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# The Catholic Register.

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

Vol. III.—No. 20.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## THE HOUSE IN SESSION

Now Sir John Thompson's Loss is Felt.

THE ATTACK ON SIR FRANK SMITH.

(Special correspondence of the Register.)

Ever since the opening of the present session there has been predominating air of excitement about the place. There was the scent of battle even in the debate on the address. Every little while some incident arises and before one knows what they are about the Government and opposition orators are flashing swords as if the real battle before the country were gone forward, instead of the preliminary tilting.

Manitoba topics lend themselves most readily to these encounters and during the session these topics have cropped up very frequently. Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright, of whom perhaps the first is the greatest master of oratory and the second the most skilful rhetorician in the House, have both made several speeches in their best vein. The Government party feel greatly the loss of Sir John Thompson. Mr. Foster, Mr. Haggart, Dr. Montague and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper are good debaters, but they are not of the same calibre as the late leader. It used to be remarked, before Sir John Thompson came to the house, that there was no one who could answer Mr. Blake to Sir John Macdonald's satisfaction, Sir Charles Tupper being the one to whom the public looked for the discharge of that task. Sir John Thompson's elucidations of difficult problems were a delight to his friends, and of course to a corresponding extent, a chagrin to his opponents. However embarrassing or hotly a subject might appear, when Sir John Thompson left it there was always an impression of satisfaction in the country. Mr. Foster never quite shared this ability of his leader's, ready and well informed though he is.

An instance of this lack of readiness on the part of the present ministers, and which is of particular interest to Catholics, is the case of the attack on Sir Frank Smith. In giving the official relation of the cabinet reconstruction consequent upon the death of Sir John Thompson, both Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Mr. Foster omitted any reference to Sir Frank Smith. It will be remembered that at the time of Sir John's death the report was circulated and given general credence that Sir Frank had been sent for and offered the task of forming an administration, and that on his recommendation His Excellency sent for Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Nothing of this appearing in the official relation, Mr. Laurier took very strong exception to an interview said to have been given by Sir Frank Smith, in which statements were said to have been made derogating from the dignity of the Governor General. Mr. Laurier did not on this occasion put stress upon his lack of confidence in the daily press in sympathy with the Government. He made a personal attack upon the aged Senator, which in point of bitterness was wholly extraordinary. Even in

his comments on matters of policy, the leader of the opposition has a reputation of exceeding good temper; indeed in this way he has made much of his reputation and gained many friends. That he should have indulged in a personal attack as he did on this occasion, was so far from his customary manner, that currency has been given to the supposition that the attack was more virulent than need be in order to mark the disapproval of His Excellency.

This was the point where the ministers failed to come to the relief of their absent colleague. Whatever was done at the time of the reconstruction was certainly known to those who were concerned, and it is certain that neither on this or previous or subsequent occasions has Sir Frank Smith spared himself or consulted his personal convenience when his duty to his colleagues was concerned. A striking example of this was when Sir Frank left a bed of sickness at the peril of his life to be present at the recent important conferences before the present session.

There can be no doubt that whatever irregularity may have occurred, there must have been some show of reason before a man of the Senator's acknowledged prudence would have made so grave a mistake as that charged by Mr. Laurier. Mr. Laurier may have been unjustly severe upon Sir Frank Smith, and he is properly open to censure for having made assertions of incapacity and indisposition for public service against a man who holds a position of honor in the cabinet, who gave his name and ability to restore confidence in the Department of Public Works at a time when that important department was discredited, who has been considered deserving of knight-hood, and who is looked upon as the representative of the Irish Catholics of this Province; but surely the absent minister deserved some defence from his colleagues. The indignant protests of the newspapers were hardly enough, and people of a comparative turn will think of the perhaps personally distasteful defences or explanations Sir John Thompson made on some notable occasions.

The annual encounter between Mr. Foster and Sir Richard Cartwright passed off about as usual, Mr. Foster making out a good case for the Government, and Sir Richard making one of those particularly brilliant speeches which give hints and suggestions of lines of activity to a host of writers and stump orators which last until another speech a year later starts them off on a new tack.

The now famous opinion uttered by the efficient clerk of the House has given rise to no end of trouble. For years Dr. Bourinot has been the court of last resort in matters of procedure. He is applied to by members, by chairmen of committees, by the speakers, by ministers. At last his knowledge has brought him into trouble, although all parties agree in admitting that he was acting quite innocently in giving the opinion. Mr. McCarthy is so forceful a person that whenever he makes an attack he commands attention, even if approval be denied. We are coming nearer to the discussion of the Manitoba schools question, and every skirmish, like that of Thursday, makes the interest greater and the anticipation keener.

## THE PASSING OF LEO XIII

Eminent Members of the Hierarchy Summoned to Rome.

HIS POLICY ONE OF PEACE.

From the N. Y. Advertiser.

ROME, April 27.—Pope Leo XIII. is at the point of death. This has been reported before, but it is true now. Eighty five years of brilliant endeavor have crowned his career. He has made so far as a Pope may, his will and testament. He has intimated, though he has not sought, to convey absolutely his wish as to his successor. He has outlined what he thinks should be the future policy of the Church, and, coming from the man who beat Bismarck, who outwitted Gladstone and Beaconsfield, and who is regarded by those who are good judges as the most astute diplomat in Europe, it is not at all advice that the Roman Church or its leaders are likely to ignore.

Pope Leo knows that his end is near. He is older than Bismarck, for he is near to 87. He is older than Gladstone. He has seen thrones and dynasties shatter and fall. He has seen the map of Europe change a score of times. He is old and feeble and dying, though in the hollow of his thin hand he holds more than a monarch's power.

Summonses have gone forth from the Vatican for the most eminent of the Cardinals and Archbishops of the Roman Church to meet the Pope while he may yet give voice to his wishes in regard to the policy of the Church.

There may be no doubt as to his policy. It is "Peace." A soldier himself while he was a priest, he has lived long enough to see the folly of war. He has lived long enough to see Europe turned into a camp, to see Anarchy and Socialism assail all governments, and to note that when war does come Europe will be devastated.

But the grand old prelate, easily the greatest since Leo X., or the great Gregory, has set his heart's desire on maintaining the policy that has lifted the Roman Catholic Church in Europe from the position in which he found it when France was flouting it, Germany and Russia opposing it, when it was divided against itself, and when the hand of a strong man was sadly needed. How he won is an old story. How Bismarck, Crispi, young Emperor William of Germany, and even the Russian bear, had to treat with him in holding down forces that they could not control, is history. Without an army—a prisoner, practically, within the confines of his own grounds—the Pope was yet a dominant factor in European politics, and he is yet, aged and infirm though he be and at the point of death.

There is an especial significance in Pope Leo's desire to consult Cardinal Gibbons and other American prelates in these his last days. Pope Leo believes that in America lies the chief hope of the Roman Catholic Church. There are liberty, and hope, and bloodless victories to be won. There are prelates and priests, ranking from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland,

Archbishop Corrigan and the others down, for whom the Pope has a more than ordinary regard, and it has been painful to him that these men, from time to time, disagreed. I think that the hope of the aged Pope is to heal the differences between these strong men, to institute a new missionary spirit in the United States.

The dream of the last days of the old man is a union of the Christian religion. I am told that he even hopes for an agreement, if not a combination, between the Christians and Jews, and that it was this that has led him to seek at least a defensive alliance with the Jews when they were persecuted in the East, in Turkey and Armenia.

There have been many misunderstandings in the Roman Catholic Church of late years. It is the last hope of the Pope to settle these for good and all. It is understood here that Mgr. Satolli will be here, but this is not certain. Mgr. Satolli has thoroughly entered into the Pope's ideas with regard to America. That he will practically name his own successor is certain. Now and then one sees here reports that the next Pope may be an American. This is nonsense. No American can become Pope at this time, and no American seems to aspire to the position. None, in fact, is really eligible, save Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Satolli, and it is the opinion of the Pope that these men are doing a great work in America greater, perhaps, than they might do as Pope. They represent, as perhaps no other man would, the policy of Leo wise, patient and firm. It does not seem that the Pope desires to recall Mgr. Satolli from America, though it may follow.

I may perhaps repeat it is sad, passing sad—the spectacle of this frail old man, while war lords and kaisers are spending millions on ships and guns for the purpose of murder, working as best he can in the end of his long life to put war away from the hands of men, to promote peace and good will and to do away with blood and iron in the Government.

What matters it what the theological opinions of this man are? The well-rounded character of his life, the nobleness of his ideals, the fidelity with which even in these his last days he is endeavoring to save his fellow-man, this transcends theology and glorifies humanity.

The world is the better for Leo XIII. having lived in it. It will be the poorer by at least one great man when he passes away from it, as he soon must. His successor will find a broad pathway made for him. Yet he will find it hard to walk in it in the manner Leo has.

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## WILL REIGN UNTIL 1898

Remarkable Prophecy of a Monk  
Regarding Leo XIII.

## WILL IT ALL COME TRUE?

The remarkable activity displayed by Leo XIII, in formulating new policies and inaugurating movements for extending the sphere of the Church's influence, has been the wonder of his friends. He has taken up measures and started policies which only a man who hoped for a long life ought to undertake. When his friends protested and pointed out that his health had never been sound, that he was endangering practical interests in taking up others which the future could look after, that he must not expect to live far beyond seventy, he has scouted their warnings and worked away at the most venturesome enterprises as if he had the secret of an earthly immortality. But all Rome knows the reason. Leo XIII. relies on a prophecy that he will reign until 1898, and thereby hangs an interesting story.

## PROPHECY OF PADRE PHILIPPO.

When Pius IX. was approaching his last days there was the usual speculation as to his probable successor. The present Pope was then Cardinal Pecci and was little thought of as the successor of Pius IX. He was of a delicate fragile appearance known as a student and not in favor with the Romans. At that time there lived in Rome an old and saintly priest known as Padre Phillippo. His superior said to him one day, between jest and earnest, "Padre Phillippo, who will be our next Pope?" Padre Phillippo answered with promptness and simplicity, although he was the humblest and least pretentious of men. "Cardinal Pecci will be the next Pope and he will reign twenty years." "I know nothing but that he will be Pope and will reign twenty years," was the only remark that could be got from the priest in reply to raillery and inquiry on the part of his companions. When it became known that Padre Phillippo had prophesied in Cardinal Pecci's favor, the Diplomatic Corps began to study his chances closely.

## FIRST PART OF THE PREDICTION.

When in 1878 Pius IX. died, Cardinal Pecci entered upon the duties of Papal Chamberlain in the interregnum between the Pope's death and the assembling of the conclave, and ably discharged the duties. At last the conclave assembled. Day by day the people watched the smoke issue from the Vatican chimney, telling the story of burning ballots and the failure to elect a Pope. At last on Feb. 20, the smoke failed to issue from the pipe, and shortly after from the loggia of St. Peter's a banner with the legend "Pecci" announced the election and the successful candidate. The first part of the prophecy had proved true.

## LEO XIII.'S CONFIDENCE IN IT.

Of course Leo XIII. had been the first to hear of Padre Phillippo's prophecy, and as soon as he had the time sent for the old priest that he might hear with his own ears a prophecy of which half had been fulfilled. The saintly priest repeated his prophecy with a child's simplicity.

"How do you know that I shall reign twenty years?" said the Pope.

"I know nothing but that you will reign twenty years and accomplish much for the world," said the old man. He never said more on the subject and lived only a few years longer, held in the highest honor by the Pope.

Now for the second part of the prophecy. Leo XIII. made up his mind to accept the prediction of a twenty years' reign. He set his whole policy

to that key. It was presented to him that a few matters of importance well handled would be of value to the Church, while many things just begun in the face of death would be useless. His one reply to each objection was, "I shall live a few years more, long enough to start this matter well."

## GREAT MOVEMENTS UNDERTAKEN.

In this mood he took up all the great movements. At every crisis his opponents were encouraged to hold on in the hope of his speedy death. He was nerved to refuse all compromise by the thought that he had yet some years to live. When negotiating to bring Bismarck to Canossa, as the saying is, the Chancellor made a few breaks on the expectation of his speedy departure.

When he adopted the cause of the democracy, and declared his intention to support France, forbidding the French bishops to say a word against the Republic, the monarchists smiled at the thought that he would not live long enough to make his support effective. He lived long enough to prevent the heir of the Count of Paris from parading as an official claimant to the French throne and to let that young man know that he was not wanted at the Papal court.

## THE POPE SURE HE WILL LIVE.

Instances without number might be cited to prove the confidence which the Pope has had in the prophecy. One must suffice here. It is well known that he is bent on giving the hat to Delegate Satelli before he dies. It would not do to leave the delegate to the favor of the next administration. At any moment he could raise Mgr. Satelli to the Sacred College by a special brief, and his friends have urged it on the plea of advanced age and debility. "Don't trouble yourselves," has been the steady reply of His Holiness. "I will live some years yet."

It remains to be seen whether that prediction will be fully verified. Yet how much history has been made by the clear sightedness of the old priest, for there is no doubt that Leo XIII. has begun and carried out schemes of administration and reform which he might never have attempted but for the prediction.

## The Late Hon. T. D. McGee.

In connection with a recent reference to some of Mr. McGee's speeches and lectures, I think I mentioned some months ago that it was purposed to bring out a new edition of his public utterances. As there have been enquiries on the subject, it may be well to repeat what I know of the matter. Of the friends and admirers of McGee there is not one who has cherished his memory with greater devotion than Mr. Justice MacMahon, of Toronto. Every scrap of the great orator's speeches and addresses that he has preserved or that he falls in with is regarded by Judge MacMahon with a veneration due to what genius and patriotism have hallowed. Some time ago by himself and a few other Irish Canadian gentlemen of kindred sympathies a committee was formed for the purpose of publishing a selection from the speeches and lectures. The only volume of McGee's speeches before the public is the now rare collection brought out in 1865 at Mr. McGee's own request by Mr. H. J. Morgan, of Ottawa, and entitled "Speeches and Addresses Chiefly on the Subject of British American Union." I believe that Mr. Morgan has been asked to edit this new volume also. I know that for some years he has been collecting Mr. McGee's addresses and has amassed a large quantity of material not elsewhere found together. The appearance of such a work will be awaited with very real interest.—*John Reade in the Montreal Gazette.*

## FIFTY YEARS.

The Grey Nuns Celebrate the  
Jubilee of their Arrival in  
Ottawa.

## A SKETCH OF THE FOUNDATION.

Fifty years ago a little band of intrepid women who feared little and were prepared to brave much, arrived in Ottawa, then known as Bytown. They were four sisters of the Grey Nuns from the Mother House in Montreal. Their mission was to form a convent and to carry on the educational work for which that order had made itself noted. The convent was established shortly after their arrival and last week the Sisters of that community commenced to celebrate the jubilee of this interesting event. The celebration was commenced at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon by an entertainment in St. Joseph's Orphans' Home. At nine o'clock Wednesday morning Mass was celebrated at the Basilica and in the afternoon an entertainment was held in the Rideau street convent followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Basilica. A reception was held in Rideau street convent on Thursday afternoon for all former pupils of that institution.

Sister Theresa, Superioress of the Rideau street convent, has written an article on the founding of the Grey Nuns in Ottawa, which will be interesting at this particular time. It reads in part:

On the 13th of February, 1845, the little band of intrepid missionaries left Montreal, and at midnight reached the Lottie Nation, where they were most hospitably received by the Hon. Louis J. Papineau and his wife. Madame Papineau was extremely kind and attentive, and made them comfortable for the night.

Immediately after breakfast the following morning they resumed their journey, and on reaching Homier's, a famous hostelry of that period, about three miles from Bytown, they were surprised to see an immense concourse of people, and vehicles of every style to the number of nearly one hundred. The entire town seemed represented and the throng included the leading residents, amongst whom figured an Anglican minister and many prominent Protestants, who had fraternally joined their Catholic fellow-citizens in welcoming the advent of the Sisters.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon they reached the city and were at once driven to the parish church, where a solemn Te Deum was recited and heartfelt thanks given to the Almighty for the happy issue of their journey.

"The blessing of the new convent (the present Rideau street convent) took place on the 10th of March, 1845, at the close of Vespers. The ceremony was attended by an immense throng of people from all parts of the town, who marched in procession from the parish church. An address was delivered by Rev. Father Telmon, and after the benediction the procession returned to the church, where a final Te Deum was chanted.

"On the 3d of March, 1845, the first school was opened, and thus were laid the foundations of an educational establishment, whose subsequent marvellous expansion, both in the Dominion and in the United States, has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its humble founders."

The names of the pioneer Sisters were Sister Elizabeth Bruriers, Superior; Sister Elenore Thibodeau, Assistant; Sister Antoinette Howard, mistress of novices, and Sister Cecile Ursule Charlebois.

After all the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient worker.—Augusta Evans.

## Cardinal Gibbons and the Papal Succession.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)

BALTIMORE, April 30, 1895.—It has been stated in this correspondence, on what is considered unimpeachable authority, that Cardinal Gibbons is not only most decidedly averse to having his name associated relative to the succession in the Papacy, but that the agitation of the subject that includes the slightest reference to him in that direction is exceedingly repugnant to his desires. Those who know the man do not wonder at his attitude on this matter. He is, above all else, a man of modesty and humility and if there is another and supreme honor in store for him, it is not that he aspires to it or would countenance any movement in his behalf. Indeed, it may be safely assumed that he feels quite sensibly the weight of his present responsibilities, and imperative duty alone would cause him to yield acceptance of greater burdens.

The reason why I revert to this subject again is because my attention has been called to a notice of an article on "The Papal Succession" in the Revue de Paris for the current month, written by Mgr. Boeglin, a distinguished French ecclesiastic, and who, as editor of the Moniteur de Rome, was expelled from Rome by Signor Crispi. In this article the Monsignor remarks that had Cardinal Lavignerie lived he would undoubtedly have become the successor of Leo XIII., but now that he is gone Cardinal Gibbons, in the view of the Monsignor, has an extremely good chance to be chosen, especially if the future conclave is held anywhere than in Rome. In Italy, as is well known, local traditions and attachments are very strong, and a Cardinal foreign to that nationality has but small chance to be elected Pope. Yet very soon the Sacred College will have a representative of every enlightened nationality in the world within its circle, and when this occurs, according to Mgr. Boeglin, neither nationality nor intrigues will have weight, and every properly qualified representative of the Sacred College will be considered upon his merits.

Of course, all this is the merest conjecture and speculation, coming even from so eminent a thinker, observer and writer as Mgr. Boeglin. The present venerable Pontiff is one of the very greatest in every attribute that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter. He is, indeed, one of the most sublime figures of the century, an especial creation, it may be said, by Divine Providence to adequately meet every circumstance and emergency that follows the wonderful progress of the Church and concerns the welfare and the peace of the nations. The policy of Leo XIII., which has been so pre-eminent in wisdom and so magnificent in results, will not cease to exist with his death. It will live in all its vigor to accomplish other great beneficent designs and to assert its power for the good of all Christendom. In my humble view the successor of the present great Pontiff will be chosen as one who is the most thorough representative of his policy and his virtues, who has proved himself the worthiest of the worthy, and who would sustain the dignity and the firmness intellectually of the position in the highest degree.

But God alone knows the future, and however wisely and dispassionately we may discuss any question, results may convince us that we are but feeble creatures of exceedingly limited vision, and that, while we may propose, it is for God alone to dispose. Therefore, whatever our wishes, our hopes and our anxieties relative to the succession of the great and glorious Leo, all our utterances must be after all, only pure speculation and an assumption of penetrative intelligence which we do not possess.

WILLIAM IGNATIUS COOK.



## SHUNNED SMALL-POX

An Indiana pharisee Shown in His True Light by a Priest.

HE MINISTERED BY LETTER.

The world judges Christianity by its deeds, and has accepted the virtue of charity as the highest test of religion. Over a year ago the small-pox broke out in Muncie. The virulent disease spread rapidly and soon the neighboring cities quarantined against the quondam magic burg. People in alarm eagerly sought means to stamp out the dread plague. To whom would they turn for relief? The Ministerial Association existed then as now, Godly men, all of elegant physique, and just bubbling over with zeal for God's honor and glory. Naturally we would expect these men to come forward in the time of Muncie's dire distress and exemplify the life of their Master in going about doing good. But as these gentlemen stood before their plate-glass mirrors and gently stroked their cheeks, they concluded that in their case facial beauty would be preferable to the exercise of charity just then, and getting behind their wives' petticoats they shut out from view religion, all beautiful, beckoning them on to duty.

There was found, however, one man in Muncie, diminutive in size though he be, to prove himself a giant in the heroic service he performed for the afflicted of the town. A pest house was bought for small-pox patients, but who was to be there and attend the sufferers? Father Schmidt solved the difficulty. From Chicago came the gentle Sisters of Charity. Silently they entered the abode of the dread disease, and when, like white-winged doves, they took their departure, peace again reigned in Muncie and her people were again wholly clean. Father Schmidt was faithful in attending the sick, consoling all and administering to the dying the consolations of religion.

The members of the Ministerial Association during this time prayed long and loudly that God might keep the disease from members of their flocks, because the pest house, during their waking hours, loomed up menacing before them and at night haunted them in their dreams.

One day an aged and devoted couple was brought to the pest house and one of the two was never to leave it alive. When the faithful wife was informed that her husband's race was nearly run she thought of her pastor, whose preaching had edified her and whose prayers had mellowed her heart into sweet repentance. She would call him new to prepare her husband for the long journey to eternity. So she sent a message to the Rev. S. Clark, pastor of the First Baptist Church, asking him to hasten to her husband's bedside. Of course the Rev. Mr. Clarke, as a faithful pastor, responded to the call of duty? Well, he didn't. Friends immediately noticed that the reverend gentleman's countenance grew pale and haggard. A lump formed in the good man's throat and at meal-time his food remained untasted. Cold chills chased one another up and down his clerical spine. Gradually a thought wiggled its way into his cranium—he would write a message, and as the dying man's eyelids were closed forever to the light of day the nurse could read the message to him. Ah, but the nurse was a Popish, nun and could he trust her? Nervously curling his mustache he remembered a brother preacher who had passed through a siege of small-pox, and who, no doubt, would willingly be the messenger, and to him the precious document was entrusted.

To justify himself for refusing to go, Mr. Clarke says, "no minister's hands

can save you." The statement is absolute and unconditional, consequently no minister can assist in saving a soul either directly or indirectly. Under what title then can the reverend gentleman draw his salary? Of what use is he in the pulpit. Would it not be a saving of time and money if his flock would remain at home and read the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm and receive prayerful messages from their pastor? It seems to me that the services of a preacher are ever needed at the bedside of the dying, and if Mr. Clarke believes otherwise, he is of the class of thieves and robbers spoken of by our Lord, who entered not the ministry through the door but the window.

Now for the aftermath.

Father Schmidt was sent for, and he went. The man became a Catholic and died a most edifying death, and no doubt is now in heaven.

Muncie should never forget who freed her from the scourge of small-pox—the heroic Sisters of Charity.

Muncie should ever admire the true Christian Charity of him who braved danger in behalf of suffering humanity—fearless Father Schmidt.

Muncie should ever respect the religion that inspired both priest and nun to deeds of most heroic charity.—*D. J. Mulcahy in the Catholic Times.*

## Notes in Court.

What bade fair to be the most sensational and keenly contested criminal trial in the history of the Canadian courts opened on Thursday morning last. The array of legal talent was such as might easily give premonition of an active contest and the first cross-examination showed this assumption to be correct. The first questions asked by Mr. Lount showed that the principal crown witness was to be discredited, if possible.

A week before, the death of his wife had removed one of the foremost of Canadian counsel from the conduct of the case for the crown, and the chances of the prisoner in that case were thought to have been thereby improved. Mr. Osler was now back again, and at his side sat the able young crown attorneys, Messrs. Dewart and Curry.

At another table sat Mr. Lount, and beside him the two New York lawyers who have been so active in this case, Mr. Wellman, the district attorney of New York who conducted the famous prosecution of Mr. Erastus Wiman, and his partner, Mr. Gooch. Mr. Wellman is a smiling, alert, bright-eyed man, with that steel-trap aspect we have come to associate with the outcome of American living at high nervous pressure. His bearing is quiet and introspective, and his face quite impassive. His colleague, Mr. Gooch, is a fair, clean-shaven, well-built man, who might be classed as of the type of large-bodied and large-brained men, the like of whom President Cleveland has drawn about him in his cabinet.

The first figure to attract attention is Mr. Justice Street. Viewed on the bench, his Lordship has a decidedly ascetic look; one has to see him skipping actively up the stair to understand his athletic disposition.

Mr. Osler is possibly the best known figure amongst all those who are famous in the Canadian bar. His tall, striking figure, his heavy, sallow, impressive countenance, his piercing, suggestive eye, his quietness in conducting his own case, his apparent unconcern at exciting times, his general aspect of possessing great force in reserve for emergencies, all lend dramatic interest to his appearance.

The Canadian counsel for the defense are men of very dissimilar appearance. Mr. Lount is an erect figure, well proportioned, and seems to have escaped the common fate of hard-working lawyers, preserving a healthy looking, almost rosy complexion. He

is one of those in whom, as with the great Plunket, excitement sends the blood pumping visibly to the head. Mr. Johnston, who made so successful a case the week before, does not, on the other hand, seem to be upheld by great physical capacity. His appearance argues an acute, accurate intellect, rather than sheer natural force. His semblance of calm covers a great deal of suppressed nervous activity. Mr. Murdoch is tall, slight and younger-looking than any of his colleagues, except, perhaps, Mr. Horn.

The trial opened by Mr. Lount asking that Mr. Wellman be allowed to plead and cross-examine witnesses. This privilege his Lordship felt unable to grant. It appears that the constitution of the law society is responsible for this decision, and not any ill will or discourtesy on the part of the court. The prisoners, who are Americans, naturally desired the full assistance of the clever men who have largely handled their case up to this point, and the result was a disappointment not only to them, but also to many present, barristers and others, who were curious to compare the American with native talent.

The swearing in of the jury was a tedious task. As a man stepped into the jury box, two or three pairs of eyes glanced for a moment at him. Generally speaking, a glance was enough. At one time twenty-one men were challenged before one was selected for the jury. Osler, Wellman, and Johnston seemed to gauge the disposition of a candidate instantly. Eventually the twelve men were selected and sworn and Mr. Osler stated the Crown's case. His manner was cool, his delivery simple, natural and conversational, and his presentation of the case clear, effective and impartial.

The trial thus begun promises to be long drawn out. There are ominous rumors in the air that methods have been or are to be introduced into the trial which will test legal ability to the fullest limit.

From day to day the court room has been fully occupied. Not a few women, several clergymen and a great many lawyers were almost always present.

## Items from Everywhere.

The coming centenary of Maynooth College is being made the subject of articles in the Catholic magazines. The current Catholic World has a very interesting paper on the famous Irish seminary and its 100 years of existence; but the most complete account of Maynooth will doubtless be found in the work which Canon O'Hanlon, the distinguished Irish ecclesiastical writer, is preparing for the centennial celebration. Doubtless the American Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, which count in their ranks many men who read their theology at Maynooth, will be duly represented at the college next month.

The American hierarchy will have numerous representatives this month in the Eternal City. Cardinal Gibbons is to start for Rome as soon as he has participated in the celebration of Arch-Bishop Williams' golden jubilee, and he will have as a travelling companion Bishop Foley of Detroit. Monsignors Scannell of Omaha and Cosgrove of Davenport have already started for the Holy See, and Bishop Shanley, with some other prelates, are preparing to follow. Moreover, there are some American bishops on the other side already, so that the American church will be well represented there this season.

According to the last official census, 64,517 out of the total Newfoundland population of 181,374 were Catholics, and a later census taken in their parishes by the priests puts the Catholic population at 78,900, most of them being of Irish birth or descent. There are, as is well known, three episcopal districts in Newfoundland, St. John's and Harbor Grace being bishoprics,

and the western district forming a vicariate-apostolic, from which Dr. Howley was recently promoted to the bishopric of St. John. The whole island is, moreover, as far as its hierarchy is concerned, directly subject to the Holy See.

Mr. Maguire, M. P., who was married recently to Miss Peel, eldest daughter of the late Speaker, owes his success in life, in one respect to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the great pioneer and millionaire in South Africa. They were college friends at Oxford, and in after life Mr. Maguire went out to South Africa, where he made a large fortune. It was the member for West Clare who got the Matabele concession out of Lobengula. Mr. Maguire lived in a splendid London residence in Park-lane.

The address which Lord Halifax delivered in England the other day, and in which he alluded to the appeal of the Holy Father to the Anglicans would seem to indicate that the apostolic letter is destined to obtain a better reception in Anglican circles than some people thought possible. Lord Halifax appears to have been very favorably impressed by the interview which he had in Rome with the Sovereign Pontiff, but the latter part of his address gives color to the assertion that Cardinal Vaughan was not in favor of having the Holy See make any special appeal at this time to the Anglicans, with which attitude the cable had previously credited the archbishop of Westminster.

Major-General John Newton, whose death was announced last week, was, during his life time, an emphatic contradiction of the calumnies which their enemies level against American Catholics on the issue of their loyalty to this country. General Newton was at once one of the most distinguished and gallant officers of the civil war. He participated in a large number of the great battles of that war, and although he was a convert to Catholicity his faith was of the most thorough and uncompromising sort, and no one ever imagined that his loyalty to his church impaired, or in any way interfered with, his fidelity to the country for whose sake he fought so bravely over a quarter of a century ago.

And there is little doubt that the next conclave will choose at the successor of Leo XIII, a Pope who will walk in his footsteps and continue his policy. The great, good results that have ensued from that policy are too numerous and too important ones not to have an influence in the coming conclave whenever it may be held. Doubtless there are ecclesiastics in Rome who dissent in some minor particulars from the course which Leo XIII has at times followed, but on the main features of his policy, especially his attitude on the Roman question and his liberal views, there is practical unanimity among the dignitaries who will have a voice in the choice of the next Pope.

It is easy to understand that Leo XIII, who, more than any other individual, is conscious of the benefits which the policy that he has pursued since he became the head of the church has brought to the Papacy, should wish to see that policy continued until its full fruits are gathered. Hence it is not in the least surprising that he has addressed a document to the cardinals setting forth his ideas on the subject, with a view of influencing them to choose, when the proper time comes, a successor to himself who will continue his policy. The Holy Father does not limit to his own lifetime, which he knows cannot be long now, his interest in the church, but seeks, in this document, to give to his successor and those who will choose him the benefit of that wisdom which has so strongly marked his own Pontificate as well as the results of his experience.

## RICHARD WHITING.

### The Story of the Life and Death of the Last Abbot of Glastonbury.

#### ROBBERY OF THE MONASTERIES.

"The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and His Companions" is the title of a work just issued by Francis Aidan Gasquet, of the Order of St. Benedict. How far the destruction of the monasteries was the result of religious enthusiasm, and how far of the covetousness of Henry and his minister, Cromwell, appears from these pages, and the result of the calm, dispassionate recital must be to heap fresh obloquy upon the pseudo reformers. (Public Circulating Library, No. G. 2721.)

Little is known of the early life of Richard Whiting. From such information as appears it is supposed that that he was one of those "poor scholars," of which all the religious houses, more particularly those of Ireland, had their share. From Glastonbury he went to Cambridge, taking his M.A. degree in 1483. For fifteen years thereafter, at which time he was ordained to the priesthood, he assisted in the teaching.

Until many years after his ordination, little is known of him, so simple was the life of obedience he led. He held for a time the office of Chamberlain, and in the Cambridge records of 1505 it appears that he took his degree of doctor of theology.

In 1525 Abbot Bere died. This prelate had been distinguished through the island for his administrative ability, his great learning, and his ready tact. He found Glastonbury somewhat demoralized in the matter of discipline; he left it the foremost house in England. His knowledge and judgment in matters of scholarship was such that Erasmus, who had revised the Bible, thinking to improve on St. Jerome's Latin style, referred his labors to Abbot Bere, and, out of deference to him, refrained from publishing afterwards admitting that the Abbot was right and himself wrong. Henry VII came to Somerset to suppress the Perkin Warbeck rebellion. The Abbot housed him free of charge, a very pleasant thing to the avaricious King. For this act the abbey was spared the enormous fines imposed upon innocent or guilty who were supposed to be in sympathy with Warbeck, or appeared able to contribute, under pressure, to the royal purse.

After meditation and prayer, the choice of a new abbot was left to Cardinal Wolsey, who, to the surprise of everyone named Whiting. The chosen one, after much resistance, accepted the duties, the pursuance of which was to end in his martyrdom. He was then an old man, and had been observed and praised by Wolsey and others. His reputation in the monastery was of the best.

Within a few months of this appointment began Henry VIII.'s efforts to secure a divorce from Katherine of Aragon that he might marry Anne Boleyn.

Henry, who up to that time had been an able and at the same time apparently virtuous prince, now began to throw off all restraints. When Sir Thomas More retired from the office of Chancellor, he said rightly to the rising Cromwell, "Mark, Cromwell, you are now entered the service of a most noble, wise and liberal prince; if you will follow my poor advice, you shall in your counsel given to His Grace, ever tell him what he ought to do, but not what he is able to do. For if a lion but knew his strength, hard were it for any man to rule him."

When Henry promulgated his oath of Supremacy, there were very few who when called upon refused to subscribe to it. Thomas More and John Fisher, discerning from the first the full import of the act, were glorious exceptions. Concerning the doubtful submission to the King's demand Cardinal Manning said:

"It must not be forgotten that at this time the minds of men had been so distracted by the great western schism, by the frequent subtraction of obedience, by the doubtful election of popes, and the simultaneous existence of two or even three claimants to the Holy See, that the supreme pontifical authority had become a matter of academical discussion *hinc inde*. This throws much light on the singular fact attested by Sir Thomas More in speaking to the jury and the judge by whom he was condemned; 'I have by the grace of God, been always a Catholic, never out of communion with the Roman Pontiff, but I have heard it said at times that the authority of the Roman Pontiff was certainly lawful and to be respected, but still an authority derived from human law, and not standing upon a divine prescription. Then, when I observed that public affairs were so ordered that the sources of the power of the Roman Pontiff would necessarily be examined, I gave myself up to a most diligent examination of that subject for the space of seven years, and found that the authority of the Roman Pontiff, which you rashly—I will not use stronger language—have set aside, is not only lawful, to be respected, and necessary, but also grounded on the divine law and prescription. That is my opinion; that is the belief in which, by the grace of God, I shall die.'

The plunder of the abbeys having been determined upon, Cromwell let it be known that no person was to be held secured from his avarice by any attributes of sanctity or worth. He sent his agents to Glastonbury where, by prying and wheedling, they sought to incriminate the abbot as guilty of treason. They found a life of Thomas a Becket, and a discourse on the validity of Katherine's marriage. On this they sent Whiting off to London, and being rid of him plundered his abbey.

What happened at London is a short story. It may be made even shorter by quoting from Cromwell's own papers. "Item. Councillors to give evidence against the abbot of Glaston, Richard Pollard, Lewis Foratell, and Thomas Moyle. Item. To see that the evidence be well sorted and the indictment well drawn against the said abbots and their accomplices. Item. How the King's learned council shall be with me all this day, for the full conclusion of the indictments. Item. The abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and also executed there.

This was the star chamber method. Condemn first; try afterward.

The event was as Cromwell had indicated. Taken a long journey, worried through a trial while still tired out, he was taken at once to the hill overlooking his abbey and there hanged, beheaded and quartered.

Simple, devout, a true follower of Christ he received his fate praying for those who were so carried away by error and avarice.

A shaft into the bowels of the earth is proposed by M. Paschal Grousset as the sensation for the exposition of 1900. His plan is an inversion of the idea of the Eiffel tower. Elevators will carry the public down the shaft; at intervals there will be restaurants and concert-rooms, decorated so as to harmonize with the temperature, which will increase with the depth, as far as 2100 feet below the surface. Beyond that point, as the heat will be too great for comfort, a narrower shaft is to be driven for scientific purposes only to a depth greater than has ever yet been obtained, possibly 5000 feet.

#### Pilgrimage to St. Anne De Beaupre.

A pilgrimage is being organized by the Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls, to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, which has received the official sanction of His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston, and will be the only diocesan pilgrimage this year. The main purpose of this excursion is to encourage faith and piety among our people and to afford them an opportunity of seeing this miraculous shrine of St. Anne. If advantage be derived from it through the numbers who will take advantage of it from all over the diocese of Kingston, the alms will be devoted to purposes of religion which will be designated by the Archbishop. That the pilgrimage will be a success is guaranteed at the outset, since the management is entrusted to the able hands of Father Stanton, who already has gained a reputation for perfect organization of such enterprises. His pilgrimage last year is well remembered for its magnificent and detailed organizing, showing that when this zealous and practical clergyman undertakes a more extended effort, the same, and even greater success will be attained. It will be observed that the excursion this summer will be diocesan in its character; it will be the only one that the Archbishop will permit this season, and, therefore, we have every confidence that it will be worthy of the diocese and reflect new credit on the able management of the pastor of Smith's Falls. We understand that the Church in Tweed, which is encumbered with a large debt will receive a considerable share of the monetary benefits of this pilgrimage, and we bespeak for it, therefore, the patronage of our friends in Kingston and throughout the length and breadth of the diocese. Not only will those who avail themselves of its cheapness, see a beautiful section of the country and make a religious visit to the holy shrine, but they will have the additional gratification of feeling that they are helping a poor mission to pay its burdens undertaken for the glory of God. We hope our numerous readers will read this notice and keep a few dollars free to enable them to take in this pilgrimage. In a few days, the date will be fixed and the programme of all other arrangements made public. Once more reminding our patrons that the diocesan pilgrimage is all its details will be under the direction and management of Father Stanton, we are satisfied that there will be no regrets and no disappointments, and what other wise would be a tedious journey will be made comfortable and agreeable to all who will have the happiness of taking it in. Date of Pilgrimage is fixed for July 30th.—*Canadian Freeman*.

#### Personals.

Gladstone is polite to everybody. At his country home he knows every one in the vicinity, and has a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

Sir John Lubbock has the smallest pets of any celebrity. All his spare time is devoted to his ants and bees, and he is more fond of his little friends than the ordinary individual is of his dog. He has one wasp that will eat sugar from the palm of his hand.

It is said that when the Pope writes his name his right hand trembles so much that he is obliged to hold his wrist with the left hand. The trembling he attributes not to old age, but to the effects of fever which attacked him while he was Bishop of Perugia.

The eminent Catholic actress, Signora Duse, who has been playing in Brussels was summoned, after the performance to the Royal Box by the command of the Queen of the Belgians, but she refused the invitation, having a distaste to the practice. At Stuttgart the Signora similarly repulsed the King of Wurtemberg.



Is there anything more beautiful, more completely pleasing than a womanly woman? Such a woman is even tempered, intelligent, strong and healthy. Health really tells the whole story. Health means strong nerves and strong body, and they go far toward bringing good looks and amiability.

A woman worn and wearied by the dragging weaknesses peculiar to her sex, cannot be expected to find rest in any duty or amusement. Life is all one dead monotonous gloom to her. On her face is written the story of weakness and pain. The wholesomeness of health is lacking. The cheeks lack fullness, the eyes lack sparkle, the hair lacks luster.

Doctors have learned to locate nine-tenths of womanly sickness in the organs that ought above all others to be strong and healthy.

Sensitive women shudder at the thought of consulting a physician on such matters. A natural feeling of modesty makes them dread the examination, and subsequent stereotyped treatment by "local applications" on which most doctors insist.

Much more often than not, this is unnecessary. It should not be submitted to except as a last resort.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured thousands of severe cases of "female weakness." It works in a natural, sensible way. It begins by subduing the inflammation that is always present. Then it strengthens and invigorates the whole body, particularly the organs distinctly feminine. It promotes regularity, cures inflammation and ulceration, and stops the debilitating drain caused by them. Of all dealers.

William Morris, the English poet, rejoices in the possession of a prodigious memory. Given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens' works, he can complete that sentence with very little deviation from textual accuracy. Were every copy of "Pickwick Papers" destroyed to-day, William Morris could, doubtless, write the book almost word for word as it now stands.

The following story about Edwin Booth is told in the Toledo Blade: "On the occasion of his brother's benefit he was standing behind the scenes when a character actor, who had been giving imitations of noted actors, was about to respond to an encore. 'Whom do you imitate next?' inquired Booth. 'Well,' was the reply, 'I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it. 'Suppose I imitate myself?' remarked the tragedian, and hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat he went on and delivered the well-known lines. Next morning the newspapers stated that the imitations ruined the performance, 'the performance of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it.'

A train is speeding through a northern county and in the distance a Benedictine monastery is seen. This causes one of the occupants of a carriage to give vent to several anti-Papist aspirations, the poor Jesuits in particular coming in for more than a fair share. "What are Jesuits?" an amused listener asks. "They are the very scum of the Catholics. They are here, they are there, they are everywhere; there are millions (sic) of them in the world. There," pointing to the distant monastery, "is one of their most famous dens of iniquity." "Oh," said the questioner, "I thought that building belonged to the Benedictines." "So it does," said the unabashed abuser, and continued dropping his voice to an awesome but confidential whisper: "Beware of them, for they are the very worst of the Jesuits."

Mirth and cheerfulness are but the reward of innocence of life.

A prudent man is like a pin, his head prevents him from going too far.

**SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.**

Other Items of Interest in Cities and Towns.

C. O. F.



JOHN J. NEANDER, C. R., SACRED HEART COURT.

"Example teaches better than precept" is a true and trite old saying. The difference lies in the style. Precept reads a Latin sermon. Example preaches in plain English. Hence the importance and utility of honoring the men foremost in the ranks of an order, who have done and are still doing work for their body before their Brother members of the order, as an incentive and stimulus for renewed activity. For this reason the following sketch of Bro. John Neander, the newly installed Chief Ranger of Sacred Heart Court No. 201, C.O.F., is timely.

The subject of the sketch is of a staunch old Alsatian Catholic family, and was born Toledo, Ohio, (to which city his parents had come from the Province of Alsace in 1850) in June, 1861, receiving his early education in the Parochial Catholic schools of that city. Upon the completion of his educational course, his father, who is now a leading merchant in the shoe trade desired to take him into his establishment, but young Neander's mind and inclinations ran more toward mechanics. He chose upholstering as his future occupation. His adaptability for this work was early evidenced and his promotion rapid. He has for some years occupied a responsible position as superintendent of the upholstering department of the Gendron Mfg. Co, and is esteemed alike by the employees and the firm.

Bro. Neander's connection with the order dates from 1891, when he became a member of Sacred Heart Court. It was not long before his brethren appreciated his many good qualities by desiring him to assume office, but he declined. In January last upon the resignation of the then incumbent of the Chief Rangers' chair, he was induced to accept that office. The ability he displayed in the chair was such as to procure his unanimous re-election last month. Cool, collected and intelligent, he is the beau ideal of a presiding officer, his personality being also such as to accoutment the least that has for its object the advancement of Catholic Forestry, and is ever willing to sacrifice self for the benefit of his Court. Those who know him longest, respect him most, and under his guidance Sacred Heart Court cannot but increase, grow strong, and multiply.

E. B. A.

St Helens Circle No. 2 Toronto held a very successful meeting on Monday the 6th to meet D. A. Carey Grand President who delivered a very stirring address upon the work of the association, pointed out the great advantage to be obtained by young ladies, more especially those that are depending upon their own earnings for support, by connecting themselves to it and so make provision for the time of sickness and death, besides the great assistance they could be to each other in various ways.

Davitt Branch No 11 had a good attendance at their meeting on the 7th. J. J. Maloney Chancellor of No 12 and A. McGinn a member of the Grand Branch Executive being present. The proposed amendments were introduced but no definite action was taken until the next meeting when a full attendance is expected and four initiations.

O'Connell Branch No 2. At the meeting of the Branch on the 9th the following visitors were present W. Lane S. T., D. Shea, A. McDonald, and A. McGinn, member of the Grand Branch Executive also J. J. Hennessy President and J. J. Maloney Chancellor of No. 12. The Grand President met with a slight accident and was not able to attend. The evening was spent in spirited addresses by the visitors in the interests of the Association.

NAINFIELD BRANCH No. 29, OTTAWA.

The first annual supper and re-union in connection with Saratid branch of the Emerald Benevolent Association, was held at the Queen's restaurant, Elgin street, on Thursday night. Like all affairs with which Irishmen have to do, it was a jolly success. Irish good cheer was in evidence both in the discussion of the excellent dinner prepared by mine host Pearce, and the patriotism, eloquence and fun that bubbled from the many bright speeches made in reply to the toasts. Mr. J. J. Foran was chairman, and among the prominent Irishmen present were Hon. John Costigan, Hon. Senator Sullivan, P. Baskerville, ex M.P.P., Rev. Canon McCarthy, Dr. Freeland, and P. H. Cassidy, reeve of Gloucester. Mr. R. Tobin was vice-chairman. After the customary loyal toasts, the toast "Our Church" was eloquently responded to by Rev. Canon McCarthy. "Canada our home" was the next toast, coupled with the names of Hon. John Costigan, and Hon. Senator Sullivan. Both gentlemen delivered eloquent and patriotic speeches. "Sister societies" was responded to by Dr. Freeland, P. Baskerville, and Mr. Harris. The "E.B.A." was acknowledged by P. Brankin, E. A. Connell, and P. H. Cassidy. "The Ladies" were gracefully championed by J. J. O'Connor, T. H. Cleary, and J. D. Grace.

Senator Sullivan in glowing terms proposed a toast to the veterans of the Imperial army, and coupled the names of three gentlemen present Messrs. Ryan, McCauley, and Clarko, who have served in the regular army. Hon. John Costigan proposed the health of the chairman, which was suitably acknowledged.

Songs were sung by Messrs. J. J. O'Connor, P. Brankin, Mr. Mara, J. Murphy, and Mr. Dietz. Mr. Weizman was accompanist on the piano. A letter of regret at inability to attend, was read from the Rev. Father Howe, of the University.

The committee in charge of the arrangement was composed of Bros. J. J. O'Connor, chairman; Alfred Pegg, Secretary; R. Tobin, P. Brankin, John Brown, James Bennett, W. J. Keenehan, P. Clarke, and for the musical portion, which was of the highest order, Bros. Kere, Weizman, chairman; Charles Dietz, F. H. Cleary, E. A. Mara.

**New Brunswick Notes.**

The Rev. Father Gayner, P.P., of Sussex, N. B., is seriously ill at P. Carson's in Carletonville. He has been sick for several weeks past and cannot be removed to his home in Ward's Creek. His condition is causing much alarm to his friends.

At St. Martin's on the first of May Rev. Father Collette celebrated his silver sacerdotal jubilee. The esteemed pastor was made the recipient of many beautiful presents and addresses and all classes of the community joined in doing him honor.

**Lake Simcoe Ice.**

The Belle Ewart Ice Company inform the public that their office is at 65 Yonge street, where they will be pleased to receive orders for the purest article in their line delivered in Toronto. The Company have no other than Lake Simcoe Ice in stock, which was planed before cutting, and is housed in quantity to meet all demands. Their delivery-waggons are already on the move, and the frozen blocks which they drop along the way are of the clearest crystal. If the product of Lake Simcoe caps the climax in quality, then the Belle Ewart Ice Company may reasonably expect a large trade, especially for domestic purposes, which alone the Company serve.

**TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE**—During the month of May, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE	DUR.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	7.30 7.45	7.25 9.40
O. and Q. Railway...	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 3.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30 4.30	10.10 8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland.....	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00 3.00	12.35pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	noon 8.35	2.00
G. W. R.....	2.00	7.50
	6.30 4.00	10.45 8.30
	9.30	
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.30 12.00	8.35 5.45
	4.00 12.35pm	10.50
	9.30	
U.S. West'n States	6.30 12 noon	8.35 5.45
	4.00	8.30
	9.30	

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of May: 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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

T. O. PARSON, P.M.



without soap, hence it is your duty as well as privilege to buy the very best for the money, which is

**Eclipse**

to be had now from all good grocers in large or small bars. A trial bar will prove to you how superior Eclipse is to all other soaps.

JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Manufacturers.

Water  
Proof  
Coats  
Which  
Keep out the  
Rain and the  
Cold

5.00  
6.00  
7.00  
8.00  
9.00  
and  
10.00

**OAK  
HALL**

115-121  
King  
St.  
E.

**Watches and Jewellery.**

Those of our readers intending to purchase watches, diamonds, silverware, clocks, &c., may safely invest at the old-established house of Morphy & Co., 141 Yonge street. The head of the firm, Mr. E. M. Morphy—who, we are pleased to notice, is still at his post, and as active and irresistible as ever—he has been a half century in business, which has been built up by his integrity and unvarying practice of giving good value to the purchaser. The clergy and charitable institutions always receive a handsome discount at this house—a favor which has been appreciated by orders repeated again and again.

"Things are gittin' into a bad bunch," remarked the man from the interior of Way-back township. "The politicians are all tryin' to teach the grangers how to grange on the grangers are all tryin' to pint the politicians how to politish."

THE NEW  
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We  
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For the money in this season's fresh, New Clothing.

Men's Fashionable Tweed Suits, \$4, \$5, \$7, \$8 and \$10.

Black Worsted Coat and Vest, \$8.

Youth's 3-piece Suits From \$3 50 to \$6.

Great Variety in Boy's and Children's Clothing.

**CHEYNE & CO.,**

73 KING STREET E.

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**MAY OPENING.**

Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thur., 10th to 13rd.

— THE —

**Montreal Millinery Show Rooms.**

MRS. J. ALLEN,

514 Queen Street W.,

Opposite Portland St.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.



## KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.

A Chatty Article by Cardinal Gibbons.

### THE PREACHER AND HIS PROVINCE

The leading article of the North American Review for May is written by Cardinal Gibbons and is full of bright suggestion and reference. His Eminence is discussing the studies that should be made by men who are to engage in preaching the Gospel:

After the Bible, the study of mankind is the most important and the most instructive pursuit for the ambassador of Christ. The aim of his ministry is to enlighten and convince, to persuade and convert his fellow being, to elevate him to a higher plane of moral rectitude.

The first step toward the accomplishment of this noble aim is to obtain a thorough knowledge of man, his springs of action, his yearnings and desires, his passions and emotions, his vices and temptations, as also the arguments, the motives, and the means best calculated to promote his spiritual progress.

Now, the knowledge of the mysterious kingdom of the heart is more accurately acquired by studying the original than by seeing it described in a book. An artist makes a better portrait from a living subject than from his photograph. We view objects in the abstract in books, but in the concrete in living men.

Books describe human beings as existing in times and countries, or under circumstances different from our own. But in studying the race that surrounds us, we contemplate man just as he is to day.

By a knowledge of his own times and people, the speaker can accommodate his remarks to the special needs of his hearers.

They who have long experience in the ministry, cannot fail to observe the faults into which young clergymen, whose knowledge is chiefly confined to books, and who have had, as yet, little opportunity to commune with their fellow-men, are sometimes liable to fall. They are apt to attach undue weight to matters of minor importance, and to treat lightly subjects of grave moment; they may be strained, fanciful, and unreal, and talk over the heads of the people; or they may denounce in unmeasured, exaggerated terms, a social plague scarcely known by the congregation.

I once listened to a clergyman condemning in vehement language, low-necked dresses where their use was utterly unknown, and where the censure had as little application as it would have had among the inhabitants of the arctic regions. I heard of a young minister of the Gospel who delivered a homily on the ravages of intemperance before an audience composed exclusively of pious, unmarried ladies, who hardly knew the taste of wine.

Some of our separated clerical brethren are not unfrequently betrayed into similar errors by ascribing to their Catholic fellow-citizens religious doctrines and practices which the latter repudiate. A caricature, instead of a true picture, is held up to the public gaze, because the information is drawn from books, hearsay, or tradition, and not from contact with living men.

Another advantage which we derive from a discreet study of men, is the habit of moderation in our judgment of them. We will find that few men are altogether perfect, and few also totally depraved. Blemishes will be discovered in the most exemplary character, and traits of genuine goodness in the most abandoned and perverse. This two-fold experience will

teach us to use sobriety of speech in praising virtuous men and women, including even canonized saints, and to avoid excessive harshness in reproving sinners. For if we paint righteous men without a single fault, we tempt the objects of our eulogy to vanity, and we discourage those that are earnestly aspiring to virtue; but if we paint the vicious as absolutely bad, we drive them to despair.

Modern biographers, while dwelling with pride on the civic and military virtues of Washington, avoid the language of hyperbole in which some of his contemporary eulogists indulged toward the Father of His Country. They seemed to be so dazzled by the lustre of that great luminary before he descended below the horizon, that they could detect no shadow in the object of their adulation.

Webster, too, shortly after his death, was lauded with extravagant encomiums as a man above reproach. The dispassionate testimony of Mr. Bryce, who says that his splendid intellect was mated to a character open to censure, will be acquiesced in by the judgment of impartial readers. Yet, the American people admire and cherish, none the less, these two illustrious personages, notwithstanding the more discriminating verdict and less fulsome praise of modern critics. The spots discovered in these effulgent suns, serve only to disclose in bolder light the splendor of their achievements. "Paint me as I am, warts and all," said Cromwell to Cooper, the artist.

The first living book that a student should read is his own heart, which is a little world in itself, a miniature of the great heart of humanity. "Know thyself," is a primary maxim of Christian, as well as of pagan, philosophy. Massillon was once asked how he could delineate so faithfully the emotions and rebellions of the human heart, and especially the intrigues, the ambitions and jealousies of the Court, which he so rarely frequented. He replied that he drew his knowledge from the study of his own heart.

He will also find an open and instructive book full of object lessons in the mass of human beings that he may encounter in the daily walks of life. He can pick up useful bits of information from his companions during his college course, and afterward from the persons he may meet on the street, on the farm, in the workshop, in the counting-room, in the social circle, on the steamboat and on the railway.

Sir Walter Scott says that a man of active mind cannot talk to the boy who holds his horse without obtaining some new thought.

Intercourse with living men not only enlightens the mind, but it also quickens the sympathies, and fires the heart of the speaker in the pulpit far more powerfully than abstract learning; for what is seen affects us more sensibly than what is read, and the earnestness of our words is proportioned to the strength of our impressions.

The more the man of God studies the inner life of the people, their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, the more persuasive and moving will be his exhortations. He will come down to the level of his flock, he will be in touch with them, and they will recognize that his heart is in his work. He will retain his hold on the masses without neglecting the classes.

These remarks apply to statesmen and lawyers, as well as to ministers of the Gospel. O'Connell's influence over the people of Ireland was such as no other man in his generation ever exerted on any nation. He could sway the multitude, move them to tears or laughter, playing on every chord of their heart. The secret of his empire over his countrymen was that he had sprung from the peasantry, and had lived among them. He knew their grievances and aspirations, and sympathized with them in their wrongs and sufferings.

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Napoleon, though a poor shot, was the greatest general of his age. He said with truth of himself: "I know man." He owed his success to his insight into human character, which enabled him to make a judicious selection of his military officers and state officials.

The learned men of ancient Greece and Rome did not consider their education complete till they had travelled abroad, and acquainted themselves with the habits and manners of other people and climes.

Herodotus, the Father of History, derived most of the information embodied in his work from travel and converse with men.

Plato, after being eight years a disciple of Socrates, spent twelve years in the pursuit of knowledge in foreign parts before he returned to his native Athens.

Edmund Burke says of Homer and Shakspeare: "Their practical superiority over all other men, arose from their practical knowledge of other men"—a knowledge which Homer acquired by frequent journeys abroad; and Shakspeare, by studying mankind at home.

St. Jerome, the most eminent Hebrew scholar of his age, visited various cities of Gaul and Greece, Antioch and other places in Asia-Minor, Palestine, Constantinople, Rome, Alexandria and other centres of learning in Egypt, where he consulted the men most conspicuous in those times for erudition and piety. When his own fame for learning was spread abroad, scholars from all parts of the civilized world flocked to him as to an oracle.

Sir Walter Scott's charming novels are remarkable for their accuracy in the portraiture of Scotch character, and the scenes he describes. He obtained his information by traversing Scotland, living and conversing with the people, treasuring up their bits of local traditions, and afterward interweaving them with his historic romances. "I have read books enough," he says, "and conversed with splendidly educated men in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, than I have ever met with out of the pages of the Bible."

It is well known that, while Milton is read by the few, Dickens is read by the million. He made personal visits to the prisons, insane asylums, reformatories, and boarding schools of England. He frequented the haunts of poverty, suffering, and wretchedness in London. His sense of indignation is aroused against official insolence, cruelty, and injustice; and his warmest sympathy is quickened in behalf of the victims of legalized oppression and tyranny. He draws his scenes from actual life; he deals with the men and women of his own time, and he gains the popular heart.

I was never more impressed with the impulse given to knowledge by contact with learned men, than during the Vatican Council, when Prelates of world-wide experience and close observation were assembled in Rome. Each bishop brought with him an in-

timato acquaintance with the history of his country, and with the religious, social, and political condition of the people among whom he lived. One could learn more from a few hours' interview with those living encyclopedias than from a week's study of books. An earnest conversation with those keen-sighted churchmen on the social and moral progress of their respective countries, yielded as much more instruction and delight, as compared with a printed account, as a personal inspection of an international exposition would, in comparison with a description of it in the pages of an illustrated periodical. The living words left an indelible impress on the heart and memory.

As the minister of Christ is pre-eminently the friend and father of the people, he cannot be indifferent to any of the social, political and economic questions affecting the interests and happiness of the nation. The relations of Church and State, the duties and prerogatives of the citizen, the evils of political corruption and usurpation, the purification of the ballot-box, the relative privileges and obligations of labor and capital, the ethics of trade and commerce, the public desecration of the Lord's day, popular amusements, temperance, the problem of the colored and Indian races, female suffrage, divorce, socialism, and anarchy—such are vital, and often burning, questions, on which hinge the peace and security of the Commonwealth.

Politics has a moral as well as a civil aspect. The clergyman is a social as well as a religious reformer, a patriot as well as a preacher, and he knows that the permanence of our civic institutions rests on the intelligence and the virtue of the people. He has at heart the temporal as well as the spiritual prosperity of those committed to his care. They naturally look up to him as to guide and teacher. His education, experience, and sacred character give weight to his words and example.

There is scarcely a social or economic movement of reform on foot, no matter how extravagant or Utopian, that has not some element of justice to recommend it to popular favor. If the scheme is abandoned to the control of fanatics, demagogues, or extremists, it will deceive the masses and involve them in greater misery. Such living topics need discriminating judges to separate the wheat from the chaff.

And who is more fitted to handle these questions than God's ambassador, whose conservative spirit frowns upon all intemperate innovations, and whose Christian sympathies prompt him to advocate for his suffering brethren every just measure for the redress of grievances and the mitigation of needless misery?

The timely interposition of the minister of peace might have helped to check many a disastrous popular inundation by watching its course, and diverting it into a safe channel before it overspread the country.

It is the mind that makes the body rich.  
Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers.

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XL.

HAMILTON, April, 18—.

DEAR — This month has been a busy one in Bermuda. Strolling about the country lanes visitors perceive many busy labourers at work, for at this time no idleness is allowed. It is in this month that the vegetable esculents, which form the chief wealth of the planter, are sent off to the New York market in hopes of gaining the highest prices. Therefore, the planter and his men work from early morn to dewy eve, as his prosperity depends in a great measure upon the proceeds of the farm during this and the next month. It is charming weather. The native birds are beginning to make their nests with much twittering and fuss, feathers and straws. The trees are expanding their fresh, green leaves; flowers are scenting the air with delicious perfume. We notice, especially on warm days, the charming balsamic odour of the cedar trees. Nature has put on her loveliest garb and decked every nook and corner with gems of fresh fern, delicate varieties of mosses and brightly-tinted wild flowers. The visitors will miss the pleasant drives along shady lanes, our pleasant walks along the sandy coral beach, where the clear emerald waters sparkle at our feet, and the lovely scenery.

"Earth, Air and Ocean, glorious three!  
O! faithful Nature, dictate of the laws  
which govern and support the  
Mighty frame of universal being."

We took a stroll by moonlight one evening last week; it was simply delightful. Mr. — and some of his family were with us and talked about Italy's glorious nights. They said that Bermuda compared favourably with that land of sunshine and beauty, in that point at least. The moonlight in Bermuda is truly indescribable. This is the most charming part of the day.

"The mighty moon she sits above,  
Encircled with a zone of love,  
A zone of dim and tender light,  
That makes her wakeful eye more bright.  
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,  
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!  
The gracious Mistress of the Main  
Hath now an undisturbed reign.  
As from her silent throne looks down,  
As upon children of her own,  
On the waves that lend their gentle breast  
In gladness for her couch of rest!"

I promised to relate to you the impressions of our friends who visited the Catacombs of Rome. They expressed their surprise at the extent of this ancient subterranean labyrinth. It is not correct, however, to term the Catacombs a labyrinth, for the general plan of its galleries and passages correspond with the arrangements of the streets above. It is like a subterranean city. Visitors think the Catacombs a labyrinth, as the passages seem to branch out in every direction, and are sometimes very low and dark. There are, in all, about twenty miles of these passages. Mrs. — could hardly describe to us her feelings of awe when she first entered this solemn, silent place. She said "the mind reverts to the past; one feels that they are treading on sacred ground."

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around."

The Catacombs were the scene of the struggles of the early Christians, where they gathered to pray and hear Mass, choosing this place for the concealment it afforded. The Catacombs still contain the tombs and some remains of the martyrs. These tombs, of which there are about 6,000,000, are the most interesting feature of the Catacombs. They are cut out of the rock on either side of the passages. Some of them are beautifully engraved. The Greek character *chr* is on the front of nearly every sepulchre, and

the palm leaf, the emblem of martyrdom, is on most of them. The early Christians buried their dead as we do to-day, similar to the Jewish practice of inhumation. Since the forefathers of Christianity took this method in putting away the bodies of the martyrs, it is the proper form of Christian burial, inferred from the Word of God to Adam, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," rejecting the combustion of the Pagan rite, which seems to imply that death ends all. Among the tombs in the Catacombs there are many larger and more open spaces. These have been chapels and shrines, and some still contain the remains of Christian altars. Some of the spaces are highly ornamented, having pictures of the walls and ceilings of such scenes as Moses striking the Rock, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and the like. St. Peter receiving the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven is cut on the front of many of the sarcophagi, and the Good Shepherd, carrying the Lamb on his shoulders, is in many places, both on the ceilings, walls, and also the tombs, where the martyrs of truth or the poor of Christ repose, in fact, they tell us, waiting for the judgment day.

Mr. — enquired how it was that so many beautiful frescoes and columns, &c., were defaced and broken. The guide answered that the barbarous Roman emperors who persecuted Christians tried to destroy and desecrate their most venerated sanctuaries—the chapels in which were the bodies of their martyrs. They also threw rubbish of all sorts into the openings above ground. The Pontiffs, therefore, removed the bodies of saintly martyrs to places of greater safety. Diocletian forbade the Christians to assemble in the Catacombs, or even bury in them, so that he might open them to be despoiled. The Christians then, with incredible toil, filled up many of the principal openings to galleries, and filled up tombs and chapels with earth to conceal them and to protect them from sacrilege. In fact they were so well protected that they were almost forgotten. They were closed from the eighth to the nineteenth century, with the exception of the Catacomb of St. Sebastian. In 1854 many discoveries of these closed up Catacombs were made, and now, after lying sealed up, buried, for a thousand years, they are re-opened, and prove that the Catholic Church is the same to day as it was 1800 years ago. The frescoes, the altars, ornaments and statues, &c., come like a new, indisputable proof of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

Christians continued to be buried in the Catacombs long after the Cæsars had embraced the faith. That place, which had witnessed so much sorrow and triumph, was too dear to be forsaken. But the days of persecution having passed the Church has placed beneath a thousand altars the relics of her heroes, and there is a gallery in the Vatican lined with inscriptions from the Catacombs.

Mrs. — and her family were much pleased with Italy. They liked the Italians and praised them highly. She wrote in her journal that "the industry and frugality of the Italians are simply amazing. The life of the peasantry is hard, indeed, and if provisions are cheap so is labour, but abstemiousness is habitual, their sobriety is proverbial. It may be said truly that starvation is unknown where the people drink usually water and make a hearty meal on a melon that costs a penny, but it is wonderful that they work hard and live to ninety on such a diet. Many eat meat and drink wine (*vin ordinaire*) only twice a year, at Christmas and Easter. A draught of water for breakfast and a dish of beans with some bread for dinner is infinitely preferable to the *nether pit* of an Irish famine or an English workhouse." \* \* \* Mrs. — also spoke of the great faith of

the Italians, that is, the mass of the people. "The first symptoms of their faith which struck me was a profound resignation to the will of God. 'It is the will of God,' 'God chastises us,' seemed sufficient comfort. But religion has other and surer tests. Italian charity is not mere alms giving, but *bono senso*, a gentleness and forbearance one rarely finds elsewhere. Travelers complain of the annoyances they endure from Italian beggars, in Rome especially, very few take the trouble of ascertaining that *there is no city*, where there is so much done (or rather has been done), for the poor as in the city of Rome."

The mildness of the climate and the fertility of the soil soften the hardships of poverty, and the convent gates are always open to those who want food. My next letter will be my last, and I will tell you in it about an incident which our American tourists witnessed in Spain.

Before I send this scrawl away,  
I seize a moment just to say:  
Do not expect my loving next  
To be a sermon *sans le terte*.

PLACIDIA.

A TRAGEDY RECALLED.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO HAS SUFFERED DEEP AFFLICTION.

Intense Mental Strain and Sleepless Nights Brought Her Almost to the Verge of the Grave. Her Pain Came When Hope Had Almost Fled.

Mrs. Sarah Wood, widow of the late Alex. Wood, of North Elmsley, Lanark Co., has had more sorrow than usually falls to the lot of human beings, and it is no wonder that, under the intense mental strain, she was completely prostrated, and her friends are rejoicing with her that she has again been restored to health. To a reporter she told the following story:—"Until three years ago I had always been in good health, except for occasional spasmodic headaches which had bothered me for some years. I am now sixty-three years of age, and my troubles came as much by mental anguish and sleepless nights as by overtaxing my physical system. Two years ago last August my son, W. J. Wood was killed on the C. P. R. in a collision, and his lifeless, mangled body brought home. Six weeks later my sister, Mrs. Lucky, of Kitley, was foully murdered. During those days I was taking care of my youngest daughter, Mrs. O. Bissell, near Merrickville, who was ill with consumption and who died four months later. Few people have been called upon to undergo so much affliction, and with sleepless nights and days of labor I became reduced almost to a living skeleton. In the fall of 1894 I was obliged to take to my bed, where I lay for several weeks hovering between life and death. During this time I was under the care of a doctor, but his treatment did not help me much. My head now continually troubled me and a severe pain in my back, just above my left hip caused me great agony. I had heard a great deal about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to give them a trial. Before the second box was entirely gone my headache disappeared and I found myself growing stronger, and after taking the pills for a time longer, the pain in my back disappeared also. I then felt so well that I decided to visit another daughter who lives near Merrickville, determining to continue taking the Pink Pills until thoroughly restored. In passing through Smith's Falls, I procured more pills, but found afterwards they were a counterfeit, as I did not then know that they were not sold in bulk. The result was that my old infirmities began to return and I began to mistrust that the pills were not genuine, and sent into Merrickville for more. A comparison soon showed that, while both pills were colored pink, the ones I had got in Smith's Falls were spurious, for they were not exactly the same shape and did not look the same when the two were compared. As soon as I began the use of the genuine Pink Pills I began to grow better, and after the use of a few more boxes, found myself entirely cured, and I am now enjoying as good health as ever I did in my life. I believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been in my grave, and I am glad to give my testimony, hoping that some poor sufferer may be made well as I was.

Mrs. Wood's unfortunate experience with imitation Pink Pills make it necessary to again impress upon the public that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, by the dozen, hundred, or cunce, or in any shape except in the company's boxes, every one of which is enclosed in a wrapper printed in red ink, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If these Pills are offered in any other form, even if pink in color, they are imitations and should be promptly refused. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail. Imitations are worthless and may be dangerous to health.

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THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895.

## Calendar for the Week.

May 17—St. Paschal Baylon, C.  
18—St. Winand, M.  
19—St. Peter Celestine, P.  
20—St. Bernardine of Siena, C.  
21—St. John Nepomucene, M.  
22—St. Anselm, Bp.  
23—Ascension.

## An Inversion of Terms.

When the genial moralist who presides over the destinies of Saturday Night, referred to people who get into Heaven by mistake and cannot be put out, he is without a proper basis for reference. It is to be gathered from the chronicles that there has been an expulsion from Heaven; the fixity of tenure is generally ascribed to the other place.

"Don" resents the complaint made by some one that there is not a sufficient representation of Catholics on the fire brigade, and from this starting point makes fun of Separate Schools. Adroitly as the corner is turned, nobody can be led away from the knowledge of what is a very real grievance. It is not essential that a fire in the house of a Catholic should be put out by Catholics; it is important, where there is a body of men who are presumably drawn from the whole people, that a particular number of applicants should not be excluded from that body by reason of being Catholics. It is not essential that letters for Catholics should be delivered exclusively by Catholic carriers; it is important that a Catholic at the point of death in a public hospital should have the advantage of Catholic surroundings to the greatest possible extent. It is not essential that a Catholic drunk should be arrested by none but a Catholic member of the police force; it is important that Catholic children should be imbued with the sentiment of the psalmist, "The fear of the Lord is beginning of wisdom."

Where things of vital consequence in the world's conduct are to be compared, it is not a simple matter to find a yard-stick by means of which all can be measured.

## Savonarola.

In the course of a recent lecture, Dr. Farrar, now Dean of Canterbury, in speaking of the "Leaders of the Reformation," included amongst their number the name of Friar Jerome Savonarola, the Italian Dominican monk of the Fifteenth century. Dr. Farrar qualified the statement somewhat by saying that Savonarola was rather a harbinger of the Reformation than a leader in it.

The lecture called forth a spirited reply from the Dominican Prior in

London, Father Proctor. Speaking to a congregation that crowded the church, the very reverend preacher announced his intention of vindicating the memory of a loyal Catholic, a zealous priest, a fervent Dominican; one who, four centuries ago, professed the same rule and wore the same habit as he and his brethren now.

The extraordinary Dominican is not to be judged by the character given him in George Eliot's novel, "Romola," from which Dr. Farrar did not hesitate to say he had drawn much of his material. There are biographies in existence, and there are many of Savonarola's own works.

The great Florentine was indeed a reformer; but he was not blinded as were Luther, Calvin, Melancton and the rest. He saw and grieved at corruption in high and holy places, but he did not therefore, seek to uproot the Church which Christ had founded upon Peter, and to which He had guaranteed His vivifying presence for all time. He was a reformer of men, and he began upon himself. One of his biographers says: "In fact, Savonarola's attacks were never directed against the dogmas of Roman Church, but against those who corrupted them."

Luther thought to give new grace to the world, and began by breaking his vows, marrying a nun whose life had also been devoted to God, and living a life of impiety. Rebellion and defiance were his only strong characteristics. Luther's own verdict upon the success of his preaching is this, taken from a sermon preached in 1558:

"Since the preaching of our doctrine the world becomes worse and worse. Everywhere avarice, immodesty, drunkenness, disgraceful disorders, and abominable passions."

Of Savonarola it is told on the other hand that he began by flying the world, then travelling on foot, poor, humble, simple, preaching until women fainted and men trembled for fear; till the populace crowded to the cathedral doors at midnight awaiting the sermon of next day; till women reformed their dress; till youths abandoned their ribald songs and sang hymns in the streets; till a pyramid of costly vanities, for which a Venetian merchant offered 20,000 crowns in vain, was burned in the market place, as a token of the abandonment of sin.

He had no sympathy with such tactics as were adopted by the Reformers. He taught, adhered to, lived by the very dogmas which they reviled.

St. Thomas Aquinas was his great guide. Of that Saint he wrote "I will say three things about St. Thomas; I venerated him when in the world; I am ignorant, but what I know, I learned from his teaching; and the more I study his writings the more I become convinced that he is a giant and the rest are dwarfs."

He believed in and wrote concerning the doctrine of the Real Presence: his favorite aspiration was one to the Blessed Virgin; he delighted in the ceremonials of the Church, the same ceremonials we have to-day; his submission to Papal authority was most absolute. The charges of disobedience laid against him have been qualified or explained away. By St. Philip Neri, by St. Catherine of Ricci, he

was regarded as a saint. Some Popes have considered him worthy of canonization. Several Popes have pronounced his works free from error. He died the death of a martyr. His last acts were those of a devout Catholic. Father Proctor, in concluding, thus outlines the lack of correspondence between him and those Reformers of whom he is said to have been the harbinger:

"To sum up all in a word, Savonarola's life, teaching and creed were the very anti-thesis of the life, teaching and creed of the Reformers of the 16th age. They left the cloister for the world; he left the world for the cloister, and was ever true to his vows. They began by self-deformation, on their own admission; he by self-reformation, on the evidence of friend and foe. They dragged down public morality, on their own showing; he raised it to the highest perfection. They aimed at reforming creed and doctrine; he reformed morals and men, upholding always doctrine and creed. They denied what he taught: the necessity of good works, the need of the sacraments as channels of grace, Transubstantiation, rites and ceremonies, loyalty to Peter's See and devotion to the Mother of God. How, then, can he be their leader, their harbinger?"

## Catholics Attacked in Hungary.

The Western continent is not without just a little pride in the "advanced" methods of conducting elections, although in public there is nothing but condemnation for the schemes of the politician. It does not occur to most people that in some of the old countries, a visit of a few months might result in a considerable fund of suggestion for a zealous ward operator. An instance in point, one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin, comes from Hungary.

Under the settlement with Austria parliamentary government was conceded. Of course, the natural assumption was that this meant government by the majority. So it well might, were it not for certain self-imposed restrictions in granting the franchise. The Jewish and anti-Catholic party being in power, proposed to maintain themselves there. Whoever is not afraid to declare himself against the minis v need expect nothing of justice. A petition will be refused. In a lawsuit he will lose, the judges have to look to their masters. Official employment he cannot get. If he get into debt he is driven to hopeless ruin, whereas a Jew or Mason could go on trading for years. Towards election time, mayors, judges and others neglect their duties to take part in the elections. Railroads and other local works are promised with amazing alacrity. On election day, the police are pressed into the government service and conveniently billeted upon its opponents. The flimsiest pretexts are resorted to to prevent opposition electors from voting. In a recent election 869 voters for Count Janos Zichy were thus turned away and defrauded of their franchise, Count Zichy being in consequence beaten by 60.

If this were a mere election curiosity it might not be necessary to go quite so far afield; the struggle going forward is however a mighty one, and these are the methods put in use by the Jews and Masons against the Catholic people of their own country. The reaction has begun to set in, and if we now hear a good deal about Jew-baiting in Hungary, we have here an idea of the condition of things which gave rise to it.

## The Work of the Pope.

It is not a light undertaking to even attempt to grasp the purpose of Leo XIII. in giving to the world these numerous weighty encyclical letters. When he came to the throne, the most that could be expected of a man in his condition of health and at his already great age, was that he would for a time tide over the difficult situation in which the Church was left at the death of Pius IX. Nothing of extraordinary excitement has come about in that time, yet to-day the world finds itself looking unitedly towards Rome and considering in multitude a gigantic movement of return to the centre of religion.

When Leo XIII came to the throne the nations seemed to vie with each other as to which could show most contempt for the Papacy. Now the powers strive which can honor the Pope most.

The number of his letters and the variety of their scope is something remarkable. To begin with there came a series of papers discussing from the highest standpoint and in the most lucid and enlightened manner a variety of questions of religious and political doctrines. Then came the consideration of social questions; and now finally we have the appeals for union of the Churches, the letters to the East, to the United States and to England. Of the latter epistle, the grandeur and impressiveness, the rising above petty interests, the dependence on purely divine assistance, will be in the minds of all readers. One enthusiastic admirer of the Sovereign Pontiff calls the letter the "Sermon on the Mount" of this century. Soon, it is said, we are to have two more of these great letters, one of which will be addressed to the Oriental churches, and the other to certain European states.

## The End of the Stove.

It is not so many years since the overthrow of the candle by the coal oil lamp was looked upon as a revolution of the greatest consequence. In that day he would have been called a dreamer indeed who would have said that by this time the overflow at Niagara would be sufficient to supply heat and light for every operation of mechanical and household consequence. But already the light caused by an electric current is rapidly displacing coal oil and gas, and experiments are rapidly bringing to a state of efficiency the apparatus for electrical heating which will shortly be used for all household purposes. A writer in the Cosmopolitan explains the process of utilizing the electrical current and then summarizes the advantages:

"The convenience of electrical heaters in a house, their cleanliness, and the simplicity of their regulation, commend themselves to every one, and when these are fairly apprehended by the well-to-do class, it is certain that such electrical appliances will be demanded, and with them will go the nuisances of handling coal and ashes, the consequent dust and gases, the smoky chimneys, the dangerous flues, the preparing of kindling, and the expert care of the furnace with drafts and registers. There will be increased safety from fires, and the cost of insurance will be less. When the cost and trouble of these are set over against the cost, the convenience and safety of electric heat, the difference will not be found to be so great but it will be willingly borne by large numbers in most communities. Once this method has a fair start, it is certain to be adopted as widely as the electric light has been, and then will soon be as indispensable.

### Persecution and Tolerance.

Dr. Mandell Creighton, Lord Bishop of Peterborough, England, is quoted by the Evangelical Churchman as showing in his Hulsean lectures that "neither the teaching of Christ, the spirit of Christianity, nor the Christian conscience can be held responsible for persecution. The genius of the Christian faith is entirely opposed to any attempt to evangelize the nations, or to convert individuals by human power or the use of force—its weapons are not of this world. It appeals for aid in its beneficent mission to divine and not to earthly power." So far so good. All men of Christian profession and practice must be in perfect accord with Dr. Mandell Creighton. But the great difficulty lies in the practical application of those humane and truly Christian principles. How are they, for instance, applied in Wales, where a non-conformist or Methodist majority are compelled and have, for over a century of years, been compelled to pay tithes to Church of England parsons in whose teachings they had no faith, while they felt bound in conscience, at the same time, to build churches for themselves and pay stipends to ministers of the Gospel of their own persuasion?

Right Rev. Dr. Creighton continuing, says: "When the Church attempted in the middle ages to use the secular arm to enforce her decrees or to punish those who differed from her teaching, she departed from the principles which should govern her actions and entered upon a policy contrary to the spirit and teaching of Christ. The Reformation being a return to scriptural teaching, reintroduced into church life the broad spirit of tolerance which is one of the richest fruits of Christ's teaching."

Either Right Rev. Dr. Creighton is a very indifferent student of church history, or he is not sincere in stating that the Church (Catholic) in the middle ages, used the secular arm to enforce her decrees, or to punish those who differed from her teaching. The Waldenses and Albigenses, who disturbed Europe in the middle ages, were not punished for their want of faith. The excesses they committed in the name of religion drew down on them the severity of the Church in the first instance to condemn their errors, and the severity of the secular arm in the second place, to punish their crimes and to protect society. The Manichæans of Alba in Southern France (Languedoc), hence called Albigenses, were not satisfied with believing in their own impious and see anti-socialistic errors, they were determined on propagating them by fire and sword. The most horrible outrages were committed in Beziers, Toulouse and other towns and cities, where churches were destroyed and priests put to death. The King's army, sent against them, was defeated. St. Dominic, however, employed the far more successful weapons of prayer, preaching and the bright example of every Apostolic virtue.

No more is the Church responsible for the wars of the Huguenots which broke out in the 16th century and

which convulsed all France for a period of thirty-five years.

We may form to ourselves some idea of the unjustifiable excuses alleged for so much crime and bloodshed, if by some hardy stretch of the indignation we could fancy all England at the present time or at any other time, in a death struggle for national life because the Catholics of Great Britain were determined on having a Catholic king, say, Lord Ripon, or the Duke of Norfolk to rule over them. But let us suppose that four general engagements had taken place with 10,000 or 15,000 slain on both sides, and that a battle had been fought under the very walls of London City, in which the Catholic party were defeated. Then we may understand how utterly indefensible was the position of the Huguenot party in France; and with what little reason Rev. Dr. Creighton and other writers can accuse the Catholic Church of having attempted in the middle ages "to use the secular arm to enforce her decrees, or to punish those who differed from her teaching."

The Huguenots, in order to place Conde, a Protestant prince, on the throne, took up arms against their lawful king, and not succeeding in the battle of Montcontour, in which several thousands were killed on both sides, they appealed to Queen Elizabeth for support and called in several thousand German soldiers to aid them in battle.

Dr. Heylin, an English Protestant Historian, says: "Nor was the bringing in of so many thousand German soldiers of much better condition, who, though they could pretend no title to the Crown of France, nor to any particular province in it, as the English could, yet they created far more mischief to the people of it than all the forces of the English; for being maddened at receiving no pay from the Huguenots, they laid waste the country in all parts and exposed the whole kingdom from the very borders of it towards Germany to the English Channel unto spoil and rapine; so that between the Huguenots themselves on the one side, and these German auxiliaries on the other, there was nothing to be seen in most parts of France, but the destruction of churches, the profanation of altars, the defacing of images, the demolishing of monasteries, the burning of religious houses and even the digging up of the bones of the dead which were despitely thrown about the fields and unhallowed places."

And after pondering well all these horrors renewed and continued during thirty-five years, we are surprised at their culminating in the massacre of Bartholemew and we accuse the Church of God with the natural results of the treason and violence conceived and executed for so long and trying a period by the enemies of all law, all order and all religion!

The Rev. Dr. Creighton, Lord Bishop of Peterborough, must have made a mighty effort to conceal his knowledge of history when he uttered the statement that: "The Reformation being a return to Scriptural teaching reintroduced into church life the broad spirit of tolerance, which is one of the richest fruits of Christ's teaching."

The Huguenots were the very sucklings of the Reformation. John Calvin and Theodoro Beza lived to witness the disastrous results of their doctrines of rapine and demoralization.

Neither did King Henry VIII. nor Queen Elizabeth show symptoms in their life time of any broad spirit of tolerance. Oliver Cromwell quoted Scripture, "smite the Amalecites," when ordering the massacres of Wexford and Drogheda. But, tempora mutantur. Let us hope that, if the early Reformers preached and practised intolerance, our modern Lord Bishops and parsons, like Father Footo in Cleveland, will see their way clear to a speedy return of the wandering flocks to the One fold and One Shepherd.

### Aggression in Two Sorts.

The following item has been going the rounds of the "fanatical" press; it was copied last week, without note or comment, into the first page of the Orange Sentinel:

"On April 30th the Senate of the State of Connecticut passed resolutions denouncing as unpatriotic and un-American the inaction of the Democratic administration in allowing British troops to occupy Nicaragua, and demanding that the administration insist upon their immediate withdrawal. Thus does Rome try to foment quarrels and help her out-throat dupes in the South American Republics."

It is vexing, indeed, to have all the sins and mistakes of Spain and France saddled upon the Catholic Church. But fanaticism must be at its wit's end for calumny when it makes "Rome" responsible for the unwise things said and done in the Puritanical State of Connecticut. We reprint yet another from the same source:

"The Rev. Robert S. Hayes, Rector of Duport, Achill, Westport, Ireland, sends an interesting account of the Irish Society's work there, and an earnest appeal on behalf of its funds. He writes: 'Here are maintained at present, almost exclusively by the Irish Society, one clergyman, two school-teachers, and two Irish speaking Scripture readers. The district comprises the north-western portion of Achill Island, and contains several populous villages inhabited almost exclusively by members of the Church of Rome. Among these, day after day, with their Irish Bibles or Testaments in their hands, these two Scripture readers quietly pursue their work, not in a spirit of controversy, but trusting in the power of God's Word to reach the hearts of sinners.'"

It is a matter of history that "one clergyman, two school-teachers and two Irish-speaking Scripture readers" have been at work in Achill Island since the famine-years, 1847-'48—that is, they have been pursuing their profitless work of proselytism for the last half century, and with what result? Simply none. Rev. Robert S. Hayes, Rector of Duport, states that the several populous villages of the Island are inhabited "almost exclusively by members of the Church of Rome." That man would not be much of a prophet who would venture the prediction that fifty years hence those same villages will be inhabited just as "exclusively," as they are now, "by members of the Church of Rome." The same earnest appeals, however, will be made from year to year "in behalf of its funds." And innocent

people in England, probably in Canada, will be putting their hands down in their pockets to contribute to the domestic comforts and easy life of the one clergyman, two school-teachers and two Irish speaking Scripture readers, who have nothing to show for the "funds" already bestowed.

### A Rosary of the Trees.

Deep from the heart of the silent world,  
I heard the murmur and hush of prayer;  
Wave on wave, it smote my heart  
Like a voice from heaven that stirreth the air;  
Bench and maple, elm and pine tree  
Bow their heads in the golden eve,  
List to the prayer their hearts are tolling,  
List to the sorrows that make them grieve.

All night tide the stars above them  
Sparkle and flame in the tented sky—  
Death below and life above them,  
Tears for the flowers that wither and die.  
What is the song that the stars are singing  
Over the streams and over the plain?  
"Death and life and crown eternal,  
Flower and fruitage and glory and gain."

Deep in the ghost-like shadows round them  
Whisper the trees sweet aves of eve,  
Starr'd with the heart and hope of heaven  
Sprinkling the air with the joys they weave:  
Bowed like hermits who fast in the desert,  
Their palms enfolded in silent prayer,  
Their lips attuned to the stars above them,  
Robed in the glory of dew clad air.

Gather the spirits who watch at night-tide  
Around the dark altars of shadow and gloom,  
Chanting a prayer for the dead—departed—  
Beads of grief by each cold, cold tomb;  
Now with a stole of darkness on them  
Swinging a censer of bright, bright love,  
They kneel and pray in the world's great temple  
With the stars for tapers in heaven above.

This is the temple that God hath builded  
And the priest is the spirit of faith in the world,  
The trees are the acolytes rev'rent and humble  
With banners of love and faith unfurl'd;  
The choir are the voices we hear thro' the darkness  
Stealing athwart that mystical shore,  
And the love of God in the heart of nature  
The chalice that floweth forevermore!  
—THOMAS O'HAGAN.

### A Love Symphony.

Along the garden ways just now  
I heard the flowers speak;  
The white rose told me of you brow,  
The red rose of your cheek,  
The lily of your bending head,  
The bindweed of your hair;  
Each looked its loveliest and said  
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,  
And heard the wild birds sing,  
How sweet you were; they warbled on,  
Piped, thrilled, the self-same thing.  
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,  
The burden did repeat,  
And still began again because  
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,  
And heard it murmuring, too,  
Part of an ancient mystery,  
All made of me and you.  
How many a thousand years ago  
I loved, and you were sweet,  
Longer I could not stay, and so,  
I fled back to your feet.  
—ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

### After Rain.

Clear shining after rain; the great grey seas  
Sleep, scarcely ruffled by the wooing breeze,  
That heather-laden from the purple down,  
Sweeps o'er the red roofs of the fishing-town,  
Moving the brown sails of the flitting skiffs,  
Dying in the deep shadows of the cliffs.

Clear shining after rain; the August skies,  
All glowing in the sunset's rosy dyes,  
Lead a soft radiance from the golden west,  
To spread a pathway over ocean's breast,  
That heaves and murmurs, making music low,  
To the still splendors of the afterglow.

So, with the shade and shine of April past,  
And Summer's passionate moments lulled at last,  
The Autumn's tranquil magic claims its hour.  
The fruit, sometimes is sweeter than the flower;  
When the hot heart and eager baffled will,  
In the clear shining after rain, lie still.

Every appeal to your importance is an opportunity to learn patience.—Henry Drummond.

## AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

## A Sketch of the Hog Mountain Range.

BY JOEL OHANDLER HARRIS.

The activity of Sis Poteet found ample scope, and, whether lingering for a moment at her father's side like a bird poised in flight, or moving lightly through the figures of the cotillon, she never appeared to better advantage.

Toward midnight, when the frolic was at its height, an unexpected visitor announced himself. It was Uncle Jake Norris, who lived on the far side of the mountain. The fiddler waved his bow at Uncle Jake, and the boys and girls cried "Howdy," as the visitor stood beaming and smiling in the doorway. To these demonstrations Uncle Jake, "a chunk of a white man with a whole heart," as he described himself, made cordial response, and passed on into the kitchen. The good-humour of Mr Norris was as prominent as his rotundity. When he was not laughing, he was ready to laugh. He seated himself, looked around at the company, and smiled.

"It's a long pull betwixt this an' Atlanty," he said after a while; "it is that, certain an' shore, an' I hain't smelt of the jug sence I lef' ther'. Pull'er out, Teague pull'er out."

The jug was forthcoming.

"Now, then," continued Uncle Jake, removing the corn-cob stopper, "this looks like home, sweet home, ez I may say. It does, certain an' shore. None to jine me! Well, well! Times change, but the jug is company for one. So be it. Ez St. Paul says, cleave nigh unto that which is good. I'm foreswore not to feel lonesome tell I go to the gallows. Friends! you uv got my good wishes, one an' all!"

"What's a-gwine on?" asked Poteet.

"The same," responded Uncle Jake, after swallowing his dram. "Allers the same. Wickedness prevails well-nigh unto hit's own justification. I uv seed sights! You all know the divers besettings wher'by Jackson Ricks wuz took off this season gone—murdered I may say, in the teeth of the law an' good government. Sirs! I sot by an' seed his besettlers go scotch-free."

"Ah!"

The exclamation came from Teague Poteet.

"Yes, sir! yes, friends!" continued Uncle Jake, closing his eyes and tilting his chair back. "Even so. Nuther does I boast ez becometh the fible-minded. They hurried an' skurried me forth an' hence, to mount upon the witness stan' an' relate the deed. No deniance did I make. Ez St. Paul says, takin' occasions by the commandment, worked in me all manner of conspicuence. I told 'em what these here eyes had seed.

"They errayed me before judge an' jury," Uncle Jake went on, patting the jug affectionately, "an' I bowed my howdies. 'Genterman friends,' s'I 'foller me close't, bekaze I'm a-givin, you but the truth, stupendous though it be. Ef you thes but name the word, s'I, 'I'll take an' lay han' upon the men that done this unrighteousness, for they stan' no furdher than yon piller,' s'I. 'Them men,' s'I, 'surrounded the house of Jackson Ricks, genterman friends, he bein' a member of Friendship Church, an' called 'im forth wi' the ashoreance of Satan an' the intents of evil,' s'I; 'an' ole er decrified ez he wuz, they shot 'im down—them men at yon piller,' s'I, 'ere he could but raise his trimblin' han' in supplication; an' the boldest of em don't 'dast to face me here an' say nay,' s'I."

"An' they uv cler'd the men what kilt poor Jackson Ricks!" said Teague, rubbing his grizzled chin.

"Ez clean an' ez cle'ros the pa'm'er my han'," replied Uncle Jake, with emphasis.

The fiddle in the next room screamed forth a jig, and the tireless feet of the dancers kept time, but there was profound silence among those in the kitchen. Uncle Jake took advantage of this pause to renew his acquaintance with the jug.

Deputy-Marshal Woodward knew of the killing of Jackson Ricks; that is to say, he was familiar with the version of the affair which had been depended upon to relieve the revenue officers of the responsibility of down-right murder; but he was convinced that the story told by Uncle Jake Norris was nearer the truth.

As the young man rode down the mountain, leaving the fiddle and the dancers to carry the frolic into the grey dawn, he pictured to himself the results of the raid that he would be expected to lead against Hog Mountain—the rush upon Poteet's, the shooting of the old Moonshiner, and the spectacle of the daughter wringing her hands and weeping wildly. He rode down the mountain, and before the sun rose, he had written and mailed his resignation. In a private note to the marshal, enclosed with this document, he briefly but clearly set forth the fact that, while illicit distilling was as unlawful as ever, the man who loved a Moonshiner's daughter was not a proper instrument to aid in its suppression.

But his letter failed to have the effect he desired, and in a few weeks he received a communication from Atlanta setting forth the fact that a raid had been determined upon.

Meantime, while events were developing, some of the old women of the Hog Mountain Range had begun to manifest a sort of motherly interest in the affairs of Woodward and Sis Poteet. These women, living miles apart on the mountain and its spurs, had a habit of "picking up their work" and spending the day with each other. Upon one occasion it chanced that Mrs. Sue Parmalee and Mrs. Puritha Hightower rode ten miles to visit Mrs. Russ Poteet.

"Don't lay the blame of it onter me, Puss," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower—her shrill, thin voice in queer contrast with her fat and jovial appearance; "don't you lay the blame onter me. Dave, he's been a complainin' bekaze they wa'n't no salsody in the house, an' I rid over to Sue's to borry some. Airtter I got ther, Sue sez, so' sho; 'Yess us pick up an' light in on Puss,' se' she 'an' fine out sump'n' nuther that's a-gwine on 'mongat folks,' se' she."

"Yes, lay it all onter me," said Mrs. Parmalee, looking over her spectacles at Mrs. Poteet; "I sez to Purithy, s'I, 'Purithy, yess go down an' see Puss,' s'I; 'maybe we'll git a glimpse er that air new chap with the slick ha'r. Sid'll be a peggin' out airtter a while,' s'I, 'an' ef the new chap's ez purty ez I hear toll, maybe I'll sot my cap fer 'im,' s'I."

At this fat Mrs. Puritha Hightower was compelled to lean on frail Mrs. Puss Poteet, so heartily did she laugh.

"I declar'," she exclaimed, "ef Sue hain't a sight! I'm mighty nigh outdone. She's thes bin a-gwine on that a-way all the time, an' I bin that tickled tell a little more an' I a drapped on the groun'. How's all!"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Poteet, "I hope you all know me too well to be a stan'in' out there makin' excuse. Come right along in an' take off your things, an' ketch your win'. Sis is home to-day."

"Well, I'm monsus glad," said Mrs. Hightower. "Sis use think the world an' all er me when she was a slip of a gal, but I reckon she's took on town ways, hain't she? Hit ain't nothin' but natchul."

"Sis is proud enough for to hol' er

head high," Mrs. Parmalee explained "but she hain't a bit stuck up."

"Well, I let you know," exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, untying her bonnet and taking off her shawl, "I let you know, here's what wouldn't be sot back by nothin' of she had Sis's chances. In about the las' word pore maw spoke on 'er dying bed, she call me to 'er an' sez, so' she, 'Purithy Emma,' se' she, 'you hol' your head high; don't you bat your eyes for to please none of 'em,' se' she."

"I reckon in reason I oughter be thankful that Sis ain't no wuss," said Mrs. Poteet, walking around with aimless hospitality; "yit that chile's temper is powerful tryin,' an' Teague ackshully an' candidly b'leaves she's made out'n pyogol'. I wish I may die ef he don't."

After a while Sis made her appearance, buoyant and blooming. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed, and her smiles showed beautiful teeth—a most uncommon sight in the mountains, where the girls are in the habit of rubbing snuff or smoking. The visitors greeted her with the effusive constraint and awkwardness that made so large a part of their lives, but after a while Mrs. Hightower laid her fat motherly hand on the girl's shoulder, and looked kindly but keenly into her eyes.

"Ah, honey!" she said, "you hain't spilt yit, but you wa'n't made to fit tish here hill—that you wa'n't, that you wa'n't!"

Women are not hypocrites. Their little thrills and nerve-convulsions are genuine while they last. Fortunately for the women themselves, they do not last, but are succeeded by others of various moods, tenses, and genders. These nerve-convulsions are so genuine and so apt that they are known as intuitions, and under this name they have achieved importance. Mrs. Hightower, with all lack of experience, was capable of feeling that Sis Poteet needed the by no means unsubstantial encouragement that lies in one little note of sympathy, and she was not at all astonished when Sis responded to her intention by giving her a smart little hug.

Presently Mrs. Parmalee, who had stationed herself near the door, lifted her thin right arm and let it fall upon her lap.

"Well, sir!" she exclaimed, "ef yander ein't Sis's bo!"

Sis ran to the door, saw Woodward coming up the road, and blushed furiously—a feat which Mrs. Hightower and Mrs. Parmalee, with all their experience, had rarely seen performed in that region.

Woodward greeted Mrs. Poteet with a gentle deference and an easy courtesy that attracted their favor in spite of themselves. Glancing him with the "Restercrats," these women took keen and suspicious note of every word he uttered, and every movement he made, holding themselves in readiness to become mortally offended at a curl of the lip or the lifting of an eyebrow; but he was equal to the occasion. He humoured their whims and eccentricities to the utmost, and he was so thoroughly sympathetic, so genial, so sunny, and so handsome withal, that he stirred most powerfully the maternal instincts of those weather-beaten bosoms, and made them his friends and defenders. He told them wonderful stories of life in the great world that lay far beyond Hog Mountain, its spurs and its foot-hills. He lighted their pipes, and even filled them out of his own tobacco pouch, a proceeding which caused Mrs. Parmalee to remark that she "would like manyfac't mighty well ef 'twern't so powerful weak."

Mrs. Hightower found early opportunity to deliver her verdict in Sis's ear, whereupon the latter gave her a little hug, and whispered: "Oh, I just think he's adorable!" It was very queer, however, that as soon as Sis was left to entertain Mr. Woodward (the women making an excuse

of helping Puss about dinner), she, her blushing enthusiasm, and Sis—quite cold and reserved. The truth is Sis had convinced herself some days before that she had the right to be very angry with this young man, and she began her quarrel, as lovely women generally does, by assuming an air of tremendous unconcern. Her disinterestedness was really provoking.

"How did you like Sue Farley's new bonnet last Sunday!" she asked with an innocent smile,

"Sue Farley's new bonnet!" exclaimed Woodward, surprised in the midst of some serious reflection—"why, I didn't know she had a new bonnet."

"Oh! you didn't? You were right opposite. I should think anybody could see she had a new bonnet by the way she tossed her head."

"Well, I didn't notice it, for one. Was it one of these sky-scrapers? I was looking at something else."

"Oh!"

Woodward had intended to convey a very delicately veiled compliment, but this young woman's tone rather embarrassed him. He saw in a moment that she was beyond the reach of the playful and ingenious banter which he had contrived to make the basis of their relations,

"Yes," he said, "I was looking at something else. I had other things to think about."

"Well, she did have a new bonnet, with yellow ribbons. She looked handsome. I hear she's going to get married soon."

"I am glad to hear it. She's none too young," said Woodward.

At another time Sis would have laughed at the suggestion implied in this remark, but now she only tapped the floor gently with her foot, and looked serious.

"I hope you answered her note," she said presently.

"What note?" he asked, with some astonishment.

Sis was the picture of innocence.

"Oh, I didn't think!" she exclaimed "I reckon it's a great secret. I mean the note she handed you when she came out of church. It's none of my business."

"Nor of mine either," said Woodward, with a relieved air. "The note was for Tip Watson."

This statement, which was not only plausible but true, gave a new direction to Sis's anger.

"Well, I don't see how anybody that thinks anything of himself could be a mailcarrier for Sue Farley!" she exclaimed scornfully; whereupon she flounced out, leaving Woodward in a state of bewilderment.

He had not made love to the girl, principally because her moods were elusive and her methods unique. She was dangerously like other women of his acquaintance, and dangerously unlike them. The principal of the academy in Gullettsville—a scholarly old gentleman from Middle Georgia, who had been driven to teaching by dire necessity—had once loftily informed Woodward that Miss Poteet was superior to her books, and the young man had verified the statement to his own discomfort. She possessed that feminine gift which is of more importance to a woman in this world than scholarly acquirement—aptitude. Even her frankness—perfectly discreet—charmed and puzzled Woodward; but the most attractive of her traits were such as mark the difference between the bird that sings in the tree and the bird that sings in the cage—delightful but indescribable.

When Sis Poteet began to question him about Sue Farley, she thought that she was moved by jealousy gave him a thrill that was new to his experiences, but when she flounced angrily out of the room because he had confessed to carrying a note from Miss Farley to Tip Watson, it occurred to him that he might be mistaken. Indeed, so cunning does masculine stupidity become



when it is played upon by a woman, that he frightened himself with the suggestion that perhaps, after all, this perfectly original young lady was in love with Tip Watson.

During the rest of the day Woodward had ample time to nurse and develop his new theory, and the more he thought it over the more plausible it seemed to be. It was a great blow to his vanity; but the more uncomfortable it made him the more earnestly he clung to it.

Without appearing to avoid him, Sis managed to make the presence of Mrs. Parmaleo and Mrs. Hightower an excuse for neglecting him. She entertained these worthy ladies with such eager hospitality that when they aroused themselves to the necessity of going home, they found to their dismay that it would be impossible, in the language of Mrs. Potest, to "git half way acrost Pullium's Summit fore night 'ud ketch 'em." Sis was so delighted, apparently, that she became almost hilarious; and her gaiety affected all around her except Woodward, who barely managed to conceal his disgust.

After supper, however, Mrs. Potest and her two guests betook themselves to the kitchen, where they rubbed snuff and smoked their pipes, and gossiped, and related reminiscences of that good time which with old people, is always in the past. Thus Woodward had ample opportunity to talk with Sis. He endeavoured, by the exercise of every art of manner and conservation of which he was master, to place their relations upon the old familiar footing, but he failed most signally. He found it impossible to fathom the gentle dignity with which he was constantly repulsed. In the midst of his perplexity, which would have been either pathetic or ridiculous if it had not been so artfully concealed, he managed for the first time to measure the depth of his love for this exasperating but charming creature whom he had been patronising. She was no longer amusing; and Woodward, with the savage inconsistency of a man moved by a genuine passion, felt a tragic desire to humble himself before her.

"I'm going home to-morrow, Miss Sis," he said finally, in sheer desperation.

"Well, you've had a heap of fun—I mean," she added, "that you have had a nice time."

"I have been a fool!" he exclaimed bitterly. Seeing that she made no response, he continued: "I've been a terrible fool all through, I came here to hunt up blockade whiskey—"

"What!"

Sis's voice was sharp and eager, full of doubt, surprise, and consternation. "I came to Gullettsville," he went on, "to hunt up blockade whiskey, and failed, and three weeks ago I sent in my resignation. I thought I might find a gold mine on my land-lot. But I have failed, and now I am going to sell it. I have failed in everything."

Gloating over his alleged misfortunes, Woodward, without looking at Sis Potest, drew from his pocket a formidable-looking envelope, unfolded its contents leisurely, and continued—

"Even my resignation was a failure. Hog Mountain will be raided to-morrow or next day."

Sis rose from her chair, pale and furious, and advanced toward him as if to annihilate him with her blazing eyes. Such rage, such contempt, he had never before beheld in a woman's face. He sat transfixed. With a gesture almost tragic in its vehemence, the girl struck the papers from his hands.

"O you mean, sneaking wretch! You—"

And then, as if realizing the weakness of mere words, she turned and passed swiftly from the room. Woodward was thoroughly aroused. He was not used to the spectacle of a woman controlled by violent emotions, and he recognised, with a mixture of surprise and alarm, the great gulf that lay

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between the rage of Sis Potest and the little platitudes and pretences of anger which he had seen the other woman of his acquaintance manage with such pretty daintiness.

As the girl passed through the kitchen, she seized a horn that hung upon the wall, and went out into the darkness. The old women continued their smoking, their snuff-rubbing, and their gossiping. Mrs. Hightower was giving the details of a local legend showing how and why Edny Favors had "conquered" Tabithy Cozby, when suddenly, Mrs. Potest raised her hands—

"Sh-h-h!"

The notes of a horn—short, sharp, and strenuous—broke in upon the stillness of the night. Once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! It was an alarm that did not need to be interpreted to the sensitive ear of Hog Mountain. The faces of the old women beamed curiously impressive. The firelight carried their shadows from the floor to the rafters, where they seemed to engage in a wild dance,—whirling, bowing, jumping, quivering; but the women themselves sat as still as statues. They were evidently waiting for something. They did not wait long. In a little while the sharp notes of the horn made themselves heard again—once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice! once, twice, thrice!

Then the old women arose from their low chairs, shook out their frocks, and filed into the room where Mr. Philip Woodward, late of the revenue service, was sitting. There would have been a good deal of constraint on both sides, but before there could be any manifestation of this sort, Sis came in. She seemed to be crushed and helpless, nay, even humiliated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has; they serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell than the sincerest Christian to go to heaven.—Colton.

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## ROME AND ENGLAND.

### Pope Leo's Hope of Uniting the Two Churches.

#### HIS INTERVIEWS WITH CARDINAL VAUGHAN AND LORD HALIFAX.

Among the few rare men whom history records as standing above all others, the only one perhaps possessing a personal charm is Leo XIII. His stateliness is always easy and natural, there is no attempt at mere show, nothing affected or theatrical, no semblance of having attained by effort the pinnacle of supreme power, but rather of having reached it by easy steps. Hence springs the attraction which he inspires in his contemporaries, which will be felt more by those who study the order and harmony of his acts. This character of serene ease, of Olympic calm, has been shown distinctly in the great matter of the relations of Anglicanism to Rome. You know the facts. In consequence of reports coming from England and from the United States after the apostolic letter, *Præclara*, Leo XIII. conversed with Dalbus, the amiable author of the famous pamphlet on the validity of Anglican orders, about the possibility of renewing relations with the Church of England. He studied all sides of the question; he had reports drawn up. He called to Rome Cardinal Vaughan, whose latent hostility toward any systematic action he knew. The successor of the great Manning did not come up to the expectations of the Holy Father.

On this occasion he has not understood the signs of the time or the desires of Leo XIII. He has declared that there is no importance in the movement to draw closer to Rome; he has asserted that the factions would never come to an understanding with the Papacy. In his talks with persons of less exalted rank he has called this work a chimerical, Utopian dream, as if all great undertakings had not been stigmatized with these epithets by minds unable to leave the ruts. He added that when the Anglican Church was disestablished it would break up for good, without ever attaining again a strong and enduring religious life.

It is not Rome, it is not Leo XIII. who would make of an historical relation, one therefore secondary and subject to modification, an inflexible and invariable *Noli me tangere*. Throughout his career Leo XIII. has shown that his mind, so gentle and so subtle, has always been able to distinguish between what is eternal and what is mutable in the Church. He believes that in the application of some principles many Catholics have shown too much zeal and made tactical blunders. He thinks, too, that the mission of the Papacy and of the Church is not to divide but to unite, not to embitter but to appease. Today, when the world is suffering from religious anæmia, when the triumph of democracy and the suppression of all human authority demand characters imbued with faith and powerful ideal forces, are not all men, who believe in God and Christ, called upon to draw together, to concentrate their resources, and thus infuse into a form of civilization a quick, generous and prolific blood?

Such is the great-hearted plan of Leo XIII. I pray that God give him a long, a very long life, so as to partly carry out this scheme of reunion. There are in the Anglican Church, in Great Britain as well as in the United States, so many religious souls, such proved knowledge, and such sound doctrine, that I have no doubt but that the great inspiration from Rome will attract the better part.

The Papacy, under the golden sceptre of Leo XIII., has bloomed once more in its moral beauty and its irresistible attraction. Leo XIII. has opened a new religious epoch in history, and it is not the part of sincere minds of other confessions to repulse his efforts or to weaken his action.—“*Innominato*,” in *N.Y. Sun*.

#### Canadian Art and Artists.

The exhibition of paintings held in this city recently by the Royal Canadian Academy deserves a passing word of praise even outside the circles, more or less narrow in which the work of the painter forms the subject of enthusiastic and never fading conversation. Perhaps it is only one in the thousand who has more than a superficial knowledge of the status of a picture. There are, none the less, very few indeed to whom a really good picture does not forcibly appeal. The present trend of journalism, and more particularly the trend of periodical literature, is to appeal more and more to the general liking for pictures. A definite, complete impression, a thorough presentation of a particular sentiment or incident can be accomplished more quickly and pleasurably in this way than in any other. People commonly take their pictures too seriously. It is well indeed that the artist dig at the roots of knowledge in order to attain perfection in his delineations, but when his work comes to the inspection of the public, there should be no need of puzzling any more.

The disposition among art patrons, art critics, and to a lesser degree among artists themselves, is to find fault that we have no great world admired junta of genius calling up a distinctive expression on canvas of Canadian atmosphere and environment. Any one who is satisfied with less than this perfection of the critics would find much of pleasure in the contemplation of many pictures recently exhibited, and be prepared to accord much of encouragement to the contributors toward that pleasure.

What may be considered as the best works exhibited are those by Messrs. Carl Ahrens, E. Wyly, Grier and G. A. Reid. Mr. Ahrens, as has been before mentioned in these columns, has cultivated a study of Canadian natural scenery which so far is untinged by the influence of foreign study and foreign atmosphere. His simple compositions are invariably pervaded by a glow of poetic thought. Mr. Reid's work is of more varied nature than that of any other of our artists. His most striking pictures this year are two portraits, one of Mrs. Reid and the other of a lady whose features are behind a light street veil. Mr. Grier's unconventional study of a demure damsel in corkscrew curls, the kind of picture that sets somebody's grandmother a smiling for old times' sake, is possibly the most attractive picture of all those shown. Many of the less famous artists have sketches which show accurate observation and careful study.

At least two well known Catholics had pictures on the walls. One of these is Mr. J. M. Kidd, whose marine sketch in crayon is very clever and effective; the other is Commander F. C. Law who has a representation of Nelson's line of ships bearing down upon the enemy at Trafalgar. The idea naturally suggests itself to a landsman that in the picture there is a first class lesson in sailing and signalling. We see more of a pageant than a battle. Indeed the only excuse we have for the French is a column of water several feet in height, a little in front of the bows of the Victory, where a shot has fallen into the sea.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—Plutarch.

A bilious man hunting for something to get angry at is generally successful in his search.

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Or we will return your 50 cents if you get us an agent who will order a dozen beaters. Better still, get up a Club of 12 neighbors and friends and send us \$5.00 for a dozen beaters, which sell for 12.00, making a clear profit of \$7.00 for a few hours or an evening's work. One lady sold 11 in one hour. Another agent 16 in two hours and a half. Another secured a club of 12 in one evening. One man sells \$12.00 worth every day. Full particulars send for stamp.

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There is a tendency always to think, in the masses, not what is true, but what is respectable, correct, orthodox, authorized. It comes partly from imitation, from the uncertainty and darkness of all moral truths, and the dread of timid minds to plunge into the investigation of them. Now, truth known and beloved respecting God and man, free from this by warning individual responsibility.

We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and encouragement, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins.—Emerson.

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Tenders for the whole amount offered if preferred, may be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Great Britain in sterling.

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R. HARCOURT,  
Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's office, Toronto, May 21st, 1895.

Note—Illustrations of calculation on interest basis: At the rate of 4 per cent. per annum (or in strictness 2 per cent. half yearly) a present payment of \$4,257.25 would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years, payable half-yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 5 per cent. of the principal sum.

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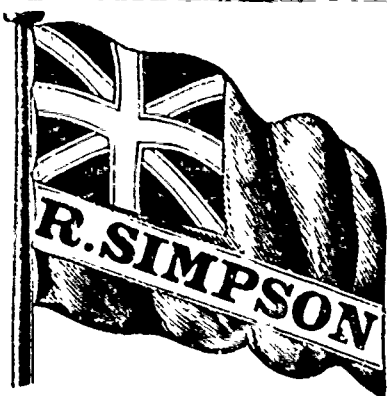
Beautifully situated in the northern part of Ontario, interspersed by hills, woods and lakes and clothed with scenery made rich by the hand of nature, lie the large and romantic districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. These partially settled regions are to Ontario what the highlands are to Scotland, the wilds of Donegal or Connemara are to Ireland or the scenery of the Catskills are to New York State. The impression made on the mind of the tourist on his first visit to this complex portion of the earth's surface is that of wonder and awe. This feeling, however, gradually softens into the phase of delight as the beholder contemplates the alluring work of nature in her combination of the diverse elements of water, hills and rocks, fruits, flowers and foliage into a shrine of loveliness which brings peace, rest and joy to the wearied brain of the mercantile worker, the ambitious student and the overworked politician and statesman. In a word, Muskoka is a very paradise of the enthusiastic hunter, the angler and sportsman. To those who can enjoy their days of recreation in a quieter fashion it is a place of pleasant retreat and comfort in the heat of summer, when the worn-out business man joyfully turns his back upon the festering city with its continual round of cares and tumult.

Once landed at Bracebridge, the chief town of the district, every information regarding the soil, climate and special features of the place will be imparted by the Rev. pastors of the locality, Rev. Fathers McGuire and Fleming. These two zealous, energetic and highly respected priests, in addition to their sacred duties to their scattered flocks, have thoroughly identified themselves with the progress and material development of Muskoka and Parry Sound districts. The special function and share of the work allotted to Rev. Father Fleming is to make the merits and possibilities of the interesting place better known to the outside world. This the good father has effectually done by his eloquent letters in the public press and by the power of persuasive speech.

To such an extent has this indefatigable worker carried his untiring efforts that he has fairly earned the title of apostle of colonization for the vast districts above named. It must not, however, be understood that the meritorious efforts of the two esteemed priests alluded to are directed towards catching the attention of the migratory visitors who come to-day and go away to-morrow. What they are striving for is to attract and retain the good, sober, honest and industrious Catholic families who may come with the determination to take up free grant lands and finally settle down, thus becoming progressive and interested inhabitants while adding to the strength of the Catholic congregations of the parishes. This is the secure and solid foundation on which to establish a prosperous and lasting community, and it tends powerfully to give the Catholic element a safe and influential standing in the province of Ontario. A colony of co-religionists in proper subjection to the eternal principles of truth and justice as inculcated by the Catholic Church and made strong by their unity of faith and noble purpose can always obtain governmental recognition when they assert their rights and privileges.

Father Fleming's powerful letters, published in the newspapers during the past year or so, have aroused wide-

spread interest among the Catholic people of the province, and it is confidently predicted that the coming spring will witness a large influx of new settlers to reinforce the ranks of those already settled on the soil.—Wm. Ellison in the Catholic Times.



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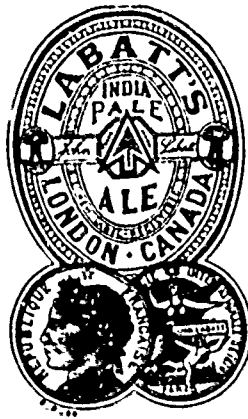
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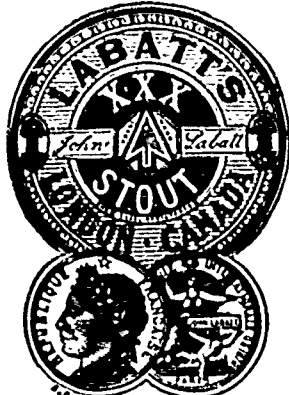
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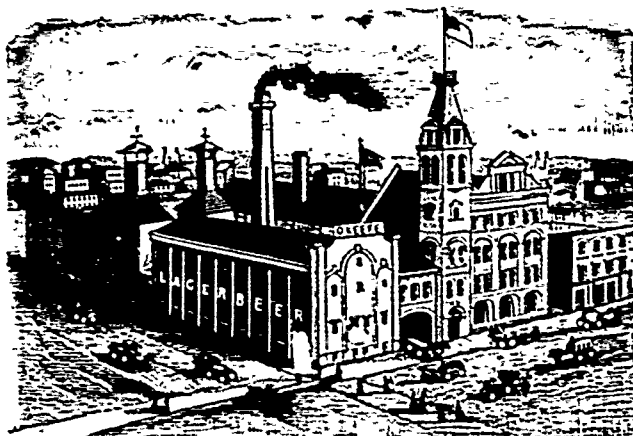
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## IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

## LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

## LEINSTER.

## Dublin.

The professorship of the harp being vacant, for some considerable time, in the Royal Irish Academy, an exposition of candidates was recently held under the supervision of the governors, and it is pleasant to have to record the fact that an Irish lady has been appointed to the position, in the person of Miss Corless, daughter of a good citizen of Dublin. Miss Corless received her early musical education from Professor Glover, whose daughter, Mrs. Mackey, was perhaps the best harpist of our time, and she then proceeded to Milan, where she had the instruction of Italian masters. To Mr. Joseph Robinson and the governors much credit is due that they have selected Irish talent, and we hope, with the impetus which will be given by the coming "Feis," the harp class will assume large proportions.

## Wicklow.

On April 15th, the convention for selection of a Nationalist candidate to contest East Wicklow on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary Party was held in the Assembly Rooms, Bray. The Convention was thoroughly representative of the constituency; and the delegates comprised the clergymen of the division and prominent Nationalists who during the past fifteen years had fought, wrked, and suffered in the movement. The choice of the convention was Mr. E. P. O'Kelly, of Baltinglas, a gentleman who by years of sacrifice and devotion had endeared himself to the Nationalists of his native county. The proceedings were characterized by the utmost enthusiasm throughout. Mr. Jeremiah Jordan, M.P., occupied the chair. Mr. O'Kelly was one of the men who was arrested and imprisoned under the Forster Coercion regime, and was held as a fellow with Mr. Parnell. His Redmondite opponent, Mr. Sweetman, had found it for the benefit of his health, to be out of Ireland (and the scope of the Coercion Act), about that time. The result of the election was given in our last issue. Mr. O'Kelly was returned by a majority of 164 over Mr. Sweetman, the deserter from the Irish National Party, and 114 over the "combined" Tory evictionist candidate, Colonel Tottenham. It was a glorious victory for the Nationalists of East Wicklow; and they feel elated over it, as an evidence that, in their district, the National organization is solid in the contest against both Torylandlordism and factionism.

## Kildare.

Information is asked for, through the Irish papers, concerning John Nolan, who left Crop Hill, Castle-Dermot, county Kildare, 41 or 42 years ago, and is supposed to have settled in New York. The information is sought by his son William.

## Wexford.

Some time ago, according to one of our Irish exchanges, "Judge Hanley, of the American Courts, died in the United States, and is stated to have left property to the value of a million pounds sterling (five million dollars). By his will, the same paper states "this is left to American charities, as it appeared he had no relatives. The deceased, it is stated in spite of this bequest was related to a number of Wexford people in the vicinity of Kilmuckridge, including ex-District-Inspector Murphy, Mrs. Hanley, and Mr. Coburn, Kilmuckridge, and the will is to be contested in their behalf." If any one has heard of a "Judge Hanley," who has been willing away five million dollars, lately, we are not aware of the fact. The description of the supposed deceased as being a "Judge of the American Courts" is indefinite enough to suggest that the legal sharks on the other side have had something to do with cooking the story.

## Kilkenny.

Information is asked for, through the Irish papers, concerning Joseph Cramton, who left county Kilkenny 25 years ago for America, and was last heard of, 20 years ago, in America. His brother Francis is anxious to hear from him.

At the last meeting of the Gowran Dispensary Committee, Dr. J. A. Morris sent in his resignation of the position of Medical Officer to the Gowran district. He was re-appointed till the election of his successor; and the committee fixed the 7th of May as the day for proceeding to elect a medical officer for the district.

## Longford.

At Longford Petty Sessions, on April 16th before Mr. J. M. Kilkelly, R.M., an evicted tenant, named Bridget Deer, was committed to the Quarter Sessions, charged by Mr. Jas. Wilson, J. P., with having taken forcible possession of a house and land from which she had been evicted on the 27th of March last at Carrigeon.

At Ballymahon, April 15th and 16th, a garm bazaar, fancy fair, and general drawing of prizes was held in the Convent Schools, Ballymahon. The bazaar was intended to assist the Nuns of Ballymahon

in paying off the debt contracted by an extension of their convent. On both days a large number of persons attended, and the many pretty and costly things offered for sale in the various stalls met with a ready demand.

## Queen's County.

On April 16th the solemn and impressive ceremony of reception took place in the chapel of Maryborough Presentation Convent. The young lady who received the white veil was Miss Norah McGrath, eldest daughter of Jeremiah McGrath, Esq., Galbally, county Limerick. Very Rev. Andrew Phelan, P.P., V.F., officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. Hughes, C.C., Maryborough.

## Louth.

On Sunday evening, April 14th, the Rev. W. J. Conwell, Parish Priest of Dromintee and Jousaboro', died from the result of an accident which occurred on the previous Friday. The Rev. gentleman was driving to Dundalk on that evening, and had reached the railway bridge which spans the road, about three miles from Dundalk, when the horse took fright at a passenger train, became unmanageable, and then threw Father Conwell violently to the ground. His servant boy immediately went for assistance, and several of the Dundalk priests and doctors were quickly in attendance. Rev. B. Donnellan, C.C., administered the last Sacraments, and the sufferer was conveyed to the residence of Mrs. McAllister, close at hand. Dr. MacDonnell and Dr. Flood were unremitting in attention, and everything possible was done that surgical skill could suggest. The injuries were, however, of such a nature as to make recovery impossible. One of the Rev. gentleman's arms was broken in several places; the skull was fractured, and in addition to this there was concussion of the brain. Death ensued on the date mentioned. The deceased priest was born in Mcneymore county Derry, in 1843. At an early age he entered St. Patrick's college, Armagh, from which, in due course, he passed to the ecclesiastical seminary at Maynooth. After a distinguished college course he was ordained priest, in Dundalk, in 1873, by the late Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan.

## MUNSTER.

## Cork.

Since the beginning of March, and more particularly during the month of April, an enormous number of emigrants have left Queenstown for the United States. The emigration returns for the week ending April 14th, showed the greatest number of departures of any week for the current year, and far exceed the numbers for the corresponding week of last year. There is every prospect that the exodus will continue in full swing until the end of May, when the outflow will probably begin to fall off. Four steamships called during the above week and embarked, in the aggregate, 1,902 passengers, which will exceed, by 288, the number of the previous week, and is 798 over the corresponding week of last season, when five liners, called during the week. As in previous years, the emigrants were nearly all young men and women, between the ages of 18 and 30. The pick and the flower of the land are going—men and women who would do credit to any country, and should be a blessing to any land that would receive them—but are unfortunately a terrible loss to unfortunate Ireland. The aged persons going are very few, and the number of children is comparatively small. All the vessels of the emigrants we fully booked for some weeks to come; but, since the beginning of the season, very few, if any, emigrants have been shut out from the steamers for which they have been booked.

## Limerick.

An inquest was held, on April 17th, at Dromcollogher, on the body of Miss Bridget Ford, who was found dead in her own house. She had sustained a broken leg some months ago, and, being old, had never fully recovered. Her death was, however, not expected, and Dr. Ambrose, Coroner, Newcastle West, was summoned to conduct the usual inquiry. A verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.

On April 16th, a very pleasant function took place in the library of the Franciscan Convent, Limerick, when the Guardian of the Community, Very Rev. J. B. McDermott was presented with an address and suitable testimonial on the occasion of his sacerdotal Silver Jubilee which he celebrated on that day. In the morning there was a special religious ceremonial, including High Mass in the church, which was attended by large numbers.

## Clare.

A claim has been lodged by Mr. R. Lane-Joyns, J. P., Ennis, as agent for Lord Annull, for £50, as compensation for about 20 acres of grass and other produce burned at Caherroe, Kildysart, on April 14th.

The death is announced at Corofin, County Clare, of the Rev. Denis Spellisey.

## Tipperary.

A serious accident occurred on April 18th, to Mr. T. Harty, the well-known gentleman jockey. Mr. Harty engaged breaking a young colt, and was returning to his residence, in Tipperary, after giving the animal exercise, and while passing through Bank place the horse became restive and reared on his hind legs to such an extent that he over-

balanced and fell over on his back, and caught Mr. Harty underneath him. The popular jockey was picked up in an unconscious state and hastily removed to the residence of Dr. Dowling, who pronounced one of his thighs broken. Mr. Harty had a most miraculous escape with his life; and it is feared that it will be some months before he will again be able to ride.

## Waterford.

A sad suicide occurred in the Kilmac-thomas Workhouse on April 17th, victim being an inmate named David Power, who at one time occupied a respectable position in the Kill District. The poor fellow, whose mental balance appeared to have been disturbed of late, cut his throat with a penknife early on the morning mentioned, and although Drs. Walsh and Shanahan did all in their power to save his life, the injuries proved fatal. A coroner's inquest was held before Mr. E. N. Power and jury, and resulted in a verdict to the effect that the deceased committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

## ULSTER.

## Antrim.

A great fire broke out in the timber yard of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, shipbuilding, Queen's Island, on Tuesday, April 16th. As work had been suspended on the previous Friday, the origin of the fire is enveloped in mystery. When first discovered the fire appliances of the firm were immediately brought into requisition, and the central brigade in full strength turned out. Fortunately, the wind was not high, and blow from a favorable point, or the entire area of ten acres of timber yard would have been a prey to the flames. It was computed that this contained about £40,000 worth of timber, and at midnight it was believed that about £10,000 worth had been destroyed. The fire was not got under until noon next day. The flames were confined solely to the timber yard.

## Berry.

On April 13th, information was received from Kirkcubbin to the effect that the missing boat, in which eight of the household servants of Lord Londonderry are supposed to have perished, on Strangford Lough, had been discovered, sunk in deep water. None of the bodies of the persons who were in the boat had, however, been found, and all hope of their escape is abandoned. It is thought the boat was caught in a sudden squall and upset. On leaving Mount Stewart pier, about twelve o'clock, the boat sailed in the direction of Kirkcubbin, and went out to Bird Island, where the excursionists larded and partook of luncheon. A basket they had with them was washed ashore at Portaferry next afternoon—an incident which naturally increased the fears of many as to their fate.

## CONNAUGHT.

## Galway.

Rev. Father Hayden, S. J., Galway, has written an interesting pamphlet upon the subject of Irish pronunciation. There can be no doubt that one of the chief difficulties in the way of persons attempting to learn Irish from books is the difficulty of attaining to even an approximation to the right pronunciation; and this difficulty is just what Father Hayden's little work appears effectually to bridge over.

The Franciscan Brothers are to be congratulated on the success with which they are carrying on their educational work at their seminary at Mountbellew. The Brothers make it their special aim to meet the requirements of the Intermediate programme, and to prepare young men for the various examinations necessary for entering the Civil Service.

## Roscommon.

Died, April 12th, at Church street, Roscommon, Mrs. Briget Egan, aged 75 years. Her interment took place, at the Abbey, on the 13th.

Mr. Wm. McMahon, of Slevean, who was fined by the magistrates at Roscommon Petty Sessions, a couple of months ago, in the sum of £5, for shooting a snipe at Parkmore, states that, on the recommendation of County Court Judge O'Connor Morris, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue have returned him the fine in full, which he had lodged in court, pending an appeal.

## Leitrim.

Information is wanted of John Kavanagh who left Cadda, county Leitrim, three years ago. He is sought for by his father.

## Sligo.

The Sligo Quarter Sessions opened at the Court-house, Sligo, on April 13th, before County Court Judge O'Connor Morris. There was but one case for trial, in which Denis Healy, a farmer residing in Templeboy, was charged with having assaulted a young man named Kelly of the same place, with a stick, on the 26th November last. The jury returned a verdict of acquittal and the prisoner was discharged.

## Maye.

On April 18th, an old man named Andrew Kirkpatrick died suddenly while taking his dinner in the house of Mr. John Rogers, Carabawn.



James E. Nicholson.

## CANCER ON THE LIP

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"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."—JAMES E. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

Ayer's The Only SarsaparillaAdmitted at the World's Fair. —  
AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

The Swinford market, on April 15th, was largely supplied with hay, straw, and potatoes. The former sold at 3s. a cwt.

Information is wanted concerning John Padden, who left the county Mayo 17 years ago. When last heard of, six years ago, he was in Dakota. He is sought for his cousin, Annie Murphy.

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

Let gratitude for the past inspire you with trust for the future. Be persuaded, timid soul, that God has loved you too much to cease loving you. Do not disturb Him. Remember that He is the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation. He sometimes takes away His consolations from us, but His mercy ever remains.

## If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

The whole art of making a good speech is to have something pertinent and moving to say; to say something all the time, to say it vivaciously; and if it is a religious speech, to say it with religious feeling and to stop when every one wishes you to go on.—J. M. Buckley.

## "That Sluggish Feeling."

Rev. D. L. Jocelyn, Crystal City, Man.: "I found real benefit from your medicine, K.D.C. in saving me from that sluggish feeling caused by my food not properly digesting. I consider it a very valuable medicine to all under like conditions to myself. I have heard of K.D.C. working some marvellous cures among acquaintances, and have recommended it favorably many times."

Marvellous cures are indeed effected by S.D.C. Every man, woman, and child throughout Canada, who suffer from any form of indigestion, should test its merits.

Sample free to any address. K.D.C. Co. Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

Truly, at the day of judgment, we shall not be examined as to what we have read, but what we have done; not how well we have spoken, but how religiously we have lived.—Thomas Kemphis.

TELL THE TRUTH.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. THOMAS' EURETIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

# APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

English Catholic Bishops on the Education Question.

**A BILL TO BE INTRODUCED TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF CATHOLICS.**

The following important joint pastoral letter by the united Hierarchy of England has been issued:—

The Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of the province of Westminster cannot allow the occasion of their annual end-of week meeting to pass by without renewing their appeal to the Catholics of England to rally in close and determined union around their chief pastors in support of the great cause of denominational education.

The justice of the claim put forward in the draft Bill adopted unanimously by the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops in January last ought to be more and more urgently pressed home upon the minds of the electorate of the country, and upon statesmen and politicians. No efforts should be spared to convince the English people that the public Elementary Schools used by parents determined that the secular education of their children shall be associated with definite religious training cannot be thrown upon private charity (and thus be placed at a fatal disadvantage with Board Schools) without national reproach, and dishonor in a Christian country like England.

The electorate must be persuaded and convinced that all denominational schools, faithfully complying with the requirements of the Education Department, have a right to receive an equal proportionate share with Board schools of all public moneys, whether paid from rates or taxes, for educational purposes, and that liberty should be granted to open new denominational schools wherever required by a sufficient number of parents and children. The Bishops feel that their educational policy should be made a test question at the polls, and that no candidate or Government is worthy of their support which refuses to meet the just claims of the denominational schools. They have resolved to invite all Catholic members of both Houses of Parliament to support their policy and to press its acceptance upon the Government of the day. They invite all the Catholic clergy and laity of England to use their best endeavors to inform and convince the public mind of the justice and the importance of giving full recognition to these parental claims which form part of the natural law, and this with a view to the permanent happiness and welfare of the country. Finally, the Bishops have appointed the committee who drew up their draft Bill to take counsel with experienced statesmen as to when the Bill shall be brought before Parliament, and they have commissioned their committee generally to watch the education movement in the country and in Parliament, and to advise upon the practical measures to be adopted as circumstances develop, and as the mind of the country becomes more clearly defined.

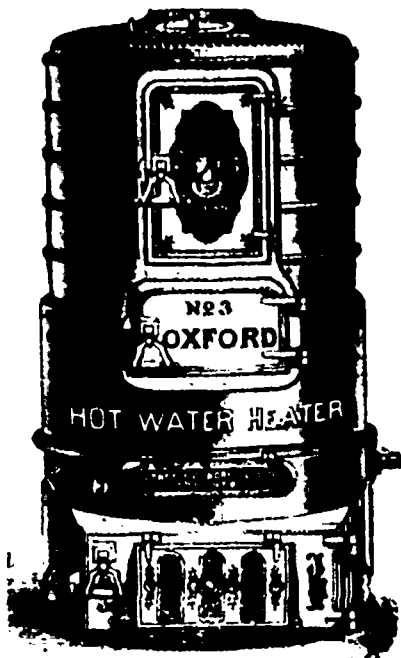
The letter was signed by Cardinal Vaughan and all the other Bishop of England.

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So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough; there is always danger in delay; get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat, and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing.

Literature is the immortality of speech. It embalms for all ages the departed kings of learning and watches over their repose in the eternal pyramids of fame.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

The exercise produced by doubt prevents our faith becoming faith in an idea of God. —Mr. George MacDonald.

A man of noble character is a blessing to his fellows. He is courage for the timid, strength for the weak, purpose for the irresolute, and example for the good.

**SKETCHES.**—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that DR. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent. To do what is impossible for talent is the mark of genius. —Amiel.

It is not the judgment of courts, but the moral judgment of individuals and masses of men, which is the chief wall of defence around property and life.

One of the best evidences that Ayer's Hair Vigor is an article of exceptional merit is the fact that the demand for it is constantly increasing. No one who uses this incomparable dressing thinks of trying any other preparation for the hair.

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands, that you may spend more time on the mountain tops.

There are some things I am afraid to do, and I confess it in the great presence; I am afraid to do a mean thing. —Garfield.

Sufferers from physical and nervous debility find great relief in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Far better than any stimulant, its effect is not transient and superficial, but deep and permanent. It builds up the system by purifying and enriching the blood.

Do not confound mental independence with mental pride. It may, it ought to, co-exist with the deepest humility.

**Steamship Booking Office.**

As the Season for European travel is near those wishing passages to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paris, Rotterdam should apply as soon as possible. New York tickets. Secure your Excursion rates for Niagara Falls, Buffalo or Hamilton from Chas. E. Burns, 77 Yonge St. 3rd door above King St.

## Freehold Loan & Savings COMPANY.

DIVIDEND NO. 71.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on after the first day of June next, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive.

Notice is hereby given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 p.m. Tuesday, June the 4th, at the office of the company for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the board,  
S. C. WOOD,  
Managing Director.

Toronto, 17th April, 1895.



## TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Works," will be received at this Department until noon on Friday, May the 10th, for the following works:—

Houses for (1) Engineer and Gardener, Blacksmith's and Carpenter's Shop and Ice House at the Brockville Asylum; (2) Experimental Building and addition to Boiler House, Convocation Hall, Agricultural College, Guelph; (3) Lock-ups at Webbwood and Sturgeon Falls, Nipissing District; (4) Lock-up at Manie, Algoma District; (5) Lock-up at Dunchurch, Hagerman Township; (6) Additions to Lock-up and Registry Office at Bracebridge, Muskoka District; (7) Western Daily School at Stratford; (8) and Registry Office at Minden, County of Haliburton.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender procured at the above mentioned places and at this Department. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the undersigned, for five per cent. on the amount of each tender for each of the above works will be required. The cheques of the unsuccessful parties tendering will be returned when the contracts have been entered into for the several works.

The bona fide signatures and business addresses of two parties as securities must accompany each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. WM. HARTY, Commissioner.

Department of Public Works,  
Ontario, April 23rd, 1895.

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Gout is beyond question the outcome of deposits of uric acid salts in the joints. ST. LEON MINERAL WATER is charged with lithium, a powerful absorbent of uric acid. This explains why this water effectually eradicates all gouty symptoms from the system.

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KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 24th Annual Meeting of the

## Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Comp'y

will be held in the

TOWN HALL, WATERLOO, ONT.,

on THURSDAY, May 23rd, 1895, at One of the Clock p.m.

WM. HENDRY,  
Manager.

April 23rd, 1895

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C. Y. L. L. A.

The regular meeting of C. Y. L. L. A. was held in McCaul St. Hall on Monday evening last, with an unusually large attendance of members.

The different committees gave a favorable report of their work in connection with the coming concert to be held in Massey Music Hall Friday evening 31st May.

It will be an evening of Irish song and story. The story will be that of "The Present Irish Literary Revival" and will be told by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen.

Irish songs and music will be furnished by popular talent from Toronto College of Music under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, whose name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of that part of the program.

As the tickets are only 25c. for reserved seats, the members hope to see Massey Hall filled on that evening.

A. O. H.

ST. MARY'S.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 1 A. O. H. It was moved by Bro. P. J. McKeough, seconded by Bro. Jas. Fleming and unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to call to his reward the beloved father of our esteemed Brother Jas. E. Quinlan, be it

Resolved that the members of this Division extend to the family of deceased their heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Catholic Record and CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

JAS. EGAN, Rec. Sec.



TENDERS FOR COAL.

THE undersigned will receive tenders, to be addressed to them at their office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," up to noon on MONDAY, 27th MAY, 1896, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next, except as regards the coal for the London and Hamilton Asylums and Central Prison, as noted:-

Asylum for Insane, Toronto.

Hard Coal-1,100 tons, large egg size, 125 tons stove size, 75 tons nut size. Soft Coal-450 tons lump; 100 tons hard screenings, 100 tons soft screenings.

Asylum for Insane, London.

Hard Coal-2,500 tons large egg size, 300 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size, 75 tons chestnut size. Soft Coal-2 tons for grates. Of the 2,500 tons 800 tons may not be required till January, 1896.

Asylum for Insane, Kingston.

Hard Coal-1,060 tons large egg size, 225 tons small egg size, 20 tons chestnut size, 25 tons stove size, 400 tons hard screenings, 400 tons soft screenings; 10 tons soft lump.

Asylum for Insane, Hamilton.

Hard Coal-2,730 tons small egg size, 174 tons stove size, 94 tons chestnut size. Soft coal 50 tons lump for grates, 12 tons lump; for pump house, 100 tons small egg size. Of the above quantity 1,454 tons may not be required until January, 1896.

Asylum for Insane, Mimico.

Hard Coal-1,500 tons large egg size, 160 tons stove size. Soft Coal-15 tons soft lump; 50 cords No. 1 green wood.

Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.

Hard Coal-2,220 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size. Soft Coal-50 tons.

Asylum for Insane, Brockville.

Hard Coal-1,400 tons egg size, 90 tons stove size, 10 tons chestnut size.

Central Prison, Toronto.

Hard Coal-50 tons nut size, 50 tons egg size. Soft Coal-Select lump, 2,000 tons. The soft coal to be delivered in lots of 160 tons monthly.

Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

Hard Coal-725 tons large egg size, 75 tons small egg size, 15 tons stove size, 31 tons No. 4 size. Soft Coal-For grates, 4 tons.

Institution for Blind, Brantford.

Hard Coal-425 tons egg size, 125 tons stove size, 25 tons chestnut size.

Reformatory.

Hard Coal-500 tons small egg size, 100 tons stove size.

Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which they propose to supply the coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and if required, will have to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name.

Delivery is to be effected satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified or for the quantities required in each institution.

An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Hon. the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders are to be obtained from the Clerks of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tenderer not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE, T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, JAMES NOXON, Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont., 18th May, 1896.



A Missionary Recommends It Heartily.

St. PAUL'S MISSION, CHATEAU CO., MONT., Dec. 12, '90.

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