, in St. Mary's Church, Collingwood, on Sunday, 12, a report of which appears in The Entertainer. Father Ryan's subject was "Why Catholics believe in the Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the blessed Sacrament."

"Before the festival day of the pasch, Jesus, knowing that His hour was come, that He should pass out of this world to the Father; having loved His own, who were in the world, He loved them to the end." St. John, xiii, 1. (Catholic Version.)

The preacher professed his address with the above quotation. The interesting and momentous question of the Real Presence in the Sacrament was one to which all Christian hearts should turn. Two great questions had agitated the public mind of late. One was Christian Unity, in which all who believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and who hold to the Old and New Testaments, are interested. Another is what is known as Anglican Orders. They remembered the controversy in the latter question. Two leading literary men, University men, men of education, brains and religious sentiment, were discussing Anglican Orders, and asked the central question, involving the central fact, Have we a sacrifice? Have we a Sacrament? Is it a fact, as Cardinal Newman beautifully expresses it, that the Catholic priest has the power to evoke the Eternal God? A priest is a sacrificing man, and there must be the sacrifice. If there is to be a union of Catholic minds and hearts, it must be by coming together around this centre of immutable truth—with faith, hope and prayer in this union to be effected. Of the many ways of treating the subject of the Real Presence, the speaker said he would take the shorter and compendious way. There were three grand parts in the epic of God, three grand acts of the Divine drama, and the truth was in His text taken from John, the man of God's own mind and heart, who knew the Lord as God and Man, and as the Master without friends. "Having loved His own, who were in the world, He loved them to the end." That was all, and it was enough for him and for all who believed. St. John means God loves us, is ready to do anything for us, and what is there the love of God cannot do? We know what He has done. Begin with what is common belief, the first act of the Divine drama—the Creation. It was not necessary to God's eternal, inexhaustible and ineffable happiness that He should create. But He did create. He spoke and the universe was made. Here is an argument of fact. Those who do not believe say God could not do as Catholics believe in the Eucharist. Is there anything God cannot do? The Council of Three was held, and the fiat went forth, "let us make man." Why? Because God said, "I have loved you with an eternal love and therefore I have created you and called you by your name." God's own argument was that of love. Another argument against the Eucharist was—if God could He would not. He would not demean, disgrace or lower Himself, or permit Himself to be so demeaned. See another Council of the Three, when man was to be redeemed. All was darkness and confusion and pain and man offered sacrifice, but the Son said "his sacrifice and burnt offerings were not acceptable," and He came Himself. St. Thomas answers the difficulty by explaining there are two kinds of indignity—that of condescension and that of degradation. The latter God has never done. The seeming indignity of condescension was what God had done. As an illustration, supposing the Queen, during the Jubilee pageant, had gone to a lowly cellar or cot in London to see a dying man, would the world consider that degradation? Would it not rather be as the beauty of Divine condescension? The Divine Samaritan had come down, poured oil on our wounds, given us wine and taken us into His Church. Was that unworthy? St. Bernard says—"God is great, and greatly to be praised. God is little, and therefore more to be praised." God was little, made little for us. "Gloria in excelsis" was sung at Mass, because God was in the lowest. God knows how to respect and guard Himself.

Domestic Reading

Fear is not in the habit of speaking truth. When perfect sinners are expected, perfect freedom must be allowed; nor has any one who is apt to be angry when he hears the truth, any cause to wonder that he does not hear it.—Tacitus.

As people in a crowd find it difficult from their close contact to avoid hurting each other and being hurt, so in our close relations with one another, in business, in society, and at home, we also find it difficult to avoid the chafing of different dispositions and tempers, and views and aims against each other, producing more or less permanent discomfort, pain, and sense of wrong. This difficulty courtesy can best help us to overcome. By its gentle and gracious presence it preserves us from too close and too rough contact. It throws a protecting veil over each personality which cannot be easily renounced. Who can quarrel with or dispute with or contradict one who is invariably gentle and courteous in his behaviour? The disposition to do so is immediately checked and a feeling of respect takes its place. It reserves undue familiarity, sets up a barrier against altercation, and soothes irritability or angry feelings.

Short-sighted is the philosophy which counts on selfishness as the master motive of human action. It is blind to facts, of which the world is full. It sees not the present, and reads not the past aright. If you would move men to action, to what shall you appeal? Not to their pockets, but to their patriotism; not to selfishness, but to sympathy. . . . Call it religion, patriotism, sympathy, the enthusiasm for humanity, or the love of God—give it what name you will; there is yet a force which ever comes and drives out selfishness, a force which is the electricity of the moral universe, a force beside which all others are weak. . . . Political economy and social sciences cannot teach any lessons that are not embraced in the simple truth that were taught to Pope Silverius and Jewish rabbis by One Who aughton hundred years ago, was crucified—the simple truth which, beneath the wrappings of selfishness and the distortions of superstitions, seem to underlie every religion that has ever striven to formulate the spiritual yearnings of man.

The ideal for Christian men and women is the organization of society on Christian principles. Have we got to that yet, or within sight of it, do you suppose? Look round you. Will anybody tell me that the state of a hundred streets in this city is what it would be if the Christian men of this nation lived the lives that they ought to live? Could there be such rottenness and corruption if the salt had not lost its savor? Will anybody tell me that the foul aristocratic vice which our newspapers do not think themselves degraded by printing in loathsome detail, and so bringing the foulness of a common sewer on to every breakfast table in the kingdom, is in accordance with an organization of society on Christian principles? Intemperance, social impurity, vice, decay of intellect and degradation, baseness, the awful condition of the lower layer in our great cities, crushed like some crumbling bricks beneath the ponderous weight of the splendid superstructure; the bitter partisan spirit of politics, where the followers of each chief think themselves bound to believe that he is immaculate, and that the other side has no honor or truth belonging to it; these things testify against English society.

Whiskey and Water.

Orators in the House of Commons when they require something wherewith to moisten their palates are supposed to make use of nothing stronger than this beverage of nature's brewing; but sometimes people "have their suspicions" says T. D. Sullivan, M.P. During one of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches at the table of the House he slipped occasionally from a tumbler of liquid which was not of crystal clearness, having in fact a slightly yellowish tinge. This was referred to by the well-known and witty chronicler of Parliamentary proceedings, Mr. W. H. Lucy, in his sketch of the night's debate as "a glass of unfiltered water"—a charmingly delicate touch of quiet humor. The mixture at all events was not of a stiff quality; though it may have been better than that said to have been given by a parish priest who held strong temperance views to a car-driver who had driven him a long distance on a very important day. He put a small quantity of whiskey into his tumbler, and then added to it a big douch of water. "Tell me, your reverence," said the driver, after he had taken a long pull from the tumbler, "which did you put in first, the whiskey or the water?" "I put in the whiskey first," replied the priest, "I thought so, your reverence," said he, "for begor I haven't come to it yet."

The difference between a horse and a bicycle is that a horse always shies away from an object, while the bicycle generally shies into it.

The Domain of Woman

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

TALKS BY "TERESA"

An interested group of open-mouthed people, evidently country cousins, were gathered around the iron cage in which the cashiers are confined in the basement of a large store where a pneumatic cash system is in force.

What a vision of Tantalus! Piles upon piles of bills, some fresh and crisp, others in the last stages of dilapidation, but none the less valuable; heaps of silver coins, drawers full of money, and all as far out of reach as the fabled riches of the Klondyke. And yet the young ladies behind those bars were so cool and self-possessed as though they were handling worthless pieces of paper instead of thousands of dollars worth of bills.

Click! down comes a carrier, followed by two more in rapid succession. Quickly they are opened, the contents glanced at, the duplicate filed, change made out, and the cylinder is again closed and offered to the gaping mouth of a return tube, and, hey, presto! it is gone, sucked up by the tremendous air pressure, to be almost instantly shot out at the counter from which it came.

Alas for my tightly grabbed purse with two car tickets and ten cents in it; what, oh what, would it fool like if it contained the half of the money these girls are handling with such a supreme look of contempt.

A pale, worn-looking woman in faded black is gazing through the cage with a look of fascination; two men, evidently respectable working men, possibly farmers, with hard and knobby hands, are also staring intently at the piles of cash. Most of the lookers-on are evidently poor, as far as one can judge by appearances. A few well-dressed people saunter up, glance in casually, and look around on the interested watchers with a self-satisfied glance, as much as say: "Poor things! it must be a treat to them to see so much money." So it is, about as much of a treat as it is for a starting vagrant to smell the appetizing whiffs coming from the kitchen of a restaurant. But there, one cannot tell by appearances, perhaps that shabby-looking man has a roll of bills in his pocket, while the fashionably-dressed loungeur who has just brushed past him has possibly twenty-five cents and a lachry.

Click, click! it is bargain day, and they are busy upstairs. Certainly, most of the money comes in small amounts, but it rapidly mounts up into the thousands; they take in more money in a day in smallware departments than they do in cash received to meet cost of goods. It is the little things that count. Perhaps the pale woman in black thinks too, for she hurries away with a sigh; fabled riches are not for her, only the grind, grind, and the scrape, scrape, with small notes to fill and small looks to go with, with the money coming in through a sieve and going out at the window. And there is so much of it in the world, so much! But the world has got into the habit of swallowing it the wrong way. Tell the retail merchant, cannot get enough of it to keep body and soul together, while the bloated capitalist—click, click! Oh, come away; I shall be a socialist or something if I stop here much longer.

I am pleased to be able to announce an entirely new idea, which will be carried out at the annual sale in the aid of the Sisters of the Precious Blood on Nov. 22nd next. This is the issuing of a prize coupon with each ticket of admission to the concert tickets, which takes place each evening. Each coupon will entitle the holder to a chance in the drawing for prizes which will take place every evening. The price of ticket to the concert will be raised to 25c. The prizes will be called "Lucky Gifts." They will be of considerable value, and will be entirely distinct from the usual drawing for the handsome decorated china, etc., which will take place in the ordinary way. A coupon goes with each concert ticket, so the more tickets you purchase, the more chances you will have of winning a prize. The ordinary tickets of admission will be as usual, ten cents. Of course the precious Jubilee has been made a handle for all kinds of novelties; but this year's sale will be decidedly different, and have gone before. The dolls will be simply wonderful, all the children must come and see them; there will be various novelties in that department, including one for which the never ending "Jubilee" is again responsible, but I must not drudge that secret, come and see it for yourselves. "It must be seen to be appreciated," as the advertisements say.

The opening and closing concerts will be given by a brilliant aggregation of talents, the most noted performers in the city having promised their services. There will probably be many more interesting items to chronicle; I will let my readers know of anything now. By the way if any out of town readers would like to send contributions of works, with their names forwarded to Miss Heskin, Monastery of the Precious Blood, St. Joseph St., Toronto. All articles will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1898 will be on sale at the sale of this Almanac go to the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

I am glad to be able to record the success of the garden party at Stuyvesant. The proceeds amounted to about \$10,000, and everyone connected with the affair has reason to congratulate themselves. On behalf of the community, I beg to thank everyone who exerted themselves so energetically, and also all the friends who supported the

being turned over to the Farnell estate.

It is my duty to push the parties who are refusing to do justice to the man who is dead. I insist on having that sum released.

The Farnell creditors have been waiting patiently for years, and they must be paid. It has been bad enough to have hounded my brother to death without now wishing to destroy his property and his family.

I will rest in my place in Parliament before I allow the property to be destroyed and his family inequity any longer.

I hope, then, the Irish people, who subscribed this money at my brother's call and placed it unreservedly in his hands, will now take action to make clear whether or not they desire this debt of \$5,000 to be paid out of it.

Yours truly,
JOHN H. FARNELL.

Death of Mr. Patrick Ryan, Guelph.

GUELPH, Sept. 22.—It was with surprise that the citizens on Saturday morning heard of Mr. Patrick Ryan being taken ill with acute indigestion. He suffered severely when first attacked, and his condition became so critical that his physician advised that a priest should be sent for to administer the last sacraments of the Church. He rallied somewhat until Monday night when he had another bad attack. Yesterday afternoon his condition was favorable, but towards evening he took another bad turn and suffered great pain until he passed away.

Mr. Ryan was one of the best known men in the city and for miles around. He was born in Nenagh County, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1818, and was 79 years old at the time of his death. He came to Canada about 1850. He retired from business some 15 years ago. His partner died some years ago. In politics Mr. Ryan was a Reformer.

The funeral on Friday, was very largely attended. There was a large number at the house and the funeral procession took the route of Suffolk, Wyndham and Macdonnell streets to the Church of Our Lady, Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., officiated at the church, and Rev. Father O'Leary, S.J., at the cemetery. The pallbearers were: John Ryan, Georgetown; Thomas Gowdy, Michael Drohan, Daniel Kuleher, Wm. Carroll, ex-Mayor Lamprey.

Education in Quebec.

Quebec, September 28.—The Catholic Education of the District of Public Instruction in its official report inserts the following paragraph:

Hon. Mr. Masson moved "That all academies, and model and elementary schools accepting a subsidy from the Government or from the Catholic Committee of Public Instruction be subject to the inspector of the Superintendent of Public Instruction and of any other officer who may appoint."

This motion was rejected on the following division:

Ayes—Hon. Mr. Masson, Judge Jette, Hon. F. Langlois, Hon. H. Archaubault and Dr. Leprohon. 6.

Nays—Archbishop of Quebec, Coadjutor Archbishop of Quebec, Archbishop of Montreal, Bishop of Three Rivers, Bishop of Rimouski, Bishop of Ononquiame, Bishop of Valleyfield, Bishop of Sherbrooke, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Yacinthe, Rev. Lubudier, V. G. of Nicolet, Hon. Th. Chapais, Hon. G. G. Goulet, Mr. G. G. Goulet, H. R. Gray, 14.

The chief objection to the motion was that unscrupulous men might be charged with the work of inspection in the meantime. Mgr. Bruchesi has appointed the Abbe Dault, Mgr. Desnoes, the Abbe Lindsey and Mgr. Labreque, the Abbe Delamarre to inspect their respective dioceses and report to all the educational establishments to their Lordships.

C. O. F.

The following resolution was passed at the last regular meeting of St. Joseph Court 370:

Whereas—This Court having learned with regret the death of Mrs. Catherine Ryan, mother of our deceased brother Charles Newberry. Do it resolved, that the members of St. Joseph Court, 370 C.O.F. extend to the bereaved family, in this their sad affliction, whose loss will be keenly felt not alone by them but by all who know her as a faithful wife, a kind and loving mother, and a sincere and practical Catholic. Be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minute book of this Court, one sent to the sorrowing family and copies sent to the Catholic Bishops and Catholic Record for publication. Wm. Mitchell, D.G.R., M. J. Cannon, II. Sloman, Comptroller.

The Pope's Portrait in Oxford.

A correspondent of the Osmorvatore Romano writes from Oxford: "A magnificent picture of the Holy Father which has been presented to the University of Oxford is about to be placed in one of the halls of the University by a distinguished gentleman who has deserved well of the Catholic cause in England, but he preferred that it should be offered to the University. The picture is really a fine work of art. It has been executed by the sculptor Professor Franchi, who, though he only saw the Holy Father twice, has produced a remarkable likeness."

An initiation has been received by the Edinburgh Town Council from the Office of Works that from April next the fee now charged for admission to the historical monuments of Holyrood Palace will be abolished.

FIREBIRD FUN.

"Why don't you keep chickens? Crosslets? 'My neighbors are lacking of amiability.'"

A poet talks of the music of a low wind. This wind is often low, and very few of the poets can raise it.

"There is one word in the English language that is spelled atrociously." She: "What is that?" He: "Atrociously."

A little boy was once asked by an artist to define drawing. "Oh," he replied, "drawing is thinking, and then marking round the think."

For an Accommodation.—"What a noble fellow Giles is! I asked him why he didn't wear an overcoat, and he said he had given it to a relation." "Yes; to his uncle."

"I'm very glad my wife coaxed me into getting her a bicyclo," said the lean passenger. "Makes her happy, oh?" asked the fat passenger. "She's so keen on riding that she isn't going to have the house done up this year."

Advice from the Heart.—Barrow: "That's a dandy wheel you have there, old man. I'll take a little spin on it some day. By the way, what kind of a wheel do you think I ought to ride?" Marrow: "One of your own."

"But I thought your husband was such an active man." "Active! If it weren't for me I don't believe he'd get up in time to go to bed." "Ah, well, that's better than some husbands, you know, who scarcely go to be in time to get up."

A raw Scottish lad joined the volunteers, and on the first parade day his sister came with his mother to see the regiment. On the march-past Jock was at once singled out. "Look, mother," said his sister, "they're a 'oot o' step but our Jock."

She: "You are always talking about the fashions. Now, honestly, do you think you would know the latest fashion in hats if you were to enter a milliner's?" He: "Certainly." She: "How?" He (replied): "By looking at the prices."

"What did that young man call this poem?" asked the editor. "A satire." "And that applies that he is showing the uselessness and absurdity of something." "I believe so."

"Well, there's only one guess that I can make concerning this, and that is that it is a satire on poetry."

Old Lady to a London Cobby: "Now, I want to go to my dressmaker. I've lost the address; but it's a small house beyond Oxford-street, down a street on the right, and the number's over 100." "Well, madam, won't you please come up and drive yourself. We might be sure of not making any mistakes."

"That was a very queer poem on 'The Three Ages of Man' you published in your paper this morning," said the man who dropped in. "The general understanding is that there are seven ages of man." "It was written 'The Seven Ages of Man,'" explained the worried Sunday editor, "but I had to cut it down to three on account of lack of space."

In bygone days in the United States an old slave argued that, as his body belonged to his master, if he ate his master's chickens the chickens were still his and no theft had been committed. His master remonstrated with him for eating a chicken, when the slave replied: "Well, massa, you've got less chicken, but you've got more nigger!"

C. O. F.

Owing to the pleasant weather the last meeting of St. Joseph Court was largely attended, and the calendar being a long one the members were in no way fatigued. Several propositions were received, many balloted for and three intimated. Chief Ranger J. J. Howarth felt obliged to send in his resignation for the welfare of the Court, owing to his being unable to attend the meetings regularly in consequence of being compelled to work on several evenings as he is the owner of a large printing firm, and his time being so much absorbed by the order was left of his resignation.

Bro. L. Murphy was the proud recipient of a gold medal given by the Court for bringing in the largest address from our worthy P. O. R. W. T. J. Lee, who was so honorably returned the third term at the recent convention held in Cornwall. Details of the reception and bouquets tendered the delegates by the council and citizens of the several journals. He informed 60 members the Provincial Court having instituted the adoption of the "Institution button," to be given to subordinate court members bringing in the first five new members, the contest to take effect at an early date. Bro. M. T. Megan, our delegate to the convention, read a lengthy report, the same being accepted by the court. Fourteen new courts were organized during the month of August, not in members added 190.

M. J. O'CONNOR.

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PURE WATER.

In addition to the many modern improvements recent by introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter, erected by the New York Filter Co., having a capacity of two thousand gallons per hour, and rendering the water absolutely pure before being used in their Ales, Porter and Lager.

Appended is a copy of analysis just taken
Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895:
The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Ltd.:
Dear Sir,—I hereby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter and find it of first-class purity, being bright, clear and free from all suspended impurities.

Yours truly,
(Signed) THOMAS HEYS,
Consulting Chemist.
E. O'SHEA, Print and Mgr.
W. HAWKE, Print and Asst. Mgr.

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The Catholic Register.

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ADVERTISING RATES: Liberal and Moderate. The rate for one insertion in the Register is 25 cents per line for the first week, and 15 cents for each subsequent week.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Sept. 30—St. Jerome. Oct. 1—St. Remigius. 2—Holy Guardian Angels. 3—17th St. Penitents. 4—St. Francis of Assisi. 5—St. Placidia. 6—St. Bruno.

The letter from the Pope to Cardinal Vaughan, read at the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine in England, has caused considerable newspaper jealousy.

The Canadian Freeman: Mr. Whitney, leader of the Conservative Opposition in the Legislative Assembly, with several of his followers, will address a public meeting at Napton to-morrow.

The spectre of famine advances upon Ireland. John Dillon and T. M. Harrington have demanded that Parliament assemble immediately to deal with the situation.

Some of the former would have invited certain attack from another quarter also, but the latter course would have had us open to obtaining a state and familiar form of criticism.

Quite a number of our contemporaries are engaged in the discussion of "yellow journalism." A certain section of the press, which considers itself untainted by "yellows," can find nothing too hard to throw at their brethren.

In its issue of September 26th—last—appears an editorial upon the "Civil Service Dismissals," which we quote: A short time ago one of our contemporaries raised a great hubbub because certain Catholics in connection with the Kingston penitentiary were dismissed the service.

Speaking of "society" journalism reminds us of the little difference of opinion that has cropped up between Mr. Goldwin Smith and The Globe relative to the adaptability, or otherwise, of Canadian soil for the growth of a mushroom aristocracy.

We leave others to discover reasons why women actively following the avocations mentioned are less entitled to "society" distinction than their sisters whose better fortune has enabled them to retire from work.

Penitentiary and Other Dismissals. We are not engaged in discussing the civil and political rights of Catholics merely for our own or our readers' amusement, so that The Kingston Freeman must hold us excused for passing over its fake letter, signed "Offensive Partisan," and its own silly remarks thereupon.

Our contemporary was right, however, on one point. Mr. Hughes, the notorious Orangeman, who held a position in the service, was recommended for transfer to another place. It was found to be incompetent, why was he not dismissed as the others were?

It is a mistake to say we "avoided mentioning that other Catholics were appointed." We so stated; we also said that we should be the last paper in Canada to defend the proved misconduct of a Catholic in office.

another institution and retained in the service, Mowat was likewise retained, and Weir, who had been recommended for instant dismissal, and who was actually dismissed, has since been reinstated on the penitentiary staff, and is now actually doing duty as a keeper in the Kingston penitentiary.

The London Record also says: Another circumstance which occurred lately in regard to new appointments to office is a gross outrage, which reflects no credit on those concerned.

We are delighted to hear The Record speaking up. But why does it ignore the treatment which Mr. Tennant of Grimsby, Man., and Mr. McAllister of Cobourg have received from the Minister of Customs?

Sir Oliver Mowat's Retirement. The appointment of Sir Oliver Mowat to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario definitely closes an interesting political career.

good will and they trusted him accordingly. His long administration of the affairs of this province shall stand in Canadian history as a striking fact of post-Confederation government; and the peculiar conditions by which the great tenure of office was secured carry instructive lessons for our political students.

St. Augustine Celebrations. We have before us the reports supplied to the daily papers of the British Islands by the Press Association, the foremost news distributing company in the world, of the Catholic celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine in England.

These facts are full of meaning. The British newspapers are not in the habit of wasting space; they only give the public what it wants, so that the extended newspaper reports afford an unerring indication that a general demand exists to-day for knowledge of the early history of the Church in England.

To their unspeakable honor be it said that multitudes, once the assailants of Catholic doctrine, have become its upholders and confessors. They who cast out the altar and stripped the Church have re-erected the altar and refurnished the Church.

spiritually has earned for them a position of self-reliance and trust in the hearts of multitudes—guides and directors of many souls—discussing their errors far away from all those spiritual ties, and well nigh breaking their own hearts by the sacrifice, have all things to follow Christ.

After Cardinal Vaughan's the most instructive address delivered was that of the Bishop of Clifton, on the Church in England before St. Augustine. He clearly showed that: The ancient British Church, like that of Gaul and Spain, has nothing to prove—on the contrary, the evidence all goes the other way—that it was not itself the daughter of Rome.

There was no difference, as far as history can guide us, between the British Church and the rest of the Church in doctrine or discipline. There is positive evidence that the British Church placed the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the same position that it holds now in the Holy Roman Church, and held the same doctrine concerning it.

As Cardinal Vaughan truly declared the St. Augustine ceremonies will be looked upon as a new epoch in the history of Catholic England. One of the results of the celebration will take the form of repairing the tomb of Cardinal Pole in Canterbury Cathedral, a proposal by the Catholic Truth Society that has received the approval of the Cathedral authorities.

The Slaughter of Strikers. We give below an editorial which appears in the influential and widely circulated Boston Republic. Its tone is not a little surprising. It indicates an awakening in the United States to an important truth, viz., that outside opinion of the American people and their institutions may not always be despised.

Our esteemed contemporary, The Catholic Register of Toronto, makes pertinent criticism of the conduct of the sheriff and his deputies in Luzerne county, Pa., and it is difficult to controvert its arguments. Incidentally it passes some severe reflections upon the administration of the law on this side of the line, and in doing this it voices pretty accurately the sentiments and views of our northern neighbors upon our governmental machinery.

they are drafted. There seldom has been a serious strike in the United States in which these men have not had blood.

This is literally and painfully true. We remember the Homestead slaughter in 1892. In that affair the Pinkerton men, acting under orders of a Sheriff, shot down the striking operatives of the Carnegie Company. They also shed blood in Illinois and Missouri, and they would not stop.

The State of Pennsylvania is, in a measure, responsible for the loose and disjointed notions of sheriffs respecting the sacredness of human life. After the Homestead slaughter the state troops took possession of the town and protected the men who had committed murder.

It is little wonder that conservative journals like The Catholic Register call attention to the deplorable and humiliating spectacle presented by the State of Pennsylvania. And it is a source of regret to every thoughtful and self-respecting American that no satisfactory defence can be set up.

No more the patriot's words will cheer your humble Irish hearts will toll. The heads of evening prayer; The mirth that ec'd at dirot want Lies buried in your grave.

Far from their own beloved land Those Irish exiles sleep, And dream not of historic past, Nor of the numerous weep.

Q! tollers in the harvest field, Who gather golden grain, O! pilgrims by the wayside, Who succor give to all.

Far from their own beloved land Those Irish exiles sleep, Where dream not faith-crowned slumbers.

The following letters are published by the St. Boniface Northwest Review:

To the Editor of the Northwest Review: Sir—The following letter has been sent to the Regina Leader.

Sir—Your article of a few weeks ago on minority representation on the teaching staff and trustee board of the Regina schools was trenchant and timely.

To the Editor of The Leader: Sir—Your article of a few weeks ago on minority representation on the teaching staff and trustee board of the Regina schools was trenchant and timely.

The dismissal of men from government employment after trial before a hasty inquisition, and the blasting of their characters, which follows as an inevitable consequence, should be met by legislation.

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no still unknown to him. The accused was hurriedly dismissed as a petty thief. He proceeded at once to meet his enemies with their own fire.

It exposed the conspirators and proved beyond doubt that the charges made were false. Then he was as hurriedly reinstated as he had been dismissed.

The popular nature of the case should not prevent the Ontario Government from explaining the reception of anonymous letters and treating them as evidence, although withholding the contents from the accused.

This is almost on a par with the penitentiary investigation. It would be interesting to know whether this practice is much followed.

It destroys private character; not to speak at all of the injury done the public service when petty malice reaching above the departmental heads can be sure of a hearing and protection in the Cabinet Council.

Not less than five thousand of the children of this time from France and London tyranny, lie buried in Grosse Ile.

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involves somewhat of a conundrum to one who has not been admitted to the "secrets of the gods" and accordingly a little more light would be welcomed by yours etc.

Sacred Concert at St. Michael's.

St. Michael's Cathedral was filled with a large and appreciative audience on Tuesday evening, assembled to hear the splendid concert given under the auspices of the Altar Society.

People always expect something worth hearing at St. Michael's, nor are they ever disappointed. The concert was magnificent and more than sustained the reputation of the artists who took part.

D'Allesandro's orchestra performed the opening selection, which was followed by the chorus "Gloria" by the choir. Mrs. E. B. Clancy sang a solo, after which "Benedictus" was beautifully sung by the following quartette.

Mrs. McKenna, Miss Kennedy, Mesrs. McMillan and Gendron. Mr. Kilmer performed a solo upon the organ. "Lift thine eyes," from Handel's English by Misses Tynon, Ward and Kennedy, was well sung.

Mr. F. H. Dorrington delighted the large audience with his mastery of the great organ, the magnificent harmonies swelling and reverberating through the vast edifice and dying away softly in the remote recesses of the roof like the echo of angelo music.

Miss Grant and Mr. Alex Gorrie were heard at their best in the beautiful hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Miss Eileen Millet sang "With Verdure Clad," from Handel's "Creation," in splendid style, her voice being heard to great advantage.

Mrs. McGinn's solo, "Ave Maria," with harp and cello accompaniment, was exquisite; Signor D'Allesandro taking the harp and Mr. Paul Kahn the cello. The other numbers were beyond criticism, and Miss Fannie Sullivan is to be especially complimented upon her masterly management of the large forces under her command.

The Archbishop was present in the sanctuary, and Father Ryan thanked the artists and the audience in behalf of the society.

Hamilton St. Leo Society. HAMILTON, Sept. 28th.—The weekly meeting of the St. Leo literary society was held last evening in St. Mary's hall.

After the regular business had been transacted, J. D. Oberster, on behalf of the society, presented the president with a handsome smoking set and the following address:

"To M. J. O'Reilly, president of the Leo Literary Society: On behalf of the officers and members of the Leo Literary Society, we beg to present you with a small token of their appreciation of your services in connection with the administration of the society's affairs, and also to assure you that they esteem it an honor to have served under you as their president."

They hope and trust that you will long be spared to continue your good work, and in the hours of depression you may turn to this small present, and under the spell of my Lady Niobite be soothed and comforted with the remembrance that the members of this society are always your best friends.

Signed on behalf of the society, J. P. Dougherty, vice-president, John W. Smith, secretary." Mr. O'Reilly made a very feeling reply, and thanked the members for remembering him in such a substantial manner.

The evening's programme was then proceeded with as follows: Songs by James Wilmut, A. Burke and V. Burke; duet, Nelson and A. Burke; harmonica solos, A. Burke and W. Kelly.

Knights of St. John. TORONTO, Sept. 29th '97. At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Auxiliary, No. 6, Knights of St. John held on September 29th '97, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from home and friends our beloved sister Kate Landy, the member of St. Patrick's Auxiliary extended their kindest sympathy to sisters Louie and Maude Landy, and the family of our late sister, and we pray that God in His infinite mercy and loving kindness will sustain them in their hour of sad affliction, therefore be it

Resolved—That the charter be draped for the period of three months, and these resolutions be engrossed on the minutes, a copy tendered to sisters Louie and Maude Landy and published in The Catholic Register, Catholic Record and Knight of St. John. MARY O'REILLY, Rec. Sec'y.

Sunday Evening at St. Patrick's. St. Patrick's Church was crowded on Sunday evening at the Musical Vespers held in aid of the poor of the parish.

At the conclusion of the Credo, Rev. Father Gamblin, pastor, ascended the pulpit, and read an address to the new local of the diocese, in the name of the clergy and people of St. Patrick's parish, which in part stated:

It is surely a source of joy to every true child of the Church in this diocese, and of encouragement and consolation to yourself Monsignoreur to note the universal satisfaction your appointment has given, not only to your own, but also—which is no small import to the common good—to persons of all classes in this great city, and throughout the entire country.

To us in particular, your Irish—your English speaking—children, it is most gratifying that the fluency and correctness with which you speak our language enables you to address us in our own tongue, and be assured, Mgr. that we shall listen to your words not only with pleasure, but also with that reverence which we owe to our first pastor, and in which spirit for faith and docility which has ever been characteristic of our people.

His Grace blessed a new statue of St. Patrick, which will be placed on a pedestal over the main entrance of the church.

After Many Years. A SUFFERER IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Suffered From Weak Heart and Could Not Nately Walk Any Distance—How the Pulse of Life Was Adjusted.

The romance of unwritten facts of real life far exceeds the rich elaborations of fiction. A poor being behind the scenes would furnish us with adequate proof that there is in the world, or rather a severe anxiety in human life than floats on the surface.

We find many whose experience has almost incessantly fluctuated between health and sickness; little if any of this is obtruded upon the patient, but the world, or rather into human ear. You may secure the confidence of some of those sufferers who will rehearse to you dark catalogue of pains and aches that are often ill understood by the physician.

Thanks be to the mighty genius that discovered the new famous panacea for the ills to which humanity is subjected when suffering from impoverished blood or a shattered nervous system.

Thousands have and thousands are still going to greatest advantage Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have passed the ordeal of experiment again and again with ever increasing honor.

The following statement is from one who was rescued from agonizing heart trouble, and distressing bed action. Mary Fisher, of Lancaster township, Gloucester county, is a maiden lady. About eight years ago Miss Fisher was seized with weakness and a distressing sensation in the region of the heart.

It was attributed to several causes, all possibly more or less true, they were overwork, exposure or she was certainly weak and the action of the heart was abnormally rapid.

The doctor in attendance pronounced the patient to have nervous palpitation of the heart and she received treatment accordingly for two years. At this stage she took to her bed as she was so low.

For twelve months she lay receiving only domestic attention. She improved somewhat, however, and was able to be taken to a friend of hers near Lancaster village, Mrs. J. Haney, where she was under medical attendance and took medicine for about three years.

At the end of this time she could not safely venture to walk even a short distance, and at this time she complained of her heart. About two years ago she began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, from this date she began what proved a steady restoration of nervous energy.

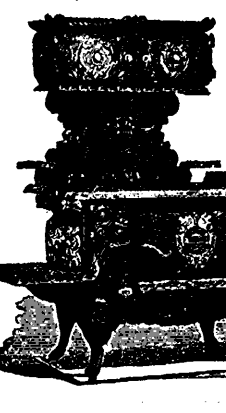
During the summer of 1897 the improvement was marked. She was able by the middle of the summer to do as much work and walking as most ordinary women, and so satisfactory and apparently permanent is the cure that Miss Fisher has gone to her former home and now she can do all the ordinary work of a housewife.

The remedy was persistent, tenacious and hard to fight. But the constant use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills wrought a marvellous change, which Miss Fisher's friends say might be probably known to many others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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Chats with the Children.

SQUIRREL TOWN. Where the oak-trees tall and stately stretch great branches to the sky...

ANIMALS THAT DO NOT DRINK.

How long would you be contented without a drop of water to drink? There are many different kinds of animals in the world that never in all their lives sip so much as a drop of water.

THE FROUD MISS O'LAGOON.

The proud Miss O'Haggin May ride in her wagon. Her laundry or drag in The park all the day...

BLIND CHILDREN, WHO NEVER HEARD A SOUND, TALK TO ONE ANOTHER.

In the October St. Nicholas there is an article on "Helen Keller, and Tommy Stinger," written by William T. Ellis. Helen, the wonderful blind girl whose history is so well known...

"What a fine big boy he is! The dear little fellow!" he was exclaiming with delight when he found her voice.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other."

...THE... Chrysanthemum.

From the French of FERNAND BEISSIER.

THE little Prince lay dying. On the previous evening, the physicians had said they could do no more, and the Emperor had thrown them all into prison...

Then he had sought others. In every direction messengers had been dispatched, bringing with them on their return to the palace venerable men with white beards...

The Emperor was furious. He commanded that, with nocks in the cangue, they should be conducted through the town, preceded by heralds on horseback...

And now, standing by the couch of the suffering child, clad in his golden armour, with his crown upon his head and his scimitar at his side...

Soldiers armed with sabres kept guard around the bed, standing erect and motionless in their black uniform decorated with the twelve symbolic animals.

In the town life seemed suspended. The junky, with furred sails, lay idle on the river bank, and the shops were closed. Amidst the glare of torches and blare of gongs, waiting men and women, with outstretched arms and faces pressed against the earth...

And in the imperial chamber, under gold-embroidered silks, still lay and agonized the little Prince. His wasted chest heaved painfully; a strange, gasping sound issued from between his chattering teeth...

In the adjoining apartment the Empress, surrounded by her women, who were lying upon the floor, was herself kneeling, and, in spite of the silken hangings and doors of brass...

At a sign from the Emperor, the horsemen brandished their lances, the archers made a rain-cloud of arrows around the palace, and the noise of the tom-toms was redoubled.

"Sleep, little Prince, for your trusty soldiers are watching over you." But the child's eyes remained wide open, and his breathing grew less and less distinct.

Suddenly a commotion arose at the foot of the staircase, and the Emperor turned his eyes wrathfully in that direction. Who had dared to cross the threshold of his palace at such a time?

"Speak!" commanded the Emperor. "Who dares to intrude upon me?" "An old man," replied the soldier, trembling.

But now from the top of the staircase came forward an old man. His long beard, white as snow, descended to his waist. He was attired in a

silken robe, which time and use had robbed of its original color. With one hand he leaned upon a long bam boe stick, in the other he held a withered chrysanthemum flower.

The Emperor uttered an exclamation of rage, but before he could make any further sign, the stranger, stretching forth his hand said:—"They allowed me to pass when I told them that I had come to save thy son."

"To save my son! Thou?" "I!"

And the old man, regardless of the menacing soldiers, advanced towards the bed. "By the rising sun!" vowed the Emperor. "If thou liest, I will have those who admitted the shot to death with arrows; and for thyself, I will charge my executioners to invent the most cruel torture!"

"The old man smiled. "When one has reached my age," remarked he, "the thread which unites soul and body is extremely fine and worn, and the iron of thy executioners would scarcely torture a corpse."

And as the guards, at a signal from the Emperor, made way, he approached the bed. "I come in time," he said, gazing upon the child, who now lay perfectly still and apparently unconscious; "but if thy soldiers had not permitted me to pass, thy son would have been dead at this moment."

The Emperor trembled. This old man's words impressed him strangely. "And thy remedy?" he inquired. "This chrysanthemum flower, which I have but to lay upon thy son's heart, and his cleansed blood shall flow with new life through his veins."

"Do so then!" But the old man answered, with a smile: "It is necessary that I should first know what you are willing to give me in exchange."

III.

The Emperor's anger broke forth afresh. "Wretch!" exclaimed he, "stopping to discuss the price of a service, when thou avest danger to be so imminent! Knowest thou not that I am thy master?"

"Of our lives, perhaps; of our wills, never," was the sage's calm reply to this outburst. "He who lies there, I would have thee remember, is the Emperor's child, the offspring of the gods who reign in the depths of the clouds!"

"Every child of man is also a child of God, and if thou wert thyself a deity, thou wouldst have no need of an old man's aid."

"I have a mind to slay thee in the first place, and then to possess myself of thy mysterious faded flower." "Death, as I have told you already, has for me no terror. I am now so aged—I have lived so long—that I desire nothing more than eternal repose. But in order to render my remedy efficacious, it is essential that I should apply it myself."

"Then state the number of ingots which, though required, and they shall be paid down at once." "Riches are but vanity, and had I wished for gold, the sacred books would have directed me where to obtain it. In the retirement of my cave, wherein I have lived without other nourishment than a few grains of ginger or nempah, and the pure water of a brook, I have always been wealthier than thou, with thy gold-swollen coffers and imperial treasures."

"Do not thou desert honors?" "Wherefore should I do so? They are playthings which please youth; at my age they amuse no longer."

"Listen, then!" said the Emperor. "I will build thee a magnificent temple. One hundred columns of bronze overlaid with gold shall support the mighty roof. A thousand lanterns of iron and stone work shall be illuminated perpetually, by day and night. In the centre I will erect thy statue. Bonzes shall chant thy praises to the sound of gongs and drums, and I will punish with death everyone who refuses to bow before thee."

Again the stranger shook his head. "Temples are built to ensnare statues of the gods, and no mere man has the right to compel another human being to worship him."

"What wilt thou, then? Tell me, and I will obey."

As the Emperor uttered these words, he bowed his head for the first time in his life. He continued:—"Dost thou covet the half of my kingdom?—my palace?—my own lives in silver armour?"

But the old man still shook his head. Suddenly the sick child gave a long sigh, his hands stiffened, his head dropped; his mouth opened, but no sound came therefrom.

"He is dead!" cried the Emperor. And fingering his sceptre at the old man's feet, he exclaimed:—"Take that, if it is the supreme power which you ask! To me it is good for nothing, seeing that I am powerless to shield my own son from pitiless Death!"

Falling upon the child's feet, he pressed his lips upon the child's ice-cold hands, while tears rained from his eyes. The soldiers, astounded at beholding their Emperor weep, knelt also. The noise of the tom-toms ceased suddenly. A great silence brooded now over the vast, richly decorated chamber, where the only person who remained standing was the aged, white-bearded mendicant. The sun shone into the room, and his cheerful rays

glinted upon the arms of the soldiers and the gold embroideries. Without, on the emallias and bamboos of the Imperial garden, the birds were carolling gaily. Their songs were for a moment the only sounds which broke the solemn silence within.

Then the old man extended his hand, and gently laid the chrysanthemum first upon the lips, afterwards upon the heart, of the little patient. The remedy took immediate effect. The still heart went to work again, the lips regained their color, the limbs relaxed, and the young Prince raised his head.

Surprised at the sight of the kneeling figures around him, he asked:—"Why do you weep, my father? Is it not the hour at which I am accustomed to go down into the garden with my tutor?"

The Emperor uttered a loud cry. "A miracle!" he exclaimed. "My child lives! and, taking his son into his arms, he covered him with kisses. Then, turning towards the soldiers, he said:—"Go! summon the Empress; then hasten to the town, and proclaim to all that I order a general rejoicing. The Prince is saved! There must be illuminations at night. My treasures shall perambulate the streets, scattering gold and silver money to the populace. All the bells are to be rung, and in the temples the bonzes shall sing the praises of merciful gods to the accompaniment of the festal gong."

As for thee," continued, addressing the old man, "thou shalt not be forgotten. From this day forward thou shalt sit at my right hand, on my throne, and thy lightest wish shall be esteemed a command by all."

Once more the man smiled. "I have need of nothing," he said, "and crave one boon only—to be allowed to return whence I came. Ere long I hope to enter upon my eternal rest. It is not I, moreover, who have saved thy son; thou hast saved him thyself; for thou hast offered unto the gods the two things which alone can move their infinite pity. Thou hast bent the knee and shed a tear."

And as he passed out through the ring of soldiers, who saluted him with lowered weapons, he paused, with up lifted forefinger, upon the threshold, for one parting word of counsel:—"Never forget that above thee there exists a supreme Master, in Whose eternal balance a single tear far outweighs all the arms of thy soldiers, thy crown, and all thy treasures."

The Emperor bowed humbly as he answered:—"I thank thee, my father!"

The Battle of Stirling.

The six hundredth anniversary of the battle of Stirling has been commemorated at Abbey Craig, at the foot of the monument of Sir William Wallace. There was an enthusiastic gathering. The statue was decked with evergreens, while an immemorial bay leaves was round his brow. At the banquet in the evening, commemorating the battle, Lord Rosebery proposed "The immortal memory of Wallace." He said that to Scotsmen the memory of the battle of Stirling, and the man by whom it was gained, did not represent the defeat of the English army, but the saving of their national existence and the assertion of their national independence.

"He is an awfully young man, to have seen no more than twenty-three summers." "He may have seen but twenty-three summers, but the number of summer girls he has met runs up to the hundreds."

An editor received some verses not long ago with the following note of explanation:—"These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has, for a long time, slept in his grave merely for pastime."

"The man may be old, but he is not taking chances, and is not content to pay the cost of his assistance of help."

"When a man gets out of sorts, when his head is aching, dull and heavy, his body lary, his nerves jerky, his sleep broken, his appetite sickly, his skin sallow, his breath foul and his mouth bad-tasting, he is having a struggle with ill-health. If he is wise he will take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives edge to the appetite and makes the digestion perfect. It invigorates the liver, it makes rich, red, pure blood. It puts vim into every organ and fiber of the body. It drives out all impurities and disease germs. It imparts the glow of health to the face and vigor to the muscles. It tones the nerves and gives refreshing sleep. It builds firm flesh, but does not make the flesh about wrinkles. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of constipation. All medicine stores sell it. At a price that will not suggest a worthless substitute for the sake of a little extra profit."



The most valuable book for both men and women is Dr. Pierce's Consolida Compound, a splendid thousand-page volume, with over three hundred engravings and colored plates. It will be sent to anyone sending 25 cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing and customs only, to Dr. V. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth-bound 50 stamps.

Farm and Garden

A lurid light is thrown upon the Danish butter industry in an illustrated essay by Mr. D. Young, entitled "A Land Flowing with Milk and Butter: the truth about Danish Dairying." The author is no theoretic like many of the writers whose delight is to extol Danish agriculture. On the contrary, he is a practical man who has visited various centres of the dairying industry in Denmark, and has some back telling us what he has seen. The author praises the industry and frugality of the Danish farmers, whose energy and business acumen have enabled them to seize the premier position in the British market. Mr. Young points out that in Denmark the wages of farm laborers are at least one-half lower than they are here, while the cost of labor are very much longer. But there is "economy" also in the amount of air space allowed per head of cattle in this byre. Not only are byres cramped and ill-ventilated, but "as regards cleanliness of milking, any visitor to a Danish creamery can see that the milk on being received from the producers has to be run through a fine sieve, which in a short time contains a thick deposit of excrementitious matter through which the milk is filtered. The sight of this deposit would be enough to turn the stomach of any user of Danish butter."

Except a few weeks in spring and autumn, very few cows in Denmark gather their food outside, as they are stall-fed in winter on account of the cold and in summer on account of the heat. It is, however, the water supply of the typical Danish farm which most forcibly illustrates how greatly sanitary science is neglected in that country. Typhoid fever is exceedingly prevalent in Denmark; the normal death-rate in Copenhagen is more than double that in the principal cities of Great Britain. Some of the members of the Tuberculosis Commission were convinced from what they saw that many obscure outbreaks of typhoid fever in England might be due to the use of Danish butter. The author argues that our own dairy farmers have a serious grievance in the fact that out of consideration for the public health they are very properly compelled by law to produce their dairy products under unimpeachable sanitary conditions, while they have to compete with foreign dairy produce manufactured under conditions which demonstrate the most astounding ignorance of, or indifference to, sanitary laws and considerations of public health. The essay is published at the office of The North British Agriculturist, Edinburgh.

Our Canadian farmers have a very real interest in this exposure of impurity in Danish butter, so long talked up the best in the world. The charges are of such an alarming nature as to induce Mr. Harold Faber, the Danish Commissioner, to step into the breach and reply to Mr. Young's animadversions. Mr. Young has again returned to the charge, and with most telling effect. Not alone does he remain immovable as to the position he has assumed, but supports it by what is well founded, further and sensational revelations. Almost sickening indeed, are several of the statements he makes as to the conditions attendant on the production of some Danish butter. Before these such matters as infected water, badly ventilated, small byres, and improper food for cows pale into comparative insignificance. Mr. Young challenges Mr. Faber to refute his accusations. He also declares his readiness to submit the question to the investigation and arbitration of commissioners appointed by the Dutch or British Government. It should be stated that Mr. Young, in sustenance of several of his charges respecting byres, etc., produces photographs taken on the spot. The testimony appears to be all but irrefragable.

Don't claim to be an advocate of good roads and then buy a narrow-tired wagon.

Don't let another year pass without keeping a strict account of your business.

Don't think of buying a new wagon with less than four-inch tires. Six would be better.

Don't leave the stove wood out in the rain and then scold if breakfast is not ready in time.

Don't forget that it is a waste of time for a farmer to lose an average of half an hour a day in feeding his cattle for the lack of a few conveniences. One may be busy and yet idle.

Don't go to the expense of buying commercial fertilizer exclusively when the land can be benefited by a crop of clover plowed under every few years to lighten and mellow the soil.

COLE AND KILBY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. W. Wilder J. P., Lafarguville, N. Y., writes: "I am afflicted by severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmentier's Pills afford no great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact no great is the power of this remedy to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

(Written for the Register.)

Probably there is no finer educational institution to be found in the Dominion than that of the Mother House of the Starhood of St. Joseph. Splendidly situated near the Queen's Park, on a slightly rising ground, and surrounded by many acres of recreation grounds, dotted with trees and covered with a soft velvety carpet of greenward, it is upon an all sides to fresh and health-giving breezes, while it is at the same time sufficiently sheltered from cold and heat.

The interior of this lovely temple is most beautiful, and awakens feelings of intense devotion in the beholder. The style of architecture is cruciform, and its chaste simplicity affords an immediate and comprehensive view of the interior. The sanctuary rail is of white marble; at each end stands a small pillar, supporting the figure of a kneeling angel, in Carrara marble. The beautiful silver sanctuary lamp was brought from France. The Lady Chapel and St. Joseph's Chapel form the transept. The moulding around the sanctuary is outlined with arc lights, which can be lighted in a moment; the effect is most beautiful.

The great size of the chapel renders the ceremonies performed in it most impressive. It is undoubtedly the finest convent chapel in Toronto. The lecture hall is on one side of the long corridor, and the music hall immediately opposite. On occasions of state, the two halls and the corridor are thrown into one, thus forming a large and magnificent apartment. Three fine pianos occupy the platform. Beyond the entertainment hall is a spacious music room, into which twenty smaller music rooms open, each containing a piano.

Here also is the Rodality Oratory with its pretty altar and statue of the Blessed Virgin, with the votive lamp burning before it. We drew a number in the spiritual lottery and were admonished to patience and resignation. It was singularly appropriate. Anybody who has experienced the blessing of having beginners practising on the piano for several hours every day, on each side of the house and across the way, will appreciate the wisdom of shutting each dammed up in an apartment just large enough for the piano and herself, whence possible heartrending discords emerge in a sufficiently muffled state. But all things have a beginning, there is no royal road to learning; before perfection comes hard study. The results which St. Joseph's can show in music are most excellent. Miss Gray, St. Joseph's premier music pupil, and a splendid performer, was the only candidate at Toronto University who passed her second year without a failure and scored a decided victory for herself and her Alma Mater. There are many other young performers who give promise of attaining considerable excellence at no very distant date. Leaving the music room we ascend a wide flight of stairs to the dormitories, spacious and lofty apartments. That assigned to the young lady pupils is fitted with alcoves closed by curtains, thus securing complete privacy at a merely nominal charge of \$5 per year. Each bed in the general sleeping room is surrounded by curtains of white dimity so that

each individual pupil is sufficiently private, while all are under the supervision of the sister in charge. Glancing into the neatly kept alcoves, we observed many evidences of good taste in the arrangement of their belongings on the part of the occupants. Photos of Monsignor Morry Del Val were especially conspicuous, His Excellency having completely won the hearts of the susceptible maidens at St. Joseph's. One young lady had most ingeniously looked the door of her apartment by pinning the curtains together, where upon Sister remarked that there must be some reason for that, and on looking within we beheld a miscellaneous collection of articles where they had no business to be; on the bed. So the curtains were gravely drawn back to show that the brooms of rules had been observed by someone in authority. Very seldom indeed is it that rules are violated; the extreme circumspection of the pupils in this respect being amply shown by a glance at the list of those who have won the "Card of Honor" which is awarded each month for correct deportment.

Still higher we mounted; up stairs worn by the passage of innumerable little feet, some of which have already crossed the valley into the silent land, while many more are treading the pathway of life, made firm and unswerving by the training they received in this admirable institution; up to the bright airy rooms where the small cots of the little ones stand row upon row, spotless and neat, as the little occupants left them in the morning, for all, even the tiny ones, make their own beds, and are otherwise trained in habits of neatness and order. We are up nearly to the tops of the trees, and a beautiful view is to be obtained from the windows. There is no noise from the city, though it is not very far away, the Yonge St. cars being within one block of the convent gates.

We next visit the workroom, where some most exquisite specimens of fancy work are in various stages of manufacture; one piece in particular, a design of birds worked on a transparent foundation, being beautifully natural and most perfect in detail. The work of the sister who has charge of this department of the academy, and who embroiders all the vestments, etc., is in the highest style of ecclesiastical art embroidery; it is an education in itself to see the lovely productions of her needle. Plain needlework is taught as a matter of course, and the wonderfully fine patches and durns made by the young needle-women give evidence to proficiency in this most useful and indispensable but in many schools and colleges too much neglected art.

The studio next engages our attention; it is a work here, especially in the department of china painting and decoration, is worthy of the highest praise; the many beautiful works of art are sure to awaken a love of this fascinating pursuit in the minds of the young pupils. The science room is full, equipped with all necessary apparatus for chemical research, etc.

With regard to the general work of the Academy, it is fourfold. First—The same as collegiate institutions and high schools. The Educational Department sends its examiner here.

Second—Conservatory work in music; the highest honor is the degree of B. M. of Toronto University.

Third—Commercial work: the pupils write for university exams. Fourth—Art: St. Joseph's is affiliated to the Toronto School of Art, which sends up its examiner. This year (1897), St. Joseph's passed 100 per cent. of its pupils in junior leaving examinations; and class teachers' certificates awarded by the Education Department. All but one passed in 3rd class, and all but one commercial certificates.

There is not a single high school or college in the Dominion that can show a better result, or, one might almost say, as good a one, for, taking the number of pupils into account, the number of successful candidates is far more in proportion to that of many colleges having a far larger number of students.

During the scholastic year, St. Joseph's has between 140 and 150 pupils, including boarders and day scholars. It is scarcely too much to say that few Catholics in the city, and still fewer out of it, are aware of the extent and the excellence of the educational system at St. Joseph's. The curriculum is almost perfect in its completeness, embracing as it does every requisite for a thorough and sound education. The terms are most moderate; far cheaper than in colleges. For board, etc., tuition in English, French, German, Latin, elementary drawing, photography and typewriting the terms are \$180 per annum.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of the great and priceless advantages which a convent education always confers, and which are never mentioned in the prospectus; the grace and propriety of deportment, the many small accomplishments, the thought and consideration for others, and the early training in obedience and modesty; these are the things which every Catholic has in his power to confer upon his daughters at less than the price demanded for a more worldly and often useless education in a non-Catholic college.

As for the religious advantages God can weigh them? It is an undoubted fact that we are made or marred in

childhood by the people who surround us. Each one of us throws out an impalpable influence which acts upon everyone with whom we come in contact. The influence of good and holy lives is strong and irresistible, even to a mature mind; how much more so then in the case of the young, whose imaginations are as a clean sheet of paper upon which anyone may write their thoughts?

Catholic parents have enormous responsibilities in this matter. The spirit of indifference is spreading even among Catholics, and only a thoroughly Catholic education will prevent it spreading its insidious roots among the rising generation. Thank God for the religious orders, and more particularly for those whose work is the education of the young. They are destined to be the salvation of the world. Every young, bright and innocent young mind are coming fresh from their teaching, to do battle for God and His Church; their faith is firm and unassailable, because its foundations have been laid deep in the opening soul.

Every year the convent goes throughout the land are opening and sending forth one of the most perfect works of God, a true and pure woman, one who is destined to the highest work in Nature, and who bears upon her the stamp of all that is best and noblest in Catholic womanhood.

LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 29.—On the curb in Chicago at the opening to-day December wheat was quoted at 91½; at the close December wheat was quoted at 90½; puts on December wheat 89½, calls 91½; puts on December corn 29c, calls 29½.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Wheat.—The market is dull and lower, with sales of five cars of red at 78c north of 100 and some sold at 80c and 81c middle freight. A cargo of sprouted 67 lb white was offered at 75c f.o.b. vessel at a Lake Ontario point and 5 lb white quoted at 75c f.o.b. vessel. Manitoba wheat is easier. New No. 1 hard was quoted at 91½ and for William Oldor shipment or delivery. No. 1 old is quoted at Goderich at \$1 and near 97c.

Flour.—Is dull and about steady at \$4 20 for cars of straight roller-wheat. Millfeed.—Is quiet at \$11 to \$11 50 for shorts and \$7 to \$7 50 for bran to west. Barley.—Dull. Feed is quoted at 2½ outside.

Butter.—The receipts continue small, the demand is good for all sorts of dairy and prices are firm at 14c to 15c for choice pails, 13c for tubs and 11c to 12c for common and medium.

Eggs.—The supply is not large, there is a good demand and the market is firm at 14c candled and 15c for strictly fresh grade.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—The receipts continue small, the demand is good for all sorts of dairy and prices are firm at 14c to 15c for choice pails, 13c for tubs and 11c to 12c for common and medium.

Eggs.—The supply is not large, there is a good demand and the market is firm at 14c candled and 15c for strictly fresh grade.

HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to send us a list of correct answers, and we will send you a copy of the book containing the names of the correct words. We will send you a copy of the book containing the names of the correct words. We will send you a copy of the book containing the names of the correct words.

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY. Prizes will be sent promptly and promptly sent. Prizes will be sent promptly and promptly sent. Prizes will be sent promptly and promptly sent. Prizes will be sent promptly and promptly sent.

- 1. - R - A - I - A country of South America.
2. - A - I - I - Nanook's largest body of water.
3. - M - D - E - A - E - A sea.
4. - M - O - A large river.
5. - T - A - S Well known river of Europe.
6. - S - A - N - A - A city in one of the States of the United States.
7. - H - - - - X A city of Canada.
8. - N - A - A - A Netel for display of water.
9. - E - - - - E - One of the United States.
10. - A - R - I - A city of Spain.
11. - H - V - - - A city on a well known island.
12. - S - M - E - A well known old fort in the United States.
13. - B - - - - R - L - A - A great fortification in the world.
14. - S - A - L - E - A great explorer.
15. - C - L - F - - - - A one of the United States.

- 16. B - S - M - K A noted ruler.
17. - - - - G - T - O - I - Another noted ruler.
18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe.
19. - A - S - T - A - I - A big island.
20. M - I - N - E - Name of the most prominent American.
21. T - - - - A - One of the United States.
22. J - F - - - R - R - N - Once President of the United States.
23. - U - - - - N - A large lake.
24. E - E - - - S - N - A noted poet.
25. G - R - A - A foreign country, same also at Kansas.
26. B - R - - - O - A large island.
27. W - M - - - S - W - R - D - Popular family magazine.
28. B - H - - - I - G - A sea.
29. A - L - - - N - I - An ocean.
30. M - D - - - G - S - A - An island near New York.

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prizes money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send you any list which you prefer. To receive your prizes you must send us a list of correct answers, and we will send you a copy of the book containing the names of the correct words. We will send you a copy of the book containing the names of the correct words. We will send you a copy of the book containing the names of the correct words.

Potatoes.—The offerings are fair, the demand is good and the market is steady. A few sold on the track here to-day at 60c. Potatoes out of store sold at 60c to 65c. Poultry.—The receipts to-day were larger, there is a better demand and the market is steady at 40c to 45c for chickens, 40c to 60c for ducks, 40c for geese and 10c for turkeys. Hides.—The market is dull and unchanged. Cats on the track here are quoted at \$8 to \$3 50. Hides.—The market is here quiet. Cars on the track here are quoted at \$3 50.

MARKETS' MARKET.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat white, do red, do goose, Barley, Oats, Potatoes, Eggs, Butter, etc.

Receipts were rather light again to-day and prices showed little change. Grapes are the chief commodity on the boards now and they are selling well. Quinces are plentiful and they are selling well. Quinces are plentiful and they are selling well.

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