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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 3.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The cold weather of the past week was rendered warmer and the quiet which generally follows Christmas holidays was rendered livelier by the political entertainments which took place throughout Ontario. On last Thursday night the Young Men's Liberal Club gave a banquet to the eloquent leader of the Opposition, the Hon. Mr. Laurier. On Friday evening Sir John Thompson and the other members of the Dominion Cabinet, upon the invitation of the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association, addressed a very large and enthusiastic audience upon various subjects of public interest. The Premier, as might be expected, was more definite upon the Manitoba School question than he had been the week before. He said.

Fellow citizens, I have nothing to conceal from you on that question. This is a question which, I said a few nights ago, has aroused the warmest feelings of the people of Canada on both sides of it. It is, let me tell you, however, a question for which there is but one solution, so far as we are concerned, and that is to stand strictly by what the constitution provides. An appeal has been presented asking the Governor General and his Government to interfere with the existing system of education in the province of Manitoba as it was established about a year ago. Our right to interfere, to say nothing of the policy of interference, is challenged by those who stand upon the other side, and within the next ten days we are to hear that question discussed as to our power and our obligation under the constitution to deal with it. Let no man or woman in this hall or elsewhere suppose that there lurks in the breast of any Minister of the Government of Canada a secret design to interfere with the legitimate rights and powers of the provinces. (Great cheering.) We will not interfere with the rights and powers of any province; nor will we desert our duty which is imposed upon us by the constitution, no matter how painful it might be to our feelings or obnoxious to others. (Cheers.) I want simply to impress upon you this one thing, that candidly and honestly we intend to be guided in that matter by the constitution and the constitution as it will be expounded by the highest authorities that can be got to expound it, and not by the private opinion of any member of the Government. (Great cheering.) When I tell you, therefore, that we intend to be guided by the constitution, I am not equivocating and I am not concealing. The whole question will be argued by the counsel on both sides in the face of the whole people of Canada, and not in any secret concave. You will see in the next ten days the arguments which are presented on both sides, and you will be able to measure the value and weight that ought to be attached to them, and eventually you will be satisfied that whatever impulses move any one class of the people, we have done our duty according to the law, whether it agree with our religious inclinations or is against them. (Cheers.) You will not ask me to say more, for this reason: That I would be prejudging a case which has not yet been heard and which we have invited the parties to discuss before us, and a report of which will be presented to you in the course of the next ten days. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I have told you all that any gentleman could, consistent with his duty, tell you of all we intend to say, and all we intend to do with regard to it will be open to every Canadian, man and woman, who cares to study the subject or follow our course. (Prolonged cheers.)

The eloquence upon both occasions was fervent and of an order which must thrill the whole country with a feeling of pride. The leader of the Opposition announced nothing new,

because it is his work to criticize, the Premier announced nothing new, because he wished to walk in the old paths. The former spoke of the signs of prosperity as trash; the latter claimed by figures and statistics that, without questioning numbers, the country was doing well. Thus party politics run, and we are happily out of them. What changes upon this continent the next generation may see we know not, but the Premier pointed to a subject which will be of increasing importance as time advances, when he stated that the growth of population in the United States was such, "that within ten years it will practically cease to be a wheat exporting country; and very soon after that it will become a wheat-importing country." The great storehouse from which that people will then be supplied will be Canada. For this reason especially the Dominion of Canada "possesses, to the eyes of the thinking people of the United States, one hundred times the value which it seemed to them to possess a single decade ago."

A couple of days before Christmas the Holy Father received the usual Christmas greetings of the College of Cardinals. The address which was read by Cardinal Monaco la Valletta, Dean of the Sacred College, wished the Pope all prosperity and congratulated him upon his Episcopal Jubilee. In his reply his Holiness thanked the Cardinal for their homage and good wishes. He remarked that to the most careful observer of moral and religious Europe, a mighty storm fraught with disasters and ruin is pending, which will have no end or effective restoration except through that divine institution which continues to be the object of attack. Turning his attention to Italy he spoke of the moral situation so dangerous on account of the snares and the work of Free masonry. To this sect were to attributed many of the evils which afflicted unhappy Italy. These Masonic doctrines and influences, by waging war with the spiritual order, shake the foundations of the social and civil. "In the midst of all the perils, when the exigencies of excessive parties became more threatening, it is sorrowful to see how men persist in enmity to the Church, and in rendering her suspected by the nations which she has redeemed. And yet, her action, essentially destined to sanctify individuals, cannot but be a guarantee of order and a garrison of security to States." The venerable Pontiff concluded by bestowing his benediction upon the members of the Sacred College, upon Rome and the world, praying Almighty God "to call back the generations of mankind to sound resolutions and to sentiments of peace

that God who, in becoming incarnate, willed to be proclaimed the Prince of Peace."

We also learn from the *Tablet* that the Italian Parliament has a Panama scandal upon a small scale. Some of the large banks have for some years been retaining unpaid bills, many of which represent large sums of money now gone. Signor Crispi complained that a parliamentary enquiry would produce a damaging effect upon the country—whereupon a liberal paper enquired, "Has the Masonic influence that governs Italy shut up what might have been a serious scandal?"

A very interesting discovery of relics of St. Bridget of Sweden have been made in the Church of St. Lorenzo in Panis Perna, which is being restored in honor of the Pope's Jubilee. A sarcophagus was found containing certified bones of this great servant of God.

If ever a nation's patience was tried and its faith in republican institutions put to the test, France is that unfortunate country. Every day brings forth new rumors of Panama scandals, with merely a change of the persons charged and a difference in the amount of defalcation. One minister charging an army of ministers, until, with the poet, "the whole world wondered." At the time of De Freycinet's third Cabinet the present President of the Republic, Carnot, was implicated. Other well known names are Boulanger, Goblet, Develle, Lockroy and Granel. The friends of President Carnot claim that no faith is to be attached to these disclosures of M. Bailhaut, ex-Minister of Public Works, since they have their origin in malignity.

The situation in Monday's despatches was somewhat improved so far as the republicans are concerned, by the Imperialists being found implicated, as well as by the speech of the German Chancellor on the army bill. Rumors are also abroad that Gen. Saussier who is in command at Paris has been sounded by the various factions hostile to the republic, but with no encouragement. He is not an ardent republican, but he has too much respect for authority to disobey the powers that be. If France can successfully purify itself of the corruption of its public servants, and still retain its present political form, the republic will be assured and the patience of the French people will be suitably rewarded. In the mean time it looks as if they wanted a Cromwell to come and order the bauble and the members out of the House.

In Germany the all absorbing topic is of course the Army Bill, whose passage seems now assured. Chancellor Caprivi's speech before the Reichstag Committee last week while

commenting the feeling in Germany seems to have produced an undesirable effect at St. Petersburg; but at Vienna it encouraged a more friendly view of things. Its most significant part referred to the rather insignificant Kingdom of Denmark, which seems to be running with France and hunting with Russia. Both of these powers may have courted Denmark's friendship by promising the return of Schleswig Holstein if in the next war Germany were defeated.

The strikes which had been agitating Germany for some time are at an end. However the Government feeling that matters are not in a settled state are making special exertions to suppress any further outbreaks.

Turning once more to this continent the Church in the United States has afforded a great many double-headers to many of the enterprising journals of the great republic. Some of these would have been as productive of good if the items had not been given to reporters, and made public. It is unnecessary to go into cases which are personal and with which outsiders like ourselves have nothing to do but it is rare, thank God, and we hope it will be rarer still, that misunderstandings between zealous, earnest prelates find their way into the columns of the public press. The actions of Mgr. Satolli have been discussed for some time. But all this was closed when it was announced on Saturday last that Mgr. Satolli was permanent delegate to the United States. The proper documents will be sent from Rome authenticating the powers conferring upon the office. The following telegram was received by the Delegate from Dr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College at Rome: "The apostolic delegation is determinedly established in the United States, and you are confirmed as the first delegate."

The following announcement from Archbishops Ireland and Corrigan will be found interesting. Archbishop Ireland says:

"The Catholic church in America is now thoroughly organized and has put on the mantling of perfect stature. She has on her own territory a supreme court—a branch of the appellate of the court of Rome, deriving from this latter its life, but capable in itself of immediate action. This is home rule for American Catholics, so far as Catholics away from Rome can have home rule. In addition to our energies and inspirations we shall have in all our undertakings the direction and impetus, so directly as never before, of the sovereign head of the church. Catholics will have a more practical realization of what church unity and papal supremacy mean. Remote authority dwindles at times into a speculative theory or an idle beau ideal; present authority is a living test. It tests one's obedience, while at the same time adding new power for well-doing. So far as the country at large is concerned the American people will welcome the recognition that a religious element of the land so important as the Catholic has this new glory added to its record, this new strength infused into its life. Moreover, a closer acquaintance with the working of the papacy will be interesting and salutary; it will dis-

spite many an old-time prejudice. The papacy will appear to all of us in its true light, harmonizing magnificently with the aspirations of modern democracy and accelerating the march of all that is useful, good and elevating in modern progress. The clouds of old-foggyism said to hang around the throne of Peter exist only in the fogged river of religious prejudice or the darkened recesses of narrow and blindfolded minds. They exist not in the Vatican. The most far-seeing, liberal mind in the world to-day is that of Leo; the most gentle and generous heart is his. Neither Catholics nor Protestants of America know him sufficiently. It is the duty of all to study him; it is the particular duty of Catholics to draw nearer to him and follow more loyally in his supreme guidance."

On the announcement that the Pope had established a permanent apostolic delegation in the United States and had named Mgr. Satolli the first delegate, Archbishop Corrigan prepared the following, which his secretary, Father Connolly, gave out this evening:—"The sovereign pontiff, as the vatican council defines, enjoys immediate episcopal jurisdiction over the entire flock of Christ. The primacy of the apostolic see carries with it, from its very nature, the right to appoint a representative in any part of the world. To deny this is to deny the faith. Consequently when the holy father is pleased to make a delegate apostolic he has a perfect right to do so. More than this: to doubt the wisdom of the holy see in determining to appoint such a representative no Catholic who is well instructed in his religion would for a moment think of doing. We all receive this decision of the Holy Father, as we receive all other decisions emanating from him, with the profoundest reverence, respect and obedience. Before the holy see acted there might have been room for a difference of opinion; none now exists. For my own part I gladly receive and welcome the news in question, always supposing it to be authentic."

#### Archbishop Walsh on Tenant Right.

The remarkable evidence which Archbishop Walsh gave before the Evicted Tenants' Commission has scarcely received in Ireland the attention which it so eminently deserves. His Grace is of the opinion that a satisfactory settlement of the land question in Ireland will not be arrived at unless the evicted tenants are reinstated. That is emphatically so. The land legislation of the last twenty years has given the tenants a proprietary interest in their holdings equal, at any rate, to that of the landlords. Such being the case, it is preposterous that the latter should be allowed to act on the same principle of individual and unlimited ownership that they formerly held. They are only a party to a contract. They act, however, as if they were the principals. If we are to have peace in Ireland—if the country is not to be irretrievably ruined—this legal fiction, which the landlords use with such uncompromising regularity, must be wrested from their grasp. Ireland is a purely agricultural country, and agriculture, like every other staple industry, flourishes or decays according to the economical conditions under which it is carried on. A creditor who is a merchant is not permitted by either a moral or a legal code to confiscate his debtor's stock and capital because the debtor fails to pay at a stipulated time. The creditor gets what is due to him on his bill—no more. An Irish landlord who is bound down by law, in one sense, to the same equivalent in rent, confiscates property the capitalized value of which is equivalent to ten or twelve or fifteen times what is his due.

#### A Cardinal's Wit.

Cardinal Lavigerio's ready wit is illustrated by this anecdote from a French paper: When Bishop of Nancy he once attended an evening party. At about 10 o'clock several ladies arrived in full evening dress. The Bishop got up to go somewhat abruptly, and when his hostess protested, rejoined: "What would you, madam? You give me a warm welcome, but your guests give me too much of the cold shoulder."

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

#### In Memoriam.

Catherine S. Coyle, daughter of P. J. Coyle, Esq., Q.C., Montreal. Died Dec. 26th, 1893.

She is dead! O words of sadness!  
Our dearest classmate now is dead;  
She has burst the bonds of suffering—  
From her dear ones she has fled.  
Winsome, bright, her smile so cheering  
Beams not on us lone to-day;  
Stilled the voice whose sound so glad  
Chased all darksome gloom away.

Father, mother: ye who mourn her,  
Weep not that your darling is dead;  
Stay, oh stay the tear that stealth  
For the spotless soul now fled.  
Gaze upon that marble forehead  
On the sweet angelic face,  
Tell us has a touch of sorrow  
Left its silent, painful trace!

Never did the cold world's shadows  
O'er her young life gather drear;  
Never will earth's joys, earth's sorrows,  
Bring her smile or cost her tear.  
In her convent school all peaceful  
Lived she, yes, an angel's life,  
Waiting, e'en perchance preparing  
For the future's battle-strife.

But our God in heaven summoned  
One bright angel to His throne.  
"See that child, her life-work's ended,  
Faithful has the task been done;  
Cull for Me that fragrant blossom  
Lest fierce winter blasts destroy;  
Puro the petals—rich the perfume.  
Fit it is to bloom on high."

Soft the Guardian Spirit enters  
Weeping friends be not o'ercome,  
For the dying child is smiling  
As the angel whispers "come."  
"Jesus" faint the pale lips utter,  
"Jesus" murmur they again.  
Swift the spirit wings its home-way,  
Swift has left a world of pain.

Weep not, parent-hearts, O'w' mourning!  
Weep not that your child is dead;  
Weep not that the cold earth pillows  
Her angelic, sleeping head.  
Free from pain, from sin and sorrow,  
In the midst of heavenly light,  
There her unimprisoned spirit  
Stands ethereal—a vision bright.

A PUBLISHED BY ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

Toronto, Jan. 7th, 1893

#### General Butler.

General Benjamin F. Butler died in Washington last Wednesday morning of heart disease. The announcement of his death created great surprise, as he was not known to be ailing at all.

General Butler was born in Deerfield, N. H., Nov. 5, 1818. He received his early education in Lowell, and afterward attended Philips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and Waterville College. At college he developed some of those intellectual peculiarities which, in later life, made him a conspicuous figure, not only throughout his native land, but among readers of American matters in foreign lands. Prominent among those qualities were quickness of insight, originality of view, audacity and a ready wit. He possessed almost extraordinary power of memory, but as to any other qualities that might be presumed to be helpful in making a college youth to become a minister he had few or none of them.

General Butler's success as a lawyer, politician, army officer and manufacturer are well known to all. Of late years he has devoted himself wholly to the practice of law and his fame is world wide. His excellent service in the war made him at that time the talk of the country, and his valorous deeds will live forever in history. We shall content ourselves in this brief sketch of his career with citing two incidents of his eventful life, which show the character of the man.

He was a candidate for the Legislature in 1852 on the '10-hour' ticket. A few days before the election a notice was posted in the mills warning the men that any who voted the Butler 10-hour ticket would be discharged. Butler called a meeting for the next night, and made a speech that scared the autocratic employers out of their five wits. He warned his hearers that the notice was probably not authorized, and that if it was it was just provocation for the wildest dreams of revolution. And he urged the voters to use their suffrage without regard to any dictation. The notice vanished during

the night, and when election day came Butler was chosen to do his work for the workmen. And he did it. He is the father of the present 10-hour working day.

During the Know-nothing excitement in 1854-6 he opposed the "Native American" partisans in every possible way, and when Governor Gardner disbanded the Irish companies in the militia he resigned his commission as colonel, rather than take any official part in a policy he was so thoroughly opposed to. Butler's refusal to disband his Irish company, lost him three years in the service, but it won him the hearts of all just-minded people.—*Boston Republic*

#### Killarney.

The beauties of Killarney are multi-form. We do not know, in the same space elsewhere, of so many varied charms of scenery in character wholly diverse; lakes wild, stern and secluded as the Upper Lake, the mountains rising on three sides almost out of the bosom of the waters, those on the northern and western sides bleak and barren, and wanting only snow caps to look like Alpine scenery; soft and sunny, as the Lower Lake, which is almost Italian in its loveliness, with its sweet bays and low verdant hills, clothed from base to summit with trees and luxuriant evergreens; and between these the Middle Lake, combining the characteristics of the two without the boldness of the one or the placid beauty of the other—it has a grace of outline and diversity of feature excelling, perhaps, the others. Then the numerous islands in these waters have each their peculiar charm. Take, for instance, two out of the thirty that speck the Lower Lake—Innisfallen and Ross Island, which have been happily named by a modern writer "The Isola Bella and the Isola Madre of our Irish Lago Maggiore." Whence Innisfallen takes its name is a vexed question; but of the beauty of "Sweet Innisfallen" there can be no controversy; it is quite a microcosm, in which, on a small scale, a marvellous amount of variety is congregated—hill and dale; wood as gloomy as the ancient Druidical forests, thick with giant ash, elm and sycamore, and hollies of enormous growth; glades sunny and cheerful, with umbrageous underwood bounding their bowers and thickets and rocks and old ruins—and all in a space of little more than thirty English acres. Seen from the banks of the lake or the water, it is singularly attractive. At one side high and rocky, and indented with creeks and bays; on the other, wooded to the water's edge with trees and evergreens, oak, holly and laurel.—*Picturesque Europe.*

#### The Twilight-Bell of the Angels.

A legend, impalpable as the ether in which it floats, owing no local habitation claiming no author, is borne on the swift wings of memory. It says that in the blessed abode of the angels a great bell swings; and that at twilight mortals may hear its voice, if they put from mind and heart all discord and worldliness and all that comes between them and love to their Creator. And its voice is hushed with the setting sun, for it is always twilight somewhere. The angels who set it ringing are sad or glad as they gaze into mortal faces, and learn that the bell is unheard or that it sends its gracious message to a human heart, purged of strife and hatred and filled with heavenly peace.

"So, then, let us ponder a little;  
Let us look in our hearts and see  
If the twilight-bell of the angels  
Could ring for us—you and me."  
—*Ave Maria.*

Among those who are united in our Lord Jesus Christ by the bonds of charity, and by the desire to procure the honor and glory of God, the most profitable words are those which the Holy Ghost engraves on their hearts by the prayers which they offer for one another.—*St. Ignatius.*

#### The Protestant Archbishop in Spain.

Lord Plunket has not met with much success in his mission to Spain. It was found impossible to obtain the permission of the Government for the opening of the new church; and the authorities forbade the proposed services in the Protestant Hall. The Protestant Archbishop was therefore constrained to ordain the solitary candidate who offered himself in a private room. The old Catholic Bishops steadily refused to lend their countenance to the proceedings; and—unkindest cut of all—the Anglican chaplain stationed at Madrid has publicly protested against the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin as a trespasser, and one who is bringing the Anglican Church into contempt. Lord Plunket may well cry, "Save me from my friends!" But it is amusing to see that in spite of the disapproval of so many of his own brethren, Lord Plunket asserted that he was maintaining ecclesiastical discipline, because, forsooth, he was invited by the Spanish schismatics—as if people could be ordained or confirmed without their own consent—and had the approval of the Protestant Bishops of Ireland. This plea, absurd as it may seem, is the only one which Anglicans of any shade can advance for the maintenance of their missions in Italy and other European countries.—*Catholic Times, Liverpool.*

#### Missionary Work in London.

A notable meeting, which must be far-reaching in its influence, was held not long ago at the house of Archbishop Vaughan, of Westminster. At that time the Historical Research Society was formed, and the Archbishop himself made president. The aim of this association will be to answer all inquiries of Catholics and non-Catholics concerning the difficult points in matters relating to the Church, whether they be historical, scientific, or purely ecclesiastical. At this initiatory session it was announced that the missionary work in London was henceforth to be of an aggressive nature, although entirely without bitterness; and that steps were to be taken to carry the truth to those who would never enter the door of a Catholic church to seek it. It was suggested that the Protestants had long enough monopolized the somewhat extraordinary but effective methods of street preaching, and other practical ways of getting at the indifferent or disbelieving heart. "It is time," says an exchange, "that Exeter Hall had its counterblast."

We hope to hear that this new and admirable project is in running order, and meeting with the success it so well deserves.—*Ave Maria.*

An investigation of the charges that the students of a Catholic College at Kingston, Ont., on the 24th ult., attacked a band of Salvationists, and that their conduct was approved by the Christian Brothers, who looked on without interfering, has been made. The charges have been declared absolutely false. The Board of Aldermen investigated the affair; over twenty witnesses, mostly Protestants, one a Protestant minister, were examined. An investigation is now going on to ascertain who was the miscreant or miscreants that circulated the infamous report, which was telegraphed all over the country.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

## A VO ALIQUO VULO.

From Catullus in Fordham Monthly.

Through many lands, o'er various ocean wave,  
I've journeyed, brother, to thy dreary grave.  
My purpose—death's last tribute thee to pay  
To speak though vainly to thy speechless clay;  
Since fate hath forced thee with unkindly heat,  
Forced thee, fond brother, from thy brother's breast.  
Take thou those gifts which in olden day,  
Our fathers mingled with the cypress-sprae.  
Take them all dewy with thy brother's tears:  
Godspeed, farewell for the eternal years.

## CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

Panegyric Delivered at Lille, France,  
by Mgr. Bauuard.Translated from L'Univers.  
PART II.—(CONTINUED)

Now for the Missionary. The bishop is a man of his diocese, the missionary in his mission of immensity and of boundless regions. Ever onward! such seems to have been the maxim of this travelling pontiff who thought that Algeria was given to a Catholic nation only to be an open door to a vast apostolate in farther Africa. One day in his cathedral in Algiers, speaking to the army and its officers upon the occasion of a religious and military solemnity, he had revealed to them and to France the designs of this secret policy of God: "Mount with me," said he, to the soldiers; "mount with me these inaccessible ridges which bound our horizon, and cast your gaze upon the immensity which surrounds you. Near us, the ruins of a nation once christian, along with the wreck of barbarous invasions. Beyond, upon the face of this vast continent, the most frightful barbarism, blood, cannibalism, universal slavery. It is you who will open the gates of this unmeasured world, and the keys of this sepulchre are here in your hands. Already it is open by your conquest. Life will, if you by your virtues are worthy of so glorious a mission, life will one day be born there again with light; and all these people who now are lost in death will recognize that they owe their existence to you, and on learning your history, your glory and valour, will be proud of their ancestry."

This discourse formed his programme. It was from this plan of conquest that those victors sprang who are known as Missionary Fathers of Africa, the *White Fathers*. O my dear White Fathers, you know you were the cherished sons of this great heart, as you were and as you are his master-work and his glory. Missionary Fathers of Africa: it is properly your name, for he has made it your first characteristic, that you should be Africans like your Catechumens, like them in their life, their dress, language, habits, like them in all save vice and error, as was written of the Son of God made man for the love of man—*ad similitudinem absque peccato*. It is in this mould in this novitiate that he will first form you. Then when he has thus cast and softened you in this mould like bronze metal, and shaped you after the image of Jesus crucified, your founder will command you to set out for the desert, for labor, devotion, hunger, thirst, fever, the burning sun, for obscure agony and burning martyrdom. *Visum pro martyrio*, he wrote at the end of the testimonial letters of one of his new couriers—*good for martyrdom*. My Lord, replied the priest, I am come here for that purpose.

The mission began by Kabylia thither upon the lofty peaks of these massive heights where the descendants of the ancient lords of Mauritania and Numidia are cantoned, thither the Archbishop himself climbed and reminded the Berbers that they are of Christian blood, and he stretched to them a hand which, he wished if possible, to bind the present with that

past which they themselves still cherished in memory. At least he leaves to them priests, instructors and pastors. To-day seven Catholic stations and schools are in Kabylia, the outposts of the faith.

But there is the South, the immense South, the Sahara which was given to him by the Pope to conquer from Atlas to the Soudan. It must be occupied by the living or the dead. The three White Fathers who first started for Tombouctou, were massacred on the journey: *Visum pro martyrio*. Read the letter which the Archbishop wrote to the fathers and mothers of these protomartyrs, and tell me if Jacob uttered a cry of more eloquent grief over the son of his tenderness whom a wild beast devoured!

The route being closed by way of Algeria it was necessary to open one by Tripoli: "In eighteen months or two years we will, by the aid of God's grace, reach the Soudan!" Behold their hopes! The Archbishop would wish in vain to moderate amongst his children this murder-like ardor; they set out even when it is for death. The three new missionaries are killed by the Toutrags who were acting as their guides. *Visum pro martyrio*. The bishop who mourned them declared that he was proud of them, in the name of religion and humanity: "Happy," he wrote, "happy the society of apostolic men who in the time of universal sloth and egotism, have need to be held back from rushing to martyrdom."

Repelled from the Northern coast, the missionaries enter by the East the unmeasured empire of the dark continent. It is by Zanzibar that they proceed to the great Lakes which form the sources of the Nile and the Congo; listen to them: "We are then the first," wrote they in their enthusiasm, "who, since the origin of Christianity, go to represent our Lord Jesus His church in this barbarous and almost unknown world of interior Africa. Before us a hundred, perhaps two millions of souls invisibly extend their arms to us."

Brethren, they at length reach there! Behold them at Tananika after ten months' travelling! Behold them at Nyanza after traversing the forests and marshes for three months. Two stations, two vast Vicariates—apostolic. Uganda seems definitely promised to christianity. Courage and patience! still place tomb upon tomb, suffering upon suffering, heroism upon heroism; and the equatorial world will one day belong to Him who spake this great word: *Ager meus est mundus*.

But who is there upon earth the sower who from the early morn soweth this field and maketh the desert to blossom like the rose? On the one hand there is to the south of the lake of Tanganika, for the last six or seven years, a young christian settlement which has taken the name of Lavigerie-Town. It is well, but it is not enough. The entire country, my dear brethren, must be baptized with this name, the patronymic of all this new family. It is he, the great bishop, their superior-general, who sends heroic recruits one after another, to this "acquired people," to replace those who fell upon the field of battle. It is he who breathes into their heart this apostolic ardor, the sparks of whose flame I would be pleased to show you. "My children," said he one day to them, showing the image of the torture of their brethren, "do you see these funeral piles? They are for your own future martyrdom!" It is he who everywhere organized help, means, resources: for this purpose he moves the whole world of Catholic charity, which is no more weary of giving than he is of acting and hoping. It is he who chooses, consecrates, and sends the heads of these apostles, a Mgr. Obar-

bonnier, whose passport he had endorsed thus: *Visum pro martyrio*, a Mgr. Bridoux, your fellow-citizen, to whom he addressed, when consecrating him bishop, these valiant but alas! too prophetic, words: "You go to suffer, Monseigneur; these brilliant onsigns of dignity, we are simply preparing the victim for sacrifice!" It is to him, "to the great Father," that the black king writes that he owes his kingdom, that he asks christian priests and physicians. In fine it is he who celebrates with tears and dirge the martyrdom of his children, and who lays upon their tombs the green palms of hope and immortality. We might think that we were reading the Epistle of Saint Cyprian *ad martyres*.

The martyr! But it is no longer merely the blood of our priests and our christians which flows in the tortures; it is the blood of those new races which communion has mingled with the blood of Jesus Christ! They were christian only yesterday; and lo, they mount to that supreme height of transfigured love which is to die for God! Yesterday they passed from brutishness and fetishism to christianity understood, loved and practised, and behold them borne to the summit of moral grandeur which humanity regenerate in Christ can attain! Such was, I remember, the cry of admiration and gratitude which burst from me when in a letter of his the Archbishop placed before my eyes the intrepid patience of those neophytes of Uganda, whom some day you will perhaps see placed beneath our altars. They are young people from 18 to 25 years of age, pages of that barbaric court, catechists, women—to whom the bloody king cried in a voice of thunder: "Let those who pray (the Christians) to that side!"—it was the side of death; and all passed like a single man, holding one another by the hand so that none might fail. There were more than one hundred victims; and in the midst of tortures, upon the funeral piles, from the depths of the red fires, they still cry out: "As long as we live we will not cease to pray." Such is the first page of the Acts of the Martyrs of new Africa. *Nigra sum, sed formosa*, this Church can sing in presenting herself on high to her heavenly spouse. She received the baptism of blood; and Mgr. Lavigerie, who transcribed these pages, in following with his gaze these cherished souls in their triumphant ascension into heaven, knew not whether he ought to weep, or whether he ought to envy the lot of those brave souls, one of whom, Matthias Mourumba, replied thus to the defiance of his tyrant: "Yes, God will deliver me, but you will not see how He will do it, for He will take my soul and leave you only my body."

It is now eight years, in 1884, since that took place. Three years after, the Archbishop learned from the missionaries that more than 2,000 catechumens had lately their names inscribed each year to receive baptism; and he asked himself if there was not there that which would undoubtedly make us poor Christians of Europe leap with joy, but also perhaps with confusion!

However, an ambition secretly tempted this great heart. If he could put himself at the head of these missionaries to share their fate! If in place of dying in an ordinary way upon a couch, at Algiers, Biskra, Paris or Rome, it were given to him to fall like a general upon the field of battle! If the Pope consented to relieve him of his archbishopric of Algiers to make of him a simple bishop of these undaunted but fruitful missionaries! He asked it, my brethren, Leo XIII. promised him a speedy reply. The answer of Leo XIII. was the elevation of Algiers to the dignity of the cardinalate. For him this purple was to replace that of the martyr.

In receiving it from Rome the new Cardinal wished to adorn with it his

spouse, the Church of Africa, lately purpled with so much glorious blood: "Consecrated purple of the martyrs," he exclaimed that day, "remaining for a long time without honor! It seems to rise to-day at the voice of Leo XIII. to recover the new born African Church, and make it revered throughout the entire Christian world." But he thought also of his missionaries, his martyrs of yesterday: "I should wish to be able," he said, "to stretch over them the robe of honor which is about to cover me. They deserve it better than I. Many who were very dear to me, since they were my children, wore it in advance, in the depths of Africa, in the purple of their own blood." It was to the Government that he spoke these words.

But lo! my brethren, a cry of horror and pity pierces the world. It is the Cardinal who utters it. These men of central Africa whom he calls his children, and who are the children of God, these races of the Tropics, whither we have just penetrated, are troops of slaves who are stolen away every year in organized raids, who are throttled, yoked together and dragged along like beasts of burden, torn, beaten and killed by stripes and hunger and wretchedness, and are then sold, if any survive; whose bodies, left as prey for jackals and hyenas, mark out the paths of the desert, where their whitened bones cry for vengeance and for mercy before heaven and earth. Four or five hundred thousand creatures are each year the victims of these razzias of the Arabs, those sons of Islam of whom we love to chant such touching marvels. Some explorers had asserted this, but we did not know it, we did not wish to know. International associations, political conferences had, it is true, met at Brussels, and came to an agreement at Berlin, and when dividing the African continent, had prohibited the slave-trade. It had remained a dead letter. To give it life, a soul was needed. The Cardinal threw into it his own. (TO BE CONTINUED).

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## TEMPERANCE.

Impressive Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop.

On last Sunday evening His Grace Archbishop Walsh preached in St. Paul's church in this city on behalf of the League of the Cross, to a very large congregation. The following is a special report:

DEAREST BRETHREN—At the earnest request of your beloved pastor I have come this evening to say a few words on the question of Temperance. I cannot but express my pleasure at having an opportunity of addressing the League whose object is to promote the virtue of temperance, not only in the person of its members, but by the powerful influence of good example. In presenting the matter I have no wish to place it before you in an extreme light, but rather to make a quiet appeal to your reason and your conscience upon the subject of temperance.

First of all, what is temperance? It is one of the cardinal virtues; and may be said to enter into all other virtues. The first law God imposed upon man was abstinence; and the breaking of that law brought all the sin and misery that existed in the world. And when Christ came down upon earth to rectify the evils of the world He showed the most wonderful example of self-denial. He was born in a stable. When He hung upon the cross, His executioners were moved to pity, and offered Him wine mingled with myrrh to quench His thirst; but He refused, that, by His sacred thirst, He might make atonement, and set an example to all mankind of sobriety and total abstinence.

And this necessity of self-denial arises from the very nature of man. Man is one of God's creatures, composed of a body and soul, and made to God's image and likeness; but an animal is a beast of the field. Man is a rational being and must follow his reason; he must adore and serve his Divine Maker; but a beast of the field knows not his Maker and follows his own instinct. Now, when a man forms the habit of liquor he becomes a self-degraded being, a self-made wretch. No matter what his talents may have been, he has lowered himself into the mire of vice, and below the level of the beasts. In the city of Rome there was once a beautiful statue of an emperor; but now it is a broken and ruined statue. So when a man has become a drunkard, he is a broken, ruined creature, once made to the image of God, now a monster in the sight of his Creator. How, therefore, can they hope to escape His just indignation and wrath if they defiled and debauched His image by intemperance? But temperance has not only moral advantages; it has great physical advantages. The great oarsmen and successful athletes of every class in every age have practised temperance. St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, said: "Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now, they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible one."

When we come to consider the social effects of intemperance they are most disastrous. And the first thing that strikes us is the number of drunkards. If a Catholic priest were to keep a record of every drunkard's death-bed he has attended it would be the most appalling revelation that could be conceived. As with the human body each lends its support to the whole, so is it with society. All contribute to its support, and all work together for its elevation. But what does the drunkard do? Does he not violate every law, sometimes even committing murder? What habit produces misfortunes of such magnitude as intemperance? Who fill the jails, the penitentiaries, the industrial schools; but drunkards and their children? I

remember when I was in the city of London I was by accident an eye-witness of a scene which I shall never forget. As I was taking my usual walk I visited the orphan asylum. The children were all at recreation and I went to talk to them, when I saw a very sad sight. Apart from the rest of the children were three little girls who were sobbing as if their heart would break. I went over to them to find out the cause of their sorrow, when I learned that their father died of drunkenness, and their mother was dying of a broken heart. She was a respectable Irish woman, whose friends I had known in Ireland, and whose brother was a respectable young priest.

This vice is also a terrible domestic evil. Aye, here in the homes is where the results of this habit are seen in all their worst forms—a terrible sight to witness. Children are bound by the law of nature to honor and love their parents. But take the drunken bully of a young man who reels cursing and swearing into a house, bringing disorder into a home where otherwise there might be peace, prayer and comfort: does he honor and love his parents? Shall I picture to you the husband and father staggering into his home—his earnings spent, his wife weary with watching, his children clamoring for bread? I remember before I was consecrated Bishop I was in this city, I knew the case of a mother so abandoned that she sent her child out on a night as cold as this to beg money, and for what purpose? Not to buy food for the half-starved children but to buy whiskey. What is the comfort in a drunkard's home on a night like this; and how can their children be reared but in such a way as to curse their parents, and to curse their father's memory when he is lying in a dishonored grave? Society suffers fearfully from this vice.

Yesterday I was reading in one of our friendly papers that Protestants say that the Catholics of this city do not observe temperance. But I beg to correct that statement which was made in a very friendly manner. Since I have been consecrated bishop, twenty-five long years ago, I have administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 60,000 children; and each child took the pledge of total abstinence until they reached the age of twenty one. The Catholic Church does not hold big temperance meetings or make a great parade of temperance work, but by thus inculcating the principles and practice in her young people during the years when their characters are moulded, the habit of sobriety is formed, and the surest foundations are laid for moral and temperate lives afterwards.

In conclusion I advise all the men who have not become members of the League of the Cross to do so at once; and more particularly the young men.

And may God in His infinite mercy bless and protect you all and lead you to a happy eternity. This is a blessing which I wish you all.

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMEN—for five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day nor night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

## An Irish Eviction.

In the Dublin Review, a Conservative organ published in Dublin many years ago, there is the following vivid picture of what an Irish eviction means:

"Let any Irish parent make the case his own. When we are assembled at the domestic hearth, with our family about us, let us bring home to our bosom the bare apprehension that for excruciating an undoubted privilege, not only recognized but actually enjoined by the constitution, it were in the power of some brutal tyrant, some abortive, stunted upstart of yesterday, of whom gold, amassed by speculation and plunder, is the sole nobility, to put out our fire, and drive us far away from that pleasant home; let us suppose him, by the word of his power, destroying our only means of providing for that bright and joyous circle, and turning our children and ourselves adrift to lead a vagrant, hopeless, scrambling life—disowned, rejected, persecuted and maligned; could we bear it? Where is the father's heart that could endure it? What reverence for the law, what sacredness for private property, what abstract right of men to do as they please with their own, would be of force to restrain our thoughts from imaginings, and our hands from giving them effect? We frankly avow that we would not submit to such treatment, but would take the law into our own hands, and, if possible, redress ourselves. Our children have a right divine to claim from us that protection which may be denied to them elsewhere; and we cannot recognize any human obligation which should constrain us to reject such an appeal. No man owes a moral obligation to an exterminating degree. No man, pretending or deserving to be free, would pay an outward homage one moment longer than superior force compelled him to bow his neck under its intolerable yoke.

"These are our deliberate sentiments—the decisions of a mind tutored, perhaps, by some small share of philosophy, and, at all events, not provoked to a passionate or hasty judgement by the sense of personal wrong."

## A New Year's Letter to a Religious.

What is the use of wishing you a happy New Year? What else can the years of a religious be except happiness from the first of January to the last of December? What a beautiful life to have so much time for prayer as you have! It is so incredibly sweet to pray; the face of God grows daily more clear; the very sense of our own utter nothingness becomes quickly a positive sweetness. It is so grand to be allowed to say dearing words to our dearest, dearest God; and then it is so unutterably heavenly to lie at His feet in silence, without even so much as looking up. But why are we not always praying? Why do anything else but pray? Alas! there is that horrid eating and that idle sleeping, and then swimming an hour every day in that dirty, dingy ocean of venial sins, which in religious houses we call recreation—rightly so called, for I am sure we all need creating over again after each recreation.

I always say the Veni Creator as I go from the refectory to the recreation room for those gifts of the Holy Ghost which are an old Oratorian Father said were essential to a holy recreation. But it is not of much use to me, for I always say more than I ought to say, and much which had better be left unsaid, and I come away weary and peevish, because I feel less with God. Why then can't we be always praying? What brutes we are, scarcely half so meditative, as placid as cows! Very well, then, I retract what I said at starting, that the lives of religious were nothing but happiness from the first of January to the last of

December. It is only a happy unhappiness, growing more and more as we get more holy. We pine for God. We pine to be out of the way of sin. So let us wish each other no more happy New Years; but sigh, and sigh, and sigh for Eternal peace, the sweet welcome forever on the face of God.

FREDERICK W. FABRE.  
The Oratory, London, S. W., January 4, 1859.

## The Mass.

It is related of Thierry, the great French author, that when in 1854 he was confined to his bed from blindness he begged the Superiors of a neighboring Seminary to send him one of the students every Sunday to read some spiritual subject. His request was granted. The young man who was sent is now Bishop of Autun, Mgr. Perraud, and tells the story: I imagined that the illustrious blind man would express a desire to hear choice pages of our sacred literature, perhaps certain episodes of Bible history, or the master pieces of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon. In our first interview, after an exchange of politeness, Augustin Thierry said to me: "Monsieur l'Abbe, will you please read for me the prayers of the Ordinary of the Mass," which I did, beginning at the Introit and going on without interruption to the *Verbum caro factum est* of the Gospel of St. John. This went on every Sunday until May, 1856, when an attack of paralysis and apoplexy brought Thierry to death.

I shall never forget the manner in which he prepared himself to hear this reading. He had himself clothed as if he was about to pay a visit. He even showed his respect by wearing his gloves. I read slowly and in the language of the Church the liturgical prayers. Sometimes they drew from my hearer cries of admiration: "How beautiful! How grand! How profound!" Then when I had fulfilled my task he expressed his gratitude to me in the most touching and most delicate terms.—Mgr. Perraud—Translated.

Lord Houghton has given a very proper snub to the Orangemen of Great Britain. The Lord-Lieutenant, in a speech which he delivered a short time ago in England, recalled a historical fact which has hitherto been too seldom insisted on owing to the impudent persistency with which so unequivocally established a fact is denied. The English Orangemen not only threatened, but for once actually conspired to devalue the crown from the head of her present Majesty to a pretender. Happily their disloyal machinations were defeated peaceably.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sars parilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

Mr. Clement Scott, the English dramatic critic, began his tour round the world a few days ago. Mr. Scott does not mean to remain idle during his peregrinations round the globe. He has entered into arrangements with a number of leading newspapers to give the result of his impressions. There is nothing very original in this idea; but Mr. Scott has a ready pen, is a great admirer of all that is beautiful in nature and art, and with his descriptive powers of observation matured by thirty years' contact with art and life on the stage and off it, he should give something really worth reading. Mr. Scott is a Catholic.

Mr. F. J. Pinfold, Hyde's Mills, Wis., U. S. A., writes: "Have been afflicted with sick headache for 25 years, but since using Diamond Vera-Cura have not had an attack of it." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

The Abbe's Forgiveness.

At the door of one of the churches of Paris, an old beggar, known by the name of Jacques, came every day for many years to sit on one of the steps and ask for alms. He seemed a miserable old man, and scarcely ever spoke, only bending his head when anything was given to him. A gold cross might be seen on his breast, partly hidden by his tattered garments.

A young clergyman, Abbe de—, celebrated Mass regularly at this church, and never omitted, as he entered, to give some small offering to Jacques.

Belonging to a rich and noble family Monsieur Paulin had consecrated himself to God in the priesthood, and spent all his wealth among the poor. Without knowing him, Jacques grew to love the young priest.

One day Abbe Paulin missed the old beggar from his accustomed place; and as he saw that his absence continued from day to day, he grew uneasy about the old man and made inquiries as to where he lived; and having learned his address, one morning after Mass he turned his steps towards the dwelling of old Jacques. He knocked at the door of an attic on the sixth floor. A feeble voice answered from within, and he entered.

Jacques was lying stretched upon a miserable bed; his face was pale as death, and his eyes were dull and heavy.

"Ah! it is you, Monsieur Abbe," he said to the priest when he saw him. "It is very good of you to come and see a miserable man like me, I do not deserve it."

"What are you talking about, my good Jacques?" said the priest. "Do you not know that the priest is the friend of the unfortunate?" Besides," he added, smiling, "we are old acquaintances."

"Oh! Monsieur, if you knew! you would not speak to me like that. No, no; do not speak to me kindly; I am a miserable sinner."

"Ah! my poor Jacques, if you have done wrong—repent confess. God is infinite goodness; He pardons everything to him who repents."

"Oh! He will never pardon me."

"And why not? Do you repent?"

"Repent! do I repent?" cried out Jacques, raising himself upon his bed and gazing wildly at the priest. "For thirty years I have been repenting. And yet I am cursed—cursed!"

The good priest tried to comfort and encourage him, but in vain. A terrible mystery was hidden in his heart, and despair prevented the guilty man from revealing his crime. At last, conquered by the gentleness and goodness of the Abbe, the miserable Jacques decided to confess, and in a broken voice he told the following story:

"I was steward in a rich and noble family when the revolution of the last century broke out. My master and mistress were goodness itself to me. The Count, the Countess, their two daughters, and their son. I owed everything to them; my position, my education, all the comforts I enjoyed. When the revolution came I betrayed them. They were hidden; I knew where; I denounced them so that I might have their possessions, which were promised to me. They were condemned to death—all except the boy Paulin, who was too young."

A sharp cry came from the lips of the priest, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead.

"Monsieur Abbe," continued the old beggar, who did not notice the emotion excited by his words, "Monsieur it was horrible! I heard them condemned to death, I saw them all four placed in the military cart, and I saw their four heads fall

beneath the knife. Monster! monster that I am! From that time I have known neither peace nor rest. I weep, I pray for them. I see them always there before me. See they are there beneath that curtain."

And speaking thus, Jacques pointed with his trembling hand to a curtain which covered part of the wall.

"And this crucifix which you see over my bed belongs to the Count, and this gold cross round my neck was the one which the Countess always wore. Oh, what crime! what agony! what repentance! Oh! Monsieur Abbe, have pity upon me! do not repulse me! pray for the most criminal and the most miserable of men!"

The priest was kneeling by the bedside, pale as death. For many minutes he remained motionless. Then rising perfectly calm, he made the sign of the cross, and drawing aside the curtain he saw two pictures.

Old Jacques uttered a cry when he saw them, and threw himself back upon his bed. The priest was weeping.

"Jacques," he said, in a trembling voice, "I am come to bring your pardon from God. I will hear your confession," and sitting by the bedside, he received old Jacques' confession.

When the dying man had ended, the Abbe Paulin said: "God has just forgiven you; but that is not all. Jacques I also—I forgive you for love of Him, for you have killed my father, my mother, and my two sisters!"

An expression of horror passed over the face of the dying man. He opened his lips, murmured some indistinct words, then fell backwards on his bed. The priest approached. The beggar was dead.—*The New World.*

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NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that at the next Session of the Parliament of Canada, application will be made for an act to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and a reserve fund, from which a sum not exceeding Two Thousand Dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representatives according to the constitution and by laws of the society.

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## FREEMASONRY.

## Letter of the Holy Father to the Italian People.

Translation of Catholic Review.

BELOVED SONS—Custodian as we are of that Faith whereunto the Christian nations of the earth are debtors for their moral and civil redemption, we should but ill fulfil our supreme duties did we not raise our voice often and loudly against the impious strife that would rob you, dear children, of so great a treasure. Of that warfare you, by long and painful experience, have learnt the terrible signs, and you hold them in the depths of your Catholic and Italian hearts. Can men, indeed, be Italians in love as in name, and not suffer from the offence that is daily proffered to those divine which are the greatest of our glories; which gave to Italy her primacy over the nations of the world, and to Rome the spiritual sceptre of the globe; which raised the wonderful edifice of Christian civilization above the ruins of paganism and of savagery? Can men be Catholics in mind and heart, and behold with eyes dry of tears—within that land in whose bosom our adorable Redeemer vouches to establish the seat of His Kingdom—His doctrines impugned, His worship insulted, His Church attacked, His Vicar imprisoned, souls lost that were redeemed by His Blood, the most elect part of His flock—faithful to Him for nineteen centuries—exposed to persistent and instant peril of apostasy, and drawn into the way of error and vice, of misery and of moral degradation?

## ENNITY WITH HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Directed at once against our country on earth and our country in Heaven, against the religion of our fathers, and against the civilization which they transmitted to us with so much splendor of science, letters and art, the war of which we speak, beloved sons, is doubly evil, being guilty of outrage not less against humanity than against the Divinity. Whence has it its chief source but in that of Freemasonry whereof we spoke in our *Humanum Genus* of April 20, 1884, and in the more recent Encyclical of October 15, 1890, directed to the Bishops, to the clergy and to the people of Italy? In these two letters we stripped from the face of Freemasonry the mask it had worn in the sight of the people, and we exposed it in the nakedness of its deformity, and in its black and fatal activity. On the present occasion we shall restrict ourselves to a consideration of its deplorable effects in regard to Italy. For although it has long presented itself under the specious semblance of a philanthropic society for the rescue of the population of our dear country, and has succeeded at last, by means of plots, corruption and violence, in making head in Italy and in Rome itself, yet with what disorders, with what crimes has its path, now for some six lustres, been marked! Great are the evils that in this space of time our country has beheld. The religion of our fathers has been made the signal for persecution of every kind, the satanic intention being to displace Christianity by naturalism, to displace the worship of reason and of a morality independent of Catholic morality, to displace spiritual progress by material. To the holy maxims that may be called the code of the Revolution, with atheistic teaching and degraded "realism" in the schools, in science, and in art. The temple of the Lord has been broken into, by the confiscation of ecclesiastical possessions the great part of the patrimony needful for the sacred ministry has been dissipated, and by the clerical conscription the numbers of the ministers of religion has been reduced below the limits of even the strictest neces-

sity. If it has not been possible to hinder the administration of the Sacraments yet it is resolved in every way to introduce and promote civil interments and civil marriages. If it had not yet been possible to snatch from the hands of the Church the education of children and the direction of institutions of charity, there is yet the persistent attempt to "laicise" all things—that is, to cancel the signs of Christianity. If the voice of the Catholic press has not been altogether stifled, every effort is made to discredit and to slander it.

## THE MASONIC POLICY.

And, moreover, what insincerity and what equivocation are betrayed in this course of warfare against the Catholic religion! Monasteries and Convents have been closed, yet Masonic Lodges and Sectarian Unions have been allowed to multiply at their will. The right of association has been proclaimed, but a corporate entity, which societies of all colours use and abuse, is refused to religious bodies. Liberty of worship has been published, but odious intolerances and vexations are reserved for that one worship which is the religion of the Italian nation and which, as being such, might have counted upon respect and even special protection. In regard to the dignity and independence of the Pope, great were the promises, protests and professions; yet you are witnesses of what slanders and insults our person is daily the subject. All manner of public manifestation have free field; Catholic demonstrations only are either forbidden or disturbed. Schism, apostasy, revolt against legitimate superiors are eagerly encouraged within the bosom of the Church; but religious vows, and especially the vow of religious obedience, are reproached as contrary to the liberty and dignity of man, while impious associations, which bind their members with illicit vows and exact obedience, blind and absolute, even to the point of crime, continue unopposed.

## THE MASONIC SPIRIT.

Without exaggerating the power of Freemasonry, and without attributing to its direct and immediate action all the evils from which religion is now suffering, we cannot but be aware, throughout the facts to which we have now alluded, and throughout the range of other facts that we might name, of the Masonic spirit; that spirit which, implacably at enmity with Christ and His Church, tries all means, uses all arts, follows all roads if only it may prevail to separate the Church from her eldest daughter, Christ from his best beloved nation, His Vicar's seat upon earth, the centre of Catholic unity. The maleficent and most powerful influence of this spirit upon national affairs is not to be gathered or conjectured from few or fugitive signs, nor even to be argued from the sequence of events that have taken place during the last thirty years. Swelling pride at its successes that sect has spoken out and told us its own deeds in the past, and its own intentions for the future. The public authorities (whether with their own privity or not) are looked upon by Freemasonry as, in substance, its own instruments. The impious sect, that it is, boasts of the religious persecutions which have troubled and are now troubling Italy, as principally its own work—a work done often by other hands, but whether mediately or immediately, whether directly or indirectly, whether done by means of flattery or achieved by way of menace, whether by reduction or by revolution, a work inspired, promoted, fostered, helped by itself.

## A SHORT STEP.

From religious ruin to social brief indeed, is the step. No longer uplifted towards heavenly hopes and Divine love, the heart of man, capable of the infinite and in need of it, casts

itself with insatiable desire upon the treasures of the world; hence inevitably a perpetual strife of passions eager to enjoy, to grow rich, to climb; and hence also a wide and inexhaustible source of rancours, enmities, corruptions and crimes. In our Italy there were assuredly not wanting social disorders, long before the present troubles; but what a painful spectacle does that nation offer to our eyes to-day! In families there is a marked decrease of the loving respect which rules domestic concord; parental authority is often ignored both by children and by parents; dissensions are common, divorces not infrequent. In cities, civil disorders increase every day, with envious anger amongst the various orders of citizens, insubordination of the newer generation that has grown up in the atmosphere of misunderstood liberty and respects nothing in the heights or in the depths, incitements to vice, precocious offences, public scandals. The State, indeed, instead of being content with its high office of recognizing, protecting and aiding Divine and human rights in their universal harmony holds itself to be rather the arbiter of these rights, and either ignores them or enforces them capriciously. In short, social order is shaken to its foundations. Books and newspapers, schools and professorships, clubs and theatres, monuments, political speeches, photography, the Fine Arts—all these conspire to pervert the mind and to corrupt the heart. Meanwhile the oppressed and impoverished classes are heaving, the anarchical sects are stirring the laboring classes, are lifting themselves up to join the ranks of Socialism, of Communism, of Anarchy. Characters are growing flaccid, and minds that have lost the faculty of suffering with dignity and manhood, and of retrieving themselves by means of that suffering, forsake voluntarily their own lives by a cowardly suicide.

## WE ITALIANS.

These are the fruits that the sect of the Freemasons has brought to us Italians. And with all this that sect has the effrontery to come before us boasting of its beneficent action in regard to Italy; and stigmatizing us and all who, hearing our word, have remained faithful to Jesus Christ, with the calumnious name of enemies to our country. What may be the merits of the sect in respect to our peninsula let facts decide. Facts declare that masonic patriotism is but a sectarian egotism, a desire to dominate, to play the leader among modern states that are gathering so much into their own free hands. Facts declare that in the plans of Freemasonry the names of political independence, of equality, of civilization, of progress are but intended to represent in our nation a human independence of God, a license for error and for vice alike, a beginning of faction to the disadvantage of the bulk of the citizens, an art whereby the fortunate ones of the world may more idly and more sweetly enjoy their lives, a relapse of peoples that had been redeemed by the Divine Blood into dissension, corruption and shame. And there is little to wonder at in this. A sect that after nineteen ages of Christianity attempts to abolish the Catholic Church and to cut off its Divine origin; a sect that denying absolutely all things supernatural rejects every revelation and every means of salvation that revelation appoints; a sect that in all its designs and all its works founds itself solely upon nature—such a sect can be naught other than the culmination of pride, of cupidity, and of sensuality. Now, pride oppresses, cupidity despoils, sensuality corrupts. And when these concupiscences reach the highest degree, oppressions, despoilings, and corruptions take immoderate dimensions and become the oppression, the spoliation, the corruption of the whole people.

## IRRECONCILABLES.

Suffer us, therefore, to speak the word we have to speak to you, and to show you Freemasonry as the enemy at once of God, of the Church, and of our nation. Recognize it once for all as such, and recognize it practically; and with all the arms that reason, conscience and faith have put in your hands, rid yourselves of so evil an enemy. Let no man be deceived by its fair appearance, no man be deluded by its promises, no man be seduced by its flatteries, no man cowed by its threats. Remember that essentially irreconcilable as Christianity and Freemasonry, and that to adhere to one is to separate from the other. Such incompatibility between the professions of a Catholic and a Freemason you cannot, dearest children, fail to be aware of. Our predecessors have openly instructed you upon this point, and we in like manner have repeated the same warning clearly. Those, therefore, who by the greatest misfortune have lent their names to any of these societies of perdition are to know that they are strictly bound to quit them if they would not remain divided from Christian communion, and lose their souls for time and eternity. Parents, moreover, instructors, masters, and all who have others in their care, are to know that a rigorous obligation is upon them to prevent, if possible, those who are subject to them from joining these guilty sects, or, if they have joined, from remaining with them. It behooves the Christian, besides, in a matter of so great importance, and in the midst of delusions so facile, to guard himself from the first steps, to fear the slightest dangers, to avoid every occasion, to take solicitous care, in a word, to use, according to the council of the Gospel, the prudence of the serpent while keeping in his heart the innocence of the dove. Let fathers and mothers beware how they admit into their houses, to their intimacy, or to their confidence unknown persons, or at least persons about whom, in religious matters, they know little. Let them beware lest under the mantle of the friend, the doctor, the master, or other benefactor, an astute propagandist of the sect may be lurking. Oh! into how many families has the wolf entered in the guise of a lamb!

## COUNTER ASSOCIATION.

An excellent thing is the number and variety of counter associations arising to-day in every order of the social organization with a wonderful activity; workingmen's societies; associations of mutual aid, of providence, of science, of letters, of arts, and others of like kind; and when these are informed by a good moral and religious spirit they are always opportune and useful. But since even here—nay, specially here—the masonic poison infiltrates, let them generally be held in suspicion, and let those be avoided which withdrew themselves from religious influences, and are, therefore, apt to be more or less under the dominion of Freemasonry, and which may become not only the allies but the breeding places of sectarianism. Let women be slow to subscribe themselves members of philanthropic societies of which they do not clearly know the nature and the scope; let them first consult persons of wisdom and experience, for that very philanthropy, in its noisy forms, is frequently the passport for the Freemasonry that is opposed with so much ostentation to Christian charity. With persons suspected of belonging to Freemasonry or to societies connected therewith let there be no friendship or intimacy; know them by their fruits and avoid them; not those only who, openly impious and licentious, carry the character of their sect upon their brows, but those also who conceal that character under the mask of universal tolerance, of respect for all

religions, of a desire to reconcile the maxims of the Gospel with the maxims of the Revolution, Christ Belial, the Church of God with the State without God. Books and newspapers that distill the poison of impiety, and that kindle in the hearts of men the fire of cupidity and of sensual passions; clubs and reading rooms where the masonic ranges seeking what it may devour, should be matter of horror to every Christian. Nor does it suffice, when a sect that has invaded all things and places is concerned, that men should stand upon the defensive against it: they must go boldly forth to meet it in the field. And this is to be done by opposing publication with publication, school with school, society with society, congress with congress, action with action. Masonry has taken possession of the public schools; do you, by means of private schools, schools of your homes, schools of devoted and zealous ecclesiastics, schools of Religious, both men and women, content with it for the education and training of childhood and youth. Above all let Christian parents beware of entrusting the education of their children to any schools of which they are not sure. Freemasonry has confiscated the patrimony of public beneficence; do you supply for this from the treasury of public charity. It has placed the *Opere Pie* in the hands of its members; do you commit the religious charities over which you still have control into the care of Catholic institutions. It opens and maintains houses of vice; do you open and maintain homes of refuge for honesty and innocence in danger. In its pay is a Press in both a civil and religious sense anti-Christian; do you with your work and your money support, aid, promote and propagate the Catholic press. Mutual aid societies and institutions of mutual credit have been founded by Freemasonry for the benefit of its partisans; do you the same not only for your brethren, but for all the indigent, proving that true and wise charity is the daughter of Him Who makes the sun to rise and the rain to fall for the just and unjust. This strive of good with evil should be extended to all things and should aim at repairing all things. Freemasonry holds frequent congresses for concerting new measures whereby to combat the Church; do you hold frequent congresses for your better accord and agreement as to the means and order of defence. Freemasonry multiplies its lodges; do you multiply Catholic clubs and parochial committees, promote associations of charity and prayer, and work together to maintain and increase the beauty of God's temple. The sect, having no longer anything to fear, shows its face in the light of day; do you, Italian Catholics, make an open profession of your faith according to the example of your glorious ancestors who, confronted with tyrants, tortures and with death, courageously confessed it and gave it the authority and testimony of their blood. What further? Does the sect seek to subject the Church, as a humble handmaid of the State? Then you shall not cease to demand, and within lawful limits to vindicate, that Church's due liberty and independence. Does Freemasonry seek to rend asunder Catholic unity, sowing discontent among the clergy themselves, stimulating to insubordination, to revolt, to schism? Then shall you, drawing yet closer the sacred ties of charity and obedience, bring its designs to naught, defeat its plots, belie its hopes. Like the primitive believers, be ye of one mind and one heart; gathered around the Chair of Peter, united with your pastors, guard ye the interests of the Church and of the Papacy, which are also the supreme interests of Italy and of the Christian world.

ITALIAN GREATNESS.

The Apostolic See has ever been the inspirer and the jealous guardian of

Italian greatness. Be you, Catholic Italians, free and not sectarian, faithful at once to your country and to Christ and His visible Vicar; being persuaded that an anti-Christian and an anti Papal Italy would be contrary to the Divine ordinance, and, therefore, condemned to perish. Dear children religion and your country speak to you together by our mouth. Listen to their piteous appeal; arise with one mind and fight manfully the battle of the Lord. Be not daunted by the numbers, the boldness, the strength of the enemy; for God is stronger than he; and if God be with you, what can he do against you? And so that with greater abundance of graces God may indeed be with you, may fight with you, and may triumph with you, do you redouble your prayers, accompanying them with practices of charity towards the poor; and renew daily the promises of your Baptism, imploring humbly, instantly, and persistently the Divine mercies.

As an earnest of these, and as a pledge of our fatherly love, we give you, beloved children, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, by St. Peter's, on the 6th of December, 1892, in the fifteenth year of our Pontificate.  
LEO PP. XIII.

Father Ryan's Grave

A Mobile (Ala.) correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* writes: "Just beyond Three-mile creek, and on top of the plateau which rises beyond the valley, is located the Catholic cemetery. No more beautiful spot could be found for the last resting place of the dead—far away from the noise and turmoil of the city, surrounded by gardens, but shut in by the luxuriant growth of the Southern summer hedges of Osage orange, combined with the blackberry and wild Cherokee roses, that form a barrier stronger than walls of brick, in the sweet solitude of a summer afternoon. Hereabouts are the resting places of many who had played prominent parts in the days gone by, but who now sleep the sleep of the just.

"In the eastern portion of the cemetery where the rays of the morning sun first fall upon the hallowed precinct, rest the remains of Rev. A. J. Ryan—Father Ryan, as he was wont to be called by Protestants as well as Catholics, whom all Mobile loved for his gentle and earnest manner as man and priest, a man who sang the sweetest songs of the fair South and her brave sons battling for a lost cause. Renowned as poet, priest and patriot, the name of Father Ryan is known and honored wherever the spirit of freedom lives. Here, undisturbed, rest the remains of Father Ryan, in the lot of the 'Children of Mary,' a church organization composed of young ladies of the church for whom he was spiritual director.

"A large white marble slab covers the vault in the earth beneath. At the head of the slab, contained within a circle, surrounded by stars and clouds, is a reproduction of the Confederate banner and emblematical of 'the warrior's banner takes its flight to greet the warrior's soul.' The head is marked by a large cross of white marble five feet high, and resting on a brown-stone base that raises it one foot higher. The cross in its centre bears the insignia of holy office, the cup and wafer."

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1893.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Jan. 10—S. Canute, King, Martyr.  
20—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs  
21—S. Agnes, Virgin Martyr.  
22—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, Martyrs—Sunday.  
23—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin.  
24—S. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr.  
25—Conversion of St. Paul the Apostle.

## Letter from the Archbishop

To all whom it may concern, greeting:

It has been already announced that it is intended to publish in this city a new weekly Catholic journal, to be entitled THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, having as editor-in-chief the Rev. J. R. Teesy, B.A., Superior of St. Michael's College, who will be assisted by other able writers.

It will be the mission of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER to promote, according to its ability Catholic interests, to vindicate Catholic rights—religious, educational and civil—and to defend the Church against the falsehoods and calumnies of which she is too frequently the object.

Whilst thoroughly loyal to the form of Government under which we live, and devoted to the welfare of our country, it will be perfectly independent of all political parties, and free to approve or condemn them according to their deserts.

It will labor to promote peace and good will amongst all classes of the community, but it will not cry "peace where there is no peace;" peace through the truth, through right and justice, it will aim at promoting to the best of its ability, in the conviction that, charity, right reason, and the best interests of the country demand it.

Far from antagonizing or attempting to crowd out the Catholic papers already in the field, it will be happy to co-operate with them in the furtherance of the sacred cause they all have at heart; and if mayhap any rivalry should exist between them, it doubtless will be but the rivalry of striving to excel each other in conscientious, zealous and judicious labors in the noble vocation of Catholic journalism.

We bespeak for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER a generous and hearty support from the Catholic public; and we recommend it in a special manner to the patronage, encouragement and support of the Clergy and Laity of this Archdiocese.

† JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto,

New Year's Day, 1893.

## The Irish in Politics.

One of the most powerful books of the age is a work on Jewish France by M. Drumont, in which he states as his opinion that the Irish do not make good politicians. He was led to this conclusion in considering Marshal MacMahon's action at the time that Henri Cinq declined accepting the tri-color. But he might be inclined to change his opinion if he studied the Home Rule movement, or inspected the politics of this continent. And one of the most interesting episodes in party politics in

the United States centres about an Irishman, Mr. Edward Murphy, Jr., of Troy, in the State of New York.

President Cleveland stated publicly after his election that he objected to Mr. Murphy as a New York Senator. He did not object to him on the ground of his democracy, to which he has been most faithful, but by implication at least to the gentleman's want of education or training to represent New York. He thus bases his opposition to him on personal grounds rather than any party principle. The argument that Mr. Murphy is not a speaker has no more weight than it would have had if used against General Grant; nor is the reasoning that he is not an educated man, either sound or convincing. Many a Senator has sat in Washington and other capitals and served their country with patriotism and success, who had not so much education as Mr. Murphy. He is a graduate of Fordham College, and seems to have built up a home, and a wealthy one too, at Troy. He won the respect of his fellow townsmen who elected him Mayor for many years in succession; and still later gained by his integrity, industry and honesty the chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee. New York was in favor of Governor Hill as candidate for the Presidency. But when Cleveland received the nomination, New York, with Murphy at its head, worked loyally for the man who now fears to take Murphy down to Washington. The Vice-President, the Hon. Mr. Stevenson, pays his tribute to Mr. M.: "Mr. Murphy's fealty to democracy recently underwent a crucial test during a campaign when loyalty meant more than soft words, and he won his spurs among the fighters who thought more of the cause than of their personal feelings." This view found substantial expression when the Assembly of New York State met and elected Mr. Murphy by a vote of ninety to five as Senator for New York.

Yet critics of very high standing will tell us that the Irish count for nothing in the politics of the United States. Both there and in Canada as well as at home they count for a great deal. Our people have but to walk the path which Mr. Murphy seems to have trodden, the path of sober industry and honourable integrity, and they will count for much with friend and foe.

## Catholic Truth and Newspapers

When giving a few thoughts on Catholic culture last week we said we used the word "Catholic" more in its philosophical than in its religious sense. Our cold type indeed made us say just the contrary; as, under the influence of the frost we suppose, it made us also say "examining" impeded education, whereas we had said "cramming" does.

This time we hope our type will be true to us when we say we use "Catholic" more in its religious than in its philosophical sense. By Catholic Truth then we mean—any and all truth of faith or morals, truth connected with Catholic belief or teaching, with Catholic practice or discipline, the truth, in short, that should be the object and interest of a Catholic Truth

Society. Such a society, we said, should be an essential part of a well organized, well worked Catholic Club. But such a society may exist and do good work without a Catholic Club; just as Catholics, without such a society, may do good work in explaining and defending Catholic truth; though they certainly would do much better and more effective work if united in a Catholic Truth Society and organized in a Catholic Club. However, we must be practical, and, while hoping and preparing for better things, do what we can as we are. There are some, we fear, who misapprehend the nature and worth of a Catholic Truth Society; who think that those only should become members of such a society who are able to write books, or pamphlets, or at least an occasional letter to the papers. The Press, is indeed, a mighty power,

"And the fearless pen has more sway o'er them,  
Than the murderous cannon's roar."

But the tongue is a power too. All may not be able to write, but most of us are able to read; and whoever reads with intelligence should be able to talk with effect. The social work of Catholics is done in everyday life, in ordinary conversation. And it is at this social good that a Catholic Truth Society should aim. Catholic truth is indeed everywhere, and is everywhere and always the same. But a Catholic society has to be somewhere. It must of necessity be local, not only in its make-up and place of meeting, but even in its action and influence.

Hence there should be many such societies, one in each of our large cities. Mr. Lathrop compares the social power of the Catholic laity to the Falls of Niagara, which, having flowed on for ages to be looked at only and admired, are now at last to be utilized. But it is worth noting that, though the effect of this wondrous conversion of force will be far reaching the water begins to work at the source of power. There is found not only the vast machinery, but also the immense factory in which the combined forces will first have productive effect. So is it with the action of social power. Like well-ordered charity it begins at home. And hence each may have part in it, by exercising his influence in his own immediate surroundings. Take an example: Everyone has something to say now about the Catholic school question in the United States; about Archbishop Satolli's address, and about differences of opinion between leading members of the American Hierarchy. Now it would be well if every Catholic who has to talk about these things at all, could talk intelligently, and tell the Catholic truth about them. Catholic truth is had from authentic sources. And not everything said in the daily papers is authentic by any means. The Address of Archbishop Satolli may be read in last week's CATHOLIC REGISTER. Whoever wishes to talk intelligently about this address, should first read it through with attention and care. If he does he will come to these conclusions: 1st. That the Papal Alegate entirely agrees with and follows everything that the Councils of Baltimore decreed about

Catholic parochial schools. 2nd. That there is much to be admired, much to be regretted, and not a little to be condemned in the public school system of the United States. 3rd. That these public schools may be sometimes a remote, sometimes a proximate danger to the faith or morals of Catholic children. 4th. That it is for the Bishop of the diocese to determine the nature and extent of this danger, and when and where the danger is remote Catholic children may be permitted to attend the public schools. 5th. That care should be taken of the religious instruction of those children who do attend public schools. 6th. That Catholic parochial schools are to be continued, increased, and made perfect. 7th. The Papal Alegate restricted episcopal action in some particular cases, and he made a few suggestions which might hold towards a working arrangement between Catholic and public school authorities.

Such, in substance, is this now famous document, including the five supplementary propositions. It touches on matters of principle and matters of practice and particular application of principles. As to the principles all are of one mind. About questions of practice, and local, particular application of principles, there may reasonably and rightly be a difference of opinion. In these practical and local aspects of the school question, it seems the Prelates of the United States took somewhat different views among themselves, and many of them differed from the views of the Alegate. All this they had a perfect right to do, as the Pope himself acknowledged, when he asked the Bishops to freely and fully express their individual opinions to him. The newspapers talk of "division" and "coercion" and "dictation" and "the triumph of a party." The only triumph, says the learned and eloquent Archbishop of Philadelphia, is "the triumph of Catholic Truth, of Catholic education and of the united Catholic episcopate." And now we have the crowning triumph of Catholic obedience and ecclesiastical authority. The strongest and most striking difference of opinion between the Archbishops and Mgr. Satolli was about the opportuneness of appointing a permanent delegate in the United States. Now, Rome has spoken; the Papal Alegate has become Apostolic Delegate; and the Archbishops of New York and St. Paul unite in expressing their satisfaction and pleasure at the appointment. So must it ever be: Catholic Truth will always triumph over newspaper talk.

But Catholics who would rejoice in the victory should take part in the contest; and should prepare themselves for the combat by accurate knowledge of principles, clear, calm statement of facts, and cogent, convincing arguments.

The social contact of a Catholic Club, and the intellectual drill of a Catholic Truth Society, would help much to this conversational readiness. But while expecting both or either, let Catholics use the efficient aid that is offered them, in the periodical and weekly Catholic press.

## Dr. Douglas.

In our last notice of this political divine we concluded not to be severe; and in order more effectually to carry out our intention we quote a point from his interview with the *Mon. real Witness* which we have not so far seen noticed. The Doctor is stated to have said:

"The Catholic zeal for the elevation of Sir John Thompson is a standing rebuke and impeachment of our Protestantism. To renounce the Catholic faith is to meet with cold distrust from friends and bitter and irate hostility from foes, which, in many cases necessitates the exodus from the country. Behold the contrast! To renounce Protestantism is to be welcomed, to be patronized, to be lifted to position of social and political distinction. I can count some ten men who, by domestic and other agencies, went over to the Romish faith and found social status and official distinction, from the times anterior to Monk to those of Sir John Thompson, the honor of the bench and the premiership being laid at their feet. But we challenge our Canadian history to produce a single instance in which an apostate from Catholicism has been honored by status or official recognition—for such there is discount or disdain."

We wish to state that we agree with the Doctor upon this point. Many instances of Protestants coming over to Catholicity may be found not only in Canada but elsewhere, who were deservedly honored. What names rush upon our memory: Manning, Newman, Faber, Brownson, Preston, Wadhams, Elmsley, Thompson! These are men of whom the Church made bishops and cardinals, whom society crowned with the laurels of her intellectual and social prizes. Quite right, Doctor; behold the contrast! But is there no moral in the case? We cheerfully accept the Doctor's statement, not because he tells us so, but because general experience will bear it out, that for those who leave Catholicism for Protestantism there is "discount or disdain." Right again—and we do not see how the case could be otherwise. Leave the great Catholic Church with all its treasures of heart and mind and soul, with its everlasting fountains and its pastures green, with its intellectual storehouses of theology, scripture, canon law—leave the Church with its immortal memories and its ceaseless worship—and for what? No wonder that for such as do leave, even in society, there is discount, disdain. We agree with you, Doctor, in regard to the facts; but we may perhaps differ from you in the moral to be derived from this contrast.

While upon this subject we cannot help thinking that some divines make very bad politicians. From Dr. Burchard in the United States, with his rum, Romanism and rebellion, down to Dr. Douglas in his Tilsonburgh speech and his newspaper interview, on to Dr. Carman with his political homilies, they all sound the same note of intolerance, blustering beast and irrational appeal to passion. Having no respect for the feelings of others, they care not how harsh their language may be; having no authority over them except human respect, they are reckless, and strive to excel one another in their bitter philippics; being imperfectly educated, their appeals to history are partial and unfair. That sort of thing does not succeed, any more than passion ever conquers calm reason. Nor can it serve any

cause; still less a patriotic one. Patriotism is founded upon a surer basis, and its noble structure rises higher; it rises to where men live their lives together in the calm air of mutual forbearance and toleration; where every man knows that he has duties to fulfil as well as rights to defend—where he remembers that he owes to every one of his fellow-citizens respect, justice, and charity in thought and word and deed. When the political divines revise their knowledge of these primary social virtues, and comport themselves with more Christian dignity, we may expect better results from their interference in politics.

## The Basilians.

The last issue of *United Canada*, in speaking of the introduction of the Greek Basilian Fathers into the United States, has committed a very natural mistake in confounding them with the Congregation of St. Basil, whose community is established at Toronto and Sandwich, Ont., and in some missions. It is of the latter community that the distinguished Bishop of London, Dr. Denis O'Connor, is still a member. This community is one of the small congregations which sprang up in France the latter part of the last century or the beginning of the present, and had its origin in a few priests teaching together. When formed into a community they took the name of Basilians from a parish dedicated to St. Basil. The late Bishop de Charbonnel, who had been a student of the mother house at Annonay (Ardeche) in France, brought them to Toronto, where they established a college now a flourishing institution.

The rest of the article in question is interesting on account of the information it contains in regard to St. Basil and the United Greeks. As our readers are well aware, the Greek Church—once so brilliant with scholars and holy with saints, is divided into two great divisions. Of these the United Greeks are in communion with Rome; while the other Greeks hold certain errors, amongst which is that they do not acknowledge the primacy of St. Peter. The schism took place many centuries ago, and efforts have been continually made to bring them back, some of which have been marked with a certain degree of success. But no Pontiff has manifested more zeal, or been more unremitting in the efforts for this, than the present Holy Father. His messages to Russia, his energy in investigating the Greek manuscripts of these very Basilian monks, have all tended to the hope that the great Greek and Roman churches would once more be united, and that there would be one fold and one shepherd.

Although the Basilians of Canada cannot claim the same parentage or antiquity as the Greek Sons of St. Basil, still they can look with honest pride upon the work they have done in the new world, and an earnest hope that when the new world is old they will still flourish to the glory of God and the good of education.

Right Rev. John McLachlan, Catholic bishop of Galloway, died on Monday.

## Death of Rev. Father O'Reilly.

The illness of Father O'Reilly, to which reference was made in our issue of last week, terminated in death on Tuesday morning. He had received the last rites of the Church on Sunday, at which time he was perfectly conscious. On Monday he kept sinking, so that it was apparent that the end was near at hand. It is sad to see stalwart frames bend under the crushing yoke of some fell disease; it is sadder still to see useful lives break in their prime; but the saddest of all is to close the eyes of a brother priest from whom we had hoped for many years of edifying labor for the Church and kindly friendship for ourselves. But man proposes while God disposes. Father O'Reilly, although of large frame, was not strong, and for more than two years was in failing health. He was still in his prime, being fifty-one years of age.

Michael McCarthy O'Reilly was born at Granard in the County of Longford, Ireland. After completing his classical education in St. Mel's Seminary, Longford, he came to this country and entered St. Michael's College, Toronto, for philosophy. After finishing theology, which he studied at Niagara Falls and Montreal, he was ordained priest by the late Archbishop Lynch, September 21st, 1865. He was stationed at Thorold for a time, and when Stayner was in 1871 erected into a separate parish Father O'Reilly was appointed its first pastor. Here he remained seven years, when he was removed to Leslieville, the Eastern suburb of Toronto. During the fourteen years that Father O'Reilly had charge of St. Joseph's he built two churches. Besides these the sacred edifices of Merriton and Stayner are also abiding monuments of this zealous priest's earnest work. And now, though we mourn his death and feel that the Diocese can ill spare its laborers, we do not mourn without hope for the deeds of his priesthood have gone before him, and his holy resignation in sickness to the last was most edifying. *Requiescat in pace.*

We regret to announce the death of Mr. M. P. Ryan of Montreal, brother of Mr. Wm. Ryan of this city. He died suddenly on Sunday morning last of heart disease, while preparing to go to church. His health had for some time been precarious, but the end was most unexpected. He had been collector of customs for Montreal for the past five years. On the death of Thomas D'Arcy McGee Mr. Ryan was elected by acclamation for Montreal Centre. He took an active part in politics until 1882. He was in the seventieth year of his age and leaves a widow, sister of the Hon. J. J. Curran; and a second brother, Cornelius Ryan, who resides in the Ottawa valley.

## Book Notice.

A very neat little account book for the benefit of housekeepers was left on our table for examination. It is entitled "Williamson's Household Expense Book," containing blanks for the expenditure of the week upon every ordinary and even extraordinary

purpose. One of the difficulties which wives and housekeepers in general experience is to know what becomes of the money. This Expense Book serves the purpose admirably, and will certainly save its own price of fifty cents in the course of a year. It is issued from the firm of Williamson & Co., King street West, Toronto.

## What Our Friends Say of Us.

We have received within the last week many compliments and good wishes for our success as a Catholic journal. The notices of the Press throughout the land, and from beyond it, have been not only encouraging but flattering. We quote some of the extracts, and return our thanks for the kind remarks which have been published in our regard. To the manager it is gratifying that he retires with the respect of all; while we enter upon the field with confidence in our cause, with gratitude to our many friends up and down the whole country, and with the hope that we shall be true to the trust imposed, and will even in a slight degree satisfy the expectations expressed:

In Toronto has just appeared a new weekly similar in form to the *True Witness*, styled THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, the *Irish Canadian* and the *Catholic Weekly Review* being merged into the new venture. It is published by a joint stock company, some of the leading Catholic citizens of Toronto being directors. Rev. Father Teefy, Principal of St. Michael's College, is the chief editor, and Mr. Patrick Boyle, late of the *Irish Canadian*, has charge of the printing and jobbing department of the establishment. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto has given the paper his warm approval. In his letter of recommendation occurs the following passage:

"Far from antagonizing or attempting to crowd out the Catholic papers already in the field, it will be happy to cooperate with them in the furtherance of the sacred cause they all have at heart; and if mayhap any rivalry should exist between them, it doubtless will be but the rivalry of striving to excel each other in conscientious, zealous and judicious labors in the noble vocation of Catholic journalism."

On behalf of the *Catholic Record* we promise His Grace that our course will likewise be on the broad Catholic plan he has laid down, and we heartily welcome to Canadian journalism THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

With the talented Father Teefy in the editorial chair, we may look for original matter in that department of a high order; and while our friend, Mr. Patrick Boyle, has charge of the publishing department, we feel assured that his experience and good taste will always produce a newspaper most creditable from the mechanical point of view. In its "Salutatory" THE REGISTER makes the following kind reference to its Catholic contemporaries:

"A word to the Catholic press of Canada and we are done. As we have not entered upon our undertaking with selfish motives or with any desire to crowd others, we extend to our elder brethren of the craft the right hand of sincere friendship. To the *Catholic Record*, of London, we tender a special greeting; for he who by his encouragement started you upon your career of success and usefulness, is now giving us in another field the benefit of his authority and advice. Bound by a common origin, and having a common cause, we hope to work with you, your rival only in doing good."

We sincerely thank Father Teefy for the kind words he has written concerning the *Record*, and we assure him that he has our heartiest good will in the noble work in which he is engaged.

We wish THE CATHOLIC REGISTER a happy and prosperous New Year, and we trust it will still be found fighting the battles of Holy Church when the present generation has passed away.

Now that the *Weekly Catholic Review* has passed out of existence, it may be said in its behalf that it performed much good work in defence of the Church. On THE REGISTER staff Mr. Macdonell will find a wider field for the exercise of his talents and enterprise. During its long existence the *Irish Canadian* has dealt many an effective blow in behalf of faith and fatherland. Of Mr. Patrick Boyle it may with truth be said that to both he was as true as steel. His heart was in the work. Mistakes he may have made; but where is the man of whom the same cannot be said? During his career as publisher of the *Irish Canadian* he sought not the smiles of the mighty, nor the gold of the political mountebanks, and he retires from the

field of active journalism an honest, unpurchasable and fearless defender of his Church and his native country.—*Catholic Record*.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, the outcome of the amalgamation of the Toronto *Review* and *Irish Canadian*, has made its appearance, and a cheerful, noway journal it is. There is no cause for uneasiness or timidity as to the success of THE REGISTER, for with Rev. Father Teefy as captain, and our old friend, Mr. Patrick Boyle, as pilot, the paper will sail along the seas of journalism with flying colors. The flattering words of His Grace Archbishop Walsh concerning the new venture cannot help but give it a solid footing immediately. The *Freeman* cordially greets the new born REGISTER, and wishes it long life and prosperity.—*Canadian Freeman, Kingston*.

On Saturday morning the new weekly paper, uprising in the amalgamation of the *Irish Canadian* and *Review*, made its salutations to its constituents. It is called THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, and comes with a strong recommendation from Archbishop Walsh into a field which is to be kept free from party politics, but not with the purpose of being silent "when the interests of our religion or of its members are at stake." It will sympathize with the followers of Mr. McCarthy in the Home Rule struggle, but will be "Catholic first, last and always." THE REGISTER is modelled on the plan of the *Review*, one of its predecessors, but is larger, and multiplies the quantity of editorial matter hitherto appearing in the Roman Catholic newspapers of Toronto. The editorial writer is the able and eloquent Principal of St. Michael's College, Rev. Father Teefy, and his utterances are certain to deal with interesting and important topics. THE REGISTER enters into its career with high hopes and the good wishes of many friends. It is brightly made up and makes a presentable appearance. We wish it every success.—*Empire*.

The *Irish Canadian* and the *Catholic Review*, both of Toronto, have separately ceased to exist. On the mingled ashes of their graves, however, THE CATHOLIC REGISTER rises. The new paper is full of vigor and promise, and with the active influence of Archbishop Walsh and its brilliant editorial staff it cannot but prove a lasting success.—*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo*.

The familiar features of the *Irish Canadian*, published for so many years in Toronto by Patrick Boyle, will no more be seen, having been merged in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, the new journal just issued in the interests of Roman Catholics. Mr. Boyle will be business manager. No man has fought harder or more steadfastly, in season and out of season, for Catholic rights and interests than has Bro. Boyle, and he has been content to hold the ladder of political preferment while others climbed by it into place and power. May his shadow never grow less—and it is no light shadow either. The editor of the new journal is the Rev. J. R. Teefy, B.A., superior of St. Michael's College in Toronto, who will be assisted by other able writers; and if Father Teefy, who has lectured in Dundas, is as ready with his pen as he is eloquent with his tongue, no more can be desired. The new journal is commended to the support of the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church by Archbishop Walsh, and he it was who started upon its field of usefulness the *Catholic Record* in London. No doubt the fact of Sir John Thompson being Premier and the opening up of the Manitoba Separate School question were factors in the appearance on the stage of an able Catholic journal.—*Dundas Banner*.

We have received the first number of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, a new weekly paper which has been established in Toronto. THE REGISTER is the outcome of the amalgamation of the *Catholic Review* and the *Irish Canadian*. Its pages are of the neat and convenient size of the *Review*, but it is much larger than that paper was, and it combines the best features of both of its predecessors. It is a handsome journal, being well printed on good paper, and is ably edited by Rev. Father Teefy, of St. Michael's College. THE REGISTER will be devoted to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church and people, and will give attention to Irish affairs, in which it is a supporter of Mr. Justin McCarthy, and in Canadian politics it will be independent. It is a worthy journalistic representative of the important Archdiocese in which it is published.—*Peterborough Daily Review*.

We published last week Mr. Patrick Boyle's good-bye to his old friends on the eve of the absorption of the *Irish Canadian* and *Review* into THE REGISTER. Mr. Boyle says many true things regarding those whom he has served, and those of his countrymen who now enjoy fine positions as the outcome of principles he advocated. Many who were so placed by Governments, largely through a dread of being exposed at critical periods, have long since forgotten Mr. Boyle and his paper. Many of those gentlemen have shown a disposition to sneer at Mr. Boyle when they thought it would be popular to do so in the presence of their superiors, and their patronizing airs only reveal what men inherit, quite forgetting those who were their friends when

they were on their "uppers" looking for positions and promotions.

Mr. Boyle has his faults and has made his mistakes, but he has lived to see the day when the very first statesman in the civilized world have come to see things as he saw them twenty-five years ago, and for which he stood behind prison bars because he had the courage of his convictions.

Mr. Boyle, like Ben Butler in the United States, has been in the confidence of both parties in Canada and knows both. Canada owes Editor Boyle something, and it would be a graceful recognition of his services and ability for the Government to appoint him to the Senate now in his declining years.—*United Canada*.

### The Temporal Power.

The temporal power of the Holy See can never be lost to view. However it may be misrepresented, however it may be obscured, it is always there; the inalienable right of the Vicar of Christ to be free from all human domination. We notice a *brochure* on the subject by Rev. John Ming, S. J., who would make more friends in this world of ours if he could find a better translator. If we judge him rashly we judge him kindly; for it is less a crime to have written English badly than to have committed good German to a poor renderer. The matter is excellent and excellently set forth. The author, who dates himself from Prairie du Chien, Wis., fears his work may be looked on by not a few as untimely. Even were it so he would yet have the warrant of St. Paul that clear statement of truth is to be made in season and out of season. The points Father Ming establishes are

- I. The Historical Rights of the Holy See—indeefeasible.
- II. The occupation of the Roman States—iniquitous.
- III. The Teaching of the Church on the matter—unmistakeable.
- IV. Independence of the Holy See—a Royal Prerogative.
- V. The Pope not independent unless he be a Sovereign.
- VI. Reconciliation with the Italian Government—impossible.

### Beacon Lights of Catholicity.

A few of the best books for Protestants wishing to pursue a study of the Catholic Church and its teachings are as follows:

- Catholic Controversy. Rev. H. I. D. Ryder (a convert). (50c.)
- Faith of Our Fathers. Cardinal Gibbons. (\$1.00)
- Our Christian Heritage. By the same author. (\$1.00.)
- Gropings After Truth. Joshua Huntington (a convert from Congregationalism). (60c.)
- The King's Highway. Rev. A. F. Hewitt (a convert) (\$1.25.)
- Invitation Heeded. J. K. Stone (a convert). (\$1.25.)
- Apologia pro Vita Sua. Cardinal Newman (a convert). (\$1.50.)
- Path Which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church. Gov. Barnett (a convert). (\$2.00.)
- Catholic Belief. J. Fas de Bruno. (40c.)
- Protestants and the Church. Mgr. Preston (a convert). (\$1.00.)
- Milner's End of Controversy. (75c.)

Any Catholic bookseller will forward these on receipt of price.

We have taken the above from an exchange. We have just a word to add. Durward's "Primer for Converts" will solve many a difficulty for those for whom it was written.

The many friends of Monsignor Rooney will be very glad to learn that, although quite ill last week with an acute attack of congestion of the lungs, he is now recovering. We are more than pleased to learn it; and wish our revered friend many years of continued health and renewed vigor.

### Deanery of Toronto.

The Conference of the Priests of the Deanery of Toronto was held at St. Michael's Palace on Wednesday of last week, His Grace the Archbishop presiding. There were present Very Rev. Vicar General McOann, Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, and Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Ryan, Walsh, Cruise, Coyle, Grogan, O. S. S. R., Brennan, C. S. B., Hand, McBride, Reddan, Lamarche, Kelly, Finnan, Egan, Jeffcott, Gallagher, Whitney, Trayling and Minahan. A number of interesting and practical matters were discussed at length.

O. M. B. A.

At the last meeting of Branch 85, O. M. B. A., Toronto, the following officers were installed by Chancellor L. V. Byrne, of Branch 145: President, D. J. Walsh; 1st Vice President, Dr. Cassidy; 2nd Vice President, James Connors; Treasurer, Chancellor M. Koily; Recording Secretary, T. B. Winterberry; Financial Secretary, J. J. Burns; Assistant Recording Secretary, James Bonner; Marshal, R. Dissette; Guard, P. J. Lynar.

The branch meets on the 2nd and the 4th Tuesday of every month, in Beacon Hall, Yonge Street Market.

St. Michael's Bazaar.

The bazaar in aid of the Cathedral fund promises to be a great success. The whole parish is becoming interested in it, and each day now attractions are being added to the collection of fancy articles. Besides the rich display of goods usual on such occasions, there will be a pleasing programme every evening.

The bazaar will be formally opened at 295 Yonge street on Tuesday, the 31st of January by His Worship the Mayor.

Acknowledgment.

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, beg to return their sincere thanks to the generous, charitable friends of the Institution, who aided by their kind and timely donations to make the Christmas season bright and happy for the little ones. The following is a list of the contributions and presents received:

L. Coffee & Co., 20 bags of flour; Wm. Ryan, 6 turkeys, 5 geese, 2 barrels of apples and 1 barrel of peas; Mrs. E. O'Keefe, 1 quarter of beef; Mr. C. Flannigan, 6 turkeys and beef; Mrs. Kenny, 20 doz. handkerchiefs, 75 yards of holland and prints, 1 box of raisins, a quantity of fruit and 40 lbs. of candy; Kelly Bros., \$15; Mr. Holland, beef; W. J. Milligan, 1 box of raisins; Mrs. Foy, 1 turkey; J. Devany, pigs' feet; Mrs. G. Kiely, clothing and toys; Mrs. W. O'Connor, clothing; Mrs. W. Rooney, 12 jackets and many useful remnants of linen, cloth and damask; Miss Foy, a quantity of valuable clothing; Mrs. Fraser, 2 mattresses and clothing; Miss E. Fraser, a quantity of clothing; Mrs. T. Long, bedstead, mattress and clothing; Mrs. J. Smith, a large quantity of clothing; Mrs. T. Anglin, clothing; Mrs. Lehane, \$10; Hughes Bros., cloth; Mrs. J. Carroll, clothing; Pupils of Loretto Abbey, 50 lbs. candies; Mrs. McCaffray, handkerchiefs, gloves and guernseys; Mrs. Gallagher, candies; Mr. O'Regan, lamp for chapel; Mrs. Reeves, \$5; Mrs. Stormont, a roast, candies and oranges

Stayer Bazaar.

The following are the winning numbers drawn at the Stayer bazaar:

A B S, B 1935, A S93, E 1917, C 5474, R 7155, A 9924, J 2524, A 5545, B 1933, D 6739, O 6660, M 7090, A S899, A 2831, G 3112, I 2348, N. 7402, E S682, P 591, A H 320, R 5976, H 422, S 1063, R 4869, O 1291, A F 417, O 6458, L 4135, R 8723, O S214, C 4091, E 7670, J 7076, A F 643, O 3129, N 9039, N 7779, Q 7709, L 9112, A 1932, G 9668, N 5487, R 5905, F 6072, M S795, H 9247, G S024, A B 489, O S825, R S797, R 4415, N 8109, J 9727, A B 333, F 5618, A 7733, F 1749, Q 3512, Q 7697.

What greater misfortune could befall us than to be raised to such a dignity as to cause us to forget for a moment that we are not all which men believe us to be?—St. Bernard, O. Cist.

—THE—

Recognized Standard Brands,

"Mungo"  
"Kicker"  
"Cable."

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It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.  
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hoarseness and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (10 cents and \$1.00 by addressing

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address, Terms including all necessary expenses, except for books \$14 per annum.

REV. THEO. SPETZ, O. R., D.D.,  
President.

**A Thought For Washing Day.**

*Jilda Ward Howe, in Youth's Companion.*

The clothes-line is a Rosary  
Of household help and care;  
Each little saint the mother loves  
Is represented there.

And when across her garden plot  
She walks, with thoughtful heed,  
I should not wonder if she told  
Each garment for a bead.

For Celia's scarlet stockings hang  
Beside Amelia's skirt  
And Bilbo's breeches, which of late  
Were sadly smeared with dirt.

Yon kerchief small wiped bitter tears  
For ill-success at school;  
This pinafore was torn in strife  
'Twas Fred and little Jule.

And that device of finest web  
And overcostly lace  
Adorned our outfit when she danced  
At some gay fashion place.

A stranger passing, I salute  
The household in its wear,  
And smile to think how near of kin  
Are love and toil and prayer.

**The Late Bishop Wadhams.**

In the "Reminiscences of the late Bishop Wadhams" in the *Catholic World* numerous examples for the Christian and gentleman can be found. One morning he found it necessary to take his servant to task for a neglect of duty. "You neglect the fires, John," he said. "The house is too cold. I feel it, and the whole household suffers from it." John took the reproof humbly and quietly, only taking advantage of a short pause to say: "Did you have a good sleep last night, Bishop?" Being determined to make an impression on the mind of his attendant the Bishop continued to enlarge upon the matter. When this was over John only replied: "Is there any other matter, sir, you'd like to mention?" "No," was the reply; "you may go now. Yes; wait a moment." Then after a short pause the Bishop continued: "John, when you came into my room a little while ago you wished me good morning. I forgot to return the salute. Afterwards you asked me if I had had a good sleep. I forgot to answer that also. I found fault with you instead, and you never said a word or looked sullen. John, I can't afford to let you be more of a gentleman than I am. Good morning to you, John. Did I have a good sleep? No; I had a very bad night of it. No fault of yours, though. And now you may go, and God bless you."

**Jubilee Indulgences.**

The Holy Father, in special audience of 16th of December, has conceded special indulgences for the years of his episcopal jubilee as follows: 1. Plenary indulgence to the pilgrims who will come to Rome. 2. Plenary indulgence to the faithful who will unite in spirit with the pilgrims, provided they previously make a novena, with the daily recital of the third part of the rosary, on the 19th of February, 1893, or on the day which may be fixed by the several ordinaries of the dioceses. 3. Plenary indulgence to those who will take part in the spiritual exercises and in the missions which will be given in the year 1893; and all these, provided that having confessed and communicated, they pray according to the intentions of the Holy Father. 4. Indulgence of 300 days for each day of the novena, of the exercises or of the missions. 5. The indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

**Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.**

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th, to 14th a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott st., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each month.

He who does that which is displeasing to himself has discovered the true secret of pleasing God.—*St. Anselm, O. S. B.*



**Children  
always  
Enjoy It.  
SCOTT'S  
EMULSION**

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season. Beware of substitutions and imitations. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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**SCHOOL FURNITURE**

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan; Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdoch. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGee, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guelph, Rev. J. C. Heman, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

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London Ont., Canada



**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., at Calgary, N.W.T.," will be received at this office until Friday, 3rd February, for the several works required in the erection of Post Office, &c., at Calgary, N.W.T.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of H. S. Johnson, Calgary, on and after Friday, 13th January, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

By order,  
**E. F. E. ROY,**  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }  
Ottawa, 7th January, 1893. } 2-a

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**WE  
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**AND NOT DETERIORATE.**

Our New Brand, the  
**Cable Extra**

will be found to be exceptionally fine, and we respectfully suggest that smokers give this brand a trial, when our statement will be fully verified as to quality.

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**PURE BEE'S WAX CANDLES.**

The manufacturers have, after twenty-eight years experience, succeeded in producing a PERFECTLY PURE MOLDDED BEE'S WAX CANDLE, which for evenness, finish, and extraordinary burning qualities, they defy competition. GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE, BEING MADE FROM SELECTED BEE WAX, CLEAR AND UNALTERED.

Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb., neatly packed in 6 lb. paper boxes, and 30 lb. wooden boxes.

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SECOND QUALITY  
Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb.  
**WAX SOU'HEES.**

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Twelve to the lb. Fifteen to the lb.

**STEARIC ACID WAX CANDLES.**

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Large Candles, 30 "

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For Censors. Great Saving of Time and Trouble. This charcoal is lighted at the four ends. It ignites as easily as punk and never extinguishes unless completely shut off from the air. Keep dry.  
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Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Billousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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**T. MILBURN & CO.,** Proprietors, Toronto.

**Howarth's Carminative Mixture.**

This Medicine is superior to any other for Disorders of the Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething, or other causes.

**GIVES REST TO CHILDREN,  
AND QUIET NIGHTS  
TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.**

Prepared according to the original formula of the late John Howarth. Manufactured and sold by

**S. Howarth** Druggist 243 Yonge St

**Curran.**

One morning at an inn in the South of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door-post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his clothes. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveler cursed the lazy valet, for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then the trousers with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the looks of a person well used to comfort. After one or two hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other, exclaiming: "Oh, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran; pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion, and the traveler never rejoiced less at the termination of his long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.



**SPREADS ITS GOOD NAME, 5**

St. Edwards College, Austin, Tex., April 22, 1892.

I can have no doubts as to the virtue of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I have recommended its use where persons are afflicted with diseases of the nervous system and in every case the result was such that my own confidence in this medicine was confirmed and its good name spread in the respective locality.

REV. P. J. HURTH.

N. AMHERST, O., February 28, 1891.

For over 2 years I had epileptic fits several times a month. Since I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I have not had an attack. The medicine is very good.

AUGUSTA DRAVES.

(Per Rev. J. Bowen).

Rev. Father B. Goossens, of Maple Valley, Mich., knows of a case of St. Vitus' dance which was cured by two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Free patients also get the medicine free.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856 and is now under his direction by the

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## RAMONA.

## A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

## CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

On the morning of their departure the good Padre, having exhausted all his resources for entertaining his distinguished guests, caused to be driven past the corridors, for their inspection, all the poultry belonging to the Mission. The procession took an hour to pass. For music, there was the squeaking, cackling, hissing, gobbling, crowing, quacking of the fowls, combined with the screaming, scolding, and whip-cracking of the excited Indian marshals of the lines. First came the turkeys, then the roosters, then the white hens, then the black, and then the yellow, next the ducks, and at the tail of the spectacle long files of geese, some strutting, some half flying and hissing in resentment and terror at the unwon'ded carcasses to which they were subjected. The Indians had been hard at work all night capturing, sorting, assorting, and guarding the rank and file of their novel pageant. It would be safe to say that a drollier sight never was seen, and never will be, on the Pacific coast or any other. Before it was done with, the General and his bride had nearly died with laughter; and the General could never allude to it without laughing almost as heartily again.

At Monterey they were more magnificently feted; at the Presido, at the Mission, on board Spanish, Mexican, and Russian ships lying in harbour, balls, dances, bull-fights, dinners, all that the country knew of festivity, was lavished on the beautiful and winning young bride. The belles of the coast, from San Diego up, had all gathered at Monterey for these gaieties; but not one of them could be for a moment compared to her. This was the beginning of the Senora's life as a married woman. She was then just twenty. A close observer would have seen even then, underneath the joyous smile, the laughing eye, the merry voice, a look thoughtful, tender, earnest, at times enthusiastic. This look was the reflection of those qualities in her, then hardly aroused, which made her, as years developed her character and stormy fates thickened around her life, the unflinching comrade of her soldier husband, the passionate adherent of the Church. Through wars, insurrections, revolutions, downfalls—Spanish, Mexican, civil, ecclesiastical—her standpoint, her poise, remained the same. She simply grew more and more proudly, passionately, a Spaniard and a Moreno; more and more staunchly and fiercely a Catholic, and a lover of the Franciscans.

During the height of the despoiling and plundering of the Missions, under the Secularisation Act, she was for a few years almost beside herself. More than once she journeyed alone, when the journey was by no means without danger, to Monterey, to stir up the Prefect of the Missions to more energetic action, to implore the governmental authorities to interfere and protect the Church's property. It was largely in consequence of her eloquent entreaties that Governor Michelorena issued his bootless order restoring to the Church all the Missions south of San Luis Obispo. But this order cost Michelorena his political head, and General Moreno was severely wounded in one of the skirmishes of the insurrection which drove Michelorena out of the country.

In silence and bitter humiliation the Senora nursed her husband back to health again, and resolved to meddle no more in the affairs of her unhappy country and still more unhappy Church.

As year by year she saw the ruin of the Missions steadily going on, their vast properties melting away like dew before the sun, in the hands of dishonest administrators and politicians, the Church powerless to contend with the unprincipled greed in high places, her beloved Franciscan Fathers driven from the country or dying of starvation at their posts, she submitted herself to what, she was forced to admit, seemed to be the inscrutable will of God for the discipline and humiliation of the Church. In a sort of bewildered resignation she waited to see what further sufferings were to come, to fill up the measure of punishment which, for some mysterious purpose, the faithful must endure. But when close upon all this discomfiture and humiliation of her Church followed the discomfiture and humiliation of her country in war, and the near and evident danger of an English-speaking people possessing the land, all the smothered fire of the Senora's nature broke out afresh. With unflinching hands she buckled on her husband's sword, and with dry eyes saw him go forth to fight. She had but one regret, that she was not the mother of sons to fight also.

"Would thou wert a man, Felipe," she exclaimed again and again in tones the child never forgot. "Would thou wert a man, that thou might go also to fight these foreigners!"

Any race under the sun would have been to Senora less hateful than the American. She had scorned them in her girlhood, when they came trading to post after post. She scorned them still. The idea of being forced to wage a war with pedlars was to her too monstrous to be believed. In the outset she had no doubt the Mexicans would win in the contest.

"What!" she cried, "shall we who won independence from Spain be beaten by these traders? It is impossible!"

When her husband was brought home to her dead, killed in the last fight the Mexican forces made, she said icily, "He would have chosen to die rather than to have been forced to see his country in the hands of the enemy." And she was almost frightened at herself to see how this thought, as it dwelt in her mind, slew the grief in her heart. She had believed she could not live if her husband were to be taken away from her; but she found herself often glad that he was dead—glad that he was spared the sight and the knowledge of the things which happened; and even the yearning tenderness with which her imagination pictured him among the saints was often turned into a fierce wondering whether indignation did not fill his soul, even in heaven, at the way things were going in the land for whose sake he had died.

Out of such throes as these had been born the second nature which made Senora Moreno the silent, reserved, stern, implacable woman they knew, who knew her first when she was sixty. Of the gay, tender, sentimental girl, who danced and laughed with the officers, and prayed and confessed with the Fathers, forty years before, there was small trace left now in the low-voiced, white-haired aged woman, silent, unsmiling, placid-faced, who manoeuvred with her son and her head shepherd alike, to bring it about that a handful of Indians might once more confess their sins to a Franciscan monk in the Moreno chapel.

## CHAPTER III.

Juan Canito and Senor Felipe were not the only members of the Senora's family who were impatient for the sheep-shearing. There was also Ramona. Ramona was, to the world at large, a far more important person than the Senora herself. The Senora was of the past; Ramona was of the present. For one eye that could see the significant, at times solemn, beauty of the Senora's pale and shadowed countenance, there were a hundred that flashed with eager pleasure at the barest glimpse of Ramona's face; the shop-

herds, the herdsmen, the maids, the babies, the dogs, the poultry, all loved the sight of Ramona; all loved her, except Senora. The Senora loved her not; never had loved her, never could love her; and yet she had stood in the place of mother to the girl ever since her childhood, and never once during the whole sixteen years of her life had shown her any unkindness in act. She had promised to be a mother to her; and with all the inalienable staunchness of her promise she fulfilled the letter of her promise. More than the bond lay in the bond; but that was not the Senora's fault.

The story of Ramona the Senora never told. To most of the Senora's acquaintances now, Ramona was a mystery. They did not know—and no one ever asked a prying question of the Senora Moreno—who Ramona's parents were, whether they were living or dead; or why Ramona, her name not being Moreno, lived always in the Senora's house as a daughter, tended and attended equally with the adored Felipe. A few gray-haired men and women here and there in the country could have told the strange story of Ramona; but its beginning was more than a half century back, and much had happened since then. They seldom thought of the child. They knew she was in the Senora Moreno's keeping, and that was enough. The affairs of the generation just going out were not the business of the young people coming in. They would have tragedies enough of their own presently; what was the use of passing down the old ones? Yet the story was not one to be forgotten; and now and then it was told in the twilight of a summer evening, or in the shadows of vines on a lingering afternoon, and all young men and maidens thrilled who heard it.

It was an elder sister of the Senora—a sister old enough to be wooed and won while the Senora was yet at play,—who had been promised in marriage to a young Scotchman named Angus Phail. She was a beautiful woman; and Angus Phail, from the day he first saw her standing in the Presidio gate, became so madly her lover, that he was like a man bereft of his senses. This was the only excuse ever to be made for Ramona Gonzaga's deed. It could never be denied, by her bitterest accusers, that, at the first, and indeed for many months, she told Angus she did not love him and could not marry him; and that it was only after his stormy and ceaseless entreaties that she did finally promise to become his wife. Then, almost immediately, she went away to Monterey, and Angus set sail for San Blas. He was the owner of the richest line of ships which traded along the coast at that time; the richest stuffs, carvings, woods, pearls, and jewels, which came into the country came in his ships. The arrival of one of them was always an event; and Angus himself, having been well-born in Scotland, and being wonderfully well-mannered for a seafaring man, was made welcome in all the best houses, wherever his ships went into harbour, from Monterey to San Diego.

The Senorita Ramona Gonzaga sailed for Monterey the same day and hour her lover sailed for San Blas. They stood on the decks waving signals to each other, as one sailed away to the south, the other to the north. It was remembered afterward by those who were in the ship with the Senorita, that she ceased to wave her signals, and had turned her face away, long before her lover's ship was out of sight. But the man of the *San Jose* said that Angus Phail stood immovable, gazing northward, till nightfall shut from his sight even the horizon line at which the Monterey ship had long before disappeared from view.

This was to be his last voyage. He went on this only because his honour was pledged to do so. Also, he comforted himself by thinking that he would bring back for his bride, and

for the home he meant to give her, treasures of all sorts, which none could select as well as he. Through the long weeks of the voyage he sat on deck, gazing dreamily at the waves, and letting his imagination feed on pictures of jewels, satins, velvets, laces, which would beat deck his wife's form and face. When he could no longer bear the vivid fancies' heat in his blood, he would pace the deck, swifter and swifter, till his steps were like those of one flying in fear; at such times the men heard him muttering and whispering to himself, "Ramona! Ramona!" Mad with love from the first to the last was Angus Phail, and there were many who believed that if he had ever seen the hour when he called Ramona Gonzaga his own, his reason would have fled for ever at that moment, and he would have killed either her or himself, as men thus mad have been known to do. But that hour never came. When, eight months later, the *San Jose* sailed into the Santa Barbara harbour, and Angus Phail leaped breathless on shore, the second man he met, no friend of his, looking him maliciously in the face, said: "So, ho! You're just too late for the wedding! Your sweetheart, the handsome Gonzaga girl, was married here, yesterday, to a fine young officer of the Monterey Presidio?"

Angus reeled, struck the man a blow full in the face, and fell to the ground, foaming at the mouth. He was lifted and carried into a house, and, speedily recovering, burst with the strength of a giant from the hands of those who were holding him, sprang out of the door, and ran bareheaded up the road toward the Presidio. At the gate he was stopped by the guard, who knew him.

"Is it true?" gasped Angus.

"Yes, Senor," replied the man, who said afterward that his knees shook under him with terror at the look on the Scotchman's face. He feared he would strike him dead for his reply. But, instead, Angus burst into a maudlin laugh, and turning away, went staggering down the street, singing and laughing.

The next that was known of him was in a low drinking-place, where he was seen lying on the floor dead drunk; and from that day he sank lower and lower, till one of the commonest sights to be seen in Santa Barbara was Angus Phail, reeling about tipsy, coarse, loud, profane, dangerous.

"See what the Senorita escaped!" said the thoughtless. "She was quite right not to have married such a drunken wretch."

In the rare intervals when he was partially sober he sold all he possessed,—ship after ship sold for a song, and the proceeds squandered in drinking or worse. He never had a sight of his lost bride. He did not seek it; and she, terrified, took every precaution to avoid it, and soon returned with her husband to Monterey.

Finally Angus disappeared, and after a time the news came up from Los Angeles that he was there, had gone out to the San Gabriel Mission, and was living with the Indians. Some years later came the still more surprising news that he had married a squaw—a squaw with several Indian children,—had been legally married by the priest in the San Gabriel Mission Church. And that was the last that the faithless Ramona Gonzaga ever heard of her lover, until twenty-five years after her marriage, when one day he suddenly appeared in her presence. How he had gained admittance to the house was never known; but there he stood before her, bearing in his arms a beautiful babe, asleep. Drawing himself up to the utmost of his six feet of height, and looking at her sternly with eyes blue like steel, he said: "Senora Ortega, you once did me a great wrong. You sinned, and the Lord has punished you. He has denied you children. I also have done a wrong; I have sinned,

and the Lord has punished me. He has given me a child. I ask once more at your hands a boon. Will you take this child of mine and bring it up as a child of yours, or of mine, ought to be brought up?"

The tears were rolling down the Senora Ortogna's cheeks. The Lord had indeed punished her in more ways than Angus Phail knew. Her childlessness, bitter as that had been, was the least of them. Speechless, she rose and stretched out her arms for the child. He placed it in them. Still the child slept on, undisturbed.

"I do not know if I will be permitted," she said falteringly; "my husband—"

"Father Salvierderra will command it. I have seen him," replied Angus.

The Senora's face brightened. "If that be so, I hope it can be as you wish," she said. Then a strange embarrassment came upon her, and looking down upon the infant, she said in quiveringly, "But the child's mother?"

Angus's face turned swarthy red. Perhaps, face to face with this gentle and still lovely woman he had once so loved, he first realized to the full how wickedly he had thrown away his life. With a quick wave of his hand, which spoke volumes, he said: "That is nothing. She has other children, of her own blood. That is mine, my only one, my daughter. I wish her to be yours; otherwise, she will be taken by the Church."

With each second that she felt the little warm body's tender weight in her arms, Ramona Ortogna's heart had more and more yearned toward the infant. At these words she bent her face down and kissed its cheek. "Oh no! not to the Church! I will love it as my own," she said.

Angus Phail's face quivered. Feelings long dead within him stirred in their graves. He gazed at the sad and altered face, once so beautiful, so dear. "I should hardly have known you, Senora!" burst from him involuntarily.

She smiled piteously, with no resentment. "That is not strange. I hardly know myself," she whispered. "Life has dealt very hardly with me. I should not have known you either—Angus." She pronounced his name hesitatingly, half appealingly. At the sound of the familiar syllables, so long unheard, the man's heart broke down. He buried his face in his hands, and sobbed out: "Oh, Ramona, forgive me; I brought the child here, not wholly in love; partly in vengeance. But I am melted now. Are you sure you wish to keep her? I will take her away if you are not."

"Never, so long as I live, Angus," replied Senora Ortogna. "Already I feel that she is a mercy from the Lord. If my husband sees no offence in her presence she will be a joy in my life. Has she been christened?"

Angus cast his eyes down. A sudden fear smote him. "Before I had thought of bringing her to you," he stammered, "at first I had only the thought of giving her to the Church. I had had her christened by"—the words refused to leave his lips—"the name— Can you not guess, Senora, what name she bears?"

The Senora knew. "My own?" she said.

Angus bowed his head. "The only woman's name that my lips ever spoke with love," he said, reassuringly, "was the name my daughter should bear."

"It is well," replied the Senora. Then a great silence fell between them. Each studied the other's face, tenderly, bewilderedly. Then, by a simultaneous impulse they drew nearer. Angus stretched out both his arms with a gesture of infinite love and despair, bent down and kissed the hands which lovingly held his sleeping child.

"God bless you, Ramona! Farewell! You will never see me more," he cried, and was gone.

In a moment more he reappeared on the threshold of the door, but only to

say in a low tone, "There is no need to be alarmed if the child does not wake for some hours yet. She has had a safe sleeping potion given her. It will not harm her."

One more long lingering look into the other's faces, and the two lovers, so strangely parted, still more strangely met, had parted again for ever. The quarter of a century which had lain between them had been bridged in both their hearts as if it were but a day. In the heart of the man it was the old passionate love reawakening; a resurrection of the buried dead to full life, with lineaments unchanged. In the woman it was not that; there was no buried love to come to such resurrection in her heart, for she had never loved Angus Phail. But, long unloved, ill-treated, heart-broken, she woke at that moment to the realization of what manner of love it had been which she had thrown away in her youth; her whole being yearned for it now, and Angus was avenged.

When Francis Ortogna, late that night, reeled half tipsy into his wife's room, he was suddenly sobored by the sight which met his eyes—his wife kneeling by the side of a cradle, in which lay, smiling in its sleep, a beautiful infant.

"What in the devil's name," he began; then recollecting, he muttered. "Oh, the Indian brat! I see! I wish you joy, Senora Ortogna, of your first child!" and with a mock bow and cruel sneer he staggered by, giving the cradle an angry thrust with his foot as he passed.

The brutal taunt did not much wound the Senora. The time has long since passed when unkind words from her husband could give her keen pain. But it was a warning not lost upon her newborn mother instinct, and from that day the little Ramona was carefully kept and tended in apartments where there was no danger of her being seen by the man to whom the sight of her baby face was only a signal for anger and indecency.

Hitherto Ramona Ortogna had, so far as was possible, carefully concealed from her family the unhappiness of her married life. Ortogna's character was indeed well known; his neglect of his wife, his shameful dissipations of all sorts, were notorious in every part in the country. But from the wife herself no one had ever heard so much as a syllable of complaint. She was a Gonzaga, and she knew how to suffer in silence. But now she saw a reason for taking her sister into her confidence. It was plain to her that she had not many years to live; and what then would become of the child? Left to the tender mercies of Ortogna, it was only too certain what would become of her. Long sad hours of perplexity the lonely woman passed, with the little laughing babe in her arms, vainly endeavouring to forecast her future. The near chance of her own death had not occurred to her mind when she accepted the trust.

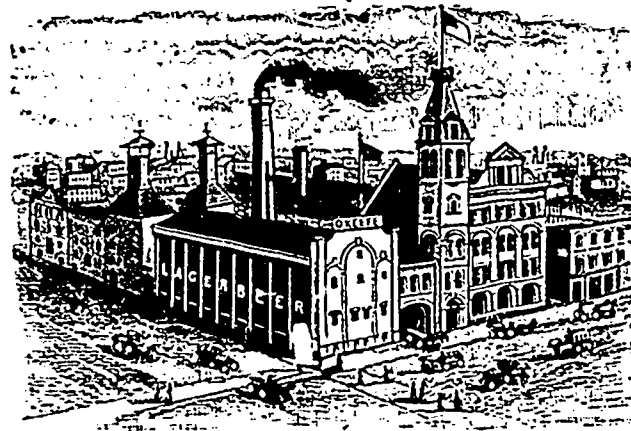
Before the little Ramona was a year old, Angus Phail died. An Indian messenger from San Gabriel brought the news to Senora Ortogna. He brought her also a box and a letter, given to him by Angus the day before his death. The box contained jewels of value, of fashions a quarter of a century old. They were the jewels which Angus had bought for his bride. These alone remained of all his fortune. Even in the lowest depths of his degradation a certain sentiment had restrained him from parting with them. The letter contained only these words: "I send you all I have to leave my daughter. I meant to bring them myself this year. I wished to kiss your hands and hers once more. But I am dying. Farewell."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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 LONDON 1855

## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Autism.

On December 29th Mr. David Leahy was sworn in as Justice of the Peace for the borough of Belfast, before Mr. Dempsey, J.P.

Early on the morning of December 22nd a fire broke out at Lagan Corn Mills, in Lisburn. The mills were completely destroyed, and some adjoining property had a narrow escape. The loss is mostly covered by insurance.

On December 29th a woman named Eliza McGuigan took suddenly ill at her residence, 31 Great Patrick Street, Belfast, and died next day. The cause of her death was heart disease.

## Carlton.

The nuns at the Parent House at Tullow, of the Order of St. Bridgid, whose rules have recently received the sanction and approval of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., have adopted an address of thanks and gratitude for such special favor to the Holy Father. The address has been forwarded to the Very Rev. Prior Glynn, O.S.A., St. Patrick's National Church at Rome, who has kindly undertaken the duty of the presentation. The address is a very charming work of art. The illuminated borders are specimens of Celtic ornament, interspersed with artistic miniatures.

## Cavan.

Mr. C. R. McNamara, solicitor, Dublin, agent to Captain William A. Gresson, of Bellawly Park, Dundrum, attended at Swanlinbar, during Christmas week, for the collection of the rents due up to 25th March last, and granted a reduction of 3s. in the pound. This is the most liberal reduction given by any of the land-owners in the neighbourhood of Swanlinbar. Similar reductions have been given on this estate for several years past.

## Cork.

An old woman named Mary Driscoll was found dead in a lane off of Old Market Place, Cork, on December 27th.

On December 21st, while hunting with the United Club fox-hounds, Dr. Roche, of Fermoy, got a nasty fall from his horse, sustaining a fractured collar-bone. He was promptly attended to, and is progressing favorably.

The landlord of the Ponsonby estate has, through his solicitors, made to those of his tenants whose offers for purchase were declared by the Land Purchase Commission to be too high, an offer to accept their tenders at the price fixed by the Purchase Commissioners.

The efforts to improve the Irish butter market and reconquer the markets lost to foreign competition, are being rewarded with success. According to recent reports, it appears the Irish and Dutch butters have driven the French article out of the market, and that the Irish butter-maker is now beating his Dutch rival. The *Graves*, however, points out that the reputation of "Cork firsts" in past years has not been restored by the application of the more euphonious term of "superfine," and generally blames misleading trade descriptions.

## Down.

On December 29th a fire broke out at the rear of the extensive establishment of Messrs. Kinneary & Co, grocers and Italian ware-housemen, situate in Hill street, Newry. The fire originated in one of the stores in the yard, and a good deal of damage was done. The premises and stock are, it is stated, covered by insurance.

## Dublin.

On December 27th an old man named Ryan was burned to death in a house which was destroyed by fire in Kingston.

With much regret we announce this week the death of Mr. Edward Byrne, which occurred at his residence, 9 Berkeley road, Dublin, on December 29th. Mr. Byrne was for many years connected with the National Registration of Voters.

A man named Terrence Sheridan, living in Calra lane, Dublin, had not been seen since Christmas Eve, and on the police visiting his house they found his charred remains. Sheridan was subject to epileptic fits, and, as he lived alone, it is thought that he fell into the fire and was burned to death.

On December 22nd Dr. Kenny, M.P., City Coroner for Dublin, held an inquest in the morgue on the body of Captain Robert Kerr, aged 50 years, who was found drowned in the Spencer Deck on the previous morning. The jury found a verdict of death from accidental drowning, and expressed their sympathy with the relatives of the deceased.

## Fermanagh.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed P. J. Conway, Esq., J.P., of the Dublin Road, Tuam, and Gortoral Park, county Fermanagh, to be High Sheriff for Fermanagh county for the year 1893.

## Galway.

On Dec. 19th the remains of the late J. A. Redington, Esq., solicitor, son of S. P. Redington, Esq., clerk of the Peace for Galway, were removed from his father's residence, 37 Mountjoy-square, Dublin, for interment in Glasnevin cemetery. There was an immense funeral from Galway, Dublin, and other districts.

## Kerry.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., has succeeded in getting the Government to extend

the limits of the fishery bounds in the estuaries of the rivers Owenmore and Scotrib, in the Castlegregory district, to the full extent claimed by the fishermen. For a long time they have been under restrictions, and have been repeatedly fined for fishing within the limits laid down by the fishery Conservators; but under the new rule, this grievance has been done away with. It is expected that several other existing grievances on the West Kerry coast will also be redressed, as Sir Thomas Esmonde has visited the places and has promised to lay the matter before the Government.

## Kildare.

On Christmas eve a young man named Rafferty, a native of Kildare, who was employed by the London and Northwestern Railway, on their steamers in Dublin, and who had been working all the previous night, owing to the Christmas trade, when leaving off duty in the morning, slipped and fell beneath the steamer, which was lying alongside the quay wall, and was drowned.

## Limerick.

On December 22nd Mr. Henry Purdon Wilkinson, the nephew of General Napper Tandy, died at Friarstown House, county Limerick, in his 89th year. The late Mr. Wilkinson's mother, *nee* Miss Catharine Tandy, was a sister of Napper Tandy, whom she visited while in prison, and whose name is so familiar to everyone who has sung or heard sung "The Wearing of the Green." Napper Tandy, it need hardly be said, was a General in the French service, and was one of the glorious galaxy of Irishmen who are so closely identified with the Rebellion in 1798. The father of the deceased was Dr. Wilkinson, an eminent physician, whom many of the older inhabitants of Limerick remember as being at the head of the medical profession in his time.

## Longford.

Mr. E. Skeffington Randal Smyth has been appointed High Sheriff for Longford.

## Louth.

It is with sincere regret we notice the death of Mrs. McCourt, of West Cairn House, Duleek. In every relation of life—as wife, mother and friend—Mrs. McCourt fulfilled the duties appertaining to it to perfection. She was the soul of hospitality and kindness, whose greatest happiness was found in spreading happiness around. On December 26th, fortified by the rites of her Church, this amiable and thoroughly good woman peacefully resigned her soul to her Maker.

## Maye.

It is stated that Mrs. Pery-Knox Gore has granted an abatement of 15 per cent. to all her tenants who have paid up the present year's rent.

With deep regret we announce the demise of Mrs. McDonagh, J.P., of Balla, which occurred at her residence on the 23rd December. Although her death was rather sudden, she having been in her shop some few days before, still it was not altogether unexpected as she had been in failing health for some years past.

## Roscommon.

We regret to have to announce the demise of Mr. Patrick McCormack, solicitor, Castles, who died at his father's residence, Castlebar, on last St. Stephen's Day, at the early age of twenty eight years. Mr. McCormack was a brother of Mr. Francis T. McCormack, solicitor, Tuam, and Dr. McCormack, and nephew to the esteemed and popular Bishop of Galway, the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, and to Thomas McCormack, merchant, Castlebar.

## Sligo.

On Dec. 30th the remains of Mr. Richard Crawford, eldest son of the late Alderman Crawford, who died in America, were conveyed to their resting place in Sligo Cemetery. The funeral cortege consisted of a long line of carriages and a large number of pedestrians.

## Tipperary.

The Very Rev. J. White, P.P., V.G., Nenagh, has commenced operations at the site of the new Catholic Church, and a number of the rural parishioners have been engaged conveying stones from the quarry of Lahorna to the grounds of the site, which was consecrated last October by the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe.

## Tyrore.

The Lord-Lieutenant has appointed Garrett Nagle, Esq., Resident Magistrate for the county of Tyrore, and the Lord-Chancellor has appointed Mr. William Moffat, Dunganon House, Dungannon, to the Commission of the Peace for the same county.

## Waterford.

Intelligence reached Dungarvan on Dec. 27th of the death of a widely-respected man—Mr. James Lynch, of Ballyduff. He was missing since the previous day, and was found in a field some distance from his place of residence in a pitiable condition. He had been out all night, sleeping, probably, in the field where found, and though medical assistance was procured with all speed, life could not be restored, as he sank rapidly and died a few hours after of exhaustion.

## Wexford.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Martin Sinnott, Ballyboy, Oulart, which took place on the 23rd of December. Deceased was up to the time of his death in the employment of Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Templeshannon,



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## PILES

and had been ailing for a long period. His age was close on 30, and he was greatly respected in Ennisceorthy and the surrounding districts.

On December 26th Mr. James Boggan, Templeshannon, uncle to Rev. L. Boggan, died after a fortnight's illness. Deceased was close on 60 years of age.

## Wicklow.

In Christmas week the interesting religious ceremony of the profession of a nun took place in the Presentation Convent, Waterford. The young lady who had the happiness of making her perpetual vows and receiving the black veil on the occasion was Miss Byrne, daughter of Mr. John Byrne, Glentague, county Wicklow (in religion Sister Mary Columba Joseph). The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Richard Alphonsus Sheehan, D.D., Bishop of Waterford.

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The Angelus in Spain.

The Angelus in Spain has thus been beautifully described by a Protestant traveler: "At sunrise a large, soft-toned bell is thrice tolled from the tower of the Cathedral summoning all the inhabitants, wherever they are or however occupied, to devote a few moments to the performance of a short prayer in honor of the Blessed Virgin, called the 'Angelus Domini.' At mid day and again at the close of the evening, the bell thrice tolls again. To a foreigner it is curious and not uninteresting to observe the sudden and fervent attention, which is paid in the streets, within and without doors, in the Alameda, on the river, by everybody, high and low, the idler and the laborer, infancy and old age, to this solemn sound. The loiterers in the promenade are suddenly stopped, and each group repeats within its own circle the consoling prayer. The politician breaks off his argument, the young men are abashed in their gay discourse, and take off their hats, the carriages are all drawn up, all the worldly business and amusements are forgotten for three minutes, till the cheerful tinkling of lighter bells announces that the orison is over."—Catholic Review.

A Chinese Horror.

A Canton correspondent sends this account of a terrible disaster in a country town about fifty miles from Canton, which occurred early last month, and resulted in the loss of nearly 2,000 lives. A band of robbers made a raid on the village of Kam Li, in the Shin Hing district. They first levied a tribute of several thousand taels on the priests of the temple. The latter had just received large offerings from the people, who were celebrating a holiday with a dramatic entertainment under a big shed temporarily erected in front of the temple. The angry robbers applied torches to this shed, and the people in a panic rushed into the temple for refuge. The main entrance of the temple, which was of wood, caught fire from the fierce heat of the burning shed, and over 1,400 men, women and children were either burned, smothered or trampled under foot. Most of the fatalities resulted from suffocation, as a strong wind drove the smoke into the temple. At the time of writing the roll of missing numbered 1,940, and it may be that some of these were burned beyond recognition. The disaster is the worst that has occurred in South China for several years.

A New Version of an Old Tale.

The present Columbian times have recalled to public memory the biography of Christopher Columbus as it was written by a school-boy in the Midlands, Eng., twenty years ago. The master told the boys to write each a short essay on the great navigator, and the following is the only one that has withstood the ravages of the tooth of Time. We give it complete: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' He had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarrelled, and said they believed there was no such place; but, after many days, the pilot called to him, and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. 'I suppose you are the niggers?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are;' and the chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You're right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it: we are discovered at last.'"

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When you ask for our brands "Cable Extra," "Kicker," "Mungo," "Madro E. Hijo," "El Padre," "La Cadena," and "La Flora," Clear Havana Cigars, the cream of the Havana crops, you secure yourself against inferior value.

Those dealers, who state they are "just out," or don't handle them, or have better value, etc., are the ones who are not satisfied with a reasonable profit.

By insisting upon having our brands you protect yourself.

With best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year,

We beg to remain,

Very gratefully yours,

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of January, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns for destination (G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.), Close time, and Due time.

English mails close on Mondays at 10 P.M., and Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 P.M. The following are the dates of English mails for January: 2, 5, 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, 30.

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

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THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, January 18, 1893.

Table of market prices for various commodities like Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, etc.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Jan 17.—The seasonable weather has stimulated our business somewhat; the local enquiry to-day was active, prices were steady with an upward tendency, and about everything was sold out early.

CATTLE—Prices for the best lots of cattle have ranged from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4 per pound, and a few selected animals sold at 4c. Four lots were purchased for shipment to Montreal; they averaged between 1,050 and 1,070 lbs, and sold at 3 1/2 per pound. A lot of 20, averaging 1,075 lbs, sold at 3 3/4; a lot of 21, averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at \$32.50 each; a lot averaging 950 lbs, sold at \$31 each; a lot averaging 1,050 lbs, sold at \$40 each; a lot of 17, averaging 1,080 lbs, sold at \$33 each; and a mixed lot of 13 sold at an average of 3 1/2 per pound. Prices were very good for good cattle and steady for medium and inferior.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—A few less than 150 came in, and as the supply was so small prices were strong but unchanged at from \$3.50 to \$5 each for bunches of lambs with which were mixed a few sheep. The demand for sheep is at present nominal, as are also prices. Lambs are wanted.

CALVES—Only a few odds and ends came in that sold on private terms, which means generally prices so low that neither buyer nor seller care to state them. Good calves are wanted and will realize well.

HOGS—The only department of the live stock trade in which there is any life just now is among the hogs, and here business begins to hum, and whatever is brought along goes. As barely one hundred hogs were sent in this morning the trading was soon over, as everything sold at once. For the best hogs on the market \$6.75 per cwt. was easily obtained, and plenty more would have gone at these figures; stores brought \$6.25 per cwt; and rough sold easily at from \$5.60 to \$5.80 and even \$6.

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young; she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a difference sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, but if she is not neat, her looks are spoiled and will go for nothing.

C. P. LENNOX, L.D.S.

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OF THAT FOR 1891 OR ANY PREVIOUS YEAR.

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Antiquity of the Celtic Race.

The Irish is undoubtedly one of the most ancient, if not the most ancient, nationality in Western Europe: and an eminent writer, not an Irishman, Thebaud, goes so far as to say that the race preceded that of every nation now on the face of the earth, with the exception of China. However, if the Irish are in point of time behind the Celestials, it is certain they are ahead of all modern European nations. All these date their origin from various periods between the fifth and twelfth centuries, but not even the most confirmed sceptic can doubt that at the time of the introduction of Christianity Ireland had reached a very high standard of pagan civilization, that she was governed by institutions similar in nature, but much more perfect to those Cesar found in Gaul, and that her literature had attained a height of undoubted merit. That all these had long obtained is equally certain, and the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy prove beyond doubt that real objects of art in gold and precious metals adorned dwellings of the Irish chiefs are yet the Latin tribes had gathered on the Alban hills, and while Greece was wrestling with her heroic barbarism.

Under the divine influence of Christianity pagan expansiveness and pagan love of adventure were converted into zeal and indomitable ardor which characterized the missionary of Christ. Scarce fifty years since Patrick breathed his last and Ireland was a missionary nation. With all the impetuosity of her nature she threw herself into this Christian work. Bands of pious missionaries unceasingly left her shores. They have left their mark in almost every land in Europe. Mid the frozen drags of Norway and Iceland, by the fatal shores of Trebbia, in the gorges of the Apennines, and on the plains of Lombardy, near the summit of Mount Jura, and by the waters of Lake Constance, among the Alemannic tribes by the borders of the Rhine, and in the depths of Saxon forests, the Irish monastery arose, the Irish monk was heard to chant, and the rules of Columbkille and Columbanus were observed. Celtic ardor revived the world; and it seemed as if Celtic genius were to rule it. Her learned men were eagerly sought after in the schools of Europe, and Europe in turn flocked to the Universities of Durrow and Armagh.

An Archbishop Now.

During the late war a priest approached the commanding officer of the Federal troops that had fallen back after a sharp skirmish with the Confederates, and requested a pass to get out beyond the lines.

"There are," said the Father, "a number of wounded soldiers in the camp beyond."

"But," said the commander, "the pickets of both lines are at close quarters, and you may be shot."

"It is my duty to administer to the spiritual wants of the wounded," replied the priest with much firmness and persistence, "and danger is a secondary consideration."

The commander, with eyes full of admiration, called an orderly and gave directions, to have the priest conducted to the Federal pickets. There he was left to take his course alone into a deep wood full of the enemy and full of dangers. He had advanced but a few hundred yards when he was halted and several rifles presented to his breast.

A few words along with the presentation of the Federal pass lowered the guns, and rebel soldiers became his escorts to the camp hospital, where he gave administration to the forsaken wounded soldiers.

This simple priest was the present distinguished prelate, Archbishop Gress, of Oregon.—Church News.

If you wish to end your undertakings happily, learn how to give yourself up to them without desiring any return to yourself.—St. Ignatius.

Rev. H. B. Harrold of Pawtucket, R. I., has been designated to succeed the late, Father Daly as curate at St. Lawrence Church, New Bedford, Mass. Father Harrold was born in Pawtucket, R. I., Dec. 5, 1866. His college life was spent at St. Michael's College, Toronto, Canada. His ordination for the priesthood took place at Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada, on Dec. 17, 1892.

Have you tried the

"CABLE EXTRA"

CIGAR?



**Presentation to Canon Foley.**

On New Year's Day the Father Mathew Temperance Association of Almonte presented the Very Rev. Canon Foley with an address, and an accompanying gift.

The address stated that the organization, established twenty-one years ago by the first pastor of Almonte, Father Faure, had continually advanced under Canon Foley. To his example, to his words and his efforts they owed much of their prosperity, for he had often "alleviated sin and misery by his earnest advocating of total abstinence." The address concluded:

We take this occasion to offer our esteem and love to you as our Parish Priest and to express the gratification with which, three years ago, we learned that your merits had prompted His Grace the Archbishop to promote you to the office of Canon of the Church. We realized that the appointment, while recognizing your learning and temperance, was empowering you to do still more in the field which has been the field of your unwearying labors.

May your years be many! May your future labor in the vineyard of the Lord be blessed with as great success as in the days gone by.

We, on behalf of the Father Mathew Temperance Association of Almonte, beg you as the Rev. Director of our branch to accept the accompanying gift, as an earnest of our lasting love and allegiance.

JOHN O'REILLY, Pres.  
GEO. HOUNGAN, Sec.

Almonte, New Year's, 1893.

The Rev. Father was deeply moved and for a time could scarcely master his emotions to reply to the well wishers of the Society. He gradually recovered himself and spoke in eloquent terms of the good which the Society had done during the past twenty-one years and is still doing. He referred in feeling terms to the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, and to the excellent work done by the late Father Faure, P.P. of Almonte, in organizing and fostering with a paternal care the Society in the great struggles of its infancy when it had to contend with so much opposition, till to-day it stood first and foremost the best organized temperance society in the Ottawa Valley, with a library well filled with the best works of our greatest authors.

Referring to the large number of young men which the Society had taken care of in their youth and saved from the greatest of all curses—intemperance—and to the positions which they now filled in various professions of life, he encouraged his listeners to go and do likewise.

The Rev. Canon again thanked the Society for their testimonial and promised to take a greater interest than ever in the affairs of the Society, and to do all in his power to encourage their great work.

In conclusion he wished the Father Mathew Temperance Association of Almonte a happy and prosperous New Year.—United Canada.

**Mr. Charles Burns Honored.**

A number of the friends of Mr. Charles Burns, J.P., met at his residence, Pembroke Street, on Friday night to testify their appreciation of his services on the S. S. Board, from which he has just retired, after a connection extending over thirty years. Nearly all the members of the School Board were present, as were also Rev. Brothers Odo and Sulpicius, Messrs. E. O'Keefe, L. J. Cosgrave, C. J. McCabe, C. B. Doherty, Arthur Hoimes, John Hanrahan, William Hynes, Jas. Ryan, John Spilling, D. Kelly, James Nolan, John O'Connor, R. T. Halfey, O. A. Burns, J. G. Hall. The company having been assembled, Mr. James Ryan took the chair, and presented Mr. Burns with a valuable gold-headed cane, on which was inscribed: "Presented to Charles Burns, J.P., by the S. S. Board and other admirers, January, 1893." The address, which was handsomely engrossed, read as follows:

DEAR SIR—It affords us intense pleasure to represent a committee which in turn represents your numerous friends and admirers, and on their behalf to present to you a gold-headed cane as a very slight token of their appreciation of the admirable and praiseworthy manner in which you have discharged the onerous and re-

sponsible duties of a separate school trustee for the last 33 years. Called to fill the position of school trustee when quite a young man, your ready obedience in accepting the onerous position was equalled only by the splendid ability, untiring energy and devoted zeal with which you discharged the duties of the office. At the time you were first elected the schools were few and the resources of the board small, yet you labored on in the face of great difficulties, and surmounted all obstacles that came in the way of our separate schools. All this is worthy of grateful and lasting remembrance, and legitimate subject of generous praise, and yet all of this is but a short, superficial summary of your work as a trustee. The success of your wise advice to younger members when they came on the board is seen in the well-equipped and well-filled schools at the present time. Your high character, integrity and zeal have not only won the esteem and confidence of your friends and of those brought into immediate contact with you, but have radiated far and wide, so that you have reached the position—one that is not only a credit to yourself, but to the city at large. That you may long continue in our midst is the wish of the many to whom your virtues are as household words. With this souvenir let me on behalf of those I represent, wish you health, happiness and prosperity. (Signed) JAMES RYAN.

After the presentation had been made, Mr. Burns expressed his thanks in a few appropriate words, and then proceeded to entertain his visitors.

—1893.—

**To the Trade.**

We beg to tender our thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed upon us in the past and to assure you that we will endeavor to deserve a continuation of same in the future.

It is most gratifying to us to know that of the many changes that have been made in the personnel of some firms in the past 35 years that the successors have continued to bestow upon us the same (and in some cases to a greater extent) patronage as their predecessors.

With best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year,

We beg to remain,  
Very gratefully yours,

(Signed,) **S. DAVIS & SONS.**

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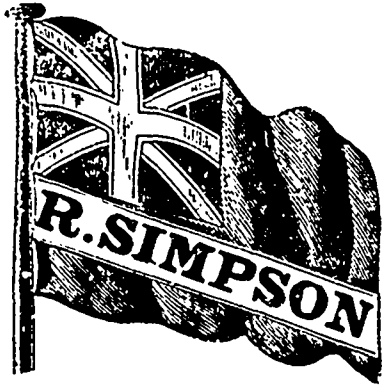
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What's to be remembered is that Special Sale prices rule in every department in the house. Prices are worth scanning everywhere. Hosiery and underwear.

- Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, 30c.
- Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, 25, 30c.
- Ladies' Bl. Cashmere Hose, 25, 30c; 35c; 3 pairs \$1.40, 3 pairs \$1.10, 35c; 3 pairs \$1.50.
- A great drive in Black Seamless Hose, 22c; 3 pairs 60c.
- Ladies' Scotch Lamb's Wool Underwear, high neck, long sleeve, 75c.
- Imperatrice Elastic Ribbed Vests, 50c.

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- Unlaundried White Shirts, 50c.
- Laundried White Shirts, 75c.
- Men's All-wool Ribbed Underwear, 50c.
- Men's Scotch Lamb's Wool Underwear, 75c.
- Men's Full-fashioned Knitted Underwear, \$1.
- Pair Suspenders, 20c.

We sell tinware and granite ware. Good news this for housekeepers, because they know how liberally we'll treat them. Think of a No. 8 tea kettle, copper bottom, 15c; a two-quart coffee pot, 15c; a six-quart tin pail, 9c. Anything else in the line at equally reasonable prices.

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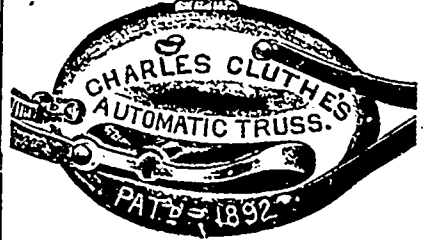
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