

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 12.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

One of the most important measures discussed in the House during the past week was the treaty of commerce which the Marquis of Dufferin and Sir Charles Tupper had concluded with France, and which came up for the ratification of our House of Commons. The treaty provided for a reduction of the import duties on French wines, soap, nuts, prunes, etc.; and on the part of France, that the minimum duty be levied on canned or preserved meats, fruit, or fish, timber, boots, paper, furniture, and wooden ships.

The "mirimum duty" requires explanation. When the French Government increased their tariff in 1892, they put on a maximum and minimum duty, the latter to be for countries with which they should establish a trade on the preferential system. In many cases, however, this duty is much higher than it was before 1892, and Mr. Foster thinks the commissioners should have brought this more into notice.

It was somewhat a surprise to everybody when Mr. Foster on Monday last stated that the Government was not prepared to ask from the House the ratification of the treaty. The reasons advanced against its acceptance are as follows: The duties levied by Canada on the articles named are less than at any time in ten years, while the French minimum duties are to remain as they were, or to be somewhat higher. Moreover, some of our articles placed on their list are scarcely ever exported by us to France. Canadian goods proceeding by the ordinary American or English routes are not to enjoy a preference, but must be sent direct from a Canadian port to a French port by the French line of ships.

Mr. Foster says it was never the intention of the Government to have a treaty signed, by which Canada would be giving to France the "most-favored nation treatment," not only in articles mentioned in the treaty, but also in all articles in which she gives favored treatment to any other country, while on the other hand France would be giving Canada preference only in the matters mentioned in the treaty.

In the House Mr. Laurier also condemned the treaty, and said it afforded a good reason why Canada should negotiate her own treaties. In England, according to the reports, much surprise and indignation was aroused regarding the action of the Canadian Government in shelving the treaty after it had been signed by the commissioners. Whatever may be the rights of the case, there is at present little probability of the ratification of the treaty.

On Thursday the House resumed the debate on Mr. McCarthy's amend-

ment in favor of Tariff Reform. Mr. Ives denied Mr. McCarthy's statement that the tariff added \$8,000,000 to the price paid by the consumer on manufactured goods, since (he contended) it was a mistake to add the duty to the price of the article purchased. Mr. Davin advocated no discrimination or preference, but a uniform moderate tariff. He thought the Government should reduce the duty on agricultural implements, barbed wire and binder twine.

After recess Mr. Coatsworth took up the question of combines, making the contention that they should be dealt with, not by general tariff revision, but by giving the Minister of Justice power to ask of the Government a reduction in any article concerning which combines existed. After Messrs. Stevenson and Kenny spoke against the amendment, Mr. Laurier arose to explain why he should vote for it, although he could not entirely agree with it in all its points, believing as he did that closer trade relations with our neighbors constituted the best remedy, still he would vote for it because the general principles laid down were true.

Mr. O'Brien attacked the duties on English goods, especially on books, which he said were wholly indefensible. While he believed that Britain, not the United States, was the proper course of Canadian trade, he thought with them the present state of affairs was unsatisfactory. The motion was finally lost on division by a vote of 116 nays to 64 yeas, Messrs. McCarthy, O'Brien and Hodgins voting with the Opposition.

Mr. Power, in the Senate, and Mr. Davin, in the Commons, brought to the attention of the Government the published reports of the speech made by Mr. Clarke Wallace, Comptroller of Customs, in Kingston on the previous Friday.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Charlton brought up his resolution in favour of Sunday observance at the World's Fair, in the course of which Mr. Foster said the Government had no right to interfere in the management of the World's Fair, as the closing of the Canadian department would make no difference to speak of in the number of men employed on the grounds. He was personally in favour of closing the Canadian Department on Sunday, but that department would not include all the Canadian exhibits at the World's Fair. He asked Mr. Charlton not to press his resolution to a vote. After the discussion had gone further, Mr. Daly, Minister of the Interior, moved the adjournment of the debate. This move Mr. Charlton characterized as equivalent to a declaration that Mr. Daly was not in accord with the Christian sentiment of the country, and

because he was afraid to meet it openly had had recourse to subterfuge. In the end Mr. Daly's amendment was carried on a division of 76 to 84.

We give the authentic report of Mr. Wallace's speech concerning which Mr. Dawson, member for Addington, moved on Tuesday last in the Dominion House. "That the action of the said N. Clarke Wallace in expressing sympathy with, and holding out the hope of active aid to, those who threaten to levy war in Ireland against her Majesty, is deserving of the severest censure at the hands of this house, and if allowed to pass unnoticed would expose Canada to the slanderous imputation of being disloyal to her Majesty, the very reverse of which is the case. Further, it is the duty of this house promptly to repudiate said utterances of said N. Clarke Wallace, lest his political connection with parliament and the government might lead the public to the erroneous conclusion that his views, so expressed were shared in by this body, a conclusion which would give additional influence to such utterances, and the more enlarged peace, order and good government throughout her Majesty's dominions."

Mr. Wallace had said.

"We find to-day in the old country that brethren, the descendants of the heroes of 200 years ago, are perhaps facing difficulties of a similar character to those which their ancestors had to face in 1688, that the men of 1893 are threatened with a rule which is antagonistic to freedom there, to the liberty which they have always enjoyed as citizens of the British empire. What is proposed is not only to shake off their allegiance to Great Britain the bonds of love that bind them to the empire, but to put them, forsooth, under alien and hostile government. We have their (the home rulers') public declaration of what they would do if they obtained power, that they would never cease agitating until the last link that bound Ireland to the British empire is severed. That is their object to-day. They are trying to take the loyal men with them, but our friends over there say they will never submit. Britain may cast them out, but if she does so she has no right to say what may be their future allegiance. Our friends in that land are preparing, and have asserted their unalterable determination never to submit to that home rule which Mr. Gladstone and his government have laid out for them. I am sure that in their efforts they shall have the sympathy of the Orangemen of Canada. More than sympathy; they shall have our active aid, if necessary. We should not be worthy descendants of the heroes of 200 years ago, we would not be worthy of our ancestors of old if we failed in our duty in that respect. I believe we are not unworthy descendants of the men who, driven from Dublin, stood at bay at Enniskillen and at Derry."

In the division which took place the vote stood: Yeas 74, nays 105. The Government supporters who voted for the censure were Messrs. Oostigan, Bergin, Curran, Lepine, Pelletier, Kenny, Adams, Hearn, Davin, McDonald (King's), McInerney and Sir Hector Langevin.

Very interesting accounts reach us of the visits of the Irish pilgrims in Rome. On Feb. 20 they were present at Mass in the new National Church of St. Patrick, and assisted at the un-

veiling of a statuette to the great Apostle of Erin. The ancient canopy or marble tabernacle which rises over the main altar was first erected some seven hundred years ago. It is eleven feet six inches in height, sculptured in fine white marble, with a band of mosaics formed of tiny cubes of porphyry, serpentine, and other marbles, and of enamels along the cornice of the first square architrave, in the basement, and in the ground on which the four columns are fixed. The small polygonal cupola, in the form of a truncated pyramid, is supported by two orders, or stories of small colonnades (porticoes), and of colonnettes, the first order square, the second octagonal, and it is surmounted by a tiny lantern, also polygonal, composed of a diminutive portico which sustains the summit of the pyramid surmounted by a ball. The whole is sculptured in marble, all of the same period and workmanship. Few examples of such altar tabernacles remain so entire, complete, and genuine even to the very summit.

They left Rome on the morning of Feb. 22nd with a special blessing of Cardinal Logue on their departure.

The anniversary of the Coronation of his Holiness the Pope was celebrated with special services in the Sixtine chapel, and closed in the afternoon with a grand *Te Deum* in the Vatican Basilica. This demonstration in honor of the Head of the Church was all the more significant as the thousands who assisted and who pressed around the Holy Father were Romans; for the greater part of the pilgrims had left for their homes. There were present 22 Cardinals and more than 150 Archbishops and bishops. The Cardinal Dean, Monaco-Lavalette, intoned the *Te Deum*, which was sung alternatively by the chanters of St. Peter's and the throng of the faithful. This touching ceremony was the crown of feasts which had lasted fifteen days.

These magnificent, hearty displays of love and devotion to the Holy Father have excited the jealousy of the liberals and free-thinkers, who are organizing counter-demonstrations. The Quirinal, which sees, in the complete success of the Vatican its own defeat, is busy seeking quiet revenge by inviting Queen Victoria to visit Rome, and by celebrating the silver wedding of King Humbert and his Queen. Thus they hope to eclipse the Papal Jubilee. In 1888 they strove to make an offset to the Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Pope by great demonstrations crowning Bruno with their praise. That failed in its purpose as will also the present attempt. The Pope, stripped of his possessions and a prisoner remains invincible, and will always cause his plunderers to shrink.

On the 4th instant his Holiness received in audience representatives from Colombia, Ecuador, and the Argentine Republic; while on the same day the Catholics of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark sent their congratulations and gifts by dignitaries especially deputed for the purpose. In the afternoon the Irish pilgrims were present at the Church of St. Patrick, and assisted at the un-

THE CHURCH IN 1893.

The Glorious Position Occupied by the Holy Father.

We have entered upon a new year, which is fraught with deepest interest to the Church—a year which, more than others, may be teeming with blessings, burdens, hopes and fears. As those undertaking a voyage bless the ship at starting, so may we ask God's providence to watch over us at the threshold of this twelvemonth. We are warranted in the confidence of the Divine protection, but, come what may, welcome be the will of the Creator. Only do we trust from our heart of hearts that 1893 may neither be the potent *Annus Mirabilis* of Dryden nor the awful *Annus Terribilis* of the French poet.

Truly, it is marked out as a grand, a momentous, mayhap an epoch-marking, period for Catholicity. In it occurs the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father, when Rome will assume some of those features of animation and magnificence which characterized her in her palmy material prime before the stranger lorded it within her gates, and when the Pontiff gave his benediction *urbi et orbi* from the loggia of St. Peter's to the salute of his own artillery from the Castle of San Angelo.

But if Rome has fallen away from her temporal greatness she is still spiritual mistress of the world, and the spiritual festivals at hand will be commemorated with befitting pomp and devotion, amid the joy of the congregated faithful and with the customary precision and splendor of the triumphant ecclesiastical ritual. Indeed the *fete* has been already inaugurated by a *Triduum* in the gorgeous Church of the Gesù, where the Romans, the trusty native Romans of the ancient stock, testified their affection for the person of their benign Chief Pastor. Anthems pealed exultingly; the rosary, *il novo labaro della Chiesa*, as it is termed, the new war banner of the Church, was recited; and the Most Holy Sacrament was elevated on the first evening by the Pope's Maestro di Camera, on the second by his Maggiordomo, and on the third by Cardinal Rampolla; and knees were bent in humility, and souls upraised in petition to the Throne of the Almighty that He might persuade Leo XIII. *ad multos annos* to conduct His Church along the path of peace and security. The eloquent Father Zocchi preached three sermons on the mission of the Papacy, the sweetener and strengthener of the universe, on the inseparable glory of Italy and the Papacy, and on the actual Pontiff, who is first among Italians.

And that he is the first there can be no doubt, not merely by his exalted position, but by his virtues and talents. That fragile, gray haired old man, with sagacious eyes, the brow of wisdom, and the plastic lips of eloquence, would be one to be noted in a multitude did he never enjoy the august dignity of dignity of Christ's Vicar on earth, which lifts him to such a giddy attitude above his contemporaries. Gifted with foresight and prudence beyond the common, yet bold and energetic, broadly experienced, element, and bounteous, he has the scholarship and character united to the amiability and knowledge of man, which impart such a powerful influence to an individual apart from the prestige of rank. We do not allude to his abstemiousness, his industry, nor his polish, no more than we do to the charm and accuracy of his divagations into Latin verse; these are but the accidentals of his Pontificate. The qualities which count for statesmanship, and the prudent guidance of the marvellous machine under his control, are those which appeal to us, at the moment, and which awake our unstinted praise and admiration.

Guizot said in a conversation with Victor Hugo, he esteemed Pio Nono

because he invited and appreciated advice. But if his Holiness asked the opinion of others he judged rationally for himself afterwards. His visit was to do what was right; he sought it, and he often discovered it. Graciously, and with a good will he conceded what was just, but he also knew how to say, "I will never do that." In fact, he was gentleness and firmness. Thus Guizot, who was a Protestant.

Hugo, an anythingarian, a Hugolatro—if we must assign him a school or belief—agreed that if Pio Nono chose he might become the most powerful sovereign in Europe. "No one," he said, "realizes what a Pope might become."

A Pope who would follow the drift of his times might govern and might move the world. He has so enormous a lever—faith, the conscience, the mind. Every soul is a mine ready to be fired by the spark which would flash from the Pope. What a conflagration, if it pleased him! What a conflagration, if he so willed it!

Without seeking to institute comparisons between the two last occupants of Peter's Chair, it seems to us that Leo XIII. comes near to the Frenchman's ideal, as expressed in the last work from his pen, "Choses Vues." He marches abreast of the age. His vision is as extensive as some beacon, high raised, which casts its beams of light over long levels of land and sea.

He is the foe of the abominable slave-trade in Africa, endeavouring to put it down by honest, sincere zeal, not by extended over-grown territories, or giving to commercial syndicates the power of nations. His Holiness is not like those who loudly talk of spreading the light of progress and the Gospel, whilst sedulously pushing the sale of quick-killing rum by the persuasive means of quick firing guns.

In the United States we find a delegate of the Holy Father mediating between the hierarchy and the priesthood, acting by mild methods of counsel and conciliation, and sensitive of offending the native jealousy of the Republic.

In France, where the Republic has now existed for over twenty-two years, the same discreet course is adopted. The interests of the Church are to be considered foremost and are to be safe-guarded; but those of the State are to be respected. Frenchmen are recommended to be good Republicans, and the intrigues of Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orleanists, Boulangists, or whatever the factions are called which are sapping the established rule, are frowned down at the Vatican.

In Spain the Holy Father is equally severe on conspirators, although those conspirators profess to be among the most ardent adherents of the faith. In Italy the curse of Masonry is inveighed against, not that Masonry, which may be often an innocuous convivial tomfoolery in England, but the secret organization whose morals may be gathered from the circumstance that its Grand Master, Adriana Lemmi, was condemned in his youth to a year's imprisonment for theft at Marseilles. In Russia the train of events with the Holy See runs in much smoother grooves than before, and in Germany no longer prevails the uneasiness of Bismarck's arrogant Kulturkampf, but the young Emperor exhibits tolerance and exchanges compliments with the Holy Father. With the exception of China and Hungary, the policy of Rome is without dangerous enemies, and even there the troubles which beset the Church will in every likelihood be appeased in the year which has just begun.—*London Universe*.

Cannot Refrain.

"I cannot refrain," writes Mr. Robert George Watts, M. A., M. D., M. R. C. S., Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N. London, Eng., "from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

Dean Egan.

The Very Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie was invited to Thornhill on Thursday of last week to receive an address and purse from his late parishioners. The presentation took place at Father McMahon's residence, where a very pleasant evening was spent the Dean, as usual, distinguishing himself by his ready wit and humor. Following is a copy of the address:

To the Very Rev. Dean Egan.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is with feelings of deep regret that we say good-bye to you, who have been our beloved pastor for so long. For many years yours has been the guiding hand to lead us on our pilgrimage through this life, ever pointing to a higher and better home beyond the grave.

In obedience to the voice of his Grace the Archbishop you leave us for a higher and wider field of labour; and although we are deeply pained to part with you, it is with feelings of joy we see you promoted to the dignity of Dean, which you are so well fitted to fill.

By your zeal and energy you have ever done your utmost for us and our children in religion, and lightened our trials by your genial ways. Our respect and esteem you shall always have, and our poor prayers will follow you, asking our dear Lord to send you every blessing in this life and an eternal reward in the next.

Please accept the accompanying purse as a small token of esteem and gratitude from the congregation of Thornhill Roman Catholic church.

Signed on behalf of the congregation: James Marshall, James Whelan, T. J. Hughes, W. J. Enright, William Bannan, Chas. J. Foley.

Thornhill, March, 1893.

DEAN EGAN'S REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—It is an old saying that "from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but if ever there is an occasion on which the very fulness of the heart would prevent one from finding expressions for his feelings, the present is such a one for me. Words are but a very feeble expression of the thoughts which crowd upon my mind when I attempt to thank you for your beautiful address and handsome present.

I am thankful that this presentation has been postponed, as the delay has spared me much of the pain of parting with people who were so dear to me, and who had so many claims on my gratitude.

Love and veneration for their faithful priests has been always a characteristic of our race, and I sincerely hope the day shall never see the dawn when that spirit shall have been extinguished.

I feel indeed that in this address you have been unconsciously drawing a picture of me which your own ardent fancies had painted, and that it is to your warm Irish hearts, and to your undying attachment to the *Soggarth Aroon*, rather than to your deliberate judgments, I am indebted for the flattering copy. I am not at all surprised that you so much exaggerate my humble endeavors, when I know that your hearts composed this fond and glowing panegyric having your eyes fixed on the priesthood of our race.

Since his Grace the Archbishop has honored me by promoting me to the Deanery of Barrie I shall carefully study the picture you have drawn and try with God's grace, by approaching the original, to promote the glory of God in my new sphere and show my gratitude to his Grace.

I have tried to correspond with God's grace, which is never wanting to any of us, and especially to the priest in the discharge of his sacred functions. Whatever was wanting in me (and I believe without any affectation of humility, that to have been a good deal) you yourselves have sup-

plied by a faithful co-operation with my efforts.

All admit that home ties are sacred, but far from sacred are the ties that bind the priest to his flock. I have spent amongst you more than eleven years of what were the prime of my life. Now that I have left you to fulfil a new appointment I shall remember you in my prayers, and especially in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

A Bishop's Drive.

Dr. Grant was fond of telling a story on himself—of how one day he fell asleep at a sermon, and awoke as the preacher, Cardinal Wiseman, was emphatically pronouncing the words, "Charity never sleepeth!" It was probably the only time that Charity ever caught him napping. He was always on the *qui vive* whenever a good work was to be done. Sometimes his quickness in seizing an opportunity of this sort led to incidents that were both dull and picturesque.

He was driving home from Norwood one Christmas Eve. The cold was intense; everything was covered with frost and snow. The cabman, petrified on his box, was slapping his arms about vigorously. The Bishop watched him for a while, compassionating his discomfort; but concern for his bodily sufferings was quickly followed by anxiety as to the probable state of his soul. Was it as chilled and frozen as his blood? The Bishop let down the window in front of him, and entered into conversation with his charioteer by a few kind words of sympathy, which soon led to the desired information. The man was an Irishman, consequently a Catholic by birth, but the wear and tear of life had been too much for him; he kept the faith, but he had long since given up practicing it.

"Well, now," said the Bishop, in his most coaxing tone, "you are going to turn over a new leaf this Christmas. Promise me, like a good boy, that you will go to your duty before the week is out."

"Oh, then, bedad, and there's nothing I'd like better, my lord, if only I had the time," declared Paddy; "but sure I never have a spare minute. It's either driving I am, or looking after the mare at home."

"Indeed, I dare say that's true," assented the Bishop; "but where there's a will, God sends a way. Just pull up a moment." And before the cabman knew what was coming, the Bishop was up on the box beside him, "Now, just see how good God is, he said, affectionately, putting his arm through his companion's. You could not go to the priest, so He has sent the priest to you. Now, let us begin, and make a good, hearty confession; we have plenty of time and nothing to interrupt us."

With the docility of a child the poor fellow made the sign of the cross and began. So they journeyed on to London, the silence broken only by the rumbling of the vehicle and the dialogue of the two men, the rough voice of the penitent alternating with the low tones of the confessor, while angels, keeping their vigils in the mid night heavens, sang a new canticle, whose echoes fell upon the soul of the prodigal brought home that night. He went to communion on Christmas morning, and told the story of that memorable drive, amidst tears and blessings, when Dr. Grant had gone to his rest.—"Life of Thomas Grant," by Kathleen O'Meara.

The trouble with most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists rather than impairs the assimilative process.

Kiss No More.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

Be Still, Thou Weary, Troubled Heart.

Translated from the German.

Be still, thou weary, troubled heart,
Of all life's ills complaining,
Thou hast in heav'n thy better part,
Where God, thy Father's, reigns,
He, who complains,
But more ill gains;
To God thou should'st betake thee;
He never can forsake thee.

Be still, nor woe anticipate!
What good can come of fretting?
Though thou dost lose, still patient wait,
From God, still sure of getting.
Thou art but dust,
Thy Maker trust,
For thee so long providing,
He merits thy confiding.

Be still, nor turn away to man,
What can he do to aid thee?
God has for thee his perfect plan,
Though succor's long delayed thee.
The pathway dim,
Turn still to him;
What e'er thy lot or station,
He knows thy valuation.

Be still, though who distracted be,
Great billows round thee closing,
One, walking, comes across the sea,
His voice still int'posing:
"Be not afraid,
I bring thee aid,
When, in deep water thinking
Of thee, my child, I'm sinking."

Be still. Hast thou been long in grief,
Long of 't burden wear,
Say not, "For me there's no relief,
Life is forlorn and dreary."
Hast thou not heard
His spoken word;
That word that faileth never:
He is thy help forever.

Be still, nor let thy unbelief
In conflict overthrow thee!
His arms through all the night of grief,
Canst thou not feel below thee?
Dost thou seek rest?
Here it is best,
On Him but lean thou firmer:
'Twill hush thine every murmur.

Be still! The messenger of death
Soon brings death a termination,
He comes, as in His word, He saith,
Who is thy strong salvation
There, there he stands,
With nail-scarred hands,
Thy troubles all are ending,
Thyself to God ascending.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Curious Customs of Parliament.

By T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

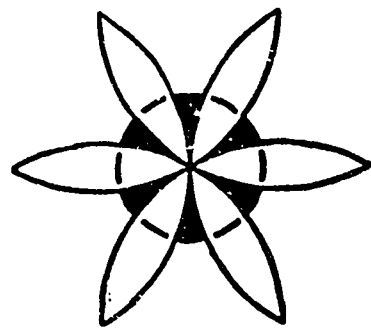
This question of seats in the House of Commons is one of the most burning of topics. Several times in the course of Parliament there have been occasions when an actual physical encounter seemed possible between the leaders of the Liberal party and of the Liberal-Unionists, and the whole dispute was a question of seats, writes T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in the *Million*. I have already given instances of very exciting and pathetic scenes which have taken place in the past all over the occupation of a particular seat. And, finally, the Irish party broke into two hostile sections over the point where the Irish members should sit in the House of Commons. There is a reason for all this. The particular spot where a member sits proclaims to all the world his political opinions, and also his personal and official position. The party in power always sits on the right hand side of the speaker; the party in opposition always occupies the left hand benches. When you read that cheers came from the right of the speaker's chair, that means they have come from the supporters of the government in power at that particular moment; and similarly if the report states that the cheers have proceeded from the ministerial benches, it means that they have proceeded from the right of the speaker's chair. If you had been for some years on a desert island, and were suddenly to be transported to the House of Commons without any previous information, you would only require to look at the benches to learn whether the Liberal or Conservative party was still in power. I have seen the same party occupy different sides of the House in

the same Parliament. In July, 1885, Mr. Gladstone was expelled from office. There was an interregnum of a few days, for nobody knew whether the Queen would except the resignation of Mr. Gladstone, and whether the Conservative leader would accept office. During this interregnum the Liberals still remained on the right hand side; but when, after the lapse of a few days, it began to be certain that the Conservative leaders were going to accept office the Liberals passed over to the left or opposition side of the House, and then everybody knew that the change of government was going to take place. There is one party, however, which has never changed its seats since its formation; that is the Irish party of which the late Mr. Parnell was the leader, and which at present is led by Justin McCarthy. In 1880 it was that the fierce conflicts broke out on this question of seats to which I have already alluded. The Liberal party has come into power; and the moderate section of the Irish members, led by Mr. Shaw, were of opinion that the wisest thing for the Irish members to do was to form an alliance with the Liberal party, and fight together. But the followers of Mr. Parnell thought that this would make a dangerous surrender of independence, might lead to the acceptance of office by Irish members, and, in that way, remove the pressure on the Liberal party which the Parnellites thought necessary to wring from Liberal government all the reforms they demanded. The Irish party is sometimes called the party of independent opposition; much of the furious fight going on in Ireland between the two sections of Nationalists depends on the point which of the two is the better entitled to this appellation. By independent opposition is meant that the Irish party remains in opposition to every government until Ireland receives back her own Parliament. It is held that this attitude should be proclaimed and emphasized by the seats which the party occupies in the House of Commons. If they always sit on the opposition side of the House, then everybody knows that they have not departed from their attitude of permanent opposition and permanent independence. So strong is the feeling on this point that it is embodied in what is known as the "pledge." Every member of the Irish party or rather of the anti-Parnellite section, before being selected as a candidate, signs a pledge the first words of which are, "I pledge myself to sit, act and vote" with the majority of the Irish parliamentary party. It will be seen that the place where the member sits is insisted upon as one of the indications of his loyalty to the majority of his party. I heard with some surprise that when Mr. Parnell was on a visit to Mr. Edward Evans, Jr., of Liverpool, immediately after his historic visit to Hawarden, he spoke of the possibility of the Irish members crossing the floor of the House and swelling the great Liberal majority which he expected to see. I fancy myself that the Irish party will continue to act in the future as it has in the past, and will sit on the opposition benches until home rule is definitely conceded or definitely denied.

My readers have often doubtless been puzzled by reading in the newspapers that cheers have proceeded from below the gangway. This word "gangway" is one of the most puzzling in parliamentary reporting. It is always turning up and it seems to indicate all kinds of things. The gangway is simply the passage that runs down on either side between the benches. Evidently it would have been too inconvenient for a member to have had to pass up the whole uninterrupted length of a bench in order to get at his seat, and therefore, for convenience sake, a break is made half way up the benches. Little did the upholsterer or architect

who made this extraordinary provision think of the magnitude of the work they had done. The institution of the gangway was one of the momentous of political events; for the gangway has served to mark the difference between section of politicians. The gangway has been the dividing line that has broken up many a party and many a ministry; and finally, the gangway is the rubicon which a Liberal member has to cross on his first entrance, thereby proclaiming to all time his choice between the moderate and extreme section of Liberal opinion. The meaning of all this is that the gangway on the Liberal, and to some extent on the Conservative side, marks the dividing line between two sets of opinion. Any man who takes his seat below the gangway on the Liberal side thereby signifies that he is a Radical. On the other hand if a member sits above a gangway he proclaims that his views are moderate. Furthermore, above the gangway men are those who take the delicate method of suggesting that they are indisposed to accept service in a paid office under the Queen if there be any desire to utilize their abilities. The tradition is as to the seats below the gangway representing radical opinion they are so stubborn that Mr. Bright, when he left office, immediately resumed his seat on the benches below the gangway. Although he had been one of the official tribe, he proclaimed his Radicalism the moment he had escaped from the official collar. Similarly in 1886, when Mr. Chamberlain left the ministry of Mr. Gladstone on the introduction of Home Rule, he took his seat on the benches below the gangway when he first entered Parliament, and undoubtedly if he left a Liberal ministry that also would be the spot where he would again seek his abiding place. On the Conservative side of the House the line is not drawn so tightly, largely because the bonds of discipline are so strict among Conservatives that they do not allow any difference of opinion which may exist among them to reach the public eye. Nevertheless, there is something of a difference between the Tories who sit above and those who sit below the gangway. The men below the gangway are of a more independent turn of mind, and do not proclaim the world that they have joined the ranks of the office holders or office seekers. Let me give an instance which the change from below to above the gangway marked an important political event in its way. It is well-known that Lord Randolph Churchill formed what was called the fourth party in 1880, when the Conservatives had sustained an overwhelming defeat at the polls. There could be no doubt that he was an independent member—he was, indeed, independent with a vengeance. For five years he led almost equally violent war on the leaders of the Liberal and on the leaders of the Tory party. He was as merciless to poor Sir Stafford Northcote as to Mr. Gladstone. One of his partners in his rash and audacious enterprise was Mr. Arthur Balfour. Mr. Arthur Balfour was not then held in anything of the high regard he has since succeeded in gaining; he played very second fiddle indeed to Lord Randolph Churchill. He was not supposed to have any of the reckless and irrepressible courage of the leader, and often these were rumors of a break between the rashness of the one and what was considered the timidity of the other. But these rumors, though often repudiated, were not realized till the third or fourth year of the enterprise. One night Mr. Balfour was missed from his place beside Lord Randolph Churchill. It is extraordinary how quick the House of Commons is to perceive a little thing like this. Shortly after, Mr. Balfour rose from the third bench above the gangway. At once there was a wild outburst of laughter. Neither the Fourth party or any of its members were taken very seriously in those days. The

break up of the small body was regarded with something of amused contempt with which one would hear of the outbreak of a mutiny in the ranks of the Prince of Monaco's armed hosts.



SIX POINTS,
out of many, where Dr. Pierce's Pellets are better than other pills:

1. They're the smallest, and easiest to take—little, sugar-coated granules that every child takes readily.
2. They're perfectly easy in their action—no griping, no disturbance.
3. Their effects last. There's no reaction afterwards. They regulate or cleanse the system according to size of dose.
4. They're the cheapest, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.
5. Put up in glass—are always fresh.
6. They cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

It cures Catarrh in the Head—perfectly and permanently—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

TORONTO
CARPET CLEANING CO
TELEPHONE NO. 2886
Carpets taken up Cleaned and Re-laid. New Carpets made and laid, Oil Cloths laid, Window Shades hung, Feathers and Mattresses renovated, Furniture Repaired.
PFEIFFER & HOUGH,
44 Lombard Street

J. YOUNG,
(ALEX. MILLARD,)
The Leading Undertaker
847 YONGE STREET.
TELEPHONE 678.

Whaley, Royce & Co.,
IMPORTERS OF
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE
Music Engravers and Publishers. Band Instruments, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Band and Orchestral Music. Cheaper THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE in the trade.
Send for catalogue
BAND INSTRUMENT REPAIRING
A SPECIALTY
153 YONGE STREET
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.

FORTY HOURS' ADORATION.

Archbishop Walsh at St. Basil's.

The Forty Hours' was opened in Saint Basil's on Sunday last, with His Grace the Archbishop present in cope. St. Simon High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Gilmann, assisted by Father Hayden as deacon and Mr. McGuire as sub-deacon. At its conclusion the Blessed Sacrament was borne around the church, preceded by the sanctuary boys and a numerous train of children from the parish. The ceremony was brought to a close by the exposition of the Sacred Host being left exposed on the high altar, and the recitation of the usual prayers. The following is a report of his Grace's most appropriate sermon on the occasion.

"We begin to-day in your midst," said he, "the 40 hours' devotion. This is the most beautiful and solemn devotion of the Holy Catholic Church. It is not a time for sermons or for preaching. On the contrary, it is a time for great reflection and meditation. The people get too many sermons, from which they derive little or no profit; the word of God is to them as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The word is all right, but those who hear it are not. Hence one of the great objects of this devotion is to make people think. I will therefore give you this morning some thoughts on which you may reflect. The Blessed Eucharist is the greatest gift that God has given to man. Many gifts have been lavished on the Church, but not one to compare with this. Many graces have been given to individual souls, but here is the sum of all graces. Heaven itself has nothing richer or greater than the sacred humanity of Christ, the Incarnate Son of God. "And the body that I will give you is my flesh for the life of the world; he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life." The sacrament was instituted when Christ was about to lay down His life for the sins of the world. On that evening, when the Apostles were gathered round the table, He fulfilled the promise which he had formerly made to them. During the next three days, this Blessed Eucharist, consecrated by the power of the priest, will be present on the altar for your adoration. The priest is the creation of God, through the ministers appointed to make priests. All the Kings and Emperors of the earth cannot make one priest. Every priest is consecrated by a bishop, who in turn is consecrated by other bishops, and so in that long line of pastors we go back to the apostles and to that great event at the supper table in Jerusalem. The Church which possesses the Blessed Sacrament must necessarily be the apostolic church. It must go back in one unbroken line to Jesus Himself. It is the Blessed Sacrament that gives light to the human soul, and the church which dispenses this light must be the historic church with its regularly ordained priesthood. Other men call themselves ministers of the Gospel. Very well. Let them preach the Gospel as they understand it. They have no mission to preach the Gospel of Jesus, nor have they any divine gifts to give to the people. The history of the church tells of many martyrs who, though weak and sensitive it may be by nature, have bowed before the altar of the living God, and strengthened by His grace, have gone and died for the faith of Christ. It tells, too, of virgins who, with passion like others, kept their robes white and their souls pure, because they were filled with the spirit of holiness. And as the Blessed Eucharist is the safeguard of sentiments, so it is also the key of knowledge. We, though many, are one body in Christ, and the church that holds the Blessed Eucharist must be one and Catholic. Rely upon Christ, and He will help you. If you are poor, He will make you rich in spirit; if you are overburdened with sorrows, He will help you. Come to Him, and He will show you how to wipe away your tears, how to bind up the broken heart and heal the wounds. Come to Him during these days and lay before Him your spiritual wants for yourselves and your families. He will enable you to sanctify your lives and build up the structure of spiritual life. Upon partake worthily of the Blessed Eucharist, you plant in yourselves the seeds of immortality.

Reply to Father Crinnon.

The congregation assembled in St. Basil's church, Dunnville, on March 17th, where High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Father Crinnon. Under the guidance of Mr. J. G. Crinnon, of Hamilton, organist and leader, the choir rendered very creditably Farmer's mass. The children sang some of the hymns and Rev. Father Crinnon preached a soul-stirring sermon on Ireland's preservation of the faith. St. Patrick taught her.

come to convey to you some feeble expression of the high esteem, sincere affection and lasting gratitude in which you are justly held. You have endeared yourself to us by many lasting ties, made personal sacrifices we shall ever remember, and conferred benefits we cannot hope adequately to repay.

Since you came a few short years ago as our first resident pastor you have with slender resources built and tastefully furnished this beautiful house of God, the completion of which cost you so much unwearied solicitude and anxiety, until it is to-day our pride, and one of Dunnville's ornaments. Besides a new church a new house suitably furnished, with accompanying lot, bear testimony to good taste, business ability and financiering, which reflect credit.

To your practical sermons, instructions, and timely explanation of Catholic truth we are indebted for a better knowledge of our holy religion. By your care and attention to the sick and afflicted you have assisted them to accept their sufferings with resignation, consoled and fortified them in the last decisive hour by the administration of the last sacraments, and soothed and healed the breaking hearts of their living bereaved ones. You have been with us in prosperity and adversity alike, in joys and in sorrows. By your priestly zeal, earnest devotion and energy you have greatly advanced the cause of religion, education and temperance. We feel that the accompanying purse of gold is a poor offering to make you for priceless favors, but we beg your acceptance of it, dear rev. father, not as a reward, but as a token of the respect, affectionate good will and gratitude of a faithful and devoted congregation, on whose cordial co-operation you may always rely.

Signed in behalf of the congregation, JAMES HARRY, JEREMIAH BARRY, JEREMIAH HARTNETT, WM BILLINGTON, F. A. RUSSELL, JAMES NEWMAN, DENIS CORCORAN

FATHER CRINNON'S REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—The presentation of an address couched in terms so generous and affectionate as this was not needed to cement the union of sympathy and mutual tender attachment that has been abidingly formed between you and me during my six years in your parish. During these six years I have received many acts of thoughtful, generous and delicate kindness, but this last act is the greatest and most grateful of all. Quite unexpected and undeserved, it will serve as an incentive to make me strive to be less unworthy in the future of the regard of such people. When I came amongst you I quickly found out that the people amongst whom I was going to live and labor were signally endowed with those estimable qualities and rare virtues which combine to form the ideal Catholic; and I attribute whatever of success God has been pleased to bestow on my labors to the capacity for fruitful results with which nature and grace have marked your own character. I found you at all times edifyingly docile; indulgent of my shortcomings; faithful to me and sensitive of my needs; grudging no sacrifice for me or the Church, if I asked for it; performing good works, and attributing, as you do even in your beautiful address, the credit of them to me; and prone to accept, with confiding trustfulness, such councils as I gave. Your confidence never elrank from the largest bestowal of trust. From all this there arose between myself and you a localized expression of that sacred union which binds together in an indestructible, golden chain the hearts and fortunes of the priests and people of the Catholic Church. Although I cannot claim a tith of the ability or zeal with which your charity credits me, I am, nevertheless, hopeful that my mission amongst you has not been wholly devoid of fruitfulness; and I will not affect to deny that I feel what I hope is not an unpardonable pride, when you remind me of the days of trying toil and anxiety which I so freely devoted to the building up of this new parish. But even in those days I merely directed; you performed the continuous, indefatigable work, done only for God, known best to Him.

With reference to your munificent gift I cannot trust myself to say many words. From the moment I first heard of your intention to accompany your address with the presentation of a purse of gold, I offered all the strenuous and persistent opposition consistent with my unwillingness to give offence. Many and valid reasons urged me to refuse it; but of these reasons, I need now make reference to only one—my conviction resting upon personal knowledge, that any extra draft on your means should, of necessity, involve considerable sacrifice to many. Finding finally that my absolute refusal would give you pain, I consented to accept what you assured me would be no more than a memento. It has now largely overreached the dimensions of a memento, and the pain has been transferred to myself. I accept your gift, however, with the expression of my deep and lasting gratitude, begging you at the same time to feel assured that it being seasoned with those evidences of spontaneity and generous insistence constitutes its most gratifying element. In conclusion, my friends, I shall always try to establish a claim upon your prayers by never failing to give you a large share in my own.

March, April, May are the best months in which to purify your blood, because the system is most susceptible to a good blood medicine. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER is undoubtedly the best remedy ever placed before you for this purpose. Try it once. Its tonic properties will surprise you. Put up in large jars at \$3, small ones at \$1. Ask your druggist for it. Or to be had at our Main Office, 120 King street West. WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE A PROSPEROUS HOME COMPANY. Assurance in force, Jan. 1, 1893, \$16,122,195. New Assurances taken in 1892, 2,651,000. Cash Income for 1892, 614,951. Cash Paid to Policy-Holders in 1892, 214,320. Assets, December 31, 1892, over 2,253,984. The 20-Year SURVIVORSHIP DISTRIBUTION POLICY now offered embraces all the newest features and is the best form of PROTECTION and INVESTMENT money can buy. It has no rival. Guaranteed values, attractive options, and liberal conditions.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY, LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000. Subscribed Capital, \$1,750,000. OFFICE—No. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. DIRECTORS: Hon. FRANK SMITH, SENATOR, President. EUGENE O'KEEFE, Esq., Vice-President. WM. T. KIELY, Esq. JOHN FOY, Esq. EDWARD STOOK, Esq. JAMES J. FOY, Esq., Solicitor. Deposits Received from \$0. and upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures. Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday—9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, MANAGER.

\$3 a Day Sure. Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free. You work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully. Remember I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day a work absolutely sure. Don't fail to write to-day. Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of March, 1893, mails close and are due as follows. Table with columns for City, Close, and Due times.

THE DEAF HEAR SOUND DISC. WHEN THE DEAFNESS IS CAUSED BY SCARLET FEVER, COLDS, MEASLES, CATARRH, AC. BY THE USE OF THIS INVISIBLE DISC WHICH IS GUARANTEED TO HELP A LARGER PER CENT OF CASES THAN ALL SIMILAR DEVICES COMBINED. 75 cents to the deaf. Plates are to the eye. Postively visible. Worn months without removal. Dr. A. W. ALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST—SUPPER. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle poisons are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets of Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Toronto Savings & Loan Co. 10 KING ST. WEST. FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposit from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more. Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks. ROBERT JAFFRAY, A. E. AMES, President, Manager.

LISTEN! M. J. CROTTIE, 838 and 844 YONGE STREET. Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, Shirts, and Cuffs, any other store in the city. As cheap as any other store in the city. Call and be convinced. Our stock is always well assorted. M. J. CROTTIE, 838 and 844 Yonge st., (The Beaver.) North Toronto. TELEPHONE 3367.

AN EPOCH IN IRISH HISTORY.

Very Rev. J. J. McCann on the Coming of St. Patrick and His Work.

The *Empire* of Monday says: Last evening St. Michael's cathedral was packed to the doors, the occasion being a charity lecture by Very Rev. J. J. McCann in aid of the St. Nicholas Home for Working Boys. The sisters of charity superintend the institution. They shelter and feed the boys of the street, as well as give them the rudiments of an education. The efforts of these good women have been appreciated, as demonstrated by the support given them last evening. Father McCann mounted the pulpit at 7.30 o'clock, and for an hour held the attention of a deeply interested congregation. His text was as follows: "Declare His glory among the gentiles, His wonders among all people."—Psalms 95, verse 3. He said that but a day back and this cathedral was filled to overflowing and hymns of praise ascended Heavenward and joy and gladness filled every heart. And why this? It was because the church was honoring one of her devoted sons, one who had achieved a wondrous victory, one who had converted a nation, and gained an immortal crown in the glid city of the living God. It was because she celebrated the feast of St. Patrick, the great apostle of Ireland. That night he would draw attention to a bright page in the history of the church founded by St. Patrick in Ireland; a glorious era in the life of the Irish race. It is a sunny scene, that stands out in bold relief against the long succeeding centuries of gloom, sorrow and strife to which she was doomed by fierce and unrelenting enemies.

He referred to the period which elapsed from the time of Ireland's conversion to Christianity to the invasion of the Danes, when she attracted the attention of the world by her Christian virtues; when she shone amongst the nations as a beacon light, and held the literary supremacy of the western world. The later history of Ireland has so clouded this glorious epoch that it is too often lost to view. Yet it is well for the children of Erin to remember the days of old. Glorious, indeed, was her history when Malachy wore the collar of gold; where after centuries of conflict Brian Boru, with crucifix aloft, swept the fierce Danes from the land. Glorious was her contest against the invasion of feudalism, and after 400 years signal was her triumph; glorious her courage and constancy in resisting the efforts made to wrest from her the ancient faith, which she prized more dearly than possessions or life, and which must ever be the brightest jewel in the diadem of glory that decks her brow. But at the period he referred to no hostile foe invaded her peaceful shores. Religion and science walked hand in hand, and shone with surpassing radiance amidst the gloom and chaos that had settled on the greater portion of the world. To understand this they must take a glance at the history of the world at this time. Rome had subjugated the known world with the exception of Ireland; her soldiers were in every land, her laws on every people. Literature and arts had reached their meridian splendor in the days of Augustus.

But now a terrible change was at hand. The fifth century sounded the death knell of letters. The literary treasures of ages and the monuments of man's genius were swept away by the barbarian invasion which came sweeping down from the north. Science was unrecognized and found a shelter only in some secluded cloister. A night of darkness settled down on western Europe. Rome, the proud mistress of the world, the home of the fine arts, of wealth, culture and refinement, was four times taken and sacked by the Goths, Vandals and Lombards. The great library of Constantinople was destroyed in the fifth century. The east found in the Mahometan invasion a counterpart of the barbarian inroads in the west. In the seventh century the Caliph Omar applied the torch to the celebrated Alexandrian library. Rome fallen, the countries she had governed became a prey to invading and savage nations, and ruin and desolation covered the land, temple and school alike disappeared. For centuries all was strife and confusion. During this time, Ireland presented a glorious spectacle of peace. The Irish were the only people in Europe who remained untouched by what is called Roman civilization, never having seen a Roman soldier on their shores. They never saw among them Roman judges, or pro-consuls, with decrees against Christianity, and hence Christianity came without opposition and bloodshed amongst them.

In the year 432 St. Patrick landed on the island. Paladus had made some converts previously, but Ireland was in the same state it had preserved for 1,000 years. The Druids were in possession of religious and scientific supremacy. The people though often in the midst of strife, were yet happy on their rich soil, and cheered by their bards and poets an abundance of food everywhere. Superstitions of various kinds there were, but none of a demoralizing character. There were no revolting statues or obscene emblems of religion as in other lands to confront Christianity. The people preserved a deep affection for kindred. Such was Erin when St. Patrick landed and advanced to-

wards Tara, so famed in song and story. Patrick made known the true God and many believed. His fame was immediately wafted over the country and converts flocked from all sides. Within three generations after his time there was not a pagan to be found in the whole land. The idea of paganism seemed to have vanished from the minds of the people. What never had been witnessed in any land, the great multitudes seemed to wish to consecrate themselves to God. This continued for centuries. In the eighth century great numbers went forth from the Isle of Saints to bear the sacred fire to other lands. During this period Ireland held the supremacy in letters. Monasteries and schools filled the land; students came from many distant climes. These schools numbered thousands of students. McGee has said: "When two or three thousand students went out in early morn into the silent streets, and wended their way to the lighted church to join the matin prayer, mingling the tongues of the Pict, Cimbri, Frank, Gauland the Briton, or hailing each other in the universal language of the Roman church, the very angels in heaven must have looked down with joy upon so much piety and perseverance." These students, on returning to their homes, published the wondrous learning of the Irish saints, the earning and virtue of the priesthood and the wisdom of the rulers, until from the various nations there came a voice proclaiming Ireland to be a land of heroes, of saints and of sages.

Forty Hours at St. Joseph's.

This touching devotion opened at St. Joseph's Convent on Saturday morning last, when Father Teefy of St. Michael's College sang the Mass, with Father Goudreau of St. Michael's College as deacon and Mr. M. J. Maguire as sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop who was present, preached a very touching sermon. He treated upon the Blessed Sacrament as the great school of humility, without which we could have no virtue in us. As the little child in its weakness is the strongest bond of affection and energy on the part of the parents, so if we only put our weakness and our misery upon God we too shall have a strong claim upon His mercy and love.

Father Frachon, the revered chaplain of the Convent, was also present.

The services closed on Monday, St. Joseph's Day, when the Very Rev. Father Marjion sang High Mass, with Father Frachon as deacon and Mr. Maguire as sub-deacon. The sermon suitable to the occasion was preached by Father Teefy. Father Murray assisted at the Mass.

The Blessed Sacrament had been exposed day and night while the devoted Sisters and pupils took their turn in continual adoration.

The World's Fair.

The Editor, Catholic Register.

In your issue of last week I read with pleasure the notice you gave of the work done by the Christian Brothers' classes for the Columbian Exhibition. I saw the specimens referred to, and can assure you that they deserve all the praise you have given them—perhaps more. But these do not include the whole contribution of the Toronto Separate Schools. Your readers will be glad to learn that the Sisters' classes—chiefly girls—have also sent an extensive and varied assortment, which, on account of its excellence and the amount of care and attention the ladies bestowed upon it, is certainly worthy of public mention. Their collection includes fully a thousand pieces, comprehending all the usual varieties of drawing, penmanship, examination papers, book-keeping, business forms, phonography and type writing—all performed with artistic skill, arranged with admirable taste, and strictly representative of the regular work of the schools.

The same remarks are true of the work received from the Separate Schools of the other cities and towns which, as well as Toronto, were recently referred to by your contemporaries the *Hamilton Times* and *London Record*. Yours truly,

CORNELIUS DONOVAN, Inspector.
Toronto, March 17th.

The Power of Nature.

For every ill nature has a cure. In the healing virtues of the Norway Pine lies the cure for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup represents the virtues of Norway Pine and other pectoral remedies. Price 25c.

The Popes who celebrated their golden jubilees were John XII, Gregory XII, Calixtus III, Paul III, Paul IV, Innocent X, Innocent XII, Benedict XIII, Clement XII, Benedict XIV, Pius VII, Gregory XVI, and Pius IX.

THE HORSE—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., the following resolution of condolence was put before the meeting and unanimously passed:

Resolved, that the members of this Division, having heard with deep regret that it has pleased Almighty God to call to Himself Mrs. Hastings, late of Mount Forest, the beloved mother of our esteemed Brother, Peter Hastings.

Be it resolved that this Division do hereby tender its sympathy and condolence to Brother Hastings and other members of his family in their sad bereavement.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother Hastings and inserted in the minutes of this Division, and also published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and *Catholic Record*. T. McKEAGUE, R. Sec.

The following resolutions of condolence were passed by a regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 7, E. B. A., held on March 2nd.

Resolved that we, the members of Branch No. 7, E. B. A., desire to place on record our respectful feeling of sorrow and regret at the demise of our highly esteemed Brother, Michael C. O'Neill. By his death this Branch has lost a member who had endeared himself to us all by his kindly manner and the estimable qualities that governed his conduct through life.

Resolved that we tender his wife and family, and his brother, Mr. William O'Neill, our deep, sincere and heartfelt sympathy at the loss they have sustained by the death of a considerate and affectionate husband and brother.

Be it further resolved that the Charter of this Branch be draped for the space of one month as a mark of respect for the memory of our deceased Brother.

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions, with the seal of the Branch affixed, be sent to the wife and family of our late Brother, and also to Mr. William O'Neill; and that copies be forwarded to the Grand Secretary for publication in the official organs of the Emerald Beneficial Association.

Signed on behalf of Branch No. 7, E. B. A. S. J. Black, President; Martin Madden, Vice-Pres.; D. A. Caroy, Treasurer; S. H. Mullard, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Madden, R. Sec.

At the meeting of St. Paul's Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association held on the eve of March 5th it was moved by Miss J. O'Connor and seconded by Miss Katie Kelly, that a letter of condolence be written Miss Mary Hallinan, expressive of their sympathy for her in the great loss she has sustained, and assuring her that her dear grandmother's soul will ever be remembered in the prayers of the Society. It was also moved by Miss Langford and seconded by Miss Delaney, that a similar letter be written Mrs. Isabel and Miss O'Connor, who have just lost a beloved sister. May their souls rest in peace.

EVA O'HAGAN, Secretary.

At the last meeting of the Federation of Catholic Societies the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Whereas we have learned with deep regret of the death of our esteemed Brother, M. C. O'Neill; and whereas by his death the Federation has lost a faithful and earnest member, the family a kind husband and a loving father.

Be it therefore resolved that, while we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, we extend to the family of our deceased brother our most heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their sad affliction; and we pray that an all-wise Providence may give them the grace to bear with Christian fortitude the severe loss sustained.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the family of the deceased, to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, and that the same be placed on the minutes of the meeting.

B. McGuffin, President; R. Smith, Vice President; A. McDonald, Treasurer; J. J. Nightingale, Secretary.

A Cure For Croup.

Croup kills thousands where cholera kills tens. For this dread disease no remedy can compare in curative power with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It loosens the phlegm, gives prompt relief, and soon completely cures the most violent attack.

General Beauregard, whose death was lately announced, was one more of the distinguished Catholic soldiers who fought in the war of Secession. Of the five men who came most prominently to the front—Grant, Lee, Sherman, Sheridan and Beauregard—three were Catholics. Beauregard commenced the attack on Sumter, did the chief work of defeating the Federals at Bull's Run and Manassas, and superintended the engineering department in the prolonged defence of Charleston. He was all through his life a practical Catholic. Like Lee he was in feeling opposed to secession, but acting on the Southern doctrine that loyalty was due in the first place to the State and in the second to the Union he resigned his commission in the United States army on the day when Louisiana proclaimed her secession.



ALWAYS THE DESIRED EFFECT.

Munerton, O., June 15, '92.
Two boys and a young lady of my congregation were cured by that glorious remedy, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The young lady had suffered for eight years from epilepsy, having the fits almost daily and oftentimes even several in a single day. Now she is entirely cured and all by the use of this remedy. I herewith refer all sufferers from epilepsy or other nervous troubles to Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I know from experience and also hear continually from all sides that it always has the desired effect.
J. C. GIBBELL, Rector.

Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Worcester, Mass., September 3, '91.
We are happy to state that the boy on whom Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was used has entirely recovered from St. Vitus' Dance, and has been working for some time with his father.
SISTERS OF MERCY.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Post paid. Also get the medicine free.
This remedy is to be prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876 and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 12 Bottles for \$9.

NOTICE.

FRIDAY, the 14th day of April next, will be the last day for presenting Petitions for Private Bills.

FRIDAY, the 21st day of April next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

THURSDAY, the 4th day of May next, will be the last day of receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.

CHARLES CLARKE,
Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.
Toronto, 11th March, 1893. 12

RUBBER BOOTS,
And Other Rubber Goods Repaired
H. J. La FORCE
Fine Boots & Shoes Made to Order
125 CHURCH STREET
Toronto, - Ont.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

"VITALIZED AIR"
For one month prior to alterations in his parlors, C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist, S.E. Corner King and Yonge Sts. will continue to make plates with best Teeth at his old rates. Painless extraction guaranteed. Special attention also given to Gold and Silver filling.

WEDDINGS,
WEDDING CAKES,
WEDDING SUPPLIES,
HARRY WEBB,
447 YONGE STREET,
20 Toronto.

NASAL BALM
It is a certain and speedy cure for cold in the head and catarrh in all its stages.
NEVER FAILS.
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.
Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, partial deafness, losing voice, small, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your 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 (50 cents and \$1.00) by addressing
FULFORD & CO.
Brockville, Ont.
CATARRH

ERIN'S APOSTLE.

How the Saint's Natal Day was Celebrated in Toronto.

The Glorious Anniversary Honored by the Irish National League, the National Societies, the Students of St. Michael's College, and by the Irish Journalists.

The festivities in connection with the anniversary of Ireland's Saint began on Thursday evening at Webb's Parlors, where the Toronto branch of the Irish National League held its annual banquet. The *Empire* of Friday reports the proceedings as follows:

The annual dinner of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League was held in Webb's parlors last night. Mr. Bryan Lynch, the popular president of the local organization, occupied the chair, while Mr. A. T. Herson acted as vice-president. The other members of the committee who had the affair in charge, and who were all present, were: John L. Lee, secretary; Charles Burns, treasurer; William Ryan, M. J. Ryan, P. Boyle, P. Clancy, P. M. Kennedy, James Byrne and F. B. Green. There were gathered around them about 200 members of the league. Among the guests present were: C. R. Devlin, M.P., Ottawa county; Rev. Father Hand, Patrick Boyle, R. L. Gwathkin, J. S. Willison, Peter Ryan, B. B. Hughes, James Conmee, M.P.P., Algoma. Letters of regret were received from Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P.; His Grace the Archbishop, Hon. Senator Smith, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Mayor Fleming, Hon. S. H. Blake, Rev. Father Ryan, S.J., Hon. Arthur C. Hardy, Thomas Long, W. D. Beardmore, G. W. Beardmore. The I. C. B. U. was represented by C. J. McCabe, P. J. Shea, J. W. Moran. An elegant menu was served by the caterer and was partaken of to the accompaniment of Marciano's orchestra, which discoursed lively Irish airs throughout the feast.

Mr. Bryan Lynch, on rising to propose the toast to the Queen, was greeted with applause. He remarked that it was something very unusual for the Government to be found on the side of the Irish National League, and he was sure they would all give Her Majesty credit for sharing the good intentions of her present advisers. He had no doubt that when the home rule bill passes the Imperial Parliament she would give it her cheerful assent. As loyal subjects, for they were loyal subjects now—(cheers)—he called upon them to drink Her Majesty's health, and to join with him in all sincerity in wishing that she may be spared to open the Irish Parliament in College Green.

"Ireland and the Day We Celebrate" was the toast which called forth the patriotic eloquence of Mr. Patrick Boyle and Mr. Charles Burns. As a prelude to it, Vice-president Herson rendered the soul-stirring song of "God Save Ireland," and the chorus was enthusiastically taken up by the guests.

Mr. Boyle was greeted with prolonged cheers and the strains of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." He expressed his pleasure at the hearty manner in which the toast had been received. They had all heard the sad story of Ireland, but now it was time to leave the past and look only at the proud picture that was rising before them in that sorrow-stained, but glorious country. Mr. Boyle gained much applause by his numerous references to events of Irish history, and wound up by expressing the hope that when next they met they would see Ireland in the enjoyment of her long lost legislature and at peace with all the world.

Mr. Charles Burns had witnessed similar assemblies of Irishmen for 30 years. Home rule would make the Irish people of all denominations contented, though they might not see it now. Its opponents would then be sorry for their opposition. He was born in Ireland. It had no government of its own then, but he hoped it would have one before he died, so that before his final departure he might have the gratification of seeing it. He hoped that at their next meeting they would have with them Hon. Edward Blake to voice their sentiments in response to the toast of "Ireland a Nation."

"Canada, Federal and Local Parliaments," was occupied with the names of Mr. Devlin, M. P. for Ottawa county, and Mr. James Conmee, M. P. P. for East Algoma.

Mr. Devlin said that at Ottawa he had rushed through the committee the bill for the incorporation of the C.M.B.A. in order to reach Toronto in time for this gathering. He rejoiced to know that in this country they had men of all classes and all creeds in favor of home rule. This fact was evidenced at the splendid reception given to Hon. Edward Blake in the Pavilion a few months ago. Those who say that home rule will bring about the dismemberment of the empire forget the fact that it is now really dismembered because it lacks that essential element of strength which springs from harmony among all portions of the people.

Toronto Irishmen had always been strong supporters of their native country, especially when sacrifices were to be made in her behalf. They remembered the cause which had sent them or their fathers abroad as exiles, and they would stand by the cause of which they were proud, and the country of which they were worthy sons.

Mr. James Conmee, M.P.P., said that local self government in this country was such a success that Canadians could hardly understand how any country got along without it. Were it not for the facilities afforded by the Local Legislature it would be hard to conceive what would be the condition of this province. It seemed to him that there was very little to be said upon the subject. The battle had been fought; the victory was almost won; Irish men had now only to wait in prudence. He need not think that the talk of Ulstermen need frighten anybody, because for every man who would cross the ocean to fight for Ulster, there would be 10 loyal men go over to take arms on the other side.

"The Irish Parliamentary party and our distinguished Canadian Edward Blake," was responded to by Rev. Father Hand, Dr. McMahon and D. A. Carey.

Father Hand was not a politician and could not be expected to say anything new on the subject. Had he been asked to speak for the Church, or for the clergy, or for St. Patrick, he would have felt more at home. He made brief references to scenes of Irish history, and paid a passing, but eloquent tribute to the abilities of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose name will go down in his country's annals as one of the brightest of that brilliant band who upheld the glory of the old land in stormy times.

Dr. McMahon could not understand why he had been called upon to speak to this toast, unless it was because the chairman had acquired the good old Catholic habit of calling in both the priest and the doctor at the same time. (Laughter.)

Mr. D. A. Carey made a few remarks, replete with fitting sentiments. "Gladstone and the British Democracy" was proposed by Vice-president Herson, whose grandfathers, as the chairman remarked, had killed 12 Ulstermen in the days of 1798. The responses were by Peter Ryan and Mr. J. S. Willison.

Mr. Ryan said that to tell the glories of England's grand democracy and grandest democrat was too great a task for so small a man. It was not within his power to do full justice to it. There was, however, something fitting in his being called upon to say something in favor of Mr. Gladstone, for he had been when in England one of his most ardent supporters, personally and politically. He had watched his career long before the junior members of the gathering had drawn the breath of life. He remembered particularly that in Lancashire long ago he had had the honor of drawing from Mr. Gladstone for the first time a declaration in favor of the disestablishment of the Irish church. That declaration had cost him his seat for the ancient University of Oxford, but he had no difficulty in finding another. Eglington had always been home rulers for every land but Ireland. They favored Louis Kossuth in Hungary, they favored Garibaldi in Italy, but their perception of the truth of their own principles had not reached to the sister isle. He was glad to know that the rising generation took a different view of the matter. But let them not think that the path of the English democracy had been strewn with roses. They, too, had suffered and many millions of them had gone to bed hungry and risen in the morning with nothing to stay that hunger. They were simply the creatures of the owners of the soil. Now that they were gaining their own rights they were not slow in holding out a helping hand to their Irish fellow-citizens.

Mr. J. S. Willison, though an Englishman and a Protestant, was a home ruler. Suppose, said he, there were in this province an English population of 2,000,000, while Quebec had 12,000,000 or 14,000,000. Suppose there were, as in 1840, a legislative union, and the French had established here a lieutenant and a castle, with judges not in sympathy with the people. Under such circumstances he had no doubt the Protestant population of this province would be crying out all over the civilized world for sympathy and relief, and from every Protestant country would come gifts of money and words of encouragement to help them in relieving themselves.

Messrs. C. J. McCabe and J. M. Quinn spoke for "Our Guests." Messrs. Gadsby and Smith made the acknowledgments on behalf of "The Press." Mr. J. Cosgrave, in a few happy sentences, spoke for "The Ladies." Mr. M. J. Ryan sang "An Irishman's Toast," and the gathering dispersed shortly after midnight.

St. Patrick's Day. Referring to the proceedings on St. Patrick's Day and evening, the *Empire* of Saturday says:

A clear, blue sky, bright sunshine and keen, bracing air afforded splendid weather for the celebration of the 17th of Ireland yesterday, whilst an imposing procession and orderly behavior on the part of participants and onlookers yielded the occasion a measure of success such as to satisfy even the most enthusiastic admirers of Ireland's patron saint. The beautiful, bracing weather

brought hundreds of people out of doors, and the "dear little shamrock" carefully nurtured for this great day, displayed its green petals on many breasts. Itinerant vendors dealing in green favors did a rushing business, for there was a great demand, and there were many to accommodate. The rallying place for the various societies that were to participate in the parade was the St. Lawrence hall, and outside the building at 9:30 the procession was marshalled for the start. Long before that hour the immediate neighborhood was crowded with spectators, and the stirring notes of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" and other lively airs echoed through the market square. Almost all of those who walked in the procession wore green regalia, whilst the marshals, mounted on prancing steeds, appeared in gorgeous costumes of green and heavily plumed hats. Mr. John Falvey acted as grand marshal, his aides being Messrs. Patrick O'Reilly and Thomas J. Bole.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Following was the order of procession: Western Branch Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, 350 strong. President Patrick Shea; first vice-president, George Newberry; secretary, G. J. Donohue; marshals, Joseph Amourouke, John Callaghan; color-bearers, Patrick O'Donnell, Patrick O'Reilly. Headed by their own band.

Eastern Branch, Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, 100 strong. John Brennan, marshal. Headed by Queen's Own Band.

Catholic League, 100 strong; marshals, Tim Ryan and John Stewart, color bearer, J. O. Bee.

Sarsfield Guards, 35 strong. Capt. J. H. Mathern in command. Headed by their own band of 35 pieces.

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Toronto Division No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, under command of Grand Marshal T. Judge, headed by O'Connell file and drum corps. Division No. 1, 200 strong; marshal, James Bannan. Div. 2, 150 strong; marshal, John. Division No. 3, 150 strong; headed by Farrington's band. Div. 4, 200 strong; marshals, P. McDonald, J. Malone and M. O'Connor. Headed by Perry's band of 10 pieces.

The route taken was up King street to Power, up Power to Queen, then west on Queen to Bond and, turning up Bond, to St. Michael's cathedral, where mass was to be celebrated. The sidewalks on each side of the route were crowded with onlookers, who apparently viewed the sight with a very great amount of interest. Such well-known tunes as "Come Back to Erin," "Donny brooke," "Carry Owen" and the "March from Norms," were rendered on the way. At the head of the procession the Canadian flag, borne by Mr. John O'Keefe, was carried.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

The seats on each side of the main aisle in St. Michael's were reserved for processionists, but the remainder of the vast building was jammed with spectators who crowded up to the communion rails. Mozart's 12th mass was rendered in a very impressive manner by a strong choir, aided by school children.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh presided, assisted by Rev. Father Ryan, Rev. James Walsh and Rev. Father Walsh, of St. Michael's College. Very Rev. J. J. McCann, vicar general, was the celebrant, with Rev. Father Kelly as the deacon, and Rev. Father Carbury sub-deacon. The flags borne in the procession were placed in the chancel during mass. The archbishop's crozier was decorated with a fringe of shamrock leaves.

An eloquent sermon.

Rev. Father Ryan delivered an eloquent address, taking his text from the Lesson of the Feast. "Behold the great priest who in his life pleased God and was found just. To him the Lord hath given the blessing of the nations." He spoke substantially as follows: These inspired words are a divine panegyric on Ireland's patron and Ireland's priesthood. As the words of God, interpreted by the church and applied to St. Patrick, they are important and instructive at all times. As a divine panegyric on Ireland's priesthood, they are especially opportune at this time. The saints of God live in their work. The life of St. Patrick is the life of Ireland. The life of Ireland is the life of her priesthood. The power of Ireland is the power of her priesthood. The politics of Ireland are the eternal principles of her priesthood, and the glory of Ireland is the glory of her priesthood. Ireland has her glories too as well as her sufferings and sorrows. She has the glory of her great warriors and statesmen, of her orators, patriots and poets. But of no such glory would I speak to you. I would ask you to look deep down through the surface of things that appear, and in thought and in faith take fast hold of the substance of things that appear not. I would tell you of a glory that is spiritual and eternal; of a glory that earth can neither give nor take away, that cannot be wrecked by the hand of man, that the ruins of time cannot cover; a glory not of earth but of heaven; the glory that man gives to God and God gives to man, and this is. The glory of Ireland's apostle priest and of Ireland's apostolic priesthood. The praise that God gives is the safest and best that man can get. The priestly dignity, honor and power deserve God's highest praise. The apostle priest is the hero of God; the apostolic people His honor and glory. The world has its heroes, too—has panegyric and praise for the men of its renown—but it has its own standard and measure of merit and its standard is not the standard of God. It has praise for the patriot, statesman, orator, preacher, poet;

it rarely considers the merit of the man. Its heroes are not always they who are great before God, and who, therefore, deserve to be called just. The world in its present mood has little praise for the priest, and will consent to consider him great only as one who is greatly to be feared and hated. The first article of its creed is "L'onomi, o'est le orloriallamo"—"the priest is our greatest enemy." The church of God is

NOT AFRAID OF THE WORLD.

To-day she says to the world, as well as to her children: "Ecce; behold my type of hero; see my standard of greatness, my measure of merit, my model man. Ecce sacerdos magnus—Behold my great priest; behold my great priesthood. See and know the only power on earth that can make mortally great, that can and does make mental, moral and social progress possible and perfect. The church of God not only knows what she says, and means what she says; she does what she says, and like her Creator, God, she does what she says by simply saying it. His word was omnipotent in the first creation. Her word is omnipotent in the second creation. And the second creation is the Catholic priesthood. A priest is a sacrificial, sacramental man, a man whose ministry is essential to the preservation and perfection of human society. Human society as such is essentially bound to worship God. God is worshipped by prayer and sacrifice, and for sacrifice there must be a priest. Religion or worship without sacrifice is an invention of modern thought, as is also and consequently Christianity without Christ, obligation without commandment, morality without law and creation without God. "Every priest," says St. Paul, "is taken from amongst men to offer to God sacrifice for the sins of men;" and, therefore, he says again: "So let men account of us as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God." "The priest," says St. Thomas, pontifex and sacerdos, as offering sacrifice to God and sacraments to men. The power of the priest is twofold—the power of order and the power of jurisdiction. In virtue of the power of order the priest, as representative of the people, can say his introibo ad altare Dei. I will ascend the mountain of God, enter into the holy of holies, and there offer the cleave oblation to the supreme Lord of all. In virtue of the power of jurisdiction, the priest comes out from the throne of the Eternal with the right divine to rule the minds and the hearts of men. "As the Father sent me, I send you; go and teach the nations." This is

THE TITLE TO POWER.

of the apostle priest, and this title is divine, as the priesthood it founds is eternal. The power to offer sacrifice to God constitutes the priest—the power to rule the minds and the hearts of men and nations perfects the apostle. All power as all priesthood, is from God, and what is from God is wisely and harmoniously set in due and meet subordination. The priest has power over the eucharistic body of Jesus Christ. The bishop has power of Christ's mystic body—over the flock committed to his care. The Pope has power over people, priest and bishop, is under God, and as vicar of Christ, supreme ruler of the universal Church. Patrick, the priest and bishop, received his apostolic commission from the Pope. His greatness consisted in this; He proved himself worthy of the priestly dignity, a dignity almost divine; and in faithful, loyal obedience and lifelong work he exercised his episcopal and apostolic power. He was a hero of God and a hero of men. He was a great priest because he pleased God when speaking and pleading for his people. He was a great man because he was a good man, and his greatness was God-like because while wielding the wondrous power of priest and apostle he never forgot he had to obey. He looked at his model, the great High Priest and Pontiff, Jesus Christ our Lord. saw Him coming into His own creation. Heard the conquering words, *Ecce venio*, behold I come, that heralded this divine hero, and marked well the secret of His strength, the source of His success. "Behold I come, not to do My own will, but the will of Him who sent Me." Therefore the Church of God begins her panegyric of St. Patrick with the words of the lesson of the Feast, "Behold the great Priest," and ends it with the words of the gospel, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." "The 'well done' is the 'well done' of God." The joy into which our hero entered was the joy of heaven and the joy of earth, the joy of heaven in the home of God; the joy of earth in the heart of Ireland. Yes, faithful, generous, brave, loyal, loving Ireland took her hero's name and memory to her heart of hearts. And that memory is to-day as green to the hearts of Ireland's children as the shamrock that grows in her valleys and glens. But

FAITHFUL IRELAND PRESERVES

more than the memory of her saluted hero. As the apostle of the nation she perpetuates and perfects his priesthood. Ireland's priesthood is the most wondrous fact, the most effective power in Ireland's history. Ireland's priesthood means much more than Ireland's priests. It is the apostolic character, the priestly power, she has held and exercised among the nations since her conversion to Christianity. Her sogaerth aaron

is not an individual person, it is the principle of the eternal priesthood she has made the subject of her heart's sweetest song. As there is imprinted on the soul of the priest in ordination the indelible mark of character or impress of the sacrament of orders, so there seems to have been imprinted on Ireland's heart in her conversion the sacred character of the Christian priesthood. This sacred supernatural character gives her an instinctive power to see and know the divinity that doth hedge the priest of God, and a vondrous love that makes her loyal and generous and brave to Christ her Saviour, her divine Soggarth aron. But it does more than this, as the priestly character in the soul of the priest is said to be the efficient cause of his sacrificial and sacramental action, so is this sacred impress on Ireland's heart. It is essentially active, and is apostolic in its action. It seems to respond in perfect sympathy to the Saviour's wish expressed in the words "I have come to cast fire on the earth, and what would I but that it be kindled?" Two scriptural metaphors express very well this active apostolate of Ireland. She is the "light of the world" and "the salt of the earth." She was scarcely converted when she was the public school of Europe, giving the light of faith with the light of science and letters to all. As salt of the earth it may be said, "She has penetrated everywhere because of her purity," preserving society from moral corruption. She meets on her way atholism, sensualism, socialism and anarchy. Failing to lead her astray, they face her as their foe, but she fears them not. She knows full well that He who is with her is stronger than he who is with the world, and so she walks on, trusting to her priesthood—the only principle that can effectually check and

BRAT BACK THE FORCES

that now threaten society from within as it did when the same forces came before from the barbarians without. This national priesthood of Ireland is made perfect, like every other Christian power, in patience, and patience is made perfect when it gives place to hope, that confoundeth not—that is soon fulfilled. Irishmen are then told that they talk mere sentiment when they speak of Ireland's past, and only poetry when they forecast her future. Well, then, let an eminent Englishman who could read the signs of the times speak in all sober thought and earnest prose of Ireland's present power, and of her glorious future prospects. Cardinal Manning looked out on the modern world, and this is what he saw. "When I look upon foreign nations, and, I may say also, upon England, I see cause for grave foreboding. Everywhere I see changes, or what men call progress, without stability. Governments and nations are marching into the unknown without a base of operations, and, therefore, without any line of retreat, with out communication open for resource or means of reformation in case of disaster. States—I do not say monarchies, for they have sold themselves, and are morally gone—but states without God have no stability, for they have no vital coherence, they have no source of life nor curative resources in themselves. All these things I see in Ireland. A people pervaded by the faith, openly serving God in every form of private and public duty, a religious unity in doctrine and worship and communion, which resists the casts of all modern expedients of godless legislation. The progress of Ireland is on the pathway of Christianity, which has made the nations of Christendom and the glory of them. They have departed or are departing from the faith, and their glory likewise is departing from them. For them I see no future. But I do see a future for Ireland if Ireland be Ireland still." Yes, Ireland is Ireland still and ever shall be. They did all that man or demon could do

TO DESTROY THE LIFE

and character and name of the Irish nation. But they not only failed in their mendacious work, their efforts actually helped to complete and perfect what they could not destroy—the national life of Ireland. Let Cardinal Manning speak again: "Firm, changeless and invincible as Ireland has ever been to the faith, it is more so now than ever. My belief is that there is a great future for Ireland, and that future will depend a good deal on the way Ireland's sons at home and abroad prove themselves worthy of their high and holy calling. They have shown in the past how they could make real progress under poverty and persecution. Let them now show the world how they can be equally brave in the more trying dangers of prosperity and peace. Let the suffering past be the lesson of the glorious future. Ireland's priesthood was then her strength, let Ireland's priests be her protection now. "No priests in politics" is now the cry, and there may be some truth in it, for there are politics and politics. There are politics of party and politics of principle, politics of passion and politics of reason, politics of rebellion and politics of religion. In the politics of party, passion or rebellion the priest has no place. In the politics of principle, right reason, justice and religion he certainly has. All honest, unprejudiced historians, from Edmund Burke to Mr. De Beaumont, testify to the beneficial influence of the Irish priesthood in the politics of Ireland that concern the true interests of the state as well as the true good of the people. It is only priestly politics that reach a divine sanction

to civil authority and a divine obligation to obey it. But especially, it is only the priest who can preach patience under persecution and clemency, and generous pardon when conditions change. The best guarantee for the protection of the minority is the power of the Catholic priest and the conscience of a Catholic people. What has kept men patient in the past will certainly keep them peaceful in the present and generously for giving in the future. The best tribute we can pay St. Patrick to-day is a life of prayer, purity and Christian sobriety. The best aid we can give to Ireland is the aid of our good example. As free born Canadians or Canadian citizens, it is in our power to prove to the world that Irishmen know how to prize and respect the civil rights of freemen. Before he gives you his apostolic blessing I am sure our great archbishop will speak to you in words of wisdom and love. Devoted client of Ireland's sainted patron, most worthy representative of Ireland's consecrated priesthood, may his wise counsels be your strength, his noble life our model.

THE WIND UP.

When the worshippers emerged from the church they found an enormous crowd assembled outside. The police arrangements were so excellent, however, that no difficulty was experienced in reforming the procession. Through dense masses of spectators, whilst the echoes of "Wearing of the Green" rang out, the long line wended its way up Shuter, down Yonge, along King, up Simcoe, and west by way of Queen to St. Mary's church. Here short and pithy addresses were delivered by Mr. Richard Smith, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, Mr. Patrick Boyle and D. A. Carey.

The parade was one of the most orderly that has ever been witnessed in the city, and those who took part are to be congratulated on its complete success.

At St. Michael's College.

Among the entertainments by which St. Patrick's day was celebrated, one of the most interesting was a dramatic and musical entertainment given by the Dramatic Club of St. Michael's College in their spacious college hall. Following was the programme.

- "THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS"
A COMIC DRAMA by Samuel L. COTY
COLONEL CHEMISHAM
MAJOR HANS MANSFELD, a foreign mercenary.
DARBY DONAGHUE, landlord of the "Pig and Whistle."
GERRALD PEPPER, a loyal Irish Gentleman, owner of "Ballygarth."
MASTER GERRALD, the eldest son.
PHILIP, a faithful old servant.
DILLON, a lawyer.
VILLAGE
SERVANTS, VILLAGERS, PEASANTS, ETC.
ACT I.—AN INTERIOR VIEW OF BALLYGARTH HOUSE.
ACT II.—THE VILLAGE OF SAORDS—THE "PIG AND WHISTLE."
ACT III.—THE SNIPER'S SHALLOW.
ACT IV.—AN ILLUQUANT PLACE.
ACT V.—SCENE I.—RETURN TO THE VILLAGER.
SCENE II.—SAME AS ACT I.

The scene is laid in Ireland in the troublous times after the Boyne, when so many Irish gentlemen who had followed the fortunes of the losing king lost land and home for his sake. Briefly, the plot is as follows: The Dutch major and the English colonel come down from Dublin to claim Mr. Gerald Pepper's estate of Ballygarth. This gentleman chances to save their lives from the mob, and unknown to each other they repair to Ballygarth. Meantime Pepper is informed of the character of the guests, and prepares a plan to outwit them. Going to the public-house he assumes the dress of a peasant, and when the Dutch major comes along Pepper himself offers to be his guide to Ballygarth. The next two acts contain the comic adventures of the Dutchman, who is piloted by Pepper through an "estate" of bog and marsh to a "castle," and regaled meantime with stories concerning the ferocity of the tonantry until he consents to sell the property for a horse to carry him out of the country. Mr. P. McLaughlin, who takes the part of Gerald Pepper, is not unknown to those who have patronized the efforts of the students during the past five years. With a commanding presence, a fine voice and a ready command of action, he is fitted by nature for the professional stage. Among the others, Vincent Murphy deserves a high credit for his acting the part of the boy. Mr. J. R. Coty is better known as a ball player than as an actor or a soldier, but he shows himself sufficiently versatile to carry off these parts also. Those who took the parts of Phelim and Darby bore themselves naturally and effectively, and their songs contributed not a little to the success of the entertainment. The student whose name is down for the part of Major Mansfeld

was taken sick yesterday, and Mr. A. Staley took the part. Considering the shortness of time and the hard character he did remarkably well. The play, on the whole, went off in a manner worthy of professionals. Mr. Doyle's address was most eloquent, and is to be sincerely complimented upon the delivery as well as the composition which welcomed the audience and asked a lenient criticism. The musical part of the programme was most satisfactorily given. The dramatic club must be congratulated on the success of their first effort. The large and appreciative audience which was present will no doubt be sufficient encouragement for them to appear again before the public.

A O H Concert.

The address by Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., and the concert provided by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, crowded the Auditorium on Friday evening. The concert was under the direction of Mrs. L. E. Costello, and was deservedly appreciated, frequent and persistent encores greeting all the performers. Among those who contributed were: Miss A. Foley, Miss Kate Strong, Miss F. Flanagan, Miss Bella Rose Emelle, Mr. J. H. Cameron and Mr. Fred. Warrington. Mr. Devlin's address was an eloquent and lucid recital of Ireland's claims for Home Rule. His glossy black hair and moustache contrasted strongly with his pale, earnest face, giving him a youthful appearance, while the sincerity that marked every utterance, and the high patriotic sentiment that sustained every appeal, won the entire sympathy of the audience, and, although the ladies had a clear majority, there was no lack of appreciation of the occasional political arguments and references. In opening, he expressed pleasure at his reception and at the opportunity afforded him of speaking in the home of that most distinguished Canadian, Hon. Edward Blake, whom they might well cheer for his triumph in replying to Mr. Chamberlain in the British House of Commons, and for his personal sacrifices in an endeavor to settle a question involving the happiness of so many British people. In a brief sketch of Ireland in the days when her sons were forced to consecrate to the service of other nations the talents which would call down persecutions on them at home, he said that such times should only be recalled to perpetuate their veneration for the heroes and martyrs to whom they owed the preservation of Ireland's nationality. The past should be buried, so that when the present reign of terror and tyranny should have passed away the world would witness the birth of a sentiment of union and brotherhood between the people of England and Ireland. Every tribute paid to Mr. Gladstone was received with applause. In speaking of the extraordinary spectacle of a man in his eighty-fourth year leading the men who were striving to reverse the policy of centuries, he said it should lead them to believe that the prayers of suffering Ireland had at last been heard—that they had reached the throne of the king of kings, and touched the heart of the arbiter of nations. Mr. Devlin alluded to the speech of Mr. N. Clarke Wallace at Kingston, but was scarcely serious in dealing with his promise of active support in resisting the acts of the British Parliament. When Mr. Wallace became associated with responsible men, said Mr. Devlin, when he became Controller of Customs, they had hoped that his customs would change, but the hope had not been realized. Such outbursts as these showed that the continuation of a reign of injustice had caused all attempts at establishing justice to be regarded with aversion. The speaker touched on Lord Dunsraven's threat that the landlords would all leave Ireland. This, he said, would be a calamity to the landlords, but the greatest blessing that a beneficent Providence ever gave to the people. St. Patrick, according to the legend, had driven out the toads and snakes, but even that good saint could not drive out the landlords. There was no danger that they would take away their capital. It consisted of the land, which God had created for the people, but which centuries ago the landlords had distributed among themselves by methods that violated every principle of right and justice. The stories of evictions told by the speaker touched every hearer, and there were many in the audience whose feelings were heightened by the memory of past experiences. In the famine year, he said, the people of Ireland fought a battle with landlordism, and were defeated, leaving more than a million of their number dead and about two million driven away and scattered among other nations. Lord Dunsraven had threatened armed revolt against the Queen and the authority of England, but he must not forget that there were Irishmen who brought victory to England when there was less reason for them to fight for the Crown than at the present time, and who would rally to the support of the beloved Queen, who would soon sign the decree giving to the people of Ireland the justice that had been for centuries denied.

I. C. B. Concert.

A large audience assembled in Temperance Hall to enjoy an exceptionally good programme prepared under the auspices of Irish Catholic Benevolent Union. At eight o'clock, the hour when the entertainment began, the hall was crowded to the doors, and from that

time till the band struck up "God Save Ireland," which was the signal for dispersion, not a person in the hall left the room. The chair was occupied by Mr. Geo. Duffy, who made a short but eloquent and appropriate address in opening the concert. He referred to the history of the day which they were celebrating and to the land which they were all proud to draw the claim to nationality from. The overture "Humors of Donnybrook" was given in the liveliest and happiest manner by the I. C. B. U. band under the leadership of John Kelly. This was followed by a solo. "The Arab's Bride," sung by Mr. G. H. Bowes. Mr. Bowes is so well known in Toronto as a young man of unusually good musical ability that it is unnecessary to more than mention his name in this connection. Miss Edith Matthews sang "Come back dearest heart," with much sweetness, and Mr. Whettam's "Sentenced to death" was exceedingly good. After an exhibition of ventriloquism by Mr. Simpson, the special feature of the evening, namely, an oration by Mr. George G. S. Lindsay on "Some Irish-Canadian Statesmen," was listened to by the large audience with a pleasure that only a good speaker can give his hearers. After alluding to the historic character of the day and the impression not only as a saint but as a statesman that St. Patrick had left on fourteen centuries. Mr. Lindsay spoke of three men, Irish-Canadians, who had made themselves and their native country famous on the continent of America. They were Robert Baldwin, Francis Hincks and Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Of each he gave a very sympathetic and entertaining sketch bringing out fully the work they had accomplished in obtaining responsible government for Canada, and welding the provinces together into a Dominion. On the work and character of McGee Mr. Lindsay dwelt with great emphasis, and drew a picture of a man that all Irishmen as well as Canadians could regard with pride. He touched not only on the ability as an orator and a statesman but on his genius as a poet, and in concluding quoted with much appreciation and in a manner which the audience fully appreciated a number of his finest verses.

Miss Ettie Tighe, who acted as accompanist in the musical part of the programme, gained the merited applause of the audience by the efficient manner in which she performed her duty.

The Irish Journalists.

The men of Irish birth or origin connected with the press in Toronto held their fifth annual dinner in the Rossin house on Saturday evening. It was attended with the usual success, and was a most pleasant and enjoyable affair. There was a good company, an excellent menu, the speeches were interesting, eloquent, and to a large measure instructive, and there was a capital programme of songs and recitations. Mr. George M. Harrington, of the Mail, presided; and Mr. Patrick F. Cronin, of the Empire, occupied the vice-chair. There were also present:—Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P., Mr. E. F. Clarke, M. P., Mr. Nicholas Murphy, Q. C., Mr. Patrick Boyle and Mr. Macdonell, of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, Mr. David Hastings, of the Hamilton Herald, Mr. Bernard McEvoy, Mail, Messrs. Charles T. Long, Francis R. McNamara, and Robt. S. Moas, Empire, Messrs. John J. Kelso, Charles N. Smith, Frank Nelson, and John Kerr, Globe, John F. Ryan, Star, Messrs. George J. Bennett, Telegram, Mr. John A. Cowan, Freeman's Journal, Mr. J. Cassidy, Canadian Manufacturer, Mr. E. P. Roden and Mr. Philip DeGruchy.

When full justice had been done to the admirable bill of fare, the toast list was taken in hand. The Queen was duly honored, and then the toast of the evening "Old Ireland," was proposed. It was received with the enthusiasm natural to the occasion, and elicited eloquent responses from Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin and Mr. Patrick Boyle. Mr. Davin delivered a very interesting speech in which Ireland's high position in the world of letters through her poets and dramatists, her claim to superiority in the eloquence of her orators, the courage of her soldiers, and the skill and success of her sons in business pursuits, were stoutly declared and maintained. Mr. Boyle also made an excellent address, and both speakers were warmly applauded.

"Young Canada" was next proposed, and brought capital responses from Messrs. Smith and Long. Messrs. Murphy, Bennett, and McEvoy replied in neat and witty speeches for "The Irish People," and on behalf of "The Colleens" the speakers were Messrs. Ryan, Kelso, Moas, and Kerr. "The Press" had an able champion in Mr. David Hastings, and "St. Patrick's Day" elicited entertaining speeches from Messrs. DeGruchy and Roden. "Ourselves" was the concluding toast on the list, and an interesting address by Mr. E. F. Clarke was made in reply to it.

Between the speeches the songs and recitations were given. The vocalists were Messrs. Ryan, Nelson, and Cronin, Irish songs constituting the chief part of the programme. Messrs. Smith and Kelso each gave a recitation that was very effective. Prof. Bohner was present, and during the evening made a liberal use of the piano, giving many selections from Irish music and many other popular airs. Altogether the event was one which will be long remembered by those who participated in it.

The Catholic Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

AT THE

OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD STREET TORONTO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Mar. 23—The Most Precious Blood of Our Lord.
 24—The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.
 25—Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.
 26—Palm Sunday.
 27—Ferial Office.
 28—Ferial Office.
 29—Ferial Office.

Philosophical Talks.

THE ETHICS OF PASSION.

"As long as the heart hath passions,
 As long as life hath woes."

A talk on this subject will be interesting and useful, but is especially so now at this season of Passion-tide.

The conclusion to be drawn from our last talk is, that man is neither all head, nor all heart, but a judicious compound, a harmonious union of both. If man were all head, all soul, he would be an angel. If he were all body he would be, what "modern science" tries to make him. As he is both soul and body, he is a little less than the angels in heaven, and should be conqueror and king on earth. Angels, and respectable ghosts, like Mr. Crawford's Immortals, have no passions. But man, being half body, is half passion. Passion is not man's better half, but it is not as bad as some people think. It has been well said that "there is a great deal of good in the worst of us; and a great deal of bad in the best of us."

Passions are neither good nor bad, morally. They may be the occasion of moral evil, but they should be made aids to moral good. Passion is sometimes called the "old man," the "old Adam." This is too hard on the old man. Neither "the old man," nor "the old woman," nor even the "old boy," had any thing to do with the origin of passion: though all three had much to do with its first exercise. Passion existed in the paradise of pleasure, though it was held in complete subjection to reason by the preternatural gift of integrity. Man has passions, not from his fall, but from his compound nature. Some philosophers taught that the only sensible thing to do with the passions is to kill them, and use their corpses, or their graves, as stepping-stones to the higher life of reason. Mr. Tennyson thought so when he said:

"I held it truth, with him who slays
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise by stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things."

Mr. Tennyson caught this thought, not from Goethe's creed, but from St. Augustine's Confessions. But St. Augustine spoke of his sins. There is no sin in passion. Sin is found only in actions, and actions are of thought, or word, or deed. These indeed may be dead and deadly. No, the passions can not be killed, and they die only with man. But the passions can be cured and controlled, and this is what the ethics of passion teach us to do. But

to do this to any purpose we must know their nature and their names.

Passion is a movement of the sensitive appetite, attended by bodily changes on the apprehension of good or evil. The human soul, though simple and spiritual, has three powers or faculties—intellect, will and sensitive appetite. Intellect and will are rational: sensitive appetite is irrational. The object of the intellect and will is universal spiritual good. The object of the sensitive appetite is particular, sensible good. The sensitive appetite is physical and psychical. The physical appetite goes for quantity: the psychical looks to quality. The physical craving says: Give me food or drink, and give me plenty. The psychical says: A little mock-turtle and Mumm's extra dry.

The two great passions are Love and Hate. The little ones are nine in number. Eight go in pairs. Here they are: desire and delight; abhorrence and displeasure: hope and fear; daring and despair. Anger comes in as an odd number to keep things lively, by telling her sisters that as they have taken everything else, she'll take revenge. Desire is of absent, delight is in present good. Abhorrence of absent, displeasure at present evil. Hope and fear, daring and despair, are about objects partly good and partly evil—good that is arduous and hard to get; evil that is avoidable and may be overcome.

It would take a long talk to show how all these passions can be put in harness and kept in check: one will serve as an example. Let it be the mother and queen of them all—the passion of Love. The way to cure and control this passion is to put soul into it: make it subject to intellect, reason and will. Therefore divine philosophy says: Thou shalt love with thy whole soul, and thy whole mind, as well as with thy whole heart and strength. The love that has mind and soul in it becomes, like the soul, spiritual. It ceases to be sensual and selfish, and becomes sacrificial. It is transformed from passion into action. Two things help to this transformation: simplicity and purity. "Simplicity is in the intention," says the christian philosopher; "purity in the affection." Simplicity sees God; purity takes hold of and tastes Him. It says with Sir Galahad, the Knight of the Holy Grail:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure."

The love that is spiritual considers the love of the giver more than the gift of the lover. The love that is sensual and selfish wants only to get. The love that is sacrificial desires only to give. The love that is passion does not reflect or reason. The love that is action does. "He loved me and He gave Himself up for me" is its divine reasoning. I will love Him, and I will give myself for him and to Him, is its brave resolve. The action of the first Adam became a passion. The Passion of the second Adam was an action. "He began to be afraid." Passion began to rule in paradise. Reason began to rule in Gethsemane, and passion was conquered on the Cross.

Rev. Father Haley, at a meeting of the Young Men's Catholic Literary Society of Hamilton on Tuesday night, delivered an address, reviewing the history of Ireland, and paying a high tribute to Mr. Gladstone as a worthy successor to Daniel O'Connell.

St. Patrick's Day.

This great religious and national festival of Ireland was celebrated with unusual heartiness and enthusiasm, not only in Toronto, but throughout the whole Dominion and the United States. We give elsewhere in our columns an account of the celebration in this city, and also a full report of the able and appropriate discourse delivered on the occasion by Father Ryan in St. Michael's Cathedral.

A noteworthy and memorable feature of the parade of the various Irish Societies in this city was the carrying of the British flag, to show their English and Canadian fellow-citizens that Irishmen and Irish Canadians are willing to take their full share in the blessed work of national conciliation. Never since the enactment of the Union (which never was more than a paper union) did Irish Catholics carry that flag, because it was not to them a symbol of protection, of honor and justice, but was, on the contrary, the symbol of injustice, rapine and tyranny. This is one proof out of many that, in the struggle for Home Rule, the real unionists are those who are fighting for it, and the disunionists are the men who are against it. Home Rule will be the real, hearty union of the Irish and British peoples, whereas the Legislative Union was the cause of alienation, dissension and revolt, and tended to the disintegration of the Empire at its very centre and heart.

Last St. Patrick's Day dawned at a hopeful period for dear old Ireland. Many a Patrick's Day has come and gone in her sad and chequered history, but not one of them all, since the Confederation of Kilkenny in 1641, was ever so radiant with hope, so bright with fairest promise, as that which shone on Friday on Ireland and her exiled children, wherever scattered. For, after all, Grattan's parliament was not the parliament of the nation, but the parliament of a small minority of the people, whereas the Irish parliament to be brought into existence by Gladstone's bill will be the representative body of the whole nation; and under its sway all the men of Ireland will stand equal before the law, with all the attributes and rights of freemen.

But although the Irish parliament established in 1782 was not in a true sense a fully representative or national assembly, yet in a limited sense it restored Ireland to the rank and dignity of a free nation. We know that that parliament was destroyed by the Act of Legislative Union of 1800, and we also know that Ireland was on that occasion robbed of its legislative independence by fraud, force and wholesale corruption. An abortive rebellion was fostered, provoked and forced on the country in order to set class against class, to terrorise the country, and to extinguish Irish liberties and legislative independence in the blood of the people. "Nothing," said the first Napoleon, "strengthens a dynasty more than unsuccessful rebellion;" and the rebellion of '08 strengthened the hands of the able and unscrupulous men who laboured to effect the Legislative Union.

Fraud and deception were also freely employed by Castlereagh and

his associates to forward their designs. Protestants and Catholics were coaxed and wheedled and fooled in turn. The Protestant clergy were assured that the maintenance of their establishment would be made a fundamental article of the Act of Union, whilst the Catholic bishops were promised that Catholic Emancipation would follow immediately on the Union. Thus falsehood, fraud and deception were unscrupulously employed to deceive the people, that they might the more easily be cheated and robbed out of their national rights and liberties.

Notwithstanding the alluring promises made by Castlereagh to the Catholics, they as a body, to their everlasting credit be it said, remained steadfastly opposed to the Union. The bishops, in their annual meeting, had taken up a position of neutrality as a body, although a few of their number felt it their duty to help the cause of Union in view of the actual sufferings of their people and the promise of a speedy relief. Yet, notwithstanding the influence of these prelates, and in spite of the fact that under the atrocious Penal Laws the Catholics were reduced to the position of slaves and helots in their native land, above 700,000 of them petitioned against the Union, whilst all the signatures that could be obtained in its favor by every possible means did not much exceed 7,000.

All the honest and patriotic men of the country of all classes and professions were heartily opposed to the measure. The great learned body of the Bar, at a general meeting, declared against it by 162, to 83. Another powerful body, the bankers, petitioned against it in the interest of public credit. The unpurchased representatives of the people were opposed to it.

In time, the measure was carried by the most unblushing wholesale corruption. Of all who in both houses voted for the Union it is said that not more than six or seven did so on conviction. The enormous sum of five million pounds was expended in bribing members to vote away the liberties of the country. It is little wonder, then, that the Irish people never gave their consent to that iniquitous compact, and even the best jurists maintained that the Irish representatives who voted for the Union had no mandate from their constituencies to do so, and therefore that that measure was illegal and invalid.

The bitter, poisonous fruits of that ill-starred measure it is not necessary to detail here, as they are but too well known. Some of them were the destruction of Irish manufactures and commerce, the denationalization of the gentry, the impoverishment of the people, discontent, revolts, periodical famines, and the enforced emigration of millions of Irishmen. Surely it is time that the upas tree of the Union should cease to cumber Irish soil, and that it should be cut down, root and branch.

But what about the Protestant minority? Will they submit to the partial repeal of the Union? They will have no injustice to complain of at the hands of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and they will obtain all requisite guarantees for the protection

of their rights in the Home Rule Bill. As for the Orange leaders, what they are clamouring for is not equal rights and even-handed justice, but the wicked, hateful thing called Protestant Ascendancy. And that must go.

We hear so much just now about "Protestant Ulster" that we would be led to think that a Catholic within its bounds would be "a rare bird," very much like a black swan: yet what are the facts? Here they are, and in their presence "Protestant Ulster" becomes a myth, or like the midnight ghost that cannot stand the light of day:

The total population of Ulster is 1,019,814, comprising 744,859 Catholics and 274,955 Protestants: exclusive of Belfast, the Catholics are in a majority of over 80,000, and in six out of the nine Ulster counties the Catholics form the majority of the population. At the general election in 1892, out of a total of 123,205 votes, 69,404, or a majority of 15,663, were recorded in Ulster for Home Rule, and there are only two counties in the province for which Home Rule members are not returned wholly or in part.

Let us hope that ere St. Patrick's day returns in 1894 an Irish Parliament will have opened in College Green in the presence of thousands of glad Irishmen from America and Australia, returned to witness the blessed realization and fulfilment of the hopes and longings and aspirations of the Irish race for many weary centuries. Then will be fulfilled the prediction of the Irish Poet in a fuller sense than he intended:

"They will return, oh God, the joy and glory
Of that proud day to all the race of Conn;
They will return, and in their after story
Find solace for the woes they've undergone."

Mr. Wallace at Kingston.

The Hon. N. O. Wallace attended an Orange banquet at Kingston on the 10th instant, and deemed it his duty to say some things which should not have been uttered by one who is so closely connected with the Ministry of this country as he is. He is reported as saying that: "He was pleased to see that the men of Ulster were not prepared to submit to Mr. Gladstone. They had the sympathy of the Orangemen in Canada." "They shall have," he said, "they shall have our active aid if necessary. The Orangemen of Canada would not be worthy of their ancestors if they failed to afford just such assistance as their brethren in Ulster required."

We have no political opinions, but if we had, we know where a few speeches like that would put us. We do not discuss the ancestry of Orangemen in Canada—it has no pleasant memories—but we remind Mr. Wallace that Orangeism struck a faint blow against Queen Victoria ascending to the throne—and Queen Victoria still reigns; it gnashed its teeth when the Irish Church was disestablished, but that Act was carried into effect. History will repeat itself, for nothing on earth can withstand the determined will of a people. Our protest is against the use of such language on the part of a man who holds the position occupied by Mr. Wallace, and who holds it not by the suffrages of Orangemen, but by those of the electors of Canada. He is not connected with the Ministry to represent Orangemen. We are glad to see that the attention of the Government was called to it. A man who speaks as he did needs attending to.

Irish Ballad Poetry.

It has often appeared strange to the careless observer that Ireland, notwithstanding the poetic temperament of her children, has produced no great poet who can rank with Homer, Shakespeare, or Dante. Ossian, it is true, and the old bards in the dawn of history, gave even more promise of a literary race than the few scattered poets of Grecian antiquity, yet the glorious auguries thus shadowed seem to have sadly miscarried.

But the reason of this failure is plain if we go a little deeper into the question. It lies in the same causes which brought our country all her woes—the want of unity and real national feeling among her children, and the oppression of her people and language by the foreigner. Two conditions, in fact, are necessary for the production of a great poet or age of poetry—a period of peace and a glorious victory to inspire the poetic muse. And seldom indeed has poor Ireland had either, though we cannot help hoping, as our people have hoped for centuries, that when the white heat of persecution has welded together the Irish into a united people, when the haughty rose shall be humbled, and the humble shamrock exalted, the bright day shall come when some bard of our race shall sing to his triumphant harp the epic of another "Jerusalem Delivered."

But the stream of Irish minstrelsy which, "like the lordly Shannon flowed," could not be totally blocked up, and only divided into a thousand charming rivulets, now dashing in mad fury against the barriers they could not destroy, now subsiding in a plaintive murmur at the failure of their attempts. And it is only by ascending these pleasant brooks and enjoying the beauty of their scenery and the purity of their waters that we can clearly judge what the broad stream might have been.

The poetry of a people, as we have suggested, depends on national temperament and history; and unfavorable though the history has been, the temperament has been peculiarly fitted for the muse of poetry. Irish character, with its varying shades of joy and sadness, of mirth and gloom, smiling through its tears and weeping in its laughter, is nowhere so well exhibited as in the ballads of the people. It is now the sad crowning of the sorrowful Maclagh as he raises his lament for the death of Brian and the lost hopes of Kinkora, and again the joyful triumph of the bard as he sings the glories of the O'Neill and the victory of Benburb. In the same melody we may find the bard exulting in the harrying of the Pale, and again pausing to tell the merry toast of the Irish victors to the Sassenagh who had provided them with good cheer. Who could think that the same national sentiment could have produced in one age the sorrowful Mangan, the playful Williams, and the fiery Davis, or that the same hand penned the stirring "Battle of Fontenoy," and the pathetic "Lament for Owen Roe?" Truly we can exclaim with one of these bards.

"What strange frenzy hath this Celtic song."
It tells, as no history tells, the story of sad Ireland—her glories, her sorrows, her victories, her repulses—repulses, for Irish poetry, like Irish nature,

never receives and never acknowledges complete defeat. Now it strikes up its martial notes in hatred of wrong and rouses the people to action; now it sinks sadly down into a low cadence for the dead or lament for the lost glories of Eire. And yet, even in the joyful chant of victory, intrudes a shadow of regret for the fallen; and through the gloom of the saddest lament shines the day-star of hope for the future. Of such strange contradictions is Irish poetry composed.

And, in a calmer mood, how beautiful it is! Now it flashes with the wit that no sorrow can dim or dull; now glides along, filling the soul with sad sweet contemplation, like twilight falling over a quiet scene; now playful in very love of life and friends and country, at once wrathful and mirthful, sorrowful and joyous; in one thing alone the same—in changeless love for Ireland, in unshaken hope for her future. What oceans of love have they not lavished on Ireland! If she was in reality a person, the *Rosaleen Dhu* which they so proudly call her, she might find in the love they have shown her a recompense for all her woes.

But it was no useless love. From the days when Ossian roused the brave followers of Fingal to battle to the time when Davis and McGee stirred the national pulse to a new life, poetry has occupied a foremost place in Irish national struggles. It was the war-song of O'Daly which roused Wicklow clans to drive the English from their borders, and the songs of the family bard which kept the O'Neills to the long struggle against the intruders; and even in the darkest days of the Penal Times the national spirit, ay, and the religious spirit, was preserved in the minds and hearts of the people by the rehearsal of these old ballads, which a loyal affection kept green in their memories.

All honor to the bards of our country. They have woven a fabric which neither the assaults of time or tyranny can destroy while the race exists, for every thread is the heart-string of a Celt, a part of his very being. And a beautiful fabric, and a heart-inspiring fabric it is too, for although it is reddened with blood and darkened with the gloom of defeat, and dragged through the dust of centuries, yet still we can see in it the original emerald green and burning gold of verdant hope and ardent love of country.

The "Come Over."

On Feb. 25th the *Empire* contained the following from a prominent English Church Clergyman, Archdeacon Bedford Jones of Brockville:

Sir—As a set-off to the prominent paragraph in to-day's issue describing the "going over" of a P. E. clergyman in New York to the church of Rome, may I ask you to insert the following item, not, as far as I know, noticed hitherto in any of our newspapers. It cannot fail to interest many readers of the *Empire*, which, in all honesty, should record the "coming over" as well as the "going over" of converts, especially when it is the coming over of a congregation en masse from Romanism to Protestantism. Yours, etc.,

T. BEDFORD-JONES, Archdeacon.
Brockville, February 24.

An entire congregation of German Roman Catholics in the Diocese of Central New York was received into the Protestant Episcopal church by Bishop Huntington on St. John's day. Nine clergymen were present and a large and highly interested congregation, chiefly German. Says a correspondent of the *Living Church*: "The services were partly in German and partly in English. Clearer or heartier responses are seldom heard. The music was admirably devout and very affecting, being

rendered with the peculiar pathos of the German singing. In every respect the manner of the occasion was orderly and reverential. The bishop gave a short dress of hearty welcome, touching rapidly and with deep feeling the great features of the extraordinary transfer. At the holy communion, after the clergy had received, it appeared as if the whole assembly rose and pressed eagerly forward, hungry for the feast of life, and kneeling to receive in succession the bread and the cup. At the close, after the clergy had exchanged congratulations, as the bishop turned to greet the trustees in their places, the congregation rose again and pressed forward along the aisles to seize and kiss his hand by turns—old men and women, young people, boys and children, many of them with tears on their faces and blessings on their lips.

With regard to the above, the *Empire* of the 17th instant contained the facts, with a letter from our friend Dean Cassidy of the Archdiocese of Toronto: To the Editor of the *Empire*.

Sir—About two weeks ago you published an extract from the *Living Church*, containing a highly colored account of the reception of a Roman Catholic congregation in central New York into the Anglican communion. It was remarked by many of your readers that important details were lacking. We were not informed of the causes which led to a change so unusual; the location and name of the congregation referred to were kept secret; even the date was not given. The picture appeared to be intended as a bit of charade. In justice to your Catholic readers I must request you to insert the enclosed extract from the *Catholic News*, of New York, 15th inst. I need scarcely add that in future we shall regard with very grave suspicion statements taken from the *Living Church*. Yours, etc., EDW. CASSIDY.
St. Helen's Rectory, March 16.

A "LIVING CHURCH" LIE.

A correspondent of our esteemed namesake across the ocean. The *Catholic News*, of Preston, Eng., writes to that journal under date of February 16, from Ferris Town Truro, and says that the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, of that place, recently published a report that the entire congregation of St. Joseph's church, Oneida, N.Y., had been received into the Protestant Episcopal church. It also stated that the Catholic bishop had left them without a pastor for four years, and that at their solicitation the Protestant bishop took over church and people, and provided them with a rector and curate. The report goes on to say that "the congregation were so overjoyed at receiving the Bread of Life from the Protestant bishop, that after the service they flocked round him, to kiss his hands and even his garments." The *Gazette* credits the particulars to the *Living Church*. The editor of our esteemed namesake sent the letter to us for further information, and we in turn sent to our friend, Rev. J. A. Kelly, of St. Patrick's church, Oneida.

As a complete refutation of this gross libel on the venerable Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, Father Kelly and the Catholic people of Oneida, it is only necessary to publish Father Kelly's answer to us. He says:

"Your communication and enclosed letters amused me very much. Some newspapers furnish very sentimental fables to their readers.

"The Catholic church in Oneida was dedicated to St. Patrick and never experienced that ecstatic transition from the faith of Ireland's apostle to the gentle and lovable care of the Protestant bishop spoken of. Just for a moment gaze in imagination at a congregation of Irish Catholics kissing the hands and garments of a Protestant bishop. I thank you for affording me a good hearty laugh, the best I have had in some time.

"Ours is the only Catholic parish in Oneida. There never was a St. Joseph's here. I have been pastor for seven years and in all that time Mass has been said every Sunday and holy day. The pleasantest relations have existed between bishop and priest and people. Our church is valued at \$65,000, with a debt of \$20,000. We have 35 acres of a cemetery. We have a beautiful lot for a pastoral residence, which will be erected within a year.

"So please brand the statements of the *Living Church* and *R. C. Gazette* as false. Thanking you for your kind interest in our parish, I am Yours sincerely,

(Rev.) J. A. KELLY."

Comment is unnecessary. What a figure the Archdeacon of Brockville cuts as a waiter dishing up to morbid curiosity canards without any foundation of truth in them. Such a "come over" is only a "get off" from some funny newspaper man, and the venerable simple minded but double hearted Archdeacon Bedford Jones ought not to allow such inventive geniuses to come it over him.

Life's Gates.

By MARY HUNSON.

I linger and wait
By the rocky-bound gate.
The open gate of the sea—
And the billows roll in
With a thundering din,
But bring not a message to me.

Oh, roll bounding wave!
O'er the deep, briny grave
Of treasures that hide in the sea.
Roll back and unfold
The pearls and the gold
That guard all their gleanings from me.

Expand and disclose
The crimson and rose
Of light in the caverns that ring
Where soft ripples flow.
And sweet blossoms grow,
Round the palace of mermaid and king.

I linger and wait
By the barrier gate,
The gate of Life's mystic bond
And I long for the light
And the dawning so bright
Of Eternity's gleam beyond.

Oh, heavenly portals
The hope of poor mortals,
Fling open and show us the light—
Let a gleam of the day
Illuminate our way
And lead us from darkness and night.

THE BARD OF DIMBOVITZA.

Roumanian Folk-Songs.

From Arcadia.

As many readers perhaps are not aware what the Dimbovitza is, and the translators of these Folk Songs do not give them any information on the point, we may say that the Dimbovitza is a river on which Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, is situated. Roumania itself derives its name from the fact that it was settled by Roman colonists in the later period of the Empire. It is for the most part a lowland plain, bounded on the north by the Carpathian mountains, and on the south by the Danube. Though the climate, like that of Canada, is extreme both in summer and in winter, the soil is fertile and productive. Fruits are abundant, but the wealth of the country consists chiefly of cattle, horses and sheep. The language that the inhabitants speak is the Wallachian, derived from, and resembling, the ancient Latin. Roumania was formerly tributary to, and a part of, the Turkish Empire, but was made independent by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. In March, 1881, it was declared a kingdom, and on May 22nd of the same year, the Princess Pauline Elizabeth Ottilie Louis, who had married Prince Charles of Roumania in 1869, was crowned Queen. Under the name of "Carmen Sylva" she has published several volumes of stories and poems, with many translations of Roumanian poetry into German, English, etc. Some of her most affecting verses were written on the death of her only child, Marie, who died of diphtheria in 1874 at the age of four. "Carmen Sylva" is called the "mother of her people," and has always taken the keenest interest in the welfare of her subjects, while her remarkable talents, her great personal beauty and her rare powers of sympathy have endeared her to all who have the happiness of knowing her.

In her preface to the present hand-volume, the royal translator says:—"The strange and beautiful songs, of which the following are a selection, seem to me a real treasure trove—a valuable addition to the literature of the world. . . . The young poetess to whom we owe the discovery of these songs spent four years in collecting them with great difficulty among the peasants on her father's estates. . . . They are worthy to rank with the best national songs that India, Arabia, and the far North have given us; and are truly noble in their childlike purity, and simple treatment of, and sympathy with, every phase of natural

human experience." She adds that the drama, entitled "Autumn," at the end of the volume, "was found in a very ancient MS. hidden in the vaults under the ancestral home of the Vacaraco family."

We can add but little to the Queen's description of these strange and characteristic poems; and, as our space is limited, will select some specimens for our readers, rather than attempt any criticism. Here is a rhythmical, but unrhymed short poem, entitled, "At a Grave":—

"To yonder grave there oft-times came a woman,
And said to it: 'Hast thou forgiven me?'
'Avaunt!' the grave made answer,
Then weeping she would go her way, but when
She over plucked a flower from the sward,
Yet still the grave would grant her no forgiveness.
Then said the woman: 'Take, at least, my tears.'
'Avaunt!' the grave made answer.
But as she weeping turned away and went,
Behold, the grave-stone would uplift itself,
And the dead man gaze forth,
Send a long look after her, that woman
Who weeping went her way."

It seems to us that there is something very weird and original about these few verses. Here is a poem called "The Soldier's Tent," in rhyme:

"The soldier lay smiling peacefully
Asleep in his tent on the sward.
The moon crept in and said: 'Look at me,
A glance from thy sweetheart am I, for thee.'
But he answered: 'I have my sword.'
Then the rustling wind drew softly near,
Played round him with whispers light:
'I am the sighs of thy mother dear,
The sighs of thy mother am I, dost hear?'
But he answered: 'I have the sight.'
Then night sank down from the darkening sky
Round the sleeper, and murmured: 'Rest,
Thy sweetheart's veil o'er thy face doth lie.'
But he answered: 'No need of it have I,
For the banner doth cover me best.'
By his tent the river, clear and wide,
Rolled onward its silver flood.
And said: 'I am water the cleansing tide
More blessed than aught in the world beside.'
But he answered: 'I have my blood.'
Then Sleep drew near to his tent, and low
She whispered with soothing breath:
'I am Sleep, the healer of every woe,
The dearest treasure of man below.'
But the soldier replied: 'I have Death.'

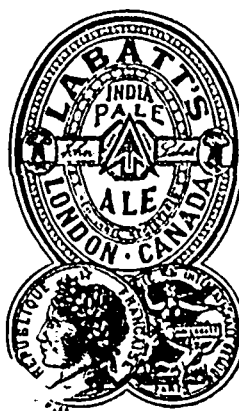
Gladstone's Great Speech.

The impression of physical and mental power which Mr Gladstone gave to the crowded House of Commons when he made his great speech on Home Rule the other day is indicted by the following extract from a report in a London journal:—"The clock marks one hour and a half of continuous speech and continuous development of a scheme as complex as a demonstration in advanced mathematics—from the period of his opening phrase. He is to go on for three quarters of an hour more. When he successfully achieves his peroration I come away with the thought that I have witnessed an extraordinary display of human faculty which no age that comes after me will be able to surpass." The speech seems to have been the crowning triumph of an old man's long life of triumph. By it, says the *New York World*, Mr Gladstone answered the sneers of his foes about "senility" and "decrepitude" as effectually as Sophocles convinced the Athenian court of his sanity, when past 80, by reading before his accusers scenes from his latest and greatest play.

Gives Strength and Appetite.

DEAR SIRS,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B. B. B., which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 193 pounds.
M. T. MURPHY, Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Que.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.



LABATT'S LONDON ALE & STOUT.

For Dietetic and Medicinal use the most wholesome Tonics and Beverages available.
Fight Medals, Ten Diplomas, at the World's Great Exhibitions
JOHN LABATT,
LONDON, CANADA.

JAMES GOOD & Co;
Cor. Yonge and Albert sts.,
AGENT, - - TORONTO.



INSIST UPON A Heintzman Co. Piano

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

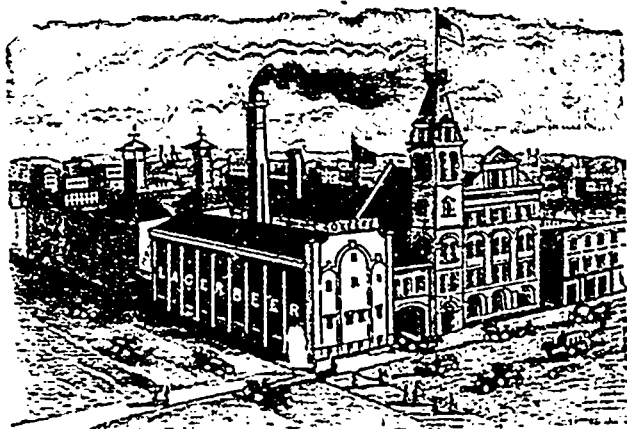
Catalogue Free on Application.

Heintzman & Co. 117 King st. West.

P. BURNS & CO.

1856. ONLY IMPORTERS OF 1893.
Celebrated Scranton Coal and Best Steam Coal
IN THE MARKET.

HEAD OFFICE—88 King street East.
BRANCHES—546 Queen street West, and 899 Yonge street.



SPECIALTIES—English and Bavarian Ales, in wood and bottle.
XXXX Porter, Gold Label, in Bottle.
Pilsener Lager, equal to the imported.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.

OF TORONTO LIMITED

EUGENE O'KEEFE,
Pres. and Mgr.
WIMMER HAWKE
Vice-Pres. and Assist. Mgr.
CHAS. HEATH,
Sec. Treasurer.

St. Michael's College,

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)
Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific, and Commercial Courses.

Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to

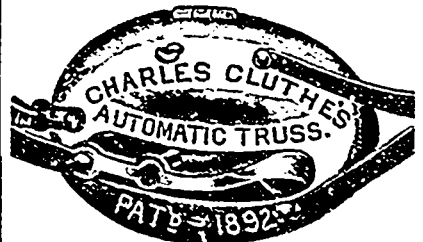
1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazelton Warren, Pa.

TELEPHONE 1406.
M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER.
EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
345 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.



RUPTURE TRUSS

The very instant you cause expansion of body by sneezing, coughing, etc., the little steel post visible on the cut, enters deeper into the cavity, automatically holding Hernia, Club Foot straightened, Instruments F. tested, deformity instruments made for all needs. Abdominal Supporter, Crutches, Elastic Hostry. Particulars free. Sent by Mail cheap.

CHAS. CLUTHE
Surgical Machinist, 131 King St. W., Toronto.

Priests and Parsons.

The New York correspondent of a London paper, in a recent letter, writing of the Catholic clergy of America, pays the following tribute to them:

They exert curious influence over the minds of a great mass of men who owe them no spiritual allegiance. "Indifferentism" exists among the Americans to a far greater extent than is generally supposed. The men who have fallen into this mode of thought have generally been educated Protestants, but their church has wholly lost its hold upon them, and they drifted away into what is not exactly infidelity, but which practically comes very near to it. "I live in a boarding house on the avenue," said an American friend to me the other day, "where there are twenty-five gentlemen; two of them, Catholics go to church, the other twenty-three never go. Seven of the ladies are Catholics, and go to church, the other eight never go. And I think you will find this proportion all over the country among the richer part of the community."

Now these "Indifferentist" Americans, somehow or other, come to conceive a curious respect and esteem for the Catholic priest—a respect and esteem, I am sorry to say, which they in no wise extend to the Protestant clergy. They see these Catholic priests hard at work, devoting their time to service which has no earthly reward, and denying themselves all share in the joys and delights of this life and doing this, by the way, not with sour faces and canting voices, but heartily, as a matter of business, as if they liked it. The Protestant clergyman of New York has his fine house, his pretty wife, his family of beautiful children, his books, his pictures and his friends to amuse him and \$10,000 a year to live on, and he gives in return for all this two sermons a week. The Catholic priest, on the other hand, lives in a humble parsonage, at the back of his church; he is the servant of a parish of 25,000 souls; he says Mass every day, and two Masses every Sunday; he hears confessions by the hundred, visits the sick, buries the dead, reproves the erring, baptizes the babies, is the father, friend and counselor of the poor of the parish; is seen diving down into dark cellars, or toiling up the narrow stairs of tenement houses to carry the Viaticum to the dying; is found at the hospital, the jail and the house of correction, and wears himself out in endless toil, and all he gets for it is food he eats and the clothes he wears.

Now this strikes the mind of the keen American, who detests cant and humbug and who honors earnest work and honest work, and in spite of all his prejudices, he insensibly conceives an admiration and respect for this priest, and thinks that he would like to do him a good turn. "When he first went into action," said a gentleman who had served as a volunteer in the late war, while relating to me some of his adventures, "our brigade was very nervous, and as we had to stand still and occasionally to receive some of the stray shots from the enemy, we felt uncomfortable and in need of something to stiffen us up. In the course of half an hour the line in advance of us had a number of men shot down. It was an Irish regiment, and presently I saw their chaplain, a Catholic priest, going through the field, kneeling down by each wounded man, and staying with him for some minutes, although the bullets were rattling around quite lively. Our chaplain, who was a Methodist minister, all this time was lying behind a haystack, reading his bible and drinking buttermilk. I have had a liking for a Roman collar ever since."

A Plain Statement.

Haggard's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, bronchitis, tightness of the chest, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

'ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT.'

★ **A Premium Puzzle.** ★



THIS HANDSOME LADY has Two Companions. Can you find them? If so, mark faces and send to us as directed below. The **LADIES' COMPANION** is a high-class, 32 page, illustrated Magazine, devoted to Literature, Home Life, Fashion, etc., most artistic in appearance and patronized by the best class of readers. A perfectly fair and legitimate premium system is adopted by its publishers at great outlay, in order to quickly place it and its sister publications at the head of all Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. During 1893 we purpose giving away Four Elegant Rosewood Pianos. The most exact good faith will be kept with every subscriber, both as regards the magazine and premiums.

See name of subscriber to receive the grand Piano now exhibited at our offices, in **Ladies' Companion** for March.

We publish **Ladies' Companion**, \$1.00 per year; **Ladies at Home**, 50 cents per year; **Our Boys and Girls**, 25 cents per year. Note our address: 100 King St., West, and do not confound our publications with any others of somewhat similar names.

PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle we will award an elegant Rosewood Piano, valued at \$500; the next will receive a Gold Watch; the third, a Silk Dress Pattern; the fourth, a Swiss Music Box; the fifth, a Silver Watch; the sixth, a BANGUER LAMP; the seventh, a Gold Brooch; the eighth, a SILVER FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SET; to the next ten will be given each a beautiful GOLD BROOCH; the middle sender will be awarded a Cabinet Organ; and to the ten following will be awarded a CRAYON PORTRAIT of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to June 15th next will receive a Gold Watch. The sender next to last will receive a Silver Watch; ten preceding, each a beautiful Gold Brooch.

CONDITIONS—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with Thirty Cents for 3 months' subscription to the Ladies' Companion. Address,

"D" LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO., 166 King St., West, Toronto, Can.



A. McARTHUR, Jr.
COAL AND WOOD.

BEST HARD AND SOFT COAL

At Lowest Prices.

Wood Cut and Split by Steam Machinery delivered to all parts of the city.

Head Office and Yard: 161-3 Farley Ave. Telephone 910.
Branch Office and Yard: 580-4 College St.

St. Jerome's College

Berlin, Ont.

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. SPRETZ, C. R., D.D.,
President.

ARCADE
YONGE ST.
TORONTO

British American Business College

The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.
O'Dea & Hopkins

THE CAUSLAND & SON
MEMORIAL WINDOW TORONTO ONT.
CHURCH & SECULAR STAINED-GLASS
LONDON-ESTD 1686
DESIGNS & CONTRACTS

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives permanent relief and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price \$1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address: "ANAKESIS," Box 2116, New York City.

Lowe's Commercial Academy

346 Spadina Avenue
Toronto

Shorthand, (Isaac Pitman's System) Book-Keeping; Typewriting \$5 until proficient.

Shorthand by Mail \$5 until proficient.

Over 2000 graduates during past five years. Pupils assisted to positions.

A. T. HERNON,

The well-known Church street **BUTCHER.**
HAS REMOVED HIS BUSINESS
To larger and more commodious premises, where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

256 CHURCH STREET

Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

M. MORAN,

House and Sign Decorator.

115 JARVIS STREET.

Painting, Graining, Glazing, Stenciling and Paper-hanging. A select stock of Wall Papers always on hand.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Catholics of Rochester are preparing to celebrate the silver episcopal jubilee of Bishop McQuaid, who was consecrated July 12, 1808.

To the Catholics of Natchez, Miss., belongs the honor of having been the first who performed the Forty Hours' devotion in America. This was in colonial days.

Cardinal Place died March 4, Charles, Phillipo Place, Cardinal, priest and Archbishop of Rennes, was born in Paris on February 14, 1814. He studied law and took his degree in 1841. He entered the diplomatic service, but shortly afterward quitted it for the priesthood. He was made Archbishop of Rennes in 1873, and was elevated to the Cardinalate in 1880.

Two brothers, Lodovico and Raffaele Spidoni, will exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, an original model of St. Peter's, Rome, according to the plans of Michael Angelo. This artistic work was begun in 1600 and finished in 1700. It is 30 feet long and 15 feet broad, and reproduces the minutest details of the famous basilica, with its 500 statues. It is estimated to be worth half a million of Italian lire.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact that several Indian students are preparing for the priesthood in some of our western theological seminaries. There are already a small number of Indian Benedictine nuns in the far West, and there is a prospect that their number will soon be increased. There is also an Indian Catholic priest who is laboring among the Indians of Western Canada.

The strong influence of Catholicity in Washington, is plainly indicated by the cessation of festivities in the gay world during the holy season of Lent. This six weeks' withdrawal of Catholics from society, calls attention to the Mother Church even from the most thoughtless. It gives to Catholics a dignity and an individuality, commanding respect and admiration from those outside the church.

A gentleman who lately had occasion to call at the residence of President-elect Cleveland, in New York, says that the place of honor, on the wall at the head of the main drawing room, was occupied by a beautiful bronze plaque of the Madonna and Child. It is a fine, artistic piece of work, well harmonizing with the tasteful surroundings. Under it was a Florentine chair, on the back of which is a profile of Savonarola.

It has been learned from letters from Cardinal Rampolla that the Holy Father is preparing an encyclical on the school question to be sent to the Archbishops of the United States in a short time. It is also learned that the Holy Father's aim will be to reconcile the teachings of Mgr. Satolli on the scholastic question with the practical application of the same view of the difficulties which the Bishops in their letters have urged upon the Holy See. The Holy Father will show the teachings to be true, and that their practical application must depend upon the circumstances of time and place.

The announcement that a bill is being prepared for introduction in the New Jersey legislature to turn the Catholic parochial schools over to the State, in order to secure a share of the public instruction fund, has caused considerable discussion. The burden of comment is strongly against the bill, says a New York journal, so much so that there is little or no hope of such a measure being enacted at this session of the legislature. Indeed, there is as yet no certainty that it will be introduced. Its promoters are not receiving as much encouragement as they expected even from the Catholic portion of the community, among whom there is a diversity of views as to the wisdom of the project.

Governor Stone is not a bigot, and he so informed a delegation from the American Protective Association, which called on him to-day to give him pointers about how to conduct his office. They only wanted to request him not to consider the names of Catholic applicants for any office within his gift. The Governor listened to their statement patiently and then said: "Gentlemen, you belong to the A. P. A., I believe?" They replied in the affirmative, whereupon Mr. Stone informed them, in language more vigorous than diplomatic, that he regarded them as the exponents of an idea that was not only un-American, but essentially undemocratic. In reply to their assertion that Catholics owe their first allegiance to the Pope of Rome, Mr. Stone said that, while he himself was a staunch Protestant, he knew Catholics whose patriotism he would not barter for that of a set of men who tried to restrict or at least make irksome liberty of conscience by taking the privilege of holding office away from members of a particular sect. With this he bowed the delegation out.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

How to Save the Farmers from Ruin.

Mr. J. Boyd Kinnear is one of the most interesting writers upon agriculture that we have at the present day. He writes well to begin with, but that is the least of his qualities; he is one of the most invincible of optimists, and he has so robust a faith in his specific that you feel almost tempted to believe in spite of yourself. Mr. Boyd Kinnear's article in the January *Blackwood* is a delightful specimen of his style. At a time when the British farmer is reduced to the verge of despair, and is wringing his hands, declaring that nothing in the world will save him except an utterly unattainable protection, behold Mr. Boyd Kinnear steps into the arena and gaily demonstrates that the farmers might be rolling in wealth if they would only take a leaf from Continental nations and feed the cattle with green food, instead of allowing them to gather it themselves by strolling at their leisure over meadow land. The way of salvation for the British farmer, according to Mr. Boyd Kinnear, is to grow forage crops, such as lucerne, clover, etches, etc., to practice ensilage, to feed their cattle in stall, and when you must grow green, to manure over it by ploughing in your green crops. By substituting the cultivation of green crops for permanent pasture, he calculates the annual net receipt on a hundred acre farm would be raised from £185 a year to £476—that is to say, increase on produce as at present £371 per acre, to be divided between land, raising, repairing buildings, and tenant's profits. The farmer would have \$4 15s. per acre, and at the same time the wages paid would be more than trebled. Having demonstrated this to his own satisfaction, Mr. Kinnear proceeds to calculate that on five million acres we could grow all the wheat which we now import, and still have fifteen thousand acres of our present pasture land to devote to other ground, and the food of more cattle and sheep. The eighty million sterling now paid away to the foreigner would fructify in the pockets of our people, and all this could be brought about by a simple change in the method of cropping. I am afraid that an experienced agriculturist with actual balance sheets before him would smile very grimly on reading Mr. Kinnear's triumphant demonstration of the way in which it could be done. To those who are not agriculturists, the most obvious criticism which occurs upon Mr. Kinnear's paper is, that it is too good to be true.—*Review of Reviews.*

A Ripe Old Age.

There took place at St. Malachi's Church last week (says the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard*), the funeral of one of its oldest parishioners, Mrs. Catharine Sharp, widow of John G. Sharp, who died on Sunday week at her home 1226 Fleetwood Street, at the wonderful advanced age of almost 115 years. After Solemn High Mass she was buried in Cathedral Cemetery. Four generations of her descendants attended her funeral. Her maiden name was Dowall. When twenty years old she married John Sharp, who died in 1819 at the age of sixty-two. He had rendered honorable service in the war of 1812.

Mrs Sharp was born on February 5, 1778, up on a farm situated where Ninth and Cherry streets now are. She distinctly remembered delivering milk to General Washington and his staff, as well as the great bon-fires which the boys made in 1812 to celebrate Commodore Perry's destruction of the English ships. The house in which the old lady died has been occupied by herself and her offspring for forty-five years.

The Lactare Medal will be presented this year to Patrick Donahue of Boston, by the University of Notre Dame.

FOR LENT,

Loch Fyne Herrings,
Holland Herrings,
Digby Herrings.

C. & B. Sardines,
Anchovies in Oil,
Clover Leaf Salmon.

(Clover Leaf Lobster,
Boneless Codfish,
Finan Haddie.

PRICES RIGHT

JAMES GOOD & Co
220 YONGE STREET
Telephone 424.

GOOD BUTTER
Always in stock

WESTERN
Assurance Company
INCORPORATED 1851.
CAPITAL, - - \$1,200,000
Fire and Marine.
Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT: A. M. SMITH, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT: Geo. A. Cox, Esq.

DIRECTORS
Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. McClurich, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., J. J. KENNY, W. R. Brock, Esq., A. T. Fulton, Esq., Robert Deaty, Esq., Managing Director

SOLICITORS.
Messrs. McCarthy, Oslo, Heakin and Creelman.
Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire.
On Hull, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation.
On cargo risks with the Maritime Provinces, by rail or steam.
On Cargoes by steamer to British Ports.

Wm. A. Lee & Son,
GENERAL AGENTS,
10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.
Telephones 592 & 2075.

IMPERIAL
CREAM TARTAR
BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

GILLETT'S
PURE POWDERED 100%
LYE
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds of Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Trusts Corporation
OF ONTARIO
And Safe Deposit Vaults.
Bank of Commerce Building, King St. TORONTO.
Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.
Capital Subscribed, \$800,000.

Hon. J. C. ARKINS, P.C., President.
Hon. Sir R. J. CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G., Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money Invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.
Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.
N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same.
A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

- Church Pews -

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. Homan, 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
BENNETT FURNISHING CO
London Ont., Canada

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
'THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND'
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

E. B. A.

The Annual convention of the Emerald Beneficial Association of Ontario will be held on May 2nd and following days in the city of Stratford. As a new Constitution will have to be issued this year (the present one having run out) several amendments will be placed before the delegates for their consideration, which, if adopted, will prove beneficial to the Association.
The Insurance feature that was adopted at the convention held in May, 1892, came into force on Feb. 1, 1893; and the first called from our ranks was an old and respected member of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 7, of Toronto, upon whose soul may God have mercy. The widow of our deceased Brother testifies to the promptness with which the claim was paid in the following letter:
TORONTO, March 6, 1893.
To D. A. Carey, Esq., Grand President, E. B. A.
SIR—Accept my thanks for the prompt payment of the Insurance on my late husband a member of your Association, it being paid within one week of his death. I wish your Association every success.
MRS. MICHAEL O'NEILL.
Under the rules of the Association a member can insure for \$100 and upwards; also for Medical Attendance and a weekly benefit of \$4 or \$8 per week in sickness.
W. LANE, G. S. T.
P.S.—As soon as the Constitution is published copies may be obtained from the officers of the Grand Branch.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, March 22, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$0 67	0 68
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 66	0 67
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 62	0 63
Wheat, goose, r or bush....	0 00	0 61
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 25	0 37
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 62
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	8 00	8 20
Chickens, per pair.....	0 45	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 07	0 08
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 13	0 14
Butter, per lb.....	0 22	0 24
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 16	0 17
Parsley, per doz.....	0 20	0 30
Radishes, per doz.....	0 00	1 00
Beets, per bag.....	0 40	0 60
Turnips, per bag.....	0 40	0 45
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Celery, per doz.....	0 50	0 00
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 25	0 40
Carrots, per bag.....	0 25	0 50
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 95	1 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	10 50	12 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, March 21.—Prices for very good cattle ranged from 3½ to 4c, from 3 to 3½c for secondary, and for inferior from 2½ to 3c per lb. There were 11 or 12 loads of Easter stock purchased for Montreal.
MILK COWS AND SPRINGERS—A steady demand exists for both forward springers and milkers; very few milkers were here, but average and good quality cows will sell well.
LAMBS AND SHEEP—All told, 160 came in, and though the market was over-supplied prices were well maintained, and lambs and sheep mixed sold at an average of \$5.50 each; good yearlings sold to-day in a few instances at 6c per pound.
CALVES—Very few came in, but good calves are in demand, and will sell readily at fairly high prices for anything that can be classed as choice.
HOGS—While hogs were notably unchanged to-day the tendency was downwards; for the best here (weighed off cars) \$6.25 was paid; the average was around \$6 per cwt. Stores and small rough hogs, while they may sell, are not in demand here.

TENDERS.

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of THURSDAY, 20th April, 1893, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1894, duty-paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.
Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.
This advertisement is not to be inserted in any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, March, 1893.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On Saturday, February 25, Mr. De Cobain, the Orange Tory ex-member for East Belfast, was brought up on remand at the police court, Belfast, before Mr. Eaton, R.M., who decided that the case should be heard in secret. None but the police and the officials of the court, the Crown Solicitor, and two solicitors for the accused were allowed to be present. The representatives of the Press were not admitted. Three witnesses were examined in support of the charges; after which the prisoner was remanded for one week, for the production of additional evidence, and was liberated on bail, himself in £500 and two sureties in £250 each.

Carlow.

On February 27th, near the village of Fenagh, county Carlow, Mr. Thomas Wilson, a very extensive farmer, after breakfasting in bed, got up, and with his razor inflicted a dreadful wound across his neck, to which he shortly afterwards succumbed. For years Mr. Wilson had been suffering from repeated attacks of despondency.

Clare.

At an early hour on Saturday morning, February 25th, Mr. Macadam, Sub-Sheriff of Clare, succeeded in making seizures of cattle and horses on the lands of three tenants on the Boydyke estate. Before the seizures were completed, the alarm was given; great crowds gathered, and the position of affairs became very threatening. Just then, however, a force of thirty police arrived on the scene. As the last seizure was being made a stone was thrown, which struck Mr. Martin, a former steward of the Clare Defence Union. He immediately seized a man whom he alleged to be his assailant, and gave him into custody. The police also arrested a second man for disorderly conduct. A crowd of about five hundred followed the party who had seized the cattle, for about three miles, but no serious disturbance occurred.

Cork.

Mr. Cornelius O'Callaghan, of the Quay, Cork, died suddenly on Feb. 27th.

Sergeant Nolan, who recently attempted to commit suicide, near Mitchelstown, has been removed to Cork Lunatic Asylum.

Mrs. Margaret Buckley, wife of the late Postmaster, Fermoy, has been appointed as Postmistress in charge of this important office.

On the night of March 6th, the six-oared boat used by the Cork Fishery Conservators in the suppression of poaching was stolen from Blackrock pier, where it was usually kept. No trace of it has since been found, and it is thought it was sunk in the river.

On Feb. 24th, in a case of Hungerford's estate, in the county of Cork, Justice Monroe granted an injunction for the removal of two evicted tenants' huts which had been erected on the property and for the prevention of the erection of any others, the Receiver having complained that his management of the property was interfered with.

Derry.

On Sunday, February 26, after a brief sickness, Mr. Andrew McGafferty, solicitor, died at his residence, Waterside, Derry. Mr. McGafferty, who was widely esteemed in the North-West, was in the vigor of health, when he was suddenly seized by an illness from which he never rallied.

Donegal.

Mr. Patrick Kelly, of Ballyarle, Castlefin, has been sworn in a magistrate for the county Donegal.

Down.

A young man named Nesbitt had his leg broken by a kick, while playing football, in Nowry, on February 25.

Mr. John J. F. Greene, Chairman of the Warrenpoint Town Commissioners, has been appointed Justice of the Peace for the county Down.

Dublin.

On February 27, a man named O'Leary, 21 Hammond lane, Dublin, died suddenly of heart disease.

The Official Assignees of the Court of Bankruptcy (Ireland) have appointed Mr. Bennett Thompson, 3 Suffolk street, Dublin, as their Official Solicitor, in the room of Mr. John Murray, Solicitor, resigned.

Michael Carroll, who was run over by a train on the North Wall branch of the Midland Great Western Railway on the 27th of February, died whilst he was being conveyed to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. Deceased had been in the employment of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company as a milksman.

The arrival of the Irish pilgrims from Rome on March 3 was made the occasion of a magnificent demonstration of welcome. Thousands of people cheered them on landing at the North Wall, Dublin. A torchlight procession accompanied Father Ring and a number of the pilgrims to the Church of the Oblate Fathers at Inchicore, where an eloquent address was delivered by the very reverend gentleman.

Fermanagh.

In the House of Commons, recently, Mr. P. McGilligan, M.P. for South Fermanagh, interrogated the Chief Secretary for Ireland as to whether it was a fact that the ratopay-

ers of the district through which the Clougher Valley tramway runs, in the county Fermanagh, were compelled to pay a tax of 7d. or 8d. in the pound to make up the deficit to the shareholders, although they (the ratopayers) had been strongly opposed to the construction of the tramway; and Mr. McGilligan further asked if the Government would come to the relief of the ratopayers. The Chief Secretary replied that the ratopayers had paid the amount stated; but he could not hold out any hope of the Government doing anything in the matter of their relief.

Galway.

Mr. John Nolan of Garra House, Ballyglunin, has been sworn in as a magistrate for the county of Galway.

At a meeting of many of the inhabitants of Claremorris, Conor O'L. McGuire, Esq., M.D., in the chair, it was unanimously resolved that an address and presentation of some gift be made to Mr. Michael Skellington, the station master of that town, on his leaving to take charge of Ballina station.

A most devotional ceremony took place in the parish church, Athenry, on St. Brigid's Day, when two very fine statues—one of St. Brigid and the other of St. Aloysius—were blessed and unveiled in the presence of a very large congregation—St. Brigid habited as an Irish nun, and St. Aloysius as an acolyte in soutane and surplice.

Kerry.

The death is announced, on Feb. 15th, at his residence, Church street, Tralee, of Frederick Gibbons, master tailor.

A few days ago, a Mrs. Sheehan, a native of Glenmore, county Kerry, lost her way when returning home from Castletownbere through the mountains. She was found dead near her house the next day.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Harrington, a native of Kerry, who was for some years connected with the Cork Press, and after wards with the Parliamentary staff of the Dublin Freeman. An able journalist and the most kindly and genial of friends and companions, his loss will be keenly felt by his many friends.

Mrs. Locke, who died in Italy recently, at an old age, belonged to a vanished generation. Her husband—Capt. Wm. Locke, formerly of the 1st Life Guards—inherited from his father large landed estates in Kerry, the whole of which property was won by playing cards at White's and Boodle's Clubs, London and Dublin, from a former Lord Kerry, who was head of the senior branch of the Petty family, which is now represented by the Marquis of Lansdowne. The original grants made by Cromwell to the Pettys extended over the whole of North Kerry.

Kilkenny.

In the Kilkenny city police office, on February 27th, Mary Mulhall, an elderly woman, was charged with being a dangerous lunatic. On the certificate of Surgeon R. J. Magee, she was committed to the District Lunatic Asylum.

Leitrim.

On March 1 the assizes for the County Leitrim were opened at Carrick-on-Shannon by Lord Chief Justice O'Brien and Mr. Justice Andrews. There were only five criminal cases to go before the Grand Jury, none of which presented any feature of public interest.

Limerick.

At the Convent of Mercy, Geelong, Australia, on Christmas morning, Sister Mary Alphonsus Molony passed away to her eternal reward. The deceased religious was a native of the city of Limerick, where her mother, sister and brother still reside, and niece of the late Rev. Wm. Maloney, a distinguished Jesuit father connected with the Gardiner street Church, Dublin, and cousin of the Very Rev. Dr. Moloney, P. P., V. G., of St. Munchin's, Limerick. The deceased nun left her home in October, 1886, to rejoin a sister, since dead, who had been for years a loved member of the community. Sister Mary Alphonsus was professed in 1889, and had since labored faithfully and well in the vineyard of her Divine Master. She was esteemed for her amiable and gentle bearing towards all with whom she came in contact. A solemn High Mass for the repose of her soul was offered in the convent chapel on December 26th, Rev. E. O'Brien being celebrant; Rev. Fr. Lee, deacon; Rev. Fr. English, sub-deacon; Rev. Fr. Brazil, master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Mass the Abolition was pronounced by the Ven. Archdeacon Slattery, V. G. (in the unavoidable absence of the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Carr). A procession, composed of the clergy, nuns and Children of Mary, accompanied the remains of the lamented sister to the Eastern Cemetery, where the *Miserere* was chanted by all, and the burial service was recited by the Venerable Archdeacon.—R.I.P.

Longford.

On Feb. 28, at a meeting of the Longford Grand Jury, Mr. Bond, foreman, presiding, a resolution was passed condemning the Home Rule Bill. Mr. James Fagan, Mr. Patrick O'Ratigan and Mr. Thomas O'Beirne dissented from the resolution, and Mr. O'Reilly, a Catholic Unionist, made a speech in favor of it.

Louth.

Alderman Branigan (Mayor of Drogheda) and Mr. M. Batterly (High Sheriff) have

been made Magistrates for the county of the town of Drogheda. Both gentlemen are Catholics and members of the National Federation.

On Feb. 16th, an interesting ceremony took place at the rooms of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Park street, Dundalk. The event was the presentation of a handsome timepiece and two bronze figures to Mr. James Norton, on the completion of his thirty first year of office as secretary of the Dundalk Branch, Amalgamated Society of Engineers. A large attendance of members were present.

The term of Father Bannon's office as Prior of St. Malachy's Dominican Church, Dundalk, having expired, he has been appointed to Sligo. During the years spent by Father Bannon in Dundalk, his piety and zeal coupled with his amiable disposition, made him a universal favorite, and many and sincere have been the expressions of regret at his departure to a new sphere of labor. He is succeeded in the office of Prior of St. Malachy's by the Very Rev. Father Kouny, O.P., who has been transferred from Limerick. Father Kouny is not a stranger in Dundalk, having spent some years on the Mission in St. Malachy's upwards of a score of years ago.

Mayo.

Mr. Thomas Dolphin, manager of the firm of Hugh Gallagher & Co., Ballina, is recovering from a severe illness.

Meath.

John N. G. Pollock, of Mountainstown, Navan, has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant in the room of the late John Tisdall.

Mr. Justice Johnson, in opening the Assizes for Meath in Trim on March 1st, congratulated the grand jury on the state of the country, apart from the election excitement.

The Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, visited Kells on March 2d, to officiate at the collation of two nuns in the Convent of Morey in that town. He was presented with an address on behalf of the inhabitants of Kells, and in reply expressed the hope that unity would soon be restored among the people.

Monaghan.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. David John Carson, of the firm of Carson & Sons, merchants, Ballybay a magistrate of that town.

Queen's County.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. John Delaney, of Jamestown, Borris-in-Osory, to the Commission of the Peace for the county.

Roscommon.

General Sir Martin Dillon anticipates the compulsory retirement which would be his lot on the 1st April by leaving the army now. Sir Martin was for some years Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, but practically his whole career has lain in the East. He distinguished himself in the Mutiny and other Indian wars of the fifties, and he shared in the Chinese and Abyssinian wars. Sir Martin was Military Secretary to Lord Napier of Magdala for many years. General Dillon is the nephew of the late Dr. Browne, Bishop of Elphin.

Sligo.

Mr. A. Mackintosh, who has been engaged for the past three years as National Teacher at the Mall School, Castlebar, is about being transferred to an important appointment as teacher in the County Tyrone.

Tipperary.

As was expected, the authorities have abandoned the prosecutions for the alleged riot in New Tipperary, on the 20th of last July—the date of the election for South Tipperary—which were bequeathed to them by the late Coercion Government. The defendants, whose trial was to have taken place at Clonmel, on Monday, March 6th, have been discontinued, and that they need not attend. Five of the defendants have, however, been notified that they will be arraigned on a charge of having assaulted a man named Cavanagh, on the occasion of the alleged riot in New Tipperary.

Tyrone.

Lieutenant-General A. G. Montgomery Moore has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant for the county Tyrone.

Waterford.

At the Tipperary Assizes, District-Inspector Warburton, of Waterford, was awarded £500 compensation for injuries received at the Thurles election last July.

Westmeath.

Head-Constable R. Culhane, of Mullingar, county headquarters, is transferred to the county Louth headquarters at Dundalk.

Wexford.

Mr. N. L. Doyle, V.S., died at his residence, New Ross, on March 1. For the past five or six years Mr. Doyle held important positions under the New Ross and Ennis-corthy Board of Guardians.

Beware of Cholera.

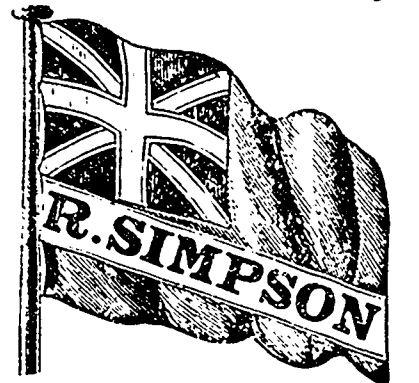
The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera therefore wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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 Billiousness, 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.

For Sale by all Dealers.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

Building Sale

Catches every one, for there are no limitations to it.

New Spring Goods

are commencing to arrive. Can except nothing.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Men's Union Shirts, 20c | Men's Suspenders, 15c |
| 3-in. Cambric Emoroidery, 5c | 4 1/2-in. Cambric Embroidery, 8 1/2c |
| 42-in. White Cottons, 8c | Pillow Cottons, Circular, 15c |
| Boys' Boots, Bals, pegged, 95c | Ladies' Dongola Boots, \$1.15 |
- Making ready for the early tearing down of the premises.
- | | |
|---|--|
| Boys' Spring Suits, new goods, Tweed, \$1 40 | Boys' Spring Suits, new goods, Serge, \$1.50 |
| Table Ulsters, Dolmans and Capes, choice, \$5 | Heptonette Waterproofs, black, \$3.50 |
| Cloth Bound Books, 15c; Pub. price 5c | Handsome Shirts, fancy border, 50, 75c |
- Very special offerings in the millinery rooms.

Order anything by letter. The sale is for out-of-town shoppers as well as city shoppers.

R. SIMPSON,
3 W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st. TORONTO.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

F. ROSAR, UNDERTAKER,
240 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
TELEPHONE 1034.

GO TO DILL & O'HEARN,
FOR YOUR House, Sign or Ornamental Painting, Plain or Decorative Paper Hanging.
212 QUEEN STREET WEST.
TELEPHONE 1820.

RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER IX.

When the Senora came back to the veranda she found Felipe asleep, Alessandro standing at the foot of the bed, with his arms crossed on his breast, watching him. As the Senora drew near, Alessandro felt again the same sense of dawning hatred which had seized him at her harsh speech to Ramona. He lowered his eyes and waited to be dismissed.

"You can go now, Alessandro," said the Senora. "I will sit here. You are quite sure that it will be safe for Senor Felipe to sleep here all night?"

"It will cure him before many nights," replied Alessandro, still without raising his eyes, and turning to go.

"Stay," said the Senora. Alessandro paused. "It will not do for him to be alone here in the night, Alessandro."

Alessandro had thought of this, and had remembered that if he lay on the veranda floor by Senor Felipe's side, he would also lie under the Senorita's window.

"No, Senora," he replied. "I will lie here by his side. That was what I had thought, if the Senora is willing."

"Thank you, Alessandro," said the Senora, in a tone which would have surprised poor Ramona, still sitting alone in her room, with sad eyes. She did not know the Senora could speak thus sweetly to any one but Felipe. "Thank you! You are kind. I will have a bed made for you."

"Oh no!" cried Alessandro; "if the Senora will excuse me, I could not lie on a bed. A raw-hide like Senor Felipe's and my blanket are all I want. I could not lie on any bed."

"To be sure," thought the Senora; "what was I thinking of! How the boy makes one forget he is an Indian! But the floor is harder than the ground, Alessandro," she said, kindly.

"No, Senora," he said, "it is all one; and to-night I will not sleep. I will watch Senor Felipe, in case there should be a wind, or he should wake and need something."

"I will watch him myself till midnight," said the Senora. "I should feel easier to see how he sleeps at first."

It was the balmyest of summer nights, and as still as if no living thing were on the earth. There was a full moon, which shone on the garden, and on the white front of the little chapel among the trees. Ramona, from her window, saw Alessandro pacing up and down the walk. She had seen him spread down the raw hide by Felipe's bed, and had seen the Senora take her place in one of the big carved chairs. She wondered if they were both going to watch; she wondered why the Senora would never let her sit up and watch with Felipe.

"I am not of any use to anybody," she thought, sadly. She dared not go out and ask any questions about the arrangements for the night. At supper the Senora had spoken to her only in the same cold and distant manner, which always made her dumb and afraid. She had not once seen Felipe alone during the day. Margarita, who, in the former times—ah, how far away those former times looked now!—had been a greater comfort to Ramona than she realized—Margarita now was sulky and silent, never came into Ramona's presence if she could help it, and looked at her sometimes with an expression which made Ramona tremble, and say to herself, "She hates me. She has always hated me since that morning."

It had been a long, sad day to Ramona; and as she sat in her window

leaning her head against the sash, and looked at Alessandro pacing up and down, she felt for the first time, and did not shrink from it nor in anywise disavow or disguise it to herself, that she was glad he loved her. More than this she did not think; beyond this she did not go. Her mind was not like Margarita's, full of fancies bred of freedom in intercourse with men. But distinctly, tenderly glad that Alessandro loved her, and distinctly, tenderly aware how well he loved her, she was, as she sat at her window this night, looking out into the moonlit garden; after she had gone to bed she could still hear his slow, regular steps on the garden walk, and the last thought she had, as she fell asleep, was that she was glad Alessandro loved her.

The moon had been set, and the garden, chapel-front, trees, vines, were all wrapped in impenetrable darkness, when Ramona awoke, sat up in her bed, and listened. All was so still that the sound of Felipe's low, regular breathing came in through her open window. After hearkening to it for a few moments, she rose noiselessly from her bed, and creeping to the window parted the curtains and looked out; noiselessly she thought; but it was not noiselessly enough to escape Alessandro's quick ear; without a sound he sprang to his feet, and stood looking at Ramona's window.

"I am here, Senorita," he whispered. "Do you want anything?"

"Has he slept all night like this?" she whispered back.

"Yes, Senorita. He has not once moved."

"How good!" said Ramona. "How good!"

Then she stood still; she wanted to speak again to Alessandro, to hear him speak again, but she could think of no more to say. Because she could not, she gave a little sigh.

Alessandro took one swift step towards the window. "May the saints bless you, Senorita," he whispered fervently.

"Thank you, Alessandro," murmured Ramona, and glided back to her bed, but not to sleep. It lacked not much of dawn; as the first faint light filtered through the darkness Ramona heard the Senora's window open.

"Surely she will not strike up the hymn and wake Felipe," thought Ramona; and she sprang again to the window to listen. A few low words between the Senora and Alessandro, and then the Senora's window closed again, and all was still.

"I thought she would not have the heart to wake him, said Ramona to herself. "The Virgin would have had no pleasure in our song, I am sure; but I will say a prayer to her instead;" and she sank on her knees at the head of her bed, and began saying a whispered prayer. The footfall of a spider in Ramona's room had not been light enough to escape the ear of that watching lover outside. Again Alessandro's tall figure arose from the floor, turning towards Ramona's window; and now the darkness was so far softened to dusk that the outline of his form could be seen. Ramona felt it rather than saw it, and stopped praying. Alessandro was sure he had heard her voice.

"Did the Senorita speak?" he whispered, his face close at the curtain. Ramona, startled, dropped her rosary, which rattled as it fell on the wooden floor.

"No, no, Alessandro," she said, "I did not speak." And she trembled she knew not why. The sound of the beads on the floor explained to Alessandro what had been the whispered words he heard.

"She was at her prayers," he thought, ashamed and sorry. "Forgive me," he whispered; "I thought you called;" and he stepped back to the outer edge of the veranda, and seated himself on the railing. He would lie down no more. Ramona remained on

her knees, gazing at the window. Through the transparent muslin curtain the dawning light came slowly, steadily, till at last she could see Alessandro distinctly. Forgetful of all else, she knelt, gazing at him. The rosary lay on the floor, forgotten. Ramona would not finish that prayer that day. But her heart was full of thanksgiving and gratitude, and the Madonna had a better prayer than any in the book.

The sun was up, and the canaries, finches, and linnets had made the veranda ring with joyous racket before Felipe opened his eyes. The Senora had come and gone and come again, looking at him anxiously, but he stirred not. Ramona had stolen timidly out, glancing at Alessandro only long enough to give him one quick smile, and bent over Felipe's bed, holding her breath, he lay so still.

"Ought he to sleep so long?" she whispered.

"Till the noon it may be," answered Alessandro; "and when he wakes you will see by his eye that he is another man."

It was indeed so. When Felipe first looked about him he laughed outright with pure pleasure. Then catching sight of Alessandro at the steps, he called, in a stronger voice than had yet been heard from him, "Alessandro, you are a famous physician. Why couldn't that fool from Ventura have known as much? With all his learning, he had had me in the next world before many days except for you. Now, Alessandro, breakfast! I am hungry. I had forgotten what the thought of food was like to a hungry stomach. And plenty! plenty!" he called, as Alessandro ran toward the kitchen. "Bring all they have."

When the Senora saw Felipe bolstered up in the bed, his eye bright, his colour good, his voice clear, eating heartily like his old self, she stood like a statue in the middle of the veranda for a moment; then turning to Alessandro, she said, chokingly, "May heaven reward you!" and disappeared abruptly in her own room. When she came out her eyes were red. All day she moved and spoke with a softness unwonted, indeed inconceivable. She even spoke kindly and without constraint to Ramona. She felt like one brought back from the dead.

After this a new sort of life began for them all. Felipe's bed on the veranda was the rallying point for everything and everybody. The servants came to look up at him, and wish him well, from the garden-walk below. Juan Can, when he first hobbled out on the stout crutches Alessandro had made him of manzanita wood, dragged himself all the way round the house to have a look at Senor Felipe and a word with him. The Senora sat there, in the big carved chair, looking like a sibyl with her black silk banded head-dress severely straight across her brow, and her large dark eyes gazing out, past Felipe, into the far south sky. Ramona lived there too, with her embroidery or her book, sitting on cushions on the floor in a corner, or at the foot of Felipe's bed, always so placed, however—if anybody had noticed, but nobody did—so placed that she could look at Felipe without looking full at Senora's chair, even if the Senora were not in it.

Here also came Alessandro many times a day—sometimes sent for, sometimes of his own accord. He was freely welcome. When he played or sang, he sat on the upper step of the stairs leading down to the garden. He also had a secret, which he thought all his own, in regard to the positions he chose. He sat always, when Ramona was there, in the spot which best commanded a view of her face. The secret was not all his own. Felipe knew it. Nothing was escaping Felipe in these days. A bombshell exploding at their feet would not have more astonished the different members of this circle, the Senora, Ramona, Alessandro, than it

would to have been made suddenly aware of the thoughts which were going on in Felipe's mind now, from day to day, as he lay there placidly looking at them all.

It is probable that if Felipe had been in full health and strength when the revelation suddenly came to him that Alessandro loved Ramona, and that Ramona might love Alessandro, he would have been instantly filled with jealous antagonism. But at the time when this revelation came he was prostrate, feeble, thinking many times a day that he must soon die; it did not seem to Felipe that a man could be so weak as he was, and ever again be strong and well. Side by side with these forebodings of his own death always came the thought of Ramona. What would become of her if he were gone? Only too well he knew that the girl's heart would be broken; that she could not live on alone with her mother. Felipe adored his mother; but he understood her feelings about Ramona.

With this feebleness had also come to Felipe, as is often the case in long illnesses, a greater clearness of perception. Ramona had ceased to puzzle him. He no longer asked himself what her long steady look into his eyes meant. He knew. He saw it meant that as a sister she loved him, had always loved him, and could love him in no other way. He wondered a little at himself that this gave him no more pain; only a sort of sweet mournful tenderness towards her. It must be because he was so soon going out of the world, he thought. Presently he began to be aware that a new quality was coming into his love for her. He himself was returning to the brother love which he had had for her when they were children together, and in which he had felt no change until he became a man and Ramona a woman. It was strange what a peace fell upon Felipe when this was finally clear and settled in his mind. No doubt he had had more misgiving and fear about his mother in the matter than he had ever admitted to himself; perhaps also the consciousness of Ramona's unfortunate birth had rankled at times; but all this was past now. Ramona was his sister. He was her brother. What course should he pursue in the crisis which he saw drawing near? How could he best help Ramona? What would be best for both her and Alessandro? Long before he thought of any possible union between himself and Ramona had entered into Alessandro's mind, still longer before it had entered into Ramona's to think of Alessandro as a husband, Felipe had spent hours in forecasting, plotting, and planning for them. For the first time in his life he felt himself in the dark as to his mother's probable action. That any concern as to Ramona's personal happiness or welfare would influence her he knew better than to think for a moment. So far as that was concerned, Ramona might wander out the next hour, wife of a homeless beggar, and his mother would feel no regret. But Ramona had been the adopted daughter of the Senora Ortega, bore the Ortega name, and had lived as foster-child in the house of the Morenos. Would the Senora permit such a one to marry an Indian?

Felipe doubted. The longer he thought the more he doubted. The more he watched the more he saw that the question might soon have to be decided. Any hour might precipitate it. He made plan after plan for forestalling trouble; for preparing his mother; but Felipe was by nature indolent, and now he was, in addition, feeble. Day after day slipped by. It was exceedingly pleasant on the veranda. Ramona was usually with him; his mother was gentler, less sad, than he had ever seen her. Alessandro was always at hand, ready for any service—in the field, in the house; his music a delight, his strength and fidelity a

repose, his personal presence always agreeable. "If only my mother could think it," reflected Felipe, "it would be the best thing all round to have Alessandro stay here as overseer of the place, and then they might be married. Perhaps before the summer is over she will come to see it so."

And the delicious, languid, semi-tropic summer came hovering over the valley. The apricots turned golden, the peaches glowed, the grapes filled and hardened, like opaque emeralds hung thick under the canopied vines. The garden was a shade brown, and the roses had all fallen; but there were lilies, and orange blossoms, and poppies, and carnations, and geraniums in the pots, and musk—oh, yes, ever and always musk. It was like an enchanter's spell the knock the Senora had of forever keeping relays of musk to bloom all the year; and it was still like an enchanter's spell that Felipe would never confess that he hated it. But the bees liked it, and the humming-birds—the butterflies also; and the air was full of them. The veranda was a quieter place now as the season's noon grew near. The linnets were all nesting, and the finches and the canaries too; and the Senora spent hours every day, tirelessly feeding the mothers. The vines had all grown and spread out to their thickest; no need any longer of the gay blanket Alessandro had pinned up that first morning to keep the sun off Felipe's head.

What was the odds between a to-day and a to-morrow in such a spot as this? "To-morrow," said Felipe, "I will speak to my mother," and "to-morrow," and "to-morrow," but he did not.

There was one close observer of these pleasant veranda days that Felipe knew nothing about. That was Margarita. As the girl came and went about her household tasks she was always on the watch for Alessandro, on the watch for Ramona. She was bidding her time. Just what shape her revenge was going to take she did not know. It was no use plotting. It must be as it fell out; but that the hour and the way for her revenge would come she never doubted.

When she saw the group on the veranda, as she often did, all listening to Alessandro's violin, or to his singing, Alessandro himself now at his ease and free in the circle, as if he had been there always, her anger was almost beyond bounds.

"Oh, ho! like a member of the family; quite so!" she sneered. "It is new times when a head shepherd spends his time with the ladies of the house, and sits in their presence like a guest who is invited! We shall see; we shall see what comes of all this!" And she knew not which she hated the more, Alessandro or Ramona.

Since the day of the scene at the artichoke-field she had never spoken to Alessandro, and had avoided, so far as was possible, seeing him. At first Alessandro was sorry for this, and tried to be friendly with her. As soon as he felt assured that the incident had not hurt him at all in the esteem of Ramona he began to be sorry for Margarita. "A man should not be rude to any maiden," he thought; and he hated to remember how he had pushed Margarita from him, and snatched his hand away, when he had in the outset made no objection to her taking it. But Margarita's resentment was not to be appeased. She understood only too clearly how little Alessandro's gentle advances meant, and she would none of them. "Let him go to his Senorita," she said, bitterly, mocking the reverential tone in which she had overheard him pronounce the word. "She is fond enough of him, if only the fool had eyes to see it. She'll be ready to throw herself at his head before long, if this kind of thing keeps up. 'It is not well to speak thus freely of young men, Margarita!' Ha, ha! Little I

thought that day which way the wind set in my mistress's temper! I'll wager she reproves me no more, under this roof or any other! Curse her! What did she want of Alessandro, except to turn his head, and then bid him go his way!"

To do Margarita justice, she never once dreamed of the possibility of Ramona's wedding Alessandro. A clandestine affair, an intrigue of more or less intensity, such as she herself might have carried on with any one of the shepherds—this was the utmost stretch of Margarita's angry imaginations in regard to her young mistress's liking for Alessandro. There was not, in her way of looking at things, any impossibility of such a thing as that. But marriage! It might be questioned whether that idea would have been any more startling to the Senora herself than to Margarita.

Little had passed between Alessandro and Ramona which Margarita did not know. The girl was always like a sprite—here, there, everywhere, in an hour; and with eyes which, as her mother often told her, saw on all sides of her head. Now, fired by her new purpose, new passion, she moved swifter than ever, and saw and heard even more. There were few hours of any day when she did not know to a certainty where both Alessandro and Ramona were; and there had been few meetings between them which she had not either seen or surmised.

In the simple life of such a household as the Senora's, it was not strange that this was possible; nevertheless, it argued and involved untiring vigilance on Margarita's part. Even Felipe, who thought himself, from his vantage-point of observation on the veranda, and from his familiar relation with Ramona, well informed of most that happened, would have been astonished to hear all that Margarita could have told him. In the first days Ramona herself had guilelessly told him much—had told him how Alessandro, seeing her trying to sprinkle and bathe and keep alive the green ferns with which she had decorated the chapel for Father Salvaderra's coming, had said: "Oh, Senorita, they are dead! Do not take trouble with them! I will bring you fresh ones;" the next morning she had found, lying at the chapel door, a pile of such ferns as she had never before seen; tall ones, like ostrich plumes, six and eight feet high; and the feathery maiden-hair, and the gold fern, and the silver, twice as large as she ever had found them. The chapel was beautiful, like a conservatory, after she had arranged them in vases and around the high candlesticks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was had with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent at 60 years old. Parties using it should estimate it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

The Dublin friends of Mr. George Curtin are about to make him a presentation, and entertain him at dinner before his departure for South Africa. Mr. Curtin is the son of Mr. O'Connell Curtin, of Castlefarm.

A simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions
Have all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Makes
the
Weak
Strong

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharp-

**For Scrofula
Catarrh
Rheumatism
Debility**

ens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. F. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alterative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, AYER'S Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists
Has cured others, will cure you

Professional Cards.

C. J. McCABE,
BARRISTER and SOLICITOR.

Office: 69 Adelaide St. East,
TELEPHONE 1436. TORONTO.
Money to Loan. Conveyancing.
20-ly C. J. McCABE, B.A.

O'DONOHUE, MACDONALD & CO.
Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors,
NOTARIES, &c.

OFFICE—DUFFERIN CHAMBERS,
100 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Special attention to Quietest and Invest-
gating Titles.

Money to Loan. Money Invested.
MR. J. O'DONOHUE, Q.C. MR. MACDONALD

ANGLIN & MINTY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, &c.

OFFICES: MEDICAL COUNCIL BUILDING,
Corner of Bay and Richmond Streets,
(Next door to the City Registry Office).
TORONTO, CANADA.
FRANK A. ANGLIN. GEO. D. MINTY.
MONEY TO LOAN. MONEY INVESTED

FOY & KELLY,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

OFFICES
Home Savings and Loan Co.'s Build-
ings, 74 Church Street, Toronto.
J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY

MULVEY & McBRADY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY,
Room 67, Canada Life Building,
46 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Telephone 706
THOMAS MULVEY. 17-4m L. S. McBRADY.

QUINN & HENRY,
Barristers, - Solicitors, - &c.

OFFICES—No. 6, MILNEHAM'S BUILDINGS,
35 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephone 1180.
J. M. QUINN F. P. HENRY.

Macdonell, McCarthy & Boland,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

Offices—Quebec Bank Chambers,
No 2 Toronto street
Toronto.
MONEY TO LOAN.
A. C. Macdonell B. C. L. W. C. McCarthy
W. J. Boland.

G. P. LENNOX L.D.S.

C. W. Lennox, D.D.S., Philadelphia
:: L. D. S., Toronto ::
G. P. LENNOX & SON.
:: Dentists ::
ROOMS A AND B, YONGE ST. ARCADE,
TELEPHONE 1846 :: TORONTO

DR. MCKENNA,

204 SPADINA AVE

TELEPHONE 2994 0-6m

J. J. CASSIDY, M.D.
TORONTO.

Residence, 69 Bloor St. East,
Office, 70 Queen St. East.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 11 A.M., 2 to 6 P.M.
TELEPHONE 3544.

POST & HOLMES,
ARCHITECTS.

OFFICES:
Rooms 28 and 29 Manning Arcade,
T. A. POST. TORONTO. A. W. HOLMES

A. J. McDONAGH,
DENTIST,

Office and Residence
274 SPADINA AVE.,
Three doors south of St. Patrick st.,
Telephone 2467.

GOSGRAVE & CO.

MALTSERS,
Brewers and Bottlers.
TORONTO.

Are supplying the Trade with their superior
ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian
brand of Hops. They are highly recom-
mended by the Medical Faculty for
their purity and strengthening
quality.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International
Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and
General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mentions,
Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St.
TELEPHONE No. 264.

BOECKH'S STANDARD BRUSHES

FOR SALE
BY ALL LEADING HOUSES.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for the
CATHOLIC REGISTER

Write for particulars,
Or apply at office,
40 Lombard st., Toronto.

Conference at Barrie.

On Wednesday, the 8th instant, his Grace Archbishop Walsh, having on the previous day dedicated the beautiful new church at Phelpston, held the usual quarterly Conference at the Deanery in Barrie. There was nearly a full attendance of the Priests of the Deanery.

The subjects for the Conference were the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans and the Tracts "De Penitentia" in Dogmatic and Moral Theology. On the Epistle of St. Paul Father Hogan gave a scholarly dissertation explaining its meaning and the reasons which had led the Apostle to write it.

As to the rest, where some hours' toil might have been expected the Archbishop, by stripping the affair of all technicalities, converted the Conference into an entertainment, by which all were pleased, instructed and edified. Though much fatigue had been endured the previous day, it was no "blue Monday" for those who attended the Conference.

The Archbishop commented at length on the office of the Confessor as Father, Doctor, Physician and Judge explaining his points as he went along by very apt illustrations. Archbishop Walsh is known generally to the people of Canada as a preacher of distinction.

The best talents of the Archbishop are probably in his powers of conversation.

I have heard what were considered his best and most powerful sermons, but I think they were inferior to what I have heard from him as thrown off, almost without thought, in conversation. I have heard him amongst the Priests, and without any effort, in a few moments concentrate the substance, of a most abstruse, important and learned work, which he had perhaps been lately reading. This power of concentration is admirable, as it is rare.

It is sometimes said that deep thinkers cannot keep pace with those shallow talkers whose thoughts lie on the surface. It has been wittingly said that the tongue, like the race horse, runs the faster the less weight it carries; but certain it is that a profound thought, no matter how gracefully, pleasantly, or wittingly uttered, cannot emanate whence such thought has not been conceived. Our Conference was an illustration.

Though the Archbishop has made a reputation as a theologian, a preacher and a scholar, I think that as a conversationalist who can make a conference useful, edifying and instructive, he has few if any equals.

A PRIEST FROM THE NORTH.

Wedding in High Life.

Miss Louise Lawlor, second daughter of the late Dr. Lawlor, is to be married to Baron Fritz de Bosclayer Eggermuhlen on the 11th April at Hanover. Cards of invitation to the wedding have been received by several Torontonians. The Baron is a very devout Catholic, and was an intimate friend of the late Emperor Frederic, and belongs to one of the oldest and best families of Germany.

Irish Journalist Club.

A meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year was held in one of the parlors of the Roscin prior to the banquet. The election was unanimous in each case, and the following result was reached:—President, Mr. Patrick F. Cronin; Vice-President, Mr. John A. Cowan; Secretary, Mr. Chas. T. Long; Treasurer, Mr. J. Cassidy.

"What's in a name?" Well, that depends. For instance, the name of "Ayer" is sufficient guarantee that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine, scientific blood-purifier, and not a sham, like so much that goes by the name of "sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the standard.

Restored To Health.

DEAR SIRS,—For years I was troubled with indigestion, but being advised to try B. B. B. I did so and find myself quite restored to health. HOWARD SULLIVAN, Mgr. Sullivan Farm, Dunbar, Ont.



Retiring

From Business.

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

THE RELIABLE AND WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF KENT BROS.,

carrying on business in this city as Jewellers, etc., for over a quarter of a century, having sold their premises and arranged to vacate the same on the first day of March, 1894, will commence at once to dispose of their immense and valuable stock at a reduction of 25 per cent. from regular prices. All goods marked in plain figures. Our stock consists of: Diamonds (loose and mounted), Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery of every description, Silverware, Clocks, Bronzes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Gold and Silver Headed Canes, Fancy Goods, etc., etc. A large line of Fancy French China Goods to be sold at half cost. This is the greatest opportunity that has ever been offered to the public to purchase First-class Goods at such marvelously low prices. Bargains in every department. COME AND SEE.

LIST OF SPECIAL BARGAINS:

- 200 Solid Silver Ladies' Stem-winding Watches at..... \$4, regular price \$7.50
- 100 Solid 9 K Gold Ladies' Stem-winding Watches at..... \$6, regular price \$10.00
- 100 Solid 10 K Gold Gentleman's Stem-winding Watches at..... \$25, regular price \$45.00
- 100 Solid 14 K Gold Gentleman's Stem-winding Watches at..... \$45, regular price \$75.00
- 1,000 Nickel Alarm Clocks at 75 cents each.

Intending purchasers should not miss this opportunity of securing from the finest and largest stock in the Dominion such bargains as are being offered.

Sign of the Indian Clock.

KENT BROS.,

168 Yonge st. Toronto.

JUST RECEIVED

Supplementum Breviarii ad Usus Provinciarum Quebecen; Marianopolitan et Ottavien, in Regione Canadensi.

Size, 4 x 6, gilt edges, per set.....nett 50cts.
Ditto, size 4½ x 7, " "nett 50cts.

Lithograph of Rev. Father Dowd.
Size 22 x 28 Price 80cts.

The Two Chiniquys—
Father Chiniquy vs. Minister Chiniquy. Price 10cts.

Any of the above mailed free of post age on receipt of price.

D. & J. SADLIER,
No. 125 Church street, Toronto, Ont. | No. 1669 Notre Dame st Montreal, P.Q.

The Register
BOOK
— AND —
JOB
Printing Department.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Write for Prices or Telephone 489.

J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS.

182-184 YONGE STREET.
6 and 8 QUEEN STREET WEST.

SPRING TOGS GALORE.

MILLINERY, MANTLES, GLOVES, HOSIERY, CLOTHING.

We're ready to fit you out if you're ready to be fitted. Prices are, as usual, THE LOWEST. What about a Spring Overcoat? It will do you no harm and us a powerful lot of good were you to look us up and see the tempting array of Ready-to-wear Spring Overcoats. We start them at \$5, they ought to be \$7; then \$6.75 and \$7.50; or, better still, our own make at \$9.50 and \$10. English Worsteds and Venetians, colors medium and dark brown, blue, grey and fawn, trimmed equal to ordered work; made with cord seams, box back with vents; first-class fit. Our \$12 and \$15 Spring Overcoats are worth \$17 and \$20.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 4th April, 1893. Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned. No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to supply the articles contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE,
Comptroller N. W. M. Police.
Ottawa, March 9th, 1893.



Strikes Bottom.

In order to root out disease effectively, physicians say you must remove the exciting cause. This is exactly what St. Leon does. It acts upon the Blood, Bowels and Kidneys, removing all obstructions and impurities, imparting health and vigor to all the organs of the body.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Limited.
101½ King st. West.
ALL GROCERS & DRUGGISTS
Branch 440 Yonge st.