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## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

About More Hamilton Worthies Who Have Come to the Writers' Memory—The Duggans of Hamilton and Toronto—The Galbraiths, Old Settlers—Frank Smith's Early Days in Hamilton—More about the Branigans—Some Hamilton Bakers, including Harris Brothers—The McDonoughs—The Nortons—Alick Borland's Printer, Son—Owen Duffy—"Paddy" Bourke, the Auctioneer—Perkins, the Strong Man.

Of the early Hamilton lawyers, Mr. R. O. Duggan was the most brilliant as a pleader. At any rate he was one that most captivated my fancy. My impression is that he was a brother of Dr. Duggan, whose residence was on the north-west corner of King William and Hughson streets. I used often to sit up in the gallery of the old court house to hear him talk. I don't know positively, but I believe the Hamilton and the Toronto Duggans were members of the same family. There were in Toronto, Corner Duggan, the father, and Judge Duggan, a son, who was a prominent member of the bar. I remember once serving as juror for Coroner Duggan, and as foreman of the grand jury for Judge Duggan, his son. The Duggans were Irish and were very prominent people in their day, especially the father, in the perilous period of the rebellion. R. O. Duggan of Hamilton built and occupied one of the first houses erected on the mountain side. Those Duggans were not Catholics like other Hamilton Duggans.

There was in the forties in Hamilton a business firm named Galbraith, John and David. Their store was in the block where the Waldorf Hotel is now. I think they were natives of the soil, and were among the very earliest people to do business there. Galbraith is a Scotch name, and a Gaelic one. David Galbraith is yet alive and well and perhaps the oldest resident. He must be nearly ninety years of age. I was happy to meet him at the Waldorf Hotel a few days ago and discuss old times with him. He was looking well and was active for one of his great age, while his memory was good enough to remember me as a boy.

John Campbell was a shoemaker in Corktown. I believe on Walnut street. He was a good citizen, an Irish Catholic and a brother of Neil Campbell, the blacksmith on the mountain.

Frank Smith, who died in Toronto, distinguished as Hon. Sir Frank Smith, came to Hamilton in the forties and kept a grocery store on the north side of King street. I believe in Stinson's block east of Hughson street. He had previously been in the service of Frank Logan, an Irish Catholic, who kept a number of stores distributed through the villages within a radius of some miles of Toronto, and I think at one time had one in Hamilton. Mr. Smith, although not a man of much education, was a very good business man. He boarded with Mrs. Beatty, whose hotel was on the south-east corner of Main and John streets. She was a very popular hostess. While Mr. Smith was in Hamilton a clothier named John O'Higgins came upon the scene and set up a place of business near unto Mr. Smith's. I remember a sign he had attracting customers. It was, "The Cheapest Spot in Canada." Mrs. O'Higgins was a daughter of Martin J. O'Beirne of Toronto, and a very stylish lady. They had a very beautiful daughter, who played the organ in St. Mary's Church, to whom Mr. Smith soon began to pay his addresses, and it was no uncommon thing to see him escorting her to St. Mary's on Sunday mornings. Mr. Smith afterwards removed to London, Ont., where he had a very successful business career and was elected mayor of that city, and at the same time Miss O'Higgins was in Toronto.

Higgins, as Mrs. Smith, was entitled to the honors of Lady Mayress. Mr. Smith took unto himself a business partner, a Hamilton boy named Thomas Wilson, a son of Mrs. Beatty, who kept the hotel as above described, and a good business man he was. Mrs. Beatty was married twice, her first husband being named Wilson, and Thomas Wilson and James Wilson, and Miss Catherine Wilson, were her children by her first husband. She had several nice children by her second marriage, but their history I am unacquainted with.

At any rate Mr. Smith prospered so well in London that he determined to establish a wholesale house in Toronto, and in this also he was successful. Here the writer of this became intimate with him and participated with him in some political enterprises, but especially the Catholic League, of which Mr. Smith was President and the writer, Secretary. Mr. Smith here formed political aspirations and ambition to be a member of the Canadian Senate. In this he was successful too, but I believe mostly through the exertions of his business partner, Mr. Thomas Wilson. Both Smith and Wilson were great admirers of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, and they linked their political fortunes to his. Tom Wilson married a Toronto young lady, Miss Mary Ann O'Dea, who was very beautiful and a relative of Mrs. Smith. Very poor Wilson died young and very much regretted. He was a good-hearted man and many Toronto people were under obligations to him of one kind or another, including the writer. Smith grew into importance as he grew older and became a Cabinet Minister and a Knight of the British Empire. There was a time in his career when the whole country was under obligation to him financially as well as politically. He was a man of excellent judgment and notwithstanding his limited education, of broad views. He was largely instrumental in the coming of D'Arcy McGee to Canada. No Canadian's death was more regretted than his, which took place in Toronto some years ago.

The father of William Branigan, who has been mentioned in these recollections, was also William Branigan, who kept a tavern on James street north, and an old soldier. I remember him by the sign he had swinging over the sidewalk—a dragon on horseback. He was late of the Royal Artillery. Terry Branigan was his relative. Some of the Branigans were Catholics and some Protestants. Terry was one of the Catholic leaders of Hamilton, but this Branigan was a Protestant. There were several Irish families in Hamilton in those days whose religion was mixed like this.

The proportion of Catholics to Protestants in Dundas in those days was larger than in Hamilton, and many removed hither. John P. Larkin, the dry goods merchant, came to Hamilton from Dundas; so did Tom Beatty, who married the widow Wilson, and a couple of shoemakers named Duggan, that I remember.

Peter Cronin was the name of one of the early Irish settlers in Hamilton. He had a large family of boys and lived in the north-east end of the town. His occupation was that of well sinker. John Cronin, one of his sons, served mass for Vicar-General Macdonell and drove a bread wagon for McKeever, the baker. Peter Cronin removed to a farm in Flamboro.

There were several Irish-Catholic bakers in Hamilton in the forties. There was Terry Branigan, John O'Grady, and Thomas McKeever. Branigan was the more noted because he had a taste for local politics and was one of those who "ran" the town. His bakery was in my recollection on King William street. John O'Grady's bakery was on the corner

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of Walnut and Peel streets, or there about. McKeever was the last to come and had his place of business on James and Cannon streets. I rather think McKeever also kept a public house. He was a very respectable-looking man and his wife a superior woman. I know they kept boarders and among these was Captain Boylan, captain of the schooner "Princess." Captain Boylan married Miss McKeever, who was a red-headed beauty, who after Boylan's death, married a Mr. Highland, and removed to Kingston.

"Tim" Duggan was an Irishman who lived in Corktown and had a son named Cornelius, who was a servant of Vicar-General Macdonell. "Con" used to have sore eyes that were very distressing. Nora Duggan, his sister, a beauty, used to work for Mrs. Warmoll, who kept a milliner's shop on King street west, just beyond James street. The Warmolls were English Catholics. They had a son Charles, a lawyer, who was at one time a partner of Senator O'Donoghue, in Toronto.

John O'Heir was a saddle and harness-maker, a large man of fine presence. I am not certain, but I think his shop was on John street south, in the Courthouse Square, about where Joly's is now. I learn that Mr. O'Heir of the law firm of Staunton & O'Heir, is a son of this Mr. John O'Heir. If so, he comes of good stock.

Owen Nolan, liverman, came to Hamilton from Toronto in the late forties. He was a hustling sort of an Irishman, who soon went into the hotel business. He leased Lynd's old place on James street, a white frame house with a verandah in front of it. He afterwards kept a livery stable and hotel on Hughson street. I rather think he acquired some wealth before his death, which took place many years ago.

There was a family of McDonoughs that was rather prominent in the forties. One of them was Rev. Father John McDonough, who for a time was pastor of St. Paul's church, Toronto, and afterwards pastor of the Catholic church in St. Catharines. Andrew McDonough lived in Hamilton at the same time. Andrew was a tall, good-looking man, who was a little "off" and used to peddle tea among the Hamiltonians. "Old Hyson" "Young Hyson" and "Bohea," were the popular brands in those days. Andrew had an attraction for Irish people, and for those who bought of his stock he would recite "Emmitt's Dying Speech" and in this way kept their custom. Another brother was a farmer residing in one of the townships near Toronto.

Charles Norton was one of Hamilton's early hotel-keepers. He used to be clerk at Devereaux's Royal Exchange, and was a very obliging and popular man. He married the leading woman in that hotel, who was much esteemed. When the City Hotel was built on James street he became its first lessee. The Nortons were Catholics. They afterwards removed to St. Catharines, where they kept the Welland House.

Maurice White, a shoemaker, was a stylish young man in Hamilton in those days. He dressed well and behaved well and attended to his religious duties. He went away to the States and deserved a good fate.

Alick Borland, who kept the "Rising Sun" Hotel on King street west, was married to a sister of John Hand, the famous Hamilton printer, and the fastest known typesetter in America, had a son who was also a printer and rapid compositor. When John Hand was foreman of McGinnis' "True Delta" office in New Orleans, before the war of the rebellion, young Borland worked there. It was the fashion then for Canadian printers to fit to New Orleans in the winter. Pat Boyle of Toronto used to do so. William Cliff, the oldest printer in Hamilton, now in retirement, used to do it. He worked in the "True Delta" office too, and he tells me that young Borland was almost as remarkable as a fast compositor in New Orleans as his uncle was in Hamilton. John Hand was one of

the founders of the Hamilton "Banner," and I am not sure but what he had a share in the Times too, in its earlier days.

There was a young Irishman named Jackson, a nephew of Steven Oliver, the auctioneer, who came to Hamilton about 1815. He worked for Mr. Oliver for a while and often used to tell me wonderful stories about his family, which he claimed to be related to General Andrew Jackson, a former president of the United States. He may have drawn the long bow, but I formed a great admiration for him, he was so great a talker, and he lately out from Ireland too. I don't know what became of him.

The Harris Brothers, bakers, on the market square, are one of the oldest business firms in Hamilton. I have known three generations of that family. The present members of the firm I believe were born in Hamilton on the spot where their bakery is now. Their grandfather came to Canada from Baltimore in the United States and settled in Guelph. Their father came to Hamilton from Guelph in 1818. Their father was Irish and their mother Irish. The family has the reputation of being very good Catholics. John Harris of Guelph was, I believe, once mayor of that city and a very estimable gentleman.

While writing about bakers—Branigan, O'Grady, McKeever and Harris Bros.—I want to tell about Owen Duffy, another baker. Owen was a bright young Hamilton boy. His father was Henry Duffy, a constable or bailiff, residing in Corktown. When I organized the Young Irishmen's Society in Hamilton in 1849, prior to my going down to Toronto, Owen Duffy was chosen its president and the late Alderman Fitzpatrick its vice-president. Owen had a bakery of his own and drove his own bread-wagon. Something went wrong with his business and he drove to the market one day, hitched up his horse to a post and disappeared, and was never seen in Hamilton again. He went down to Quebec, where he edited a weekly literary paper called "Our Journal." I once saw a copy of it, but I never saw Duffy again, nor do I know what became of him.

"Paddy" Bourke was a character in Hamilton in the forties and later. He was a book auctioneer. He did not confine his visits to Hamilton, but took in most of the Canadian towns, east and west. He was a rough diamond. When in Hamilton he used to put up at Beatty's Hotel. It used to be said he could not read, yet he would describe a book, praise its merits and all that, when offering one for sale and seldom made a mistake. Many a time I heard him say, "how much a wollum." It was he who taught Barnes, a Hamilton bookseller of a later date, and James Wilson, his partner, the book business; also Bernard Cosgrave in Toronto, who flourished here in the fifties.

A man named Perkins flourished in Hamilton in the forties. He was a hotel-keeper on James street, north of the market. He was the first man to start a school for teaching "the noble art of self-defence" or boxing.

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## GRAND RE-OPENING OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

Magnificent Edifice Rises on the Ashes of the Old—People of Belleville Witness Imposing Ceremonies—Eloquent Sermon by Rev. Father Callaghan of Montreal.

Belleville, Oct. 16.—Probably the happiest man in Belleville yesterday was that urbane scholar and gentleman, Rev. Father Twomey, parish priest of St. Michael's. But softly. We must not leave that "white-haired and venerable Monsignor Farrelly out of the reckoning. It is fair to assume that he, too, was happy yesterday, for was not the apple of his eye, stately St. Michael's, once more opened to public worship, and had not the congregation, over which he had ministered so many years, once more the pride and joy of worshipping in their own church home? Which of the two was the happier? Well, I believe it was a toss up. And the good people of St. Michael's, too, were happy yesterday. Bless you, you could see it in their smiling faces and sprightly air. Ah! it was a different scene from that of last December, when the writer wended his way up there one morning and saw the blackened ruins, and the long faced men, and the ladies, young and old, wiping the teardrops away because their handsome church, home, which they loved so well and delighted to embellish, had been destroyed by the withering breath of the Fire Fiend! 'Twas a doleful morning, that, and there was not a man, woman or child in Belleville, no matter what their creed, but felt a deep sorrow because stately St. Michael's had been burned down. But, thanks to the untiring energy of Rev. Father Twomey and the devoted spirit of the people, the goodly church has, like a phoenix, arisen from its ashes, with every promise of, before long, being even more beautiful and stately than before, and yesterday, amid happy, thankful people, the splendid edifice was blessed and dedicated by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier. It was a memorable day for the people of St. Michael's, surely, in the words of Cervantes, "a day to be marked with a white stone." And now, before noting what took place yesterday, suppose we say a word about the early history of the church.

**DATES FROM 1827.**

The first altar in a Catholic church in this city was set up in 1827, in a small wooden building, about 20 x 50, which stood on the southeast corner of the same lot on which the present church stands.

Rev. Michael Brennan was the first priest, and under his loving and fostering care the parish of St. Michael's flourished like a green bay tree. A typical Irish-Catholic priest was worthy Father Brennan who was respected and loved by Catholics and Protestants alike. Many are the stories told of the kindly gentleman, which show that the desire of his heart was to see all men dwell together in unity. Forty-two years the Rev. gentleman ministered to the spiritual wants of his people. He died on October 31st, 1869.

In 1837 the second church, a stone edifice, was built, and in it the congregation of St. Michael's worshipped for 50 years, but it was at last found to be too small, besides falling

I don't know what nationality Perkins belonged to, but his wife was a sister of "Paddy" Reed, an Irish bailiff. "Paddy" Reed had a contract for cutting down the clay cliff at the harbor which was full of sand-swallow holes. The bank all along the bay front was full of those swallow holes, and it looked like a huge pepper box. Perkins, I think, sold out to Bill Moran, who was reported to be Hamilton's foremost gambler. Perkins was a very strong man and looked it.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

She still walked wildly to and fro. At length, stopping abruptly before him, she said, "Is he near here?"

"Any way! A hundred ways." "Ay, ay?" he returned. "Do you say so? What are they? Nay, no more, it's for your sake I ask; not mine—for yours, indeed. What are they?"

The blind man turned his face, on which there was a smile of triumph, to where the widow stood in great distress, and answered: "..., they are not to be found out by stay-at-homes, my good friend."

"By stay-at-homes!" cried Barnaby plucking up his sleeve. "But I am not one. Now, there you mistake. I am often out before the sun, and travel home when he has gone down to rest. I am away in the woods before the day has reached the shady places, and am often there when the bright moon is peeping through the boughs, and looking down upon the other that lives in water."

The blind man snapped his fingers as he entered. "Beside the question, ma'am, beside the question, I have the softest heart in the world, but I can't live upon it. Many a gentleman lives well upon a soft head, who would find a heart of the same quality a very great drawback. Listen to me. This is a matter of sentiment, with which sympathies and sentiments have nothing to do. As a mutual friend, I wish to arrange it in a satisfactory manner, if possible; and thus the case stands—If you are very poor now, it's your own choice. You have friends who, in case of need, are always ready to help you. My friend is in a more destitute and desolate situation than most men, and you and he being linked together in a common cause, he naturally looks to you to assist him. He has boarded and lodged with me a long time (for as I said just now, I am very soft-hearted), and I quite approve of his entertaining this opinion. You have always had a roof over your head; he has always been an outcast. You have your son to comfort and assist you; he has nobody at all. The advantages must not be all one side. You are in the same boat, and we must divide the ballast a little more equally."

"The kind of places," said the blind man, "that a young fellow likes, and in which a good son may do more for his mother, and himself to boot, in a month, than he could here in all his life—that is, if he had a friend, you know, and some one to advise with."

"The only way of doing this is by making up a little purse now and then for my friend; and that's what I advise. He bears you no malice that I know of ma'am; so little, that although you have treated him harshly more than once, and driven him, I may say, out of doors, he has that regard for you that I believe, even if you disappointed him now, he would consent to take charge of your son, and to make a man of him."

"You hear this, mother?" cried Barnaby, turning to her with delight. "Never tell me we shouldn't heed it, if it lay shining at our feet. Why do we heed it so much now? Why do you toil from morning until night?"

"You are a fit agent," she said, in a half breathless manner, "and will represent the man who sent you here."

"I'll tell him that you said so," Stagg retorted. "He has a regard for you, and will respect me the more (if possible) for your praise. We must have our rights, widow. 'Rights!' Do you know?" she said, "that a word from me?"

When Barnaby returned with the bread, the sight of the pious old pilgrim smoking his pipe and making himself so thoroughly at home, appeared to surprise even him; the more so, as that worthy person, instead of putting up the loaf in his wallet as a scarce and precious article, tossed it carelessly on the table, and producing his bottle, bade him sit down and drink.

"First answer me one question," she replied. "You say he is close at hand. Has he left London?" "Being close at hand, returned it would seem he has," returned the blind man. "I mean for good. You know that."

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"Six guineas," said the blind man, shaking his head, "though of the fullest weight that were ever coined, fall very far short of twenty pounds, widow."

"Where else can I take refuge? Is it not enough that you have made a beggar of me, and that I have sacrificed my whole store, so hardly earned, to preserve this home?"

"Mother!" said Barnaby, "What is the matter? Where is the blind man?" "He is gone."

"Gone!" he cried, starting up. "I must have more talk with him. Which way did he take?" "I don't know," she answered, folding her arms about him. "You must not go out to-night. There are ghosts and dreams abroad."

"It is not safe to stir. We must leave this place to-morrow."

"This place! This cottage—and the little garden, mother?" "Yes! To-morrow morning at sunrise. We must travel to London, lose ourselves in that wide place—there would be some trace of us in any other town—then travel on again, and find some new abode."

But it was a day he usually devoted to a long ramble, and one of the dogs—the ugliest of them all—came bounding up, and jumping round him in the fulness of his joy. He had to bid him go back in a surly tone, and his heart smote him while he did so. The dog retreated, turned with a half incredulous, half imploring look, came a little back, and stopped.

"Oh, mother, mother, how mournful he will be when he scratches at the door, and finds it always shut!"

In the exhaustless catalogue of Heaven's mercies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only because it supports and upholds us when we most require to be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is something we have reason to believe, of the divine spirit; something of that goodness which detects amidst our own evil doings, a redeeming quality, something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels, which had its being in the old time when they trod

gentleman angrily, as the man threw the gate wide open, and pulled off his hat, "who are these?" "Eh? art a beggar woman?"

"The widow answered with a courtesy that they were poor travelers. 'Vagrants,' said the gentleman, 'vagrants and vagabonds. These wishes to be made acquainted with the cage, dost thee—the cage, the stocks, and the whipping-post? Where dost come from?'"

"She told him in a timid manner, for he was very loud, hoarse, and red-faced,—and besought him not to be angry, for they meant no harm and would go upon their way that moment."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied the gentleman, "we don't allow vagrants to roam about this place. I know what thou want'st—stray wren, drying on hedges, and stray poultry, eh? What hast got in that basket, lazy hound?"

"Grip, Grip, Grip—Grip the riever, Grip the wicked, Grip the knowing—Grip, Grip, Grip," cried the raven whom Barnaby had shut up on the approach of this stern personage. "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil, Never say die, Hurrah, Bow wow wow, Polly put the kettle on we'll all have tea."

"Take the virgin out, scoundrel," said the gentleman, "and let me see him."

Barnaby, thus condescendingly addressed, produced his bird, but not without much fear, and trembling, and set him down upon the ground, which he had no sooner done that Grip drew fifty corks at least, and then began to dance, at the same time eyeing the gentleman with surprising insolence of manner, and screwing his head so much on one side that it appeared desirous of screwing it off upon the spot.

The cork drawing seemed to make a greater impression on the gentleman's mind than the raven's power of speech, and was indeed particularly adapted to his habits and capacity. He desired to have that done again, but despite his being very peevish, and notwithstanding that Barnaby coaxed to the utmost, Grip turned a deaf ear to the request, and preserved a dead silence.

"Bring him along," said the gentleman, pointing to the house. But Grip, who had watched the action, anticipated his master, by hopping on before them—constantly flapping his wings, and screaming "cook!" meanwhile, as a hint perhaps that there was company coming, and a small collation would be acceptable.

Barnaby and his mother walked on, on either side of the gentleman on horseback, who surveyed each of them from time to time in a proud and coarse manner, and occasionally thundered on some question, the tone of which alarmed Barnaby so much that he could find no answer, and as a matter of course, could make him no reply. On one of these occasions, when the gentleman appeared disposed to exercise his horsewhip, the widow ventured to inform him in a low voice and with tears in her eyes, that her son was of weak mind.

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"An idiot, eh?" said the gentleman, looking at Barnaby as he spoke. "And how long has he been an idiot?" (To be Continued.)

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YOU are to be the one to say whether it is or it isn't; whether you will or you won't; whether we are right or wrong. We leave it to you entirely, for you to decide. The only evidence we want to submit is a dollar package of VITAE-ORE, which package we want you to use, and at our risk. All we ask is a fair verdict. We say, if you are sick, that VITAE-ORE will cure you! We say that one package will prove to you that it is the remedy for your case and condition. If it does not, you to be the judge, we want nothing from you.

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We will send to every subscriber or reader of The Catholic Register or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full-sized One Dollar package of VITAE-ORE by mail, postage sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully and understand that we ask our pay when we have done you good, and not before. We take all the risk, you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. VITAE-ORE is a natural, pure, adamant rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 500 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing disease, thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package will deny after using, VITAE-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach every case with a permanent cure in these cases is of course dependent upon the radical cleansing of the blood. For this purpose there is nothing equal to Vitae-Ore internally, but a few applications of the Elixir, externally, full length, have been known in thousands of cases to accomplish what weeks of other treatments could not, and followed by its intelligent use internally, so purified and enriched the blood as to make a return of the condition impossible. No person suffering from any Eczematous affection or skin disease should hesitate for one moment in giving Vitae-Ore a trial, and all will find that its merit has in no wise been exaggerated. Vitae-Ore, internally and externally, in cases where the trouble is externally manifested, forms an irresistible combination and acknowledged specific that need only be used by such sufferers to be immediately appreciated.

Cure For Rheumatism, Bright's Disease and Dropsy, La Grippe, Blood Poisoning, Piles, Sores, Ulcers, Malaria Fever, Nervous Prostration, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Catarrh of Any Part, Female Complaints, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, General Debility.

GOOD EXTERNALLY ALSO. Although Vitae-Ore is intended primarily to be taken into the system the blood, the vehicle which conveys its curative properties to all parts of the body, it possesses qualities characteristic of its exclusion, which render it wonderfully effective as an external application, direct to the seat of affliction, in certain disorders. In Throat troubles, when it is used externally as a spray, gargle or wash, according to the printed directions which accompany the Ore, the Elixir, comes into direct contact with the diseased and inflamed membrane, right to the base of the throat, and is thus assimilated with the blood, as is the case in organic disorders. It is this peculiar property which has made it such a powerful specific for Diphtheria, that worst of all throat troubles, and explains how a remedy which will cure Rheumatism can also vanquish this dread disorder, as has been frequently asked. In cases of Eiles, the V.O. Elixir, applied full strength to the affected parts, exerts a natural astringent effect, which in co-operation with the remedial action secured by its internal use at the same time, brings about a cure in short order and we have no hesitation in matching it against any remedy or combination of remedies advertised exclusively for the cure of this trouble.

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED! This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers from any ill and disease which hinders and grows worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ill you have, by sending to us for a package. Address THEO. NOEL CO. LIMITED REGISTER DEPT. YONGE ST. TORONTO ONT.



THE DUTY OF TALKING.

There are a great number of fallacies floating about regarding conversation. One of them is that women talk more than men. We doubt very much if this is true.

Another fallacy about talking is that the gentle art of conversation is dying out. If this means the art of conversation as exemplified by Dr. Johnson, or, to take a more modern instance, by Macaulay, it is perhaps just as well if it is dying out.

The third fallacy—and the one we particularly wish to dwell upon—is that which holds that silence is a sign of friendship, and that absence of conversation denotes perfect mental sympathy.

There is, of course, an exception to this rule. This is when two persons are together and the mind of one is completely engrossed by some worry that he cannot share with his friend.

There is no lubricant in the family life so excellent as talk. We all know those family tables where the members collect in silence, sit around what should be the festive board in silence, and disperse in silence.

Turn to the reverse of the picture—the family where everyone contributes their quota to the conversation. They all gather together eager to tell the little events of the day, the father amusing incidents in his business, the mother happenings in the house—if pleasant—the son the affairs in his office or at college, the children the hundred important nothings that go to make their world.

There is a sun-lit chamber. Where peace and quiet dwell: The wearied guest finds tranquil rest And a faith that all is well.

Who tests within that chamber Gets healing in his soul: God gives to His beloved ones In sleep, and makes them whole.

Who carries in that chamber Goes forth with courage high: With new-born hope all ill to cope, Or hush a bairnie's cry.



THE ENGLISH TONGUE AT HOME.

Perhaps to many of the Little People it will be a great surprise to learn that a very considerable percentage of the native born inhabitants of the British Isles cannot speak English.

Nothing ages a woman like discontented and morbid thoughts. The woman who keeps the wrinkles from her face and the fogs from her heart and the shadows from her mind need not fear being long neglected by Fate.

TOILET TABLE ADORNMENT.

In the modern girl's bedroom the toilet table is, says London Tit-Bits, usually a feature, adorned as it is with one of the many dainty toilet sets now obtainable.

Man is filled with misery. This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition.

CHEERFUL MEALS.

Worry will spoil the best dinners. To provide a background for a cheerful meal the table should be bright and pretty; the people who surround it should be neatly dressed.

FOR ANAEMIA YOU MUST HAVE IRON

AND ANYONE CAN USE IRON, AS IT IS COMBINED WITH OTHER INGREDIENTS IN

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Anaemia or bloodlessness is indicated by paleness of the lips, the gums and the eyelids, and is most frequently found in girls and young women.

Other symptoms are deficient appetite, impaired digestion, irritable temper, shortness of breath, dizziness, fainting, headache, easily fatigued, depression and despondency.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease.



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We met in Paris in 1863 Mr. Burlingame, who was then our Minister to China. We asked him whether a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought not to be formed in China.

A STREAK OF SUNSHINE.

The door opened and a voice out of the wilderness cried a cheery "Good-morning." Following the voice was a smile that dispelled the shadows of the room, and gave the parting clouds a golden border.

In one hand he carried a brand new straw hat, rakishly cocked up at the back and pulled down in front, that its spick-and-span newness might not too much shame its possessor.

"See my new hat. My mother bought it for ten cents." Its beauty and cheapness were duly praised; then, half shyly, it was tried on to test its becomingness.

And "teacher," he chuckled. "Here, teacher, is 10 cents for my club dues next Friday night. You keep it, 'cos I'm afraid I'll spend it"; and with a smile that had become simply heroic he retired.

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS SCHOOL.

(Ellen V. Talbot in September St. Nicholas.) The great white elephant left the show, He said he was too refined; The ways of a circus did not suit His most superior mind.

VARIOUS OPINIONS.

M. Eugene Ysaye, the violinist, gave a recital recently in a provincial city, and the official in charge of the booking of the seats was greatly interested in the various pronunciations of the musician's name.

BEIN' SICK.

When I am really sick abed It isn't ever any fun. I feel all achy in my head An' hate to take my medicine.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

They never punish; hence a mule that in the hands of a foreigner would be useless or dangerous to those about it becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as a lamb.

INSRIPTION IN A GUEST CHAMBER.

A large upper chamber whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace.—John Bunyan.

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I had great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1905.

LIFE INSURANCE AND THE STATE.

The trustees of the big insurance companies in the United States are completely on the defensive. Indeed unless they are keeping their side of the case in strict reserve, the indications are that they will be convicted of looting the estates of their policy-holders.

Governments are slow to act in any radical direction without extraordinary cause that has aroused public feeling to a high pitch. Civil and criminal proceedings against the trustees and managers of the big New York companies is under consideration; and once steps of that kind have been taken government interference will be assured.

PRACTICAL INFLUENCES OF RELIGION.

Our Old Country exchanges contain exhaustive reports of the proceedings of the Catholic Truth Society's annual conference in Dublin. A list of clergy and laity, remarkable alike for distinction and large numbers attended the sessions.

The dignity of labor and salvation through honest hard work were always themes of the true Catholic apostolate, two of the antiseptic principles by which it healed the corruption of a decadent world.

OLD-TIMER ON D'ARCY MCGEE.

In last week's issue of the Catholic Register we announced that Mr. William Halley (Old-Timer) would shortly lecture on his "Personal Recollections of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor and Canadian Statesman."

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

An editorial more temperate than courageous appeared in a recent issue of the Globe upon the proselytizing methods of our Baptist friends among the French-Canadians.

"MAGNIFICENT CHARITY." Fully worthy of the above heading bestowed upon it by the "Catholic Union and Times" of Buffalo, is the work of Sister Rose of that city, who has just given the munificent sum of one million of dollars, an inheritance from her brothers, the O'Donnells of New York, to the object of building the Providence Retreat, an institution to belong to the Sisters of Charity of which Sister Rose is a member.

EDITORIAL NOTES: The Rev. Patrick Boylan, F.R.U.I., has been appointed to the vacant Chair of Sacred Scriptures and Oriental Languages at Maynooth.

First Graduate of St. Michael's Hospital to Die: On Wednesday, 18th inst., there occurred in New York city the death of Mrs. J. B. Murphy, formerly Miss Frances Hughes.

The Holy Father received in audience on Saturday Archbishop Bourne of Westminster, to whom he expressed his great satisfaction with the condition of the Catholic Church in England.

The retirement of Rev. Dr. Emery from the rectorship of the Catholic University at Ottawa is announced. Dr. Emery is at present on his holidays. He will be succeeded by Rev. Wm. Murphy.

Lord William Cecil asks—Can anything but the blindness of fanaticism explain the logic which says it is impossible to ask a Protestant to pay for Catholic teaching, but quite right to rate a Catholic to pay for Protestant teaching?

It is believed that at the next Consistory Father Thomas Esser, the eminent Dominican scholar and formerly a Professor at Maynooth, will probably be created a Cardinal, in succession to Cardinal Pierotti, who also belonged to the Dominican Order.

General pleasure will be felt in the announcement from Guelph to the effect that His Lordship Bishop Dowling, though still confined to St. Joseph's Hospital, is getting along famously and showing satisfactory indications of rapid recovery.

The Centennial of Lord Nelson has been celebrated with pretty general enthusiasm throughout the British Empire. Nelson as a sailor and a conqueror is the unexceptionable darling of patriotic spirits, like Wolfe in the military page of Britain's history.

St. Basil's Literary and Athletic Association

St. Basil's Literary and Athletic Association held their first meeting of the season of 1905-06 on Monday evening, the 23rd inst. The programme of the evening was an address by Mr. D. A. Carey, President of St. Mary's Literary and Athletic Association.

RE-OPENING ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH (Continued from page 1.) sent church are much more shapely and comfortable than the ones burned last winter.

YESTERDAY MORNING'S SERVICES: The regular 8 o'clock service was held, and at 10.10 the ceremony of blessing and dedicating the church took place.

THE EVENING SERVICE: There was, in spite of the rain, a large congregation present at the evening service. The regular evening vesper were sung, with solo, "O Salutaris" by Rev. Father Macdonald of Kingston, and the choir gave an excellent account of itself.

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THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED: Organs and Piano Players WOODSTOCK, ONT. DRESS WELL: First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

At the fortnightly meeting of the d'Youville Reading Circle, a condensed note of His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti's address, at the yearly reception of the 15th inst., was made by the chairman.

The retirement of the career and work of Don Miguel Cervantes was begun. In a few introductory remarks it was shown that Cervantes takes his place with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare.

His character may be summed up in the following adjectives: Brave, laborious, restless, poor, lowly, Catalan gentleman, with the accent of the gentle.

Unlike Dante, he has no call to Heaven or Hell, in order to find his way on earth. But finds all he needs for his expression in the quiet rural ways, little inns and villages.

The members were urged to read Frederick Ozanam's delightful little book, "The Land of the Cid," and Lockhart's "Notes on Don Quixote."

The oldest book in the world (3580 B.C.) will be commented upon next meeting. It is at present the property of the French. It comes to us from Thebes. Old as it is, it seems to belong to an advanced period of society.

Some fine carbon prints of Egyptian art were shown during the evening. The contemporary review notes were confined to Kate Douglas Wiggin's books. A clever critique of "Rose of the River," was presented by Miss Edith Marshall.

October 18, 1905. A. McC.

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in all honesty that I do glory in the Dominion to which you and I belong. I should like to see the other country where everything is doing better or promising to do better than in our own.

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suddenly switched on the altar, was magnificent. The Archbishop's canopy was encircled by a circle of red electric globes, while at the top was a cross, also in red globes.

He could not, the preacher said, gaze on the assemblage before him without a quickening of the heart. The congregation had come from their homes with a sense of joy to take part in this evening's ceremony.

W. E. BLAKE, 23 Church St. Premises lately occupied by D. A. J. Sadler & Co. Toronto, Can.

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this night! Passing on to other themes, the preacher asked: What is a church? The answer, he said, was simple. It was the material and public representation of the highest and most salutary idea—the idea of God. From a purely human, and temporal standpoint, the church was the house of the people. In pagan times and under pagan rule the temples enclosed freemen and slaves. It was not so under the banner of Christianity. Christianity teaches that all men are brothers, through the fact of a common origin and a common redemption. The preacher spoke eloquently on the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and said that Christianity meant lending mutual support to all things for the common good, in order that all things might be well. In church all were welcome and equal. At the threshold of the church door all pride and arrogance must be left behind. The rich man, in church, glories not in his wealth, nor is the poor man ashamed of his misery. All are of one heart and one mind. In church men were taught the most indispensable lesson in regard to moral and social order. Therefore the Roman Catholic Church claimed, and justly, he thought, that their churches were worthy the respect and admiration of all. Nineteen hundred years ago a great prophet appeared in Judea. He passed from city to city preaching the gospel of good tidings, and all who heard him said, "No man hath spoken like this man." "Behold!" said the preacher, "the founder of our faith—Jesus Christ Himself! Had they not a right to be proud? His marvellous teachings transformed the world. To-day Christianity constitutes the strength of governments, ensures liberty, and, by the marriage tie, fixes civilization on a solid basis and makes of woman an equal of and a companion for man. Christianity was not limited to persons or places, it was alike for all, for all stand in need of it. Then they must consider the Church on a higher plane; it was the house of God. Men were but creatures of a day. The great question of our last end meets us at the threshold of life and affects our whole existence. What of life beyond the grave? Christianity solves this in a few words: 'Believe in the life everlasting!' Sublime words! Learned first in our mother's arms. As the means of communication between Heaven and earth the Church was truly and rightly considered the House of God. It was a visible meeting place where they could confer with Him. It was the Lord's sanctuary. Take away from it this character and it loses its prestige and becomes no more than an academic hall. The first house of the Lord Jesus Christ was in Bethlehem. Bethlehem means 'House of Bread.' Hence they claimed that their churches, as successors to the house of the Lord at Bethlehem, were houses of bread for the soul. Referring to St. Michael's Church, the preacher told the congregation that, from top to bottom, their church was now blessed; the spirits of the saints had taken it into their care, and the angels of this archdiocese were now its watching sentinels. It now out rivalled Olivet. In St. Michael's church, now, every worried soul could find rest and quietness. It would serve as a lighthouse to them, in spite of the dark clouds which might shut out the stars. In an eloquent peroration the preacher said that henceforth they would bring their infants to the church to be baptized and their boys and girls to be confirmed, that they might have strength and hope to bear the battle of life; hither they would bring their daughters for marriage, and for them bridal marches would be played and wedding bells would ring; here they would themselves receive the spiritual consolation necessary to enable them to withstand the temptations of the world, and here would be brought when light no longer gladdened their eyes, and here, for them, would the prayers for the dead be sung. Surely it was a sacred place for them, and they could truly say, "This is the House of

God, and this is the gate of Heaven."

**THE CLERGY PRESENT.**  
The following clergymen took part in yesterday's services: The Archbishop, Very Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, Very Rev. John Masterson, V.G., Prescott; Very Rev. Charles Murray, Dean of Brockville; Rev. Martin Callaghan, Montreal; Rev. John Holden, Hamilton; Rev. Thomas Spratt, Wolfe Island; Rev. John Hogan, Perth; Rev. John Salmon, D.D., Kingston; Rev. Michael McDonald, Portsmouth; Rev. Michael Spratt, Trenton; Rev. James Connelley, Camden; Rev. Patrick J. Hartigan, Nanapanee; Rev. J. D. O'Gorman, Gananoque; Rev. Alexander Carson, Merrickville; Rev. Charles Killen, Picton; Rev. John Meager, Madoc; Rev. Father McKiernan, Frankford; Rev. Wilfrid Kingsley, D.D., Kingston; Rev. D. A. Twomey, pastor.

**THE DECORATIONS.**  
Heroic work had been done by the ladies and gentlemen of St. Michael's in preparing the church for occupancy on Sunday, and the scene on Saturday afternoon was a busy and animated one. Two splendid arches of evergreens had been built, one in front of the main door of the church, and the other fronting St. Michael's Presbytery. The former bore this inscription, in Latin: "Nisi Dominus Aedificaverit Domum in Vanum Laboraverunt Qui Aedificant Eam." Which, being translated, is: "Unless the Lord shall build the house they labor in vain who build it." The inscription in front of the other arch was: "Welcome to Our Archbishop." Flags, bunting, etc., in profusion helped to make the scene a very charming one.

**ST. MICHAEL'S PASTOR.**  
Short sketches have already been given of the two former pastors of St. Michael's, and a word as to the present incumbent may be in order. Those who have the honor of Father Twomey's acquaintance know that he combines all the good qualities of his predecessors, together with a "savoir faire" that endears him to all—Catholics and Protestants alike. What more can we say, other than to hope that the blessing of health and strength may long be vouchsafed to Rev. Father Twomey, and that his time of service as parish priest may equal in length those of both of his predecessors put together.

**NOTES OF THE DAY.**  
Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, looking very venerable, handsome and debonaire, was present in the morning. Many Protestant invited guests were present at both services, including His Worship the Mayor.

No less than four former curates of St. Michael's took part in the services yesterday.

The contributions yesterday amounted to \$1,000, and this sum, it is expected, will be increased by \$200 or \$300 during the coming week.

**ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER GIVEN WARM RECEPTION.**  
On Saturday evening Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, arrived in the city for the purpose of blessing and dedicating St. Michael's church. His Grace was enthusiastically received. Upon arrival of the train at 8.40 a procession was formed at the G.T.R. station and the Archbishop was escorted to the church. The I.O.O.F. band led the way, and a large number of the members of the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Order of Foresters, and Catholic Mutual Benefit Association were in line. The first carriage contained the Archbishop, Vicar-General Masterson of Prescott, and Rev. Father Twomey. A number of carriages were in the rear. When His Grace arrived at the church it was filled to the doors. He was escorted to the altar, and after a prayer had been said, Mr. E. J. Butler read the following address, which was beautifully illuminated:

Most Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston.

May it please your Grace,—Some ten months past you came to us with kindly words of comfort and of sympathy in the great loss then ours, and whilst it has been our joy, on many occasions, to welcome you to Belleville, at no time did we feel how near you were to us as on that fateful day when our church was in ashes.

You said to us then, that a structure nobler and grander than before would rise up again, and the magnificent building which now shelters us bears eloquent testimony to the truth of the consoling words of prophecy which you then spoke.

Deprived of our place of worship, and, furthermore, burdened with a heavy debt, the task of rebuilding was indeed a difficult one to undertake, and possessed of this knowledge as was your Grace, the selection from amongst the gifted priests of your diocese, of one endowed with the administrative and constructive ability to rear from the ruins an edifice worthy of its noble mission, required consideration on your part; but when in your wisdom you sent to us the one who is now the beloved pastor of St. Michael's, the drooping spirits of this congregation were revived, and we felt that in the arduous work to be done, our every effort would be strengthened and brought to a successful issue by him.

In appointing the Reverend D. A. Twomey to undertake this difficult task, the prudence of your choice is apparent in the result accomplished, and to his untiring zeal, must be attributed the success which has crowned our efforts in the upbuilding of this noble temple for the worship of the living God.

Your presence here to-day, accom-

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panied by the Very Reverend and Reverend Clergy who surround you, to rejoice with us, is a mark of honor which we deeply appreciate, and is recompense for our efforts put forth by us in furthering the noble work in hand.

We have heard the joyful tidings of your approaching visit to the Sovereign Pontiff. Be assured that our prayers will go with you for a prosperous voyage, a pleasant sojourn in the Holy City, and a safe return home to your native land and to the priests and people that are first in your affections.

When you shall have the happiness of being received in audience by the Holy Father, we trust that you will convey to His Holiness the unalterable fealty and love of the people of this parish. Thanking you for your gracious presence on this joyful occasion, and begging your Grace's blessing.

On behalf of the congregation of St. Michael's, Belleville, We subscribe as follows:

M. J. HENDRICK,  
J. M. HURLEY,  
JAS. CUMMINS,  
H. QUINLAN,  
E. J. BUTLER,  
E. P. CARNEY,  
J. HANLEY,  
W. A. G. HARDY,  
J. N. TRUAISCH,  
J. W. McNAB,  
L. P. HUGHES,  
W. WILLIAMSON,  
J. S. MCGURN.

**THE ARCHBISHOP'S REPLY.**  
The Archbishop made a most graceful, eloquent and happy reply. He thanked the congregation for their enthusiastic welcome and the kind expressions of their address. Only a few months ago he came to Belleville to speak words of sympathy to them in their great loss. They dearly loved their church, had manifested a most admirable spirit of faith and devotion in its erection, and sorely sorrowed when it was destroyed. He could not find it in his heart to insist upon the rebuilding of the new church on a scale of magnificence and beauty rivaling the edifice which had been destroyed and concluded to leave it to their generosity and faith to build up again a temple which would be worthy of Belleville and its faithful people, even though it did not equal the one that became the prey of last December's flames. What did he behold to-night

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Italian Catholics

New York, Oct. 2.—A cable despatch from Rome to the Herald, printed to-day, says: L'Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the vatican, publishes a note on the new organization of the Catholic party from the political and educational point of view in Italy.

Three Catholic directorates, autonomous, but under the direct supervision of the vatican, will be established.

The first group, formed of popular elements, will be directed by laymen, and will be exclusively occupied with the moral, civil and religious education of Italian Catholics.

The second group is destined to encourage the discussion of social and economic questions, and will carry on the program of the former Catholic congress, which had been recently dissolved.

The third group will be composed of the political electorate associations in Italy, and will formulate the political program for the Catholic representatives to carry on in public administrations, municipalities and parliament.

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TENTH MONTH 31 DAYS THE ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS October 1905. Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestments, and feast days (Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost).

Life of a Scottish Bard

(By Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty.) I confess with pride to a kinship not love in all that tends to the glory of the Celtic race and especially in its Gaelic branches, whether that glory comes from the banks and braes of bonnie Scotia or the purple heathered hills of Erin. Both are Gaels and both are brothers. Both are one in the love of nature, with a Gaelic heart, happy in cheerfulness and accepted in sadness, sorrowing for a glory that has vanished and hopeful for a greatness to come. It has been said with some truth that 'We are the music makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams.' Our music making and our dreaming have at least added firm beauty and magic to the language which has displaced the Gaelic of our fathers, while the music of the truth taught the world by the monks of Iona and Clonmacnoise will say for the Gael that they made the world better by the Gospel which they taught. The Scotch and the Irish, the thistle and the shamrock, give romance and verdure to all represented by the rose. Burns, a child of the Gael, who with Gaelic heart loved nature and sang his songs as sweetly as man had ever heard them; a true child of the Gael, now bubbling over with joy, now downcast and melancholy, tender and true, hopeful and despairing; a child of nature, now strong and courageous, now weak and erring; a singer of the human heart, a music maker of the world, whose name is listed with melody; Scotia's son, mankind's friend—the immortal Robert Burns. How can I say all that his name suggests? We can conjure up but the faintest picture of our poet's life. I have found enjoyment in running through some of his poems, like the bee culling here and there some of the honey which lies so bountifully within. Robert Burns was a cottage boy of Ayr and he first saw the night near the bridge of Doon in 1759, 143 years ago. How he loved the town of Ayr! 'Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses For honest men and bonnie lasses.' How he felt his heart torn when he had to leave it! 'But round my heart the ties are bound— That heart transpierced by many a wound. These bleed afresh, those ties I fear To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.' A rustic school gave him his letters and auld Betty Davidson's weird stories furnished him with all his legends. The meeting with Jean Armour, its melancholy episode, the separation, his love for Highland Mary, her sad death; the failure in farm life, his days as a gauger, his convivial habits, are all too well known to be rehearsed, yet all tended to bring out in relief the salient characteristics of his great gift of song. He had been taught his love of manliness by his good father, and his high ideal of manhood was formed at his family hearthstone in the peasant cot where his early years were passed. Through all his life he preserved his individuality. When greatness for a moment came to him, and royally seated upon him, he still loved his peasant character and no place was so dear to him as the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon. He never forgot his farmer father's lessons. 'He had me play a manly part, Though I had ne'er a farthing, O. For without an honest, manly heart, No man is worth regarding, O. Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, Or nations to adore you, O. A cheerful, best-hearted clown, I will prefer before you, O.' His strong, manly heart always loved what was manly in word and act and hated the mean. He seemed steeped in the love of humanity and felt his destiny to be the singer of toil, to cheer up honest labor, and make the world feel that manhood is

God's gift to man and inhumanity is man's great crime. His eloquent words: 'And man whose Heaven-created face The smiles of love adorn, Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn.' The vision had told him that he was the 'Rustic Bard,' from whom came a bliss which neither Potosi's mine nor king's regard could ever match. His mission was to 'Preserve the dignity of man With soul erect.' He had learned and then taught men that neither rank, nor title, but loyalty to manhood made the man, and he could cry out as no poet had ever done: 'The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gold for a' that, Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that; The honest man, though e'er sae poor Is king o' men for a' that.' Well might Henry Giles say of Burns: 'He saw nothing to venerate in a title when it was but the nickname of a fool, and he was undazzled by a star when it glittered on the breast of a ruffian or a dunce.' Burns had all the enthusiasm of the Scotch nature for religion and country, a love of the brave and a hatred of tyranny. 'The Cotter's Saturday night' breathes a strong religious spirit, with trust in God 'to preside in the heart with grace divine.' How beautiful the father's admonition and advice: 'An' O! Be sure to fear the Lord alway! And mind your duty, morn an' night! Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, Implore His counsel and assisting might; They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!' He believed in God and he believed in man, and he spoke to the simple peasants because he knew that they had souls and sought the beautiful and true. He played upon the chords of passion and he stirred men to their very souls and led them by his simple verse to love Scotia, hate tyranny and be manly, honest men. His heart was attuned to the 'still sad music of humanity,' and wherever he found suffering he was ready with his compassion and pity. Gentle and tender, he sympathized with the suffering of every life, whether of beast or bird or flower. Of Maillie, the dead ewe, he could sing: 'He's lost a friend and neighbor dear In Maillie dead.' Even the mouse which the servant would have killed in the field but for him prompts the lines so well known: 'But, mouseie, thou art no thy lane In proving foresight may be vain! The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft a-gley, And lea'e us nought but grief and pain For promised joy.' How tender the heart that wrote 'To the Mountain Daisy,' the bonnie gem, the wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower which 'Adorns the histie stibble-field Unseen, alane.' Or 'The Auld Farmer's Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie,' with whom he would share his last bushel: 'And think na', my auld, trusty servan', That now perhaps thou's less deserving! An' thy auld days may end in starvin', For my last fow, A heapit, stimpast, I'll reserve ane Laid by for you.'

'The Wounded Hare' and many others tell of the tender heart, touched by suffering and expressing itself in pity and love. Always a man, a man in joy, a man in sadness, a man in pity, a man in his faults, a man in his loves, Burns himself tells us that love and poetry sprang into being together, in his soul. It was the harvest time and a Scotch maiden whom he loved, sweetly sang a song written by the son of a small country laird for a girl whom he loved, Burns said, 'Why can I not write a song for the girl I love?' His relations with Jean Armour were not to be commended, but his lines on the girl he loved are as beautiful as anything in this language. 'I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair; I hear her in the tender birds, I hear her charm the air. There's not a bonny flower that springs By fountain, sward or green, There's not a bonnie bird that sings But minds me of my Jean. O, blow, ye western winds, blow soft Among the leafy trees, Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale Bring hame the laden bees; And bring the lassie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; Ae smile o' her wad banish care, Sae charming is my Jean. The powers aboon can only ken To whom the heart is seen; That name can be sae dear to me As my sweet, lovely Jean.' He parted from Jean Armour to meet her again and marry her after the death of Highland Mary Campbell, whose wooing and death blended joy and sadness in almost the same moment. Mary Campbell was an entirely different character from Jean Armour, and the loveliness of her life made Burns appear to canonize her after her death. Where he parted from her was heaven on earth to him. 'There Summer first unfolds her robes, And there the longest tarry; For there I took the last farewell O' my sweet Highland Mary.' How sweet the tribute to his 'Mary in Heaven,' written as he lay among the sheaves in the fields that harvest night and gazed upon a bright star in the skies! It recalled his other words of parting: 'Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted.' Burns loved his country and he could sing a song that would stir the hearts of his people to their very depths, as he sang: 'O, Scotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil Be blest with health and peace and sure content.' How he cried out to them again and said: 'An honest man's the noblest work of God; The cottage leaves the palace far behind, A virtuous populace may rise the while And stand a wall of fire around their much loved Isle.' He could touch the people with fires of patriotism in favor of Bonnie Charlie, or against tyranny, or fill them with enthusiasm at the deeds at Bannockburn, where 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' He has pleased the world with 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,' and welded the friendships of mankind with 'Auld Lang Syne.' Robert Burns had his frailties and no one recognized them more than the poet himself: 'As something loudly in my breast Remonstrates I have done.' What he said of Tam O'Shanter could be said of himself: 'Tam lied like a vera brither They had been for weeks the gither.' And still with Tam, despite it all, he could exclaim: 'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, O'er all the ill's of life victorious.' No sadder word in all his story than the 'Bard's Epitaph,' which tells of his follies. It is more severe with himself than any of his friends would be, for it is remembered that Burns' great misfortune, as he himself tells it, was in not having any aim in life. It's well to bear in mind his other lines:

'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursel's as others see us; It wad frae monie a blunder frae us, And foolish notion.' How strong his hope of pardon for his faults according as he believed: 'Where with intention I have erred, No other plea I have; But Thou art good and Goodness still Delighteth to forgive.' He paid the heavy penalty of his faults and the world whom he has cheered can afford to be kind and forgiving to him. 'Burns was gifted by nature and he loved the giver of the gift. He was a merryman among men, but his fame came after he had paid the debt of nature. Unlike Scott, he found no enthusiasm in border minstrelsy or feudal story. He saw only the play of passion in the human heart. Scott honored rank, while he honored manhood. One was honored while in life, the other received his honors only after death. Destitute and begleted, Burns passed away from his Bonnie Doon and his beloved Scotia, while royalty that had once feasted him denied him what he deserved. What he had written of a loved one could have been written of him: 'Though cold be the clay where thou pillowest thy head, In the dark, silent mansion of sorrow, The spring shall return to thy low, narrow bed Like the beam of the day-star tomorrow.' The spring has come to his memory and in the world of letters Robert Burns shines as the star upon which he gazed, the harvest night. A people honor him as a son of genius, and the world calls him a slinger of the heart. Robert Burns brings to us the sweet fragrance of the heather of his native hills, and makes all mankind love the banks and braes of Bonnie Scotland, whence came so sweet a maker of the world's best music.—The Tidings. Two Devoted Wives In the year 1819 the Assize Court of Haute Loire condemned James Galland and Regis Rispaill, two farmers of Dunieres, to penal servitude for life for having murdered John Courbon, another farmer of the same province. Public opinion believed the death to have been accidental. It took place in a public-house, where a bottle of wine had been jokingly put to the deceased's mouth, when the catching of the neck of the bottle in his throat in some way choked him. The judges, however, took another view, and Galland and Rispaill were sent to the galleys. It made a great sensation in the province, for all three men—the deceased and the two accused—were good and honest and much liked. The wives of Galland and Rispaill were aged thirty and twenty-eight respectively. They were sisters, and both beautiful, especially Galland's wife. Convinced of the innocence of their husbands, they determined to rescue them from the galleys and proclaim their innocence. So they went on foot to Paris, in order to secure influence in high quarters. Galland's wife obtained a presentation to the Duchess of Angouleme, who promised to use her influence with the king, Louis XVIII. Encouraged by this promise, the two wives travelled back on foot to their native place and redoubled their efforts to throw light on this mysterious affair. By little and little they became convinced that the principal witness against their husbands was actuated by malice. They, therefore, brought an accusation on this head against him. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a term of penal servitude. Notwithstanding this, it was by no means an easy matter to get their husbands released. These devoted wives went again to Paris, and there, by incessant perseverance and activity, they had at last obtained a concession that the sentence should be revised, and that their husbands should be brought again before the court. Once more they returned to Dunieres, and there endeavored, as Mme. Rispaill said, to 'move heaven and earth.' The wife of Galland, indeed, seemed to be inspired. When her husband was condemned she did not know a single letter. In six weeks she knew how to read and write, and she began to study law. She collected the evidence with masterly skill. She was not only distinguished by the clearness of her judgment, but by the elegance of her style. The famous lawyer, Bayle, who was retained to defend her husband, said:

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In and Around Toronto

CEREMONIES AT ST. MARY'S

The ceremonies at St. Mary's church on Sunday last in connection with the blessing of the interior decorations by His Grace the Archbishop, were impressive and appropriate in character, and altogether in keeping with the fine church within which they took place.

THE LATE MRS. H. M. PERNIN

Mrs. Harry Nolan of the Ontario Public Works, civil service, is mourning the loss of her sister, Mrs. Helen M. Pernin, who died recently in Los Angeles, Cal.

BURCHER-TORPEY

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at 9 o'clock on Tuesday, October 17, 1905, in St. Helen's church, by the Rev. Father Walsh, attended by the two brothers of the bride, when Miss Ella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Torpey, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Chas. J. Burcher.

The groom was supported by his brother William. After the wedding ceremony the guests assembled at the home of the bride's father, 183 Perth avenue, and partook of a sumptuous dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Burcher left for a trip to the West, where they will attend a matrimonial ceremony of the

BROTHER ROGATION AT WORK

The many friends and old pupils of Bro. Rogation will be glad to hear a word of their old friend. Brother Rogation is now established as Professor of English in the new college of San Carlos, lately opened by the Brothers in Havana.

COMMANDERY WILL ENTERTAIN

Leo Commandery No. 2 and St. Mary's Auxiliary No. 62, Knights of St. John, will entertain their friends at euchre on Friday evening, Oct. 27th, in the Labor Temple.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL

Yesterday, in the presence of the rector, the Rev. Father Walsh, the following boys were proclaimed worthy to be inscribed on the Roll of Honor for October.

Form Four—Excellent—H. Artkin, C. Bishop, A. Fayle, J. Foley, A. Gallagher, C. O'Leary, F. Reddin, A. Riordan, J. Storey, H. Tracey, J. Travers.

OBITUARY

MR. JOHN KANE

The death occurred of Mr. John Kane, at his residence, 38 Donegani street, Montreal, on Wednesday evening, the 4th of October. Although he had been ailing for some time past, his death came suddenly, but he was well prepared.

Joseph Murphy at the Grand

The week beginning October 30th will once again see Joseph Murphy at the Grand. Mr. Murphy will doubtless receive, as he always does, a cordial welcome from the people of Toronto.

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men accepted with smiles and thanks. Meantime Father—well we won't give his name, but we'll call him Greatheart, because he was always looking for some means of giving pleasure to those around him and especially to his boys—thought there was something familiar in the appearance of the gentleman who was now seated amidst the members of his sanctuary, but not being able to recall the circumstance of acquaintance definitely, the incident went altogether from his mind.

Well, my boy, may I ask where you are going? There seems to be quite a party of you. Yes, sir, replied the boy, we are going to see Mr. Joseph Murphy. Father Greatheart says he is the finest Irish actor in the world to-day and he is taking us all to see him.

It may be added parenthetically that Father Greatheart in telling the story never fails to add that by the luckiest chance in the world the stranger had seated himself near the most polite boy in the party. Had he accosted any other the popular actor might not have been spoken of as "Mr. Joseph Murphy." This, however, is only by the way, the end of the story is to come.

Barrie Wedding

St. Mary's Church, Barrie, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 17th, when Miss Clara A. Byrne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Byrne, Owen S.I., and Mr. John J. Hanley, conductor, G.T.R., were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The Secret of Their Success

They want their pay, but not until you can say "Here is the dollar. You deserve it," not until they have earned it, not until you are willing to send it to them, not until you want to send it to them, not until they have proven to you that they have what they claim, not until Vitae-Ore has done for you what you want it to do for you.

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Along Parry Sound and Kearney

Saturday's Ottawa Citizen contains a three-column descriptive letter from "Historicus," with the above caption as his subject. We reprint excerpts in the belief their perusal will prove interesting to a large number of Catholic Register readers.

"Passing along the line from Ottawa, west, I failed to find much good accommodation. At Madawaska station I remained at the restaurant, where I got good fare and every attention. I visited the Madawaska falls and then took a tour through the woods until, at the foot of a hill, I suddenly fell upon a little village bearing the pretentious name of Dawson City.

It was a great surprise, as I had not supposed I was at all near the region of the Klondike. It consists of some dozen little log houses, neatly built by the railway employees of the C.A.R., and choicely kept and named.

Passing through Whitney we came suddenly upon a Jewish village called Jerusalem. This is not built of Syrian marble nor does one stone rest upon another. As the train bounded on westward one could not but notice the splendid landscape and feel the pleasure, too, of riding on the well-built road.

VILLAGE OF KEARNEY

Towards evening I came to a somewhat older settlement and to me much more enchanting. Taking my valise and leave of the conductor, I sallied forth to explore, when lo! I found to my delight a charming village amidst the hills on the banks of the Magnetawan river.

At the Kearney house I met many of the leaders of an English firm who are conducting here a chair factory. These chairs have until recently all been shipped to the English market, but now considerable Canadian and American trade has sprung up and they are making every effort to supply it.

KEARNEY'S AGE

As for Kearney, it is a beautiful place, some 26 years old. It is named after a farmer who took up the land and who is now in the land to the south.

For the Sabbath there are three churches. The fine stone structure is a monument to the architectural skill and energy of the good parish priest, Father Fleming, a genial and intelligent leader in the place. The Anglican and the Presbyterian churches are, too, cosy and well-kept.

OUR ANGEL GUARDIANS

During this month of October it would be well for us to ask ourselves says the Irish Messenger, how we stand as regards the good angel whom God has appointed to be our faithful companion and friend through all the chances and changes of our pilgrimage.

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Mr. J. M. O'Leary

At the annual meeting of the Centre Conservative Association of Toronto, held last week, one of our Catholic young men, Mr. M. J. O'Leary was elected Secretary.

NEW RELIGIOUS SCHOLASTICATE

It is the intention of the Redemptorist Fathers, whose headquarters are located in Montreal, to establish a scholasticate of their order in the Archdiocese of Ottawa and with that end in view will erect a suitable building in the parish of St. Mary's, Bayswater, near the church.

Knights of St. John

The membership of the uniformed corps of this city is largely increasing, ten new members being recently added to the list. Drill practice has commenced under the leadership of Captain J. Heffernan, whose untiring efforts still continue for the general welfare of the order.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D., ex-rector of Ottawa University, has been succeeded by Rev. W. J. Murphy as rector of the institution.

BISHOP O'CONNOR RETURNED

Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough has just returned from a three weeks' visitation in the northern part of his diocese.

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