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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Mr. John Dillon and Cardinal Logue's View of Political Meetings—Death of a Jesuit—Other British News.

Arrival.

Mr. McCannell, chairman of the London County Council, has presented a loving cup to the corporation of Belfast...

The first of the three Cunard steamships intended for that company's Mediterranean service will be launched early in February...

Arrival.

A robbery of a most audacious character has taken place at St. Malachy's Chapel, Armagh...

Arrival.

Some extraordinary incidents (says the Carlow Nationalist) occurred in the run of the Carlow and Athy Harriers...

Arrival.

Mr. Dillon in the course of his speech referred to Cardinal Logue's letter regarding political meetings in his diocese...

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Arrival.

The sad news has just been received in Cork city of the death of Dr. Richard B. Hartland on the coast of Africa...

Arrival.

The inaugural meeting of the Derry Town Council was an exciting affair. For three hours the Council table was one continuous scene of excitement...

Arrival.

The newly-installed Mayor, Ald. Johnston, after a vain attempt to keep order, became a helpless spectator of the extraordinary exhibition...

Arrival.

The following resolution was adopted by the Board of Guardians of the Bellmullet Union. Resolved—That we earnestly beg to call the attention of the Local Government Board to the widespread destitution which prevails in this union...

Arrival.

The manifesto of the Irish laity on the School question declares: 1. That it is the constitutional right of all British subjects to adopt whatever system of Collegiate or University Education they prefer...

Arrival.

While out with the Meath Hounds at Nobber Mrs. J. A. Law, of Ardbracan House, Navan, met with a most serious accident, resulting in grave injury to the spine...

Arrival.

At Tullamore a daring attempt to escape arrest has been made by an old offender named Patrick Shaughnessy. He obtained a suit of clothes under false pretences at the establishment of Mr. O'Brien, Edenderry...

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The funeral obsequies of Rev. James Lynch, S.J., took place in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Upper Gardiner street, and High Mass was celebrated immediately after.

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The death occurred at the Mercy Convent, Ballinagh, of Sister Mary Vincent, who was one of the original founders of the Order in Tralee. She had attained the fine old age of 80 years...

Arrival.

The extent of the loss which has followed the disastrous flood of the Shannon in this neighborhood cannot be easily estimated, and the pitiable state of large bodies of tenants which has transpired in the course of investigation reveal the existence of a con-

dition of things which few were prepared to receive. Perhaps the most considerable damage has resulted in the action of the river at Golden Island, a large tract of country comprised of two villages, Upper and Lower, whose people 16 or 18 families, numbering over 200 persons.

Arrival.

The bacon dispute in Limerick, says The Freeman, has happily ended on what appear to be satisfactory terms. The bacon-vendors are to buy as before direct from the farmers when the farmers send in their pigs to the sellers. But the buyers are accorded exceptional privileges and prices, and the agents appointed by the merchants for purchasing pigs in remote districts have been disbanded.

Arrival.

Mr. John Dillon, in response to an invitation from a representative meeting of the people of Omeath, in N. Ath Louth, conveyed to him some days ago, proceeded to that district with Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P., to address a public meeting. Six brakes crammed with men and boys arrived from the Greenore direction and, cheering for "Hoay" drove up to the field of meeting. The vehicles contained seven priests, two magistrates and a number of men and boys from Dundalk. Mr. Dillon had determined that he would do nothing which might lead to a breach of the peace, and had decided on holding a meeting in front of the hotel some 50 yards from the platform, and there all the contingents assembled, and there the meeting commenced about two o'clock. The Dundalk men then drove away.

Arrival.

Mr. Dillon in the course of his speech referred to Cardinal Logue's letter regarding political meetings in his diocese. He said: "You will have doubtless read a letter of his Eminence Cardinal Logue, published in Wednesday's Freeman. A pronouncement coming from such a quarter demands, as a matter of course, our most respectful and careful consideration, and for my part so strongly do I feel what is due to his Eminence, on account of the exalted position which he occupies, and his great personality, that, had timely intimation been conveyed to me of the news expressed in the letter of his Eminence in regard to meetings in the archdiocese, I should have used any influence I possess to induce the organizers of this meeting to postpone it, so that an opportunity might have been given to confer with his Eminence to see whether any misunderstandings which have arisen could not be removed. As a proof of my earnest desire to meet the wishes of his Eminence I have strongly advised the promoters of the Keedy meeting, fixed for the 8th January, to postpone the meeting. I may add that, apart altogether from the exalted character of his Eminence, it would be to me on personal grounds a cause of great pain to feel that I had done or said anything calculated to give him trouble or annoyance, because I cannot forget the many personal kindnesses which I have experienced at his hands, especially at the time when I was a prisoner in Dunkalk gaol. But I feel bound, however, to say that I cannot think that the importation of a mob from Dundalk into this district to-day, apparently for the purpose of preventing the electors of this parish in North Louth from exercising the right to express their political opinions can conduce to the peace of this constituency (hear, hear)."

Arrival.

The following resolution was adopted by the Board of Guardians of the Bellmullet Union. Resolved—That we earnestly beg to call the attention of the Local Government Board to the widespread destitution which prevails in this union. A large number of poor people from various localities, and especially from Knocknawer Dispensary district, have attended at the board that unless they are relieved immediately they must have recourse to the workhouse.

Arrival.

A correspondent of the Mayo News, writing from Chicago a few days before Christmas, says: "On Sunday afternoon the beautiful body of Dominick Gill, of No. 150 Milton avenue, a native of Islandmore, Westport, was found floating in the lake at the foot of Schuller street, in this city. It was found on examination of the body that both his arms were broken, as also his nose, and that his skull was fractured in three places."

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when she came in the year '51, with other Sisters of the community, to found a convent in Tralee.

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IN ALSACE.

Salomo stood on the bridge which spanned the foaming stream, and gazed dreamily at the mountains beyond, and then at the meadows. Salomo's cows were slowly coming homeward in the pasture she could see her sister, Frederika, making the hay. The girl was not lazy, only dreamy. Presently Salomo was by her sister's side. Then each one took a bundle of hay and carried it to their father's house, for old Dominic was the forester.

The girls worked on, when Salomo's bundle of hay was seized and carried for her. The girl turned surprised, and there was Morand, the young forester. She knew he had come, for her father had expected him. Dominic was to teach him forest ways. "I thought it was Cousin Joseph," cried Salomo, with a smile, and then Frederika laughed. "We were expecting Cousin Joseph; you know he is shut up for weeks in his factory. Joseph cares less for the grand forest and its wild beauty than he does for gardens and their flowers."

"I do not admire his tastes," answered Morand. Then homeward went the two girls, and the man followed, and as they passed the window of their little house, there was the old mother, and Salomo kissed her. Frederika stood a little in the background. She now turned back and sought a new bundle of hay. Then Morand ran after Frederika and took her bundle and carried it for her.

Then the father joined the three young people. Now Frederika, who was the practical sister, went into the house to prepare the evening meal. "Come along, Morand," said the old forester, "the soup will get cold, and we must milk the cows before we go in."

Morand looked in despair: he had never milked a cow in his life. "I have much to learn," muttered he, pitiously. "Supper is waiting," said Frederika. As they hastened on, Salomo noticed that Morand had stuck in his buttonhole a bunch of flowers. They were crocuses.

"So you like crocuses, M. Morand?" "I thought you did, Mlle. Salome," he said. So, for a time, Morand lived with the forester. The harvest was gathered, and there was a good stock of potatoes. The winter was coming along and a cold one, but the family were prepared to face it. Salomo's mother required the girl's constant attention.

Joseph came now on every Sunday. He was overseer of the factory in the neighboring little town. Everybody respected Joseph. The young man was the support of his family. Perhaps his visits to his cousins were not as pleasant as he knew it, he was in love with Frederika. Then he felt twinges of jealousy. He was uncertain whether Morand liked Salome or Frederika.

"Besides," thought Joseph, "he will soon get his nomination to be forester elsewhere. A few months' patience—I shall speak to my uncle, and Frederika will not say me nay." Morand watched Frederika from morning till night, engaged in her household cares. "The time will come," he said softly to himself.

One night the moon shone in through the frosty windows. Salome sat at the foot of the bed, watching her sleeping mother. "She looks less pale than yesterday," thought Salome. "Perhaps father is right, she will revive in the Spring."

Morand and Frederika were laughing together—sometimes ever sat and watched her mother. "Take care, my child, take care," the mother sobly murmured, as the listless lass dropped, and over the beloved features came a solemn, terrible beauty. Salome uttered a sharp cry and lost consciousness.

When she came to herself she was beside the kitchen, Morand alone sitting near her. "Thank God, my child, your mother was not alone when she died!" she heard her father say. Morand at once found the means of sending the sad news to Joseph, and Joseph came at once. It was a bitter cold day when the mother was buried in the village graveyard. It was terrible work making their way through the deep snow. "It was Joseph who gave Frederika his hand, and Morand supported Salome."

"Why, why," Salome said to herself a thousand times, "did my poor mother bid me 'take care'?" Father Dominic seemed to take no interest in passing events. His wife was dead.

Then an unusual thing happened. Dominic wrote a letter, and Morand went to the village to post it. In a week afterward Morand had a letter, and he read that he had an appointment as forester in another part of the country—or should he prefer it, he might remain as Dominic's assistant. Morand hesitated. The old forester, who had guessed the contents of the letter, had turned aside.

Salome washed both with evident anxiety. Frederika, busy preparing dinner, was the only one who took no heed.

Morand met Salome's inquiring eyes. "I am appointed forester to a place fairly well paid, but a long way from here."

"A long way from here," repeated the old man. "I begged that favor. I wanted to keep you here. I am not the man I once was; my strength does not come back with Spring; I think she must have taken it away with her, all my courage and all my hope."

His daughters tried to comfort him, but he shook his head without replying. Morand precipitately escaped from the room. When the young man came back, his dinner had been laid for him only. But Frederika had taken care that all should be quite comfortable for him, even more so than usual; and she was in the kitchen alone. Morand seized her hands.

"If I go to that far-off place, will you go with me?" "Wherever you like," said she simply. She had hitherto been too busy to think of love. But when Morand took her in his arms a deep joy took possession of poor Frederika.

At this moment the door opened and Salome entered. Frederika hastily drew back, but her hands were still clasped in her lover's, and Salome saw it. "Sister!" said Morand with a smile. Amusement, almost stupor, was written on the poor girl's white face. All she muttered was, "Does father know?"

"Not yet," answered Morand. "I was just going to look for him in the forest." When later the father came home, Frederika simply said to him: "Morand loves me, he wishes me to be his wife."

"God bless you both," said Dominic, and then he asked: "Do you stay or go?" The father then thought for a moment and added: "Yes. We must expect that you will want a home of your own. That is right. You know pretty well what are the duties of a forester. It is hard for me to part with both of you, but it is better so."

So Morand understood, to his great joy, that he had won, not only his wife, but his independence. Salome and her father went out together. "Thou shalt be wholly my own," he said tenderly. "Thou shalt replace all whom I have lost."

Salome helped her sister to arrange her wedding dress, silently but energetically. She seemed to have quaffed in one draught her bitter cup, to have cut off her right hand and plucked out her right eye. Salome was bent on nothing else of her soul save a love which, however innocent at first, was innocent no longer—Salome watched and prayed night and day.

Joseph was at the wedding. When he asked for a holiday it was with so dull a face that his master inquired laughingly whether he was off to a marriage or a funeral. Joseph's secret was tolerably well guessed, but the bridegroom was not jealous.

The young couple were gone, the forester's cottage had become silent. Once Salome used to sing at her work, now she worked without singing. It was with difficulty that she remembered little details of housekeeping, so easy to Frederika.

"I am still stout enough to take care of myself, and I want no assistant," said her father. "It was Morand I wanted, but the lad knew better how to shift for himself."

It was the brightest day of the very dull week when Joseph paid his usual visit; he never failed to come early and depart late.

He entered, taciturn and cold, arranging on his lap the flowers he had gathered in the first, great handfuls of which he often took back to his city home. Never once had he exchanged condolences with Salome, yet he felt she understood him. Whether he spoke or not, her presence was a rest to him. She, on her side, began to find the time long between his visits, and each time when Joseph went away she said to him, "You will be sure to come again."

The clouds were low and the sky gray when Joseph, sick in hand, took the next time his way to the forester's cottage. Streams long frozen came tumbling down the rocks or filtering through the ground, the murmur of waters was heard on every side.

Salome stood at the house door, watching the sudden thaw. Her father was away. She knew Joseph. She felt like a soldier going for having loitered so long. He met her and he laughed; he had been gathering the Great Spring flowers, but Salome did not laugh.

"Will you walk with me, Salome," he asked. "We may meet your father," and now chatting, the two went toward the glen.

They reached the stream. Then Joseph stopped, horrified. It was a roaring torrent. Dominic was not there. The water tearing down the mountain side.

"For the love of God," cried Salome, "let us hurry on. Close by here there is a cottage; a poor woman and her child live in it. They will be swept away."

"How brave and strong is she," thought Joseph. He was certain now that he heard a cry of distress. Yes, there at the window he saw a woman, a child in her arms, and the house was shaking. It would topple over in an instant, and the torrent had to be crossed if they were to be saved. A moment after Dominic was by Joseph's side.

"The forester is lost, clear gone, but the woman come down. She did so, and shrieked when she saw the raging torrent." Salome flung on her knees upon the bank. Her father stood by her, shouting out advice to the brave fellow who was already fighting the torrent. "That round stone is not firm! There is a hole in the hole of the stream! Bravo! Bravo! That stupid woman! She clings to him! She will hinder his getting ashore; he was able to make a sign to Salome that he would go straight home with the woman and child.

"Let us hurry back and see that there is a good fire and wine and food!" cried Salome.

Meantime, Joseph, carrying the child and helping the woman, had succeeded in getting home that. He had not changed his clothes, but he had made up the fire, placed the woman in Dominic's armchair, and wrapped the child in a rug, where it lay warming its little feet in the hearth and smiling up at its preserver.

Salome stood an instant to watch the pretty sight, then took the child in her arms. "Go, Joseph, get yourself dried in father's room. You have done enough for one day. You will be ill yourself."

"Then will you nurse me?" and he took her hand. "Anything you like, if you will only go and change your clothes."

Some months after Joseph and Salome were walking along the banks of the stream. It was Sunday, and the little waves seemed singing a Sunday psalm.

"What a transformation," said Salome, "since the day when you saved that poor woman and her child! How contented she is now! This stream is not more changed than her life, poor soul! Thanks to you."

"And our life, too," said Joseph tenderly. "Yes," answered Salome, pressing her husband's arm; "our storms are past; the stream flows peacefully on. I understood to-day that one may yet be happy."

"I understood it a little before you did, perhaps," said Joseph, smiling.—From the Leisure Hour.

HEART FAILURE. GREAT DANGER INVOLVED IN WEAK HEART ACTION.

The Trouble Can be Cured, and Mr. B. A. Hullock, of Georgetown, Points Out the Road to Renewed Health.

From the Magaz, Que., News.

Mr. D. A. Bullock, boat-builder, of Georgetown, is well and favorably known to all the residents of that village. He has passed through a very trying illness from which his friends feared he could not recover. He says: "The condition of my heart is such that I am unable to do my work properly, and I have had to quit my business. I had visited from three doctors, but without beneficial results. The medicine given by one of them caused a nervous shock that prostrated me for several weeks. The last one who treated me gave me a preparation of strychnine which upset my kidneys to such an extent that I was confined to the house and daily growing weaker. I had to keep stimulants constantly at my side to keep the heart at work, and even with this artificial aid my action was very faint. Then I began to try advertised medicines, but still without any good results. I lost strength, flesh and hope. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that reminded me of the fact that I had a box of these pills in my place of business, which had been there for more than a year. Without very much consideration in my mind I decided to give the pills a trial. The result I must confess seemed to be almost magical. I had not taken the Pink Pills long when I was able to rest in my chair and take good refreshing sleep, something that had not taken place for months before. From that day with the use of the Pink Pills I continued to gain in strength and am to-day a strong and healthy man. I believe that every Pink Pills should be assisted in their good work on the system, and that assistance is exercise, and this exercise I took from the time I began to regain my strength. I have now every faith in this medicine and believe that if those who are sick will use it health will be restored."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, scurvy, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofula, skin troubles, etc., these Pink Pills are superior to all other treatments. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to the pale and sorrowful cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., or Solon, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

ENGLAND.

A distinguished and valued member of the Society of Jesus has been removed by the death of the Rev. Henry Harford, who died on Monday in his eightieth year after a long illness brought up a Protestant, he was received into the Catholic Church before he was out of his teens, and entered the Society of Jesus in the Belgian Province in 1858. Latterly he has been teaching ethics at Stonyhurst, and for the last two years acting as second priest at Lowe House, St. Helen's.

Arrival.

Many Irish residents in London and elsewhere, says the Sun, will hear with the deepest regret of the death, at Leppoo road, Clapham, of Mrs. Celia Fahy, the mother of Mr. Francis A. Fahy, the well-known author of a number of racy Irish songs and poems.

Arrival.

The Rev. Father David (Fleming), O.S.F., has been named a Consultant of the Holy Office, and will as a result reside continually in Rome.

Arrival.

The annual social meeting and ball of the above association was a pronounced success. The Right Rev. Dr. Macdonald, Bishop of Aberdeen, presided.

Arrival.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

Arrival.

Remarkable Advice for Mr. Tarte's Paper. In an article on emigration to Manitoba, Le Cultivateur strongly counsels all its readers not to think of going to Manitoba. It says: "The position of a Catholic and father of a family is intolerable. It had hoped that peace and harmony would have succeeded the difficulties of the past. But the school agitation continues, and it goes on to say: 'It is our duty to warn our fellow-countrymen against any proposals of emigrating to Manitoba. They will not be able to educate their children, or if they desire to do so they will be obliged to pay for inferior schools from exorbitant taxes.'

Arrival.

As PARMLEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Calmesco, St. Albans, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliaryness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Arrival.

Brother Joseph, the Superior General of the great Catholic Brotherhood of the Christian Schools, died at Aroschon last week in his seventieth year. Joseph Jossarand, by name, and the son of very humble parents, he entered the organization at the age of 14 and rose to its head in 1884. Though not a priest he exercised an immense authority in the Catholic world. Under his control were the 15,000 members of the brotherhood and the 350,000 pupils in their schools, which are spread over the whole habitable globe. A man of great enlightenment, he broadened the course of education so as to include modern and professional subjects.

Arrival.

ST. BULLOCK TRAMP.—Mr. THOMAS BULLOCK, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Pills nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Arrival.

An amusing story is told about a worthy vicar of a rural parish who had waxed eloquent in the interest of foreign missions one Sunday, and was surprised on entering the village shop during the week to be greeted with marked coldness by the worthy dame who kept it. On seeking to know the cause, the good woman produced a half-crown from a drawer and, throwing it down before the vicar, exclaimed:

Arrival.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "FRU-SA."

"THE MAN WHO RAKES THE STREETS FOR THE WIDOW."

The man with the muck rake is pain fully in evidence nowadays. I am not alluding to the gentleman whose business it is to clean the streets, and for whom I do with a few more of them, for some of our residential streets are a perfect diagram as regards cleanliness of aspect. The muck rake of which I speak is an allegorical one, and is principally used to gather together the riches of the earth in the shape of fine houses, fine clothes, money and goods generally. Unfortunately the possession of a muck rake is considered ultra fashionable, and women are also commencing to wield them with a considerable energy. Honest old John Bunyan, heroic though he was, had a pretty clear insight into human nature, but even he would have stood aghast at the sight of millions of human beings, grovelling and groping, scrambling in the earth for a few grains of gold, or stretching out eager hands to clutch the bait which Satan is throwing about with a lavish hand. All around us are the evidences of the worship of money, of power, of pomp, of dress, the very antithesis of the spirit of dress. What matter if that man has attained to power by lying, bribery and dishonesty? or if that other has wrung his gold from the hearts of starving workpeople? Who cares how either of them got money or power? They have got it, and that is enough, they are courted, fêted, flattered and fawned upon by the thousands of muck rake holders who have not succeeded in grabbing as much as they. What does it matter if that woman is starving herself, or going into debt for clothes and jewellery and fine furniture and entertainments? She makes a good appearance and that is all that is necessary, society you know. As for the poor, the hardworking and the respectable, poor! they are no bodies, they have not got anything. No matter whether they are clever, or well educated, or intelligent, they are ignored and thrust aside for the ignorant boor who has made enough money to live in a fine house and keep a carriage and pair.

What consideration does a woman receive who is not well-dressed? Very little, even from people who ought to know better. I am not speaking of truly charitable and Christian people, of course, but of those who look merely at a person's exterior, without troubling to enquire what they are in themselves. Well, perhaps the good opinion of that sort of people is hardly worth sighing for.

But how do we do fret and worry ourselves to be sure! Because we must make last season's hat or mantle do duty again, we fancy everybody is pitying us and wondering why we so miserably come out in such old fashioned gowns, when as a matter of fact nobody knows or cares anything about it. Our clothes never look the same to other people as they do to us. We are so used to them and have got so tired of them, we imagine everybody else shares our feeling in the matter. My respected contemporary "Kik," remarked a short time ago how many dowdily dressed women one may see in the course of an hour's observation in the vestibule of any of the big stores; hair dragged and untidy, shoes down at heel, skirts ragged, and clothes generally thrown on anyhow.

I think the reason of this is that the "dowdy" women have got tired of their clothes. The first time they wore them they put them on carefully, and arranged the rest of their appearance to correspond. Then they began to grow careless, they were getting tired of the "old things," and threw them on "pey they were in a hurry and 'it didn't matter anyhow, they're only old rubbish," and the mischief was done. The same process would probably be repeated each time they got a new dress.

And yet it is easy enough to look neat. There is a knack which some people possess to perfection, of always putting one's clothes on as scrupulously as if they were brand new, no matter how worn or old they may be.

The general idea of a well-dressed woman is of one who is clad in silks and furs and other costly materials. This is a mistake, any woman may be well-dressed in the true sense, the sense of looking perfectly neat and tidy, if she will only put her clothes on properly.

Never have a ragged skirt edge, nothing is uglier or more untidy, if your skirt is too long, shorten it. This is easily done by anyone who will take the trouble. First place a row of tacking round the edge of the skirt about an inch and a half from the bottom, then remove the binding, place the skirt on the table folded in half, with the top part exactly even, (never mind the bottom, and pin it securely at the top. Next measure the length you want the skirt, and put a pin in to show how much is to come off, leaving the skirt on the table, place the pins at short intervals to serve as guides, then cut out the superfluous length. If done carefully, the skirt will be even all round. The object of the tacking is to keep the lining and material in place when the binding is removed; the distance you place it from the edge depends upon how much you wish to cut off, as you must not cut the tacking off.

Always hang a skirt up wrong side out as soon as you take it off. Never wear walking skirts in the house. Be more dust and mud spots as soon as discovered. Waists should be folded together evenly and laid in a drawer, where this is not practicable, a loop of

tape should be sewn on each armhole at the shoulder seam, and the waist hung upon two hooks sufficiently wide apart to keep it spread out. Always replace glove and boot buttons as soon as they come off, put gloves on carefully and smoothly, even if you only wear ten cent cotton ones, or Ringwood gloves in winter, which between you and me, are quite good enough for ordinary wear, and far more comfortable than kid. If shoes wear down at heel on one side, the worn piece of leather can be removed with a little patience. (Strict fathers can be easily renovated. Hold them over the stove, or over a lamp just close enough to warm them, shaking them constantly until the small fluffy fibers are quite open; then, with a paper cutter or the back of a knife, invert the edges, curl them carefully from the stem towards the tip of the leather, not too sharply or the fronds will break. I had some good ostrich feathers that looked only fit for the rag bin, until I had done this. The feathers I have described. They have been renovated three times in as many years, and look as good as new.

There is no vanity at all in wishing to look as well as our men will allow. To make a neat and pleasing appearance is a duty we owe to others as well as to ourselves, and to make our clothes last as long as possible, and thus save our best economy. But they get so dreadfully old-fashioned," complains some dear little woman who is always bemoaning her curly head about the latest styles. Nonsense, my dear, take a bit of advice from one who knows and leave Dame Fashion alone, she does not know one's own mind from one day to another, so it is not surprising that there is scarcely one woman in ten who can tell whether a thing is out of fashion or not. Another thing in your ear, again from one who knows, and you will be glad to hear of the so-called Fashion magazines are constantly vamping up old ideas published some twelve months or so ago, and foisting them upon trusting womankind as "new creations." A glance through the old fashion books of last year and the year before will convince you of the truth of this.

I had a very good waist which I liked as it suited me, but the sleeves were too long. "Oh, no," said the modistes. "Hobbs," I thought to myself. "I know your tricks and your manners, my dear," so I put my beloved waist carefully away, and wore the regulation balloons, legs of mutton &c. Presently along comes Dame Fashion, with her stiletto she gives the balloon a prod, and it collapses gracefully or the reverse. Out comes my "old fashioned" waist, and not a bit of alteration does it require, it is quite up to date in the matter of sleeves and everything else. There is a hint for you, dear reader, keep a thing seven years and you can use it again.

What a dance we are leading ourselves and everyone else these few days. Hurrying, scurrying here, rushing, never a moment rest, doing everything at once, and trying to break the record as to the time we can do it in. We don't accomplish any more than we should if we took things a little more quietly and calmly. But quietness and deliberation are becoming two of the lost virtues I am afraid. I am reminded of a remark made by an old lady in reply to a friend who complained of having "no time." "Why does no, child, you are not at all in time there in, you cannot very well have more."

We don't manage our time properly, that is the truth of the matter, we try to do too many things at once, instead of doing them one after the other. Finish one thing first, don't think about all you have to do; that is a sure and certain way towards trying to do everything at once. Do one thing first, then think about the next thing to do and do it.

PREMATURE PARAGRAPHS.

The press has been considerably exercised lately over reports regarding the Pope's health, which is said to be in a very delicate condition. His Holiness having been most affected by the death of Cardinal San Felice, who was, according to the omniscient Protestant press, "the probable successor to the Pontificate. It is not easy to see how the world has seen how this act of charity has been publicly given over without defence to the mercy of a ruler and calumny. The spirit governing the present situation is therefore still the same, and the grave conflict which weighs like a nightmare upon the destinies of Italy is still obstinately kept up. Nevertheless our hopes are in Him, who, even in the devious courses of human policy, holds our hearts in the hollow of His hand and leads nations in the way of mercy. With this expression of his heartfelt desire that these things should come to pass the Holy Father concluded his discourse and then bestowed his Pontifical blessing upon the assembled prelates, who subsequently passed in succession before the throne and personally expressed their good wishes to his Holiness.

The Pope appeared in excellent health and spoke with animation and in a strong voice. Mention in the Pope's address is to the mission of Mr. Macario to assist in the release of the Italian prisoners. The mission was unsuccessful, and the efforts of the Pope for the benefit of the captives have been left without recognition by the Italian Government.

How many people are ashamed to go into company on account of their foul-smelling breath, caused from catarrh or cold in head? If they would study their own interests they would soon have sweet breath like their neighbors. The only cure for Catarrh of the throat is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Give one blow through the blower and get relief immediately. Price, including blower, 25 cents.

of her social action, and the dominions of her moral conquests." Since the Pope has lived in the Vatican he has never suffered from anything more serious than a passing cold. For untold years he has been imprisoned in the narrow limits of the Vatican, his only exercise a daily walk in a gar on a few hundred yards, square, and situated in a part of Rome noted for its insularity. He has seen four Secretaries of State die at his side. One lay most of the ecclesiastical dignitaries around him were ill. It is only we young men who are not broken down, exclaimed the Pope, jolly. One of His Holiness' physicians said some time ago: "The constitution of the Pope is so solid that he could very well live another ten years; if he does not catch any malignant disease."

The Pope, like all strong natures is intensely attached to his friends, and the death of a beloved ecclesiastic affects him deeply. He was much attached to the late Monsignor B. cialli, whose great scholarship and intelligence, coupled with a gentle, lovable disposition, greatly endeared him to the Pope, and marked him out for a career of brilliancy which his untimely death cut short.

Since the death of Monsignor Decelli, Cardinal Rampolla has more than ever the intimate friend and confidant of the Pope, who finds in him a reflex of his own views, tinged it may be with a dash of the Cardinal's own strong personality. Nowhere will the Holy Father find a more faithful friend, a more devoted collaborator than in his Secretary of State. Cardinal Rampolla has been more than once mentioned as the Pope's probable successor, but all such conjectures are both unwise and premature, and it is needless to say they do not emanate from Catholic sources. Whoever is destined to occupy the Chair of Peter after Leo XIII, whom God long preserve, is known only to Almighty Wisdom, which settling aside the wishes and desires of men will continue as heretofore to direct the decision of the Sacred College according to the design of God for the welfare of His Church.

SPEECH BY THE POPE.

The Anti-Catholic Spirit in Italy—Blessed Protest by His Holiness.

Rome Dec. 21.—The Pope to-day granted a solemn audience in the Throne Room at the Vatican to the Cardinals, Bishops, and Prelates of the Church who came to offer his Holiness their Christmas greetings. The spokesman of the assembled ecclesiastical dignitaries was the venerable Cardinal Gregalia di Santo Stefano, First Cardinal Bishop and Dean of the Sacred College.

In reply to his Eminence's address, Pope Leo delivered a discourse in which he recalled to mind that amid the long and diverse trials of his pontificate he had often sought to invite the nations to the true religion, and from prejudices, upon the true character of the Church and the Papacy, in order to subdue over the most refractory minds and assure durable peace by means of the influence of Christianity upon human institutions, both civil and social. His Holiness explained that his difficulties of mission was rendered more arduous by the present state of things, whereby the independence with which Providence had invested the Apostolic See was rendered nugatory and practically destroyed. We have seen how the Pope, and the illustration of the use of law introduced for the security and dignity of the Pontiff, when, at a moment of anguish for our peninsula, we conceived the idea of affording consolation in a distant and lonely land to the hundreds of brave men whom the fortune of war had betrayed. Our sense of spiritual fatherhood and our love of country were our motives in this, and we undertook the task without a thought of the result. The world has seen how this act of charity has been publicly given over without defence to the mercy of a ruler and calumny. The spirit governing the present situation is therefore still the same, and the grave conflict which weighs like a nightmare upon the destinies of Italy is still obstinately kept up. Nevertheless our hopes are in Him, who, even in the devious courses of human policy, holds our hearts in the hollow of His hand and leads nations in the way of mercy. With this expression of his heartfelt desire that these things should come to pass the Holy Father concluded his discourse and then bestowed his Pontifical blessing upon the assembled prelates, who subsequently passed in succession before the throne and personally expressed their good wishes to his Holiness.

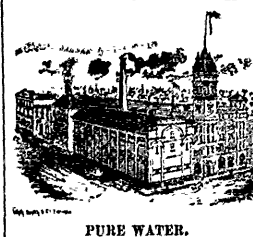
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"From this time on," said he, when the only woman who had ever rejected him in private life, "from this time on, mine shall be the delight to wreak vengeance on woman. I shall be a school-teacher, and instead of selling them shoes one size too small, with my persuasive manner I shall make them buy them still smaller."

The folly of prejudice is frequently shown by people who prefer to suffer for years rather than try an advertised remedy. The millions who have no such notions take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood-disease, and are cured. So much for common sense.

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The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY... 40 LOMBARD STREET TORONTO

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop... SUBSCRIPTIONS \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Advertisements... The Catholic Register Co., 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1897. Calendar for the Week.

21 - St. Agnes. 22 - St. Vincent and Anastasia. 23 - Baptism of St. V. M. 24 - St. Timothy. 25 - Conception of St. Paul. 26 - St. Polycarp. 27 - St. John Chrysostom.

The Queen's speech again promises relief to the English voluntary schools, Catholic as well as Anglican.

Mr. Astor's English paper, The Pall Mall Gazette, warns the bishops of Canada to beware of their existence.

The Montreal Star, which is always a credit to journalism and especially to Canadian journalism, has made a public appeal for money - a remarkable object.

On Sunday last a circular letter from the Archbishop, Mgr. Begin, was read in the churches of the diocese of Quebec.

The World is giving its support to Mr. Laurier on the school question. We can well understand this.

used; and the object of our Catholic education is to fit our children for the duties of citizenship in this life as well as in the life to come.

A private letter from Spain brings interesting news to THE REGISTER. The writer says: "Your article in Spain and the Cuban insurrection has been a great hit all the leading papers of the country."

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in The Weekly Sun, says he does not believe the report that any considerable movement back to Catholicity exists in England.

The Church would not be Catholic if she could not satisfy ignorant peasants as fully as the most "refined sensibilities."

Catholic Rights.

Whenever the party press becomes hysterical it is, of course, quite as a matter of duty. The public being well aware of this, is not surprised when every once in a while it is treated to a little double-headed something in the melodramatic line.

The only difference is that there are evidently fewer "stupidities" to be railled in Canada in 1897 than were in England in 1826, the period to which the National Review writer has referred.

When the right of religious equality triumphed in the old land, the natural corollary of a religious atmosphere in education was immediately proclaimed.

By whom? "By the state" says The Globe. By a "party fanatically secularist" whom the chances of popular government may put in power for a year, says the more sensible writer in the National Review, Mr. Bernard Holland.

Let us understand the present melodramatic attitude of The Globe. Liberty of the Catholic religion is, it graciously observes, guaranteed in Canada "so far as the laws of England allow."

In Ontario and Quebec they have a system of Separate Schools, and in the latter Province the Catholic Church enjoys, through the action of the State, large revenues and endowments.

This is appealing to the "stupidities" with a vengeance. Imagine the Catholic majority in Quebec enjoying the "privilege" of "separate" schools. Separate from whom? Why from the Protestant minority of course, and at the demand of that minority.

The point to be steadily borne in mind, however, is that just to the extent that the Bishops succeed in solidifying the Catholic vote of the Dominion they inevitably solidify the vote of the majority.

The meaning whereof is perfectly plain. Catholic opinion must not dare to assert itself on the education question in Canada, or "attack the authority of the state," for fear of arraying Protestantism against it.

fairness of State are directed by Ministers who must possess the confidence of the representatives of the people. In order that the spirit of these institutions may be preserved it is necessary that Parliament shall be free and shall be freely chosen.

Catholic opinion we must suppose is meant when The Globe speaks of "some influence other than public opinion." We know that it is Catholic opinion, or the support by Catholic parents of the British principle of religious education, that gives the Bishops the right to speak plainly to the ministry of the day upon the Manitoba school question.

Catholic opinion in England is a clearly admitted part of public opinion. In the article already alluded to we read of the "negotiations of Pitt and Castlereagh with the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland" with regard to education.

The mandement of the Quebec Bishops can be made effective only by bringing pressure to bear upon the Parliament and Government of Canada, who, in turn, are expected to devote their time and energy to the task of forcing a Separate school system upon the people of Manitoba.

The Church is threatened with injury because Catholic opinion dares to make itself heard against secularist opinion concerning the education of the young.

Never since the Union has a session of the British Parliament been opened with greater promise of historical importance than the present one. Even the "Home Rule session" itself did not arouse livelier anticipation of victory for Ireland.

stant combination in this land against Catholic rights in the schools. No sane Protestant in this country believes that a system of religious domination can be imposed here on the eve of the 29th century.

The Catholic Novel.

Nothing succeeds like success, and the receipt of second edition copies of five of Messrs. Benziger Bros. series of Catholic novels by American authors is the very best proof that the Catholic novel has succeeded.

The policy of Messrs. Benziger Bros. is amply vindicated by the results. The books can hold their own against criticism. Silence would have been fatal; but the Catholic press gave honest criticism and counteracted the silence of the secular press.

The New Attack on Irish Misgovernment.

Never since the Union has a session of the British Parliament been opened with greater promise of historical importance than the present one.

have long ago brought them, I was clearly understood. Victory can only be won when the attacking party is strong enough to break down the superior force of a hostile government.

At the beginning of the "Home Rule session" the Irish Nation was with the aid of the Liberals warily confident of a majority in the House of Commons; but the Lords were known to be determined to stand by the Tory policy through thick and thin.

Even Irish Tories cannot be lacking in native intelligence; and if they see it demonstrated that the Imperial Parliament will not do justice to Ireland, they can hardly avoid the conclusion that by Home Rule alone is there any other way of ensuring just government.

The Government has not, however, given any sign that the warning of friends like Sir Edward Clarke has been heeded. The brief for the defence against the Irish complaint has been entrusted, as of yore, to The Times, which has once again resorted to the old plan of abusing Ireland and everything Irish.

One of the ablest of a long series of smart criticisms of the policy of The Times appears from the pen of Lord Farrer, one of the most eminent members of the Financial Relations Commission.

But the Times says that Irish expenditure being relatively high, she gains all the losses and no one owes her anything. Lord Farrer, in answer to this argument, reminds The Times of a paragraph in the report of Messrs. Sexton, Blake and Slatery, which says that the unduly high expenditure upon Ireland simply means that the present cost of administering Ireland is very excessive.

But what, asks Lord Farrer, is the result of this costly plan of Irish Government to the British taxpayers? Every year the cost of Irish administration amounts nearer and nearer to the gross revenue derived from Ireland. To come down to figures. In 1893-94 Ireland's revenue was \$7,570,000 and the expenditure on Irish services \$5,600,000. This means that Ireland's contribution to Imperial services was only \$2,000,000 or less than 1/10th part of the whole Imperial expenditure. As a matter of fact, according to the right taxable capacity of Ireland, her contribution to Imperial services should be 1/20th of the whole. In 1820 the Irish revenue amounted to \$5,230,000, and the balance for Imperial purposes after deducting the cost of Irish administration was \$3,601,000. In 1894 the amount of Ireland's revenue had gone up to \$7,500,000 but the balance for Imperial expenditure had declined to \$1,966,000. A glance at these figures shows that the proper proportion of Irish revenue which should go towards Imperial expenditure is squandered upon a useless official system in Dublin castle, and the British taxpayer is partly the loser by the transaction, because when the Irish balance for Imperial needs falls below the proper contribution of Ireland, it has to be made up in England. At the same time it is no gain to Ireland that the expenditure on Irish services is abnormal. The Irish taxpayer gets no benefit thereby; and the sum total of the unequal conditions existing all round is but a more forcible imposition of the gross misgovernment of Ireland. Lord Farrer warns The Times that the logical result of the treatment which that paper is bestowing upon the report of the Financial Commission must be to rouse the British taxpayer, in his own interest, against the extravagant Government of Ireland. Lord Farrer closes his letter by stigmatising Irish finance as "the ruinous and demoralizing system under which Great Britain now overtaxes Ireland, and attempts to bribe her into compliance by over expenditure on Irish administration." To relieve the country from this disgraceful British imposition would, he says, be a task which if successfully accomplished any statesman may well be proud of.

Hon. Edward Blake.

In the English House of Commons to-day Hon. Edward Blake occupies a position that has never before been given to an Irishman to fill. He stands the leader of 103 Irish representatives, united upon a cause the denial of which only slaves could bear in silence. Mr. Blake is now in the forefront as much by right as by the unanimous choice of all parties in Ireland. He is there by the right of his magnificent services on the Financial Relations Commission, services which were only second to those of Mr. Sexton, who unfortunately is no longer in parliament or in public life. Mr. Blake's services are fully recognised by all Irishmen without any distinction; and it is the reasonable reward of what he has done that he has been selected to move the amendment to the address at the opening of Parliament. The London correspondent of The Montreal Star in announcing the unique circumstances of the new leadership, says:

It is the duty of Mr. Blake in representing the Dillonites, Healyites, Redmonites and Unionists to voice this great grievance in such a way that all parties in Ireland will be satisfied. In moving the amendment to the Queen's speech the Canadian statesman has the chance of his lifetime. He was chosen because he represents the cool-headed, argumentative and logical type, rather than the hot-headed, warm-hearted enthusiast. That Mr. Blake will do the matter justice no one who has heard him before the Privy Council doubts. The subject calls for technical reasoning, and in this Mr. Blake is a past-master. It will be the greatest speech that Mr. Blake has made since he entered the British Parliament in August, 1892, after being triumphantly elected member for South Longford. Mr. Blake has two fundamental requisites of the oratorical voice—a commanding presence and a magnificent voice. Long live the new leader, and may the unprecedented union which has formed around him be preserved permanently for the prosperity and credit of Ireland.

Any one who has an extra copy of The Catholic Register of date March 5th 1896, would confer a favor on us if they could let us have it, as it is wanted to complete our files.

St. Paul's Choir.

The annual supper of St. Paul's Choir was held on Wednesday the 18th at the Parochial residence. There was a large attendance of the members, who did full justice to the repast which had been provided. Rev. Father Hand occupied the chair and the vice chairs were taken by Fathers Cline and Canning.

Father Hand in proposing "The Choir" alluded to the harmony prevailing among the members and the interest which was being taken in their work. Commenting on the musical services of the church he expressed himself as much pleased with the proficiency attained by the choir under Mr. Trueman's direction, whose work so far had given every satisfaction. In concluding a very happy prospect he called on Messrs. Trueman, Larkin and Tonney, each of whom made brief addresses, referring to the interest which had been taken by Father Hand in the choir. Mr. Richard in a witty speech responded for the ladies. The clergy was proposed by Mr. Trueman in a few words in which he referred to the esteem in which Father Hand is held by all classes of the parishioners. Fathers Hand, Cline and Canning made very pleasing addresses in reply.

In the concert which followed, songs were contributed by Misses O'Connor, Baxter, Trueman, Jennings, O'Rielly, Hall and Richard. Miss Kate Kelly gave a reading in her usual pleasing style. Games etc., filled in the balance of a very enjoyable evening until 11:30 when the gathering broke up.

St. Patrick's Society, Guelph.

There was a good muster of Irishmen at the meeting held Friday evening in the spacious parlor of the Albion hotel Guelph. The proposal to vivify St. Patrick's Society was received with enthusiasm. Col. Higin botham was moved to the chair. The following gentlemen were elected officers of the society for the ensuing year:--

- President, Dr. Mills. 1st Vice, T. P. Coffee. 2nd Vice, R. L. Torrance. Secretary, J. P. Downey. Treasurer, G. J. Thorp.

Executive Committee.—Col. Higinbotham, Mr. McArdy, J. M. Bond, Austin Sweetman, John Higgins, sr., Frank Dowler, E. Malone, M. J. Doran, S. A. Heffernan, O. L. Dunbar, Dr. Nunn, Sheriff McKim.

The following gentlemen were appointed committees on by-laws: J. P. Downey, O. L. Dunbar and G. L. Higgins, and Messrs. R. A. Torrance and J. A. Sullivan were appointed collectors and to solicit for members until the next regular meeting.

Death of Mr. Felix Devlin.

Mr. Felix Devlin died at his residence, Waterloo avenue, Guelph, near the Pound Creek, about midnight, after a very short illness. The cause of death was congestion of the lungs, preceded by influenza. There was no better known man on the streets of Guelph than Mr. Devlin, and he was also widely known in the country. He was a native of Antrim, Ireland, and came here about 1850. He leaves behind one son, Felix, brewer, Stratford; Mrs. H. Malone, Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. M. O'Boyle, Guelph; Mrs. P. O'Boyle, Wisconsin; and Annie at home. Another sister, Sister Alcyon, died in the Convent of the Precious Blood, Toronto, a few years ago.

Catholic Truth Society.

Some time next week the members of St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society will listen to a lecture from the Archbishop in St. Mary's Church upon the subject "What Catholics believe." Reports will be read describing the work of the society throughout the province.

Ireland in the Queen's Speech.

The Queen's speech promises a bill to promote agriculture in Ireland. Mr. Balfour speaking on the address said the Government would at a future date take up the Financial Relations of Ireland and Great Britain. Mr. Blake will speak as the leader of the Irish parties before the budget is taken up.

Rev. Father Lacoste.

Rev. Father Lacoste, D.D., Ottawa University, has been appointed a member of the Academy of St. Thomas at Rome.

The Pope was Pleased.

London, Jan. 18.—The Rome correspondent of The Chronicle telegraphs that the Pope expressed the utmost satisfaction upon hearing of the signing of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty. He said he had hoped that the Papacy would be the permanent tribunal of arbitration for all nations, but was glad that the principle of arbitration had been adopted by Great Britain and America.

"Tommy Thompson is a mighty lucky boy, isn't he, ma?" "Why is Tommy lucky?" "Cause his mamma can't spank him with a hair brush." "And why can't she?" "Cause their hair brushes ain't got no handles."

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

C. M. B. A.

At the regular meeting of Branch 51, C. M. B. A. Montreal, held at their hall on Saturday, the annual report of the auditors was read, and showed the Branch to be in a prosperous condition. Order of business in the interests of the Branch and Association was transacted, after which Grand Deputy T. P. Tansy, assisted by Grand Chancellor T. J. Finn, Chancellor O'Brien, Grand Deputies A. H. Spedding and P. A. Boucher, installed the following officers for the ensuing year: Spiritual adviser, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, P. J. Cronin, P. Cahill; president, Jas. D. O'Grady; first vice president, John Sheely; second vice president, Jas. McShane; recording secretary, Francis D. Daly; assistant recording secretary, Olinas Peterson; financial secretary, Jas. Weir; treasurer, Thos. McDonnell; marshal, Thos. Meany; guard, Edward Brennan; trustees, O.'Brien, M. Mahon, J. Sheely, Thos. Glendon and Ed. McKenna; medical examiner, Dr. L. J. Goyers.

Rev. Father O'Donnell, in a few well chosen words, presented a badge to J. D. O'Grady, and in doing so he complimented the branch on the zeal they displayed in increasing its membership, and in improving upon their duty to still persevere in working for the advancement of an association that was doing such good throughout the country. Before closing the proceedings of the evening the following resolutions were unanimously passed by a standing vote on the death of the late Archbishop Fabre, who was the first friend and patron of the Association in the province of Quebec, and prayers were offered for the happy repose of his soul: "Moved by Chancellor O'Brien, seconded by Secretary Daly, that Branch 51 do hereby record and express their sincere sorrow for the decease of the beloved and venerable prelate who lately ruled the archdiocese of Montreal; that we record this on our minutes and have it published in the public press; also that a copy of such motion of condolence be sent to the vicar capitular and friends of our late beloved Archbishop."

BRANCH NO. 83, MONTREAL.

Branch No. 83 of the Grand Council of Canada O.M.B.A., was held at St. Joseph's Hall, St. Othar street on Jan. 12th. After the regular reports had been read and adopted Grand Deputy Joseph Girard, assisted by Deputy Boucher, Spedding and Dandelin, installed the following as the officers of the branch for the ensuing year: Rev. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Eliast; Medical Adviser, Dr. Cormier; Chancellor, S. Gaudry; President, P. A. Boucher; 1st Vice-President, John McBride; Second Vice-President, E. H. Gauthier; Recording-Secretary, T. Delisle; Assistant Secretary, James Davidson; Financial Secretary, H. Howison; Treasurer, O. O. Dolvin; Marshal, L. N. Carle; Guard, G. St. Jean; Trustees, O. Dandelin, Alex. Dandelin, E. R. Hubert, T. Delisle, L. N. Carle.

BRANCH NO. 26, MONTREAL.

Grand Deputy Tansy presided at the meeting of Montreal Branch 26, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, in the Glenora Hall on January 11th. Assisted by deputies Costigan, Girard and Dandelin, he installed the following officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Gallagher; Medical Adviser, Dr. Chas. O'Connor; Dr. G. H. Merrill; Chancellor, Bro. E. J. Ward; President, Brother M. Sharkey; 1st Vice-President, Bro. M. Eagan; 2nd Vice-President, Bro. L. E. Simonet; Secretary, Bro. J. J. Costigan; Assistant Secretary, Bro. J. H. Feeley, jr.; Financial Secretary, Bro. G. A. Gadhols; Treasurer, Bro. J. H. Feeley, sr.; Marshal, Bro. James Milloy; Guard, Bro. James Callahan; Trustee, Bro. D. J. McGillis; P. Reynolds, M. Eagan, J. Hartenstein and T. J. Kavanagh.

Addresses were delivered by the Hon. Judge Curran, Dr. Germain, and Messrs E. J. Duggan, G. Lamothe, Thomas J. O'Neill and Jos. Girard. An enjoyable musical programme was given under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, by Messrs. James S. Shea, P. J. Neagle, W. Murphy, J. Deegan, Peter Shea, Wm. Cox, M. McCarthy, W. Palmer, James St. John, W. Gregory and M. N. Corcoran.

BRANCH 85, TORONTO.

At the inaugural meeting of Branch 85 for 1897, held in St. Vincent's Hall, Shuter street, the officers were installed by Grand Deputy J. J. O'Hearn. The new Executive Committee, consisting of Messrs. O'Hearn, Dr. Chas. McKenna, delivered an able and interesting address in which he thanked the members for electing him to office, and requested them to take, if possible, more interest than in the past, in regard to encouraging their brethren to join the Association. A vote of thanks was tendered the Grand Deputy for his visit, and he replied in a happy manner, congratulating the branch on its prosperous condition and wishing it continued success. Two new members were elected at this meeting, and several other applications are to be voted upon at the next.

SKETCHISM.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain heat sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Horrible Death of a Little Girl.

CHESAUNT, Ont., Jan. 18.—I regret to inform you of the horrible death of Lila E. Lynch, the nine year old daughter of William Lynch, of this place. She was standing near the stove in the school room when her clothing caught fire. The teacher put his overcoat around her but she died about five minutes after. She was burned out of all shape. Her body burst, and her head was a horrible sight. The screams and cries of the school comrades were terrible. There is general lamentation around here at her awful death. She had no water in the school house. She jumped from seat to seat enveloped in flames. It was a terrible death. Sadness has entered around here. The father and mother were in Morriestown and came home with a sad heart. There is general sympathy for the family. The terrified teacher did all in his power to extinguish the flames. He feels deeply over the accident. There is no blame attached to him. There is a gloom of sadness through the country at the awful death of the poor innocent child. She was very smart for her age. The poor child was a general favorite with old and young around here. The remains were buried at Chrysler's Catholic cemetery to-day. The neighbors are in a terrible state of excitement at this sad death.

Don't Worry Yourself and don't worry the baby: avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

The young gentleman who sports a cane and no overcoat probably remembers his earlier days, when upon occasion a cane proved remarkably warming.

Monthly Competition Commencing Jan. 1897, and Continued during the year

\$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS AS FOLLOWS: 10 First Prizes, \$5.00 Stearns' Bicycle, \$1,000 25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch . . . \$25 Bicycles and Watches given each month 1,625 12 Total given dur'g year '97, \$19,500 HOW TO OBTAIN THEM For rules and full particulars, see the Toronto Globe or Mail, of Saturday issue, or apply by post-card to LEVER BROS., LTD., 51 Scott St., Toronto.

THESE TINS are found everywhere. They're on the pantry shelves of nearly every housewife, and in every grocery. They contain Pure Gold BAKING POWDER The purest and best P. G. Flavoring Extracts are Good

FASTEST TYPEWRITER IN THE WORLD. .. Faster than Shorthand .. Our Jewett, with universal keyboard, is especially suited for clerks, teachers and educational institutions. The Blanket order at \$45 is acknowledged to be the best machine made for the money. Write for circulars to the nearest agent.

Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co. 10 ADELAIDE STREET EAST. J. J. SEITZ, Mgr. Factory: Georgetown. Phone 2251.

STENOGRAPHERS. Do you want to become a competent Stenographer and secure a position? If so, attend Wells' Shorthand University, Corner King and Church. Established 1855.

Situations Vacant. PERSONS WANTING SITUATIONS AS BOOKBINDER, USE, ETC., HELD IN CONNECTION CAN BE OBTAINED BY APPLYING TO THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, 40 LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO.

Sarsaparilla Sense. Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT. MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER'S Job Printing Department.

We beg to call attention to this branch of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER'S business, which affords every facility for the execution of Job Printing of all Descriptions. Amongst the lines of work we have been and are doing may be included Books, Pamphlets, Commercial Printing, Letter-heads, Bill-heads, Monthly Statements, Circulars, Catalogues, Posters, Programmes, Tickets, Memorial Cards (large or small, and in plain black or bronze), Appeal Cases, Factums, Law Blanks, Indentures, Mortgages, &c., &c.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Agents Wanted.

ARE YOU MAKING FIVE DOLLARS PER DAY? If so, don't stop to read this; we cannot guarantee it, but we promise you ten per week (have some representing us making far more), and will teach you how to make it here: If you are not afraid of work write immediately, both sides, but no letters. J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Wesley Building, Toronto. (Mention this paper.)

A TRAVELLER TO GO AMONG FARMERS WITH a specialty. Good pay and permanent employment. Address "S," Catholic Register, Toronto.

Teachers Wanted.

HAVE YOU BEEN A COPY OF "THE EX-TRACHE" The paper is devoted to Education and Learning work in public schools. Circulation, 20,000. Send for sample. G. E. Henderson, Editor, "The Entrance," 28 Winchester street, Toronto.

Musical.

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE, 197 YONGE street. LOT OF MUSIC RILLS at 15c—ALSO variety of new styles at reduced prices. FINE TONED SPANISH GUITAR AND SET of hand bells very cheap. BASSON SLIDE TROMBONE, ALSO BASSON (with slide and slide combined), each \$30.

A GOOD GUITAR, SLIGHTLY USED, IN perfect condition \$4; a bargain. SELF-PLAYING PARLOR ORGAN, WITH music, \$15, regular price \$20.

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE, 197 YONGE street. ALL KINDS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS RE-PAIRED in first-class style. Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge street.

McCrusland & Son. REBELLIOUS CHILDREN? CURE THEM SECURELY. 100c PER BOTTLE. 50c PER BOTTLE. 25c PER BOTTLE. 10c PER BOTTLE. 5c PER BOTTLE.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.

MONDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills. MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF MARCH next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills. FRIDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF MARCH next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills. CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, Toronto, 12th January, 1897.

NEW CROP SEEDS

We mail free our new SEED CATALOGUE for 1897, beautifully illustrated, and containing a full description of the best introducing in Flower and Vegetable Seeds with complete details of the farmer's requirements in FIELD ROOTS, CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS, SEED GRAINS, FODDER AND ENSILAGE CORN. Write for a copy to JOHN A. BRUCE & Co. SEED MERCHANTS, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Timber Limits.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOR THOUSAND ACRES timber land; estimated ten to twelve million feet; and three thousand cords shingle bolts, good ha. bar, mill site and pond; Bracon peninsula; unencumbered. Or exchange for good farm. Address "Timber," Catholic Register Office, Toronto.

Situations Wanted.

A TEACHER (PREVIOUSLY A GRADUATE OF THE Model school, holding a first-class professional certificate and second non-professional degree a position. Toronto. Can be seen by calling at the J. A. S. School opening. Address "Teacher," Catholic Register, Toronto.

FIRESIDE FUN.

A motor car for the clerk of the weather. If he can do without his rains so can we.

A citizen bought himself a book the other day and wrote this on the fly-leaf: "Presented to John Jones by himself, as a mark of esteem."

Inquiring Stranger: "What branch of education does your teacher prefer, my boy?" Boy: "He don't use no branch, sir. He hits us with the pointer."

A book on bicycle etiquette has been published. When a large, open faced ice wagon runs into a bicyclist and punctures his self-stoker, the rider may speak to the driver without the formality of an introduction.

Coroner: "Is this man whom you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger? Witness who had been told by the company to be careful in his statements: "No, sir. His leg was gone entirely. He was a partial stranger."

Tommy: "Did the owl hurt you, Mr. Jones?" Friend of Tommy's mother: "What do you mean, my boy? What owl?" Tommy: "Well, I wanted to know if it hurt, because Mum said you have been henpecked for twenty years."

"That pretty young woman who left the shop was married a little while ago," said the old shoe assistant. "How do you know?" asked his young assistant. "She used to buy number threes, and now she buys number fives."

Mrs. Sarkastio (to her husband): "Jo-John, I have a s-s-slight impediment in my speech." Mr. Sarkastio: "Well, don't worry it; treat it kindly, and perhaps it will grow bigger, and block up your organ of speech altogether."

"Isn't it queer," said Gidrong, "that I've always been mistaken about my age? I thought I was 69 last December, but I got hold of our old family Bible the other day and discovered I was only 65." "I have always told you," observed Plunkett, "that you've been living too fast."

Two pickpockets saw a gentleman receive a large sum at the bank and followed him some time to get a chance at it. Finally the watchman turned into a lawyer's office, and one of the watchmen said: "That settles it. He's gone. Come along." "No, no," said the other; "wait till the lawyer comes out. We'll tackle him."

Father: "So you want to marry my daughter, do you?" Sutor: "Yes, sir." Father: "And you've heard her sing, seen her drapers and milliners' bills, played whist with her, happened in when a new gown did not fit, and still you want to marry her?" Sutor: "Yes, sir." Father: "Then I refuse. Insanity must be hereditary in your family."

Honoring Ottawa's Mayor.

The French-Canadian residents of Ottawa have presented the following address to Mayor Eliot Bingham:

To Mayor Eliot Samuel Bingham: Dear Sir and Friend—We, the French-Canadian portion of the electors of Ottawa ward, do hereby take this our first opportunity of coming to offer you our most cordial felicitations upon your elevation to the civic chair.

Sir, the contest just ended has been one of justice and equity—justice because the old understanding has not been broken; equity by giving all creeds and nationalities their just turn of representation.

We deem it a pleasure to wait upon you this evening to offer you at the beginning of this new year our best wishes for your welfare and happiness as well as for that of your worthy companion in life and your entire family.

Among those who formed the deputation were E. Limoges, C. Gill, N. Boyle, R. Dionne, Jos. Arochabauque, F. Laporte, A. Pinard, F. Larocque, H. Pinard, I. Berichon, F. X. Guerin, A. Theriault, F. X. Groulx, Joseph Grover, F. Larocque, E. Vézina, W. Martel, P. Valliquette, H. E. Rathier, G. Chaviers, G. Dapont, and others.

Mayor Bingham in reply thanked the electors for their support. The Mayor afterwards entertained his callers.

Filed Cared by Dr. Chase. I. M. Izal, 186 Drolet Street, Montreal. 15 years suffered. Cured of Blind Itching Piles.

William Butler Possawa, Ont. Suffered many months. Cured of Protruding Piles by one box. Pabano Bastard, Gower Point, Ont. Suffered for thirty years. Cured of Itching Piles by three boxes.

Nelson Simmons, Myersburg, Ont. Cured of Itching Piles. Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively cure all forms of Piles. Write any of the above if in doubt.

"I marked that half-crown and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them niggers never got the money."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon by all pulmonary complaints.

DOMESTIC READING.

Never does a man betray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Robert.

The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual but religious in character.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.—Samuel Smith.

Final manhood and honest achievement are nowhere provincial, but enter the society of all time on an even footing.

What are the sciences but maps of universal laws, and universal laws but the channels of universal power, and universal power but the out-goings of a universal mind?—Edward Thomson.

A personal dignity which cannot take care of itself cannot be protected by innocent guarding. The quality of a great native nature is uncommon, and this also is the characteristic of a great character.

There is hardly anything so befitting and demoralizing as the craving for contraband knowledge. It leads insensibly—especially where the friend is also a business or an associate—from mental magnifying of trifles and petty suspicions, to vulgar spying and meddling, and the positive dishonor of trying to catch bits of private conversation scrutinize letters to the recognition of postmarks and handwriting.—Catherine E. Conway.

Self-knowledge is that acquaintance with ourselves which shows us what we are, and ought to do and be, in order to our living comfortably and usefully here and being happy hereafter. The means of it is self-examination, the end of it self-government and self-fruition. It principally consists in a knowledge of our souls, for a man's soul is properly himself.

The more true knowledge a man hath the more sensible is he of wants which kept him humble.

How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his page; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that give interest to the past, and each age is a volume thrown aside, to be speedily forgotten.

The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and all, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.—Washington Irving, "Sketch-book."

There are some who desire to know with the sole purpose that they may know, and it is curiosity; and some who desire to know that they may be known, and it is base ambition; and some who desire to know that they may sell their knowledge for wealth and honor, and it is a base avarice; but there are some, also, who desire to know that they may be edified, and it is prudence; and some who desire to know that they may help others, and it is charity.—St. Bernard.

Patience is an excellent virtue, and one most difficult to acquire. Woman possesses it in a far greater degree than man, and this has been one of her compensations for long ages of servitude. It was necessary for her to endure or die, and she has learned to endure. Yet, in the face of all the difficulties and trials which beset us through life, the wrongs and injuries, the disease and disappointments which are incidental to all, patience is essential to everyone, irrespective of sex. We admire courage always, but seldom admire passive fortitude. But courage may be a mere animal instinct, and usually is, whereas patience is a highly intellectual quality, and is the fruit of reason or religion.

BLAKE IS LEADER.

The United Irish Parties Place Him in the Front by General Accord.

A special cable to The Montreal Star says: Hon. Edward Blake has been chosen by the dissatisfied Irish members of Parliament to move the amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech in the House of Commons, demanding reform of Irish taxation.

This is the result of an understanding arrived at between the Dillonites, Healyites, Edmondites and Unionists, in fact, all the promoters of the new movement. All these elements will support Mr. Blake.

The choice of the Canadian for this duty puts him forward as the leader of a united Irish party. The combination will once again bring the Government face to face with the solid Irish phalanx. Mr. Blake's selection is a signal tribute of his high position in Irish affairs. Some see in it the beginning of a new era in Irish parliamentary warfare, in which Mr. Blake will become the leader of a united nationalist party. That view is, at least, premature, for on the question of home rule the Unionists from Ireland are as much opposed to it as ever.

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tried the wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and feeling that his human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this remedy, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by enclosing the name of the paper, to W. A. Row, 525 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

FARM AND GARDEN.

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union, held in December, 1895, a committee was appointed to collect information of interest to the stock breeders of the Province. The committee decided to send reply post cards to the proprietors and managers of cheese factories and creameries in Ontario, and to secretaries of Farmer's Institutes, asking for the names of the most successful dairymen in their districts. Altogether, 3000 forms were sent out, of which 170 were returned with the questions more or less fully answered. Replies were received from thirty-six counties.

G. E. Day B.S.A. summarizes in an official bulletin the results of the information thus acquired. Concerning the length of time cows remain dry we are told a wide variation existed in this particular, the shortest time reported being 10 days, while the average for all replies was 57 days. By far the largest number lay between 6 and 12 weeks, and 8 weeks occurred in the reports more than twice as often as any other one time.

Sixty eight out of the 170 dairymen report cows dehorned; and, with very few exceptions, they express themselves satisfied with the result. One man states that the cows do not sell so readily, owing to difficulty in determining the age; another partially regrets dehorning pure-breds, fearing that it will operate against them in the show ring, while a third states that his dehorned cows but each other, sometimes causing abortion. On the other hand, several whose cows are not dehorned, express approval of the practice, while others condemn it as cruel, unightly, unnecessary, etc. The fear that it would interfere with success in exhibiting has deterred a considerable number from dehorning pure-breds. Only four report that they are dehorning calves.

Only one one reply stated that complete soiling was practiced, but 140 out of the 170 stated that the pasture was supplemented by some kind of green fodder, while 68 stated that meal was fed, either throughout or during some part of the summer.

The following figures represent the number of times that the various supplementary feeders occurred in the reports:

Table with 2 columns: Feed type and number of occurrences. Includes Green corn (120), Green oats and peas (62), Green clover (10), Green alfalfa (18), Green oats and taraxacum (7), Ensilage (5), Green alfalfa (4), Green millet (2), Green buckwheat (2), Green taraxacum (2).

A glance at these figures will show that out of 140 who used green fodders only 11 did not use corn. The most common combination consisted of oats and peas, or oats and taraxacum, and corn feeding, with corn for autumn. A large number used corn alone, and hence did not commence feeding until late in the season, while the early soiling crops, rye, alfalfa and clover, were comparatively little used. Those who are in need of an early soiling crop, especially for light or gravelly soils, would do well to give alfalfa a trial.

Some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining accurate information regarding winter rations, as the majority of farmers do not weigh feed. From the 170 replies, 75 rations have been selected. The weight of the cows has been stated wherever this information has been furnished in the report. It was also thought advisable to include the summer ration, and to state, when possible, the results obtained from the different systems of feeding. It is only fair to say, however, that many of the records do not present the actual returns from the cows, since the account has been kept of milk, butter and cream consumed by the family, besides milk fed to calves and hogs.

Shame to Montreal.

It is not complimentary either to our civilization or our sense of Christian decency that no organized attempt has ever been made to find out whether or not the remains of Mrs. Murphy lie beneath the ruins of the Barron Block. The helpless old lady lived in the building. She has not been seen since the fire. Here is "prima facie" evidence that she perished in the flames, and that during all these weeks since the catastrophe her charred body has lain beneath the ruins.

Who imagines that this would have been left in doubt, had Mrs. Murphy been a wealthy lady with wealthy connections? The city officials would then have tumbled over each other in their hurry to expedite the search, and carry all that was mortal of the victim to a funeral of satin and rosewood and banks of heavy-scented flowers. But Mrs. Murphy was poor and unknown; and, for all the city cares, she lies to day unclaimed and denied a Christian burial, beneath the ashes and the tumbled debris of the Barron block.—Montreal Star.

The sugar-coating, which makes Ayer's Pills so easy to take, dissolves immediately on reaching the stomach, and so permits the full strength and benefit of the medicine to be promptly communicated to the system. Druggists for Ayer's Almanac, just out.

Chats With the Children.

There's a busy little fellow. Who came to town last night. When all the world was fast asleep. The children's eyes shut tight. I can not tell you how he came. For well the secret's hid. But I think upon a moonbeam bright. Way down the earth he slid. He brought the Misses Maple. Each a lovely party gown. It was brilliant red and yellow. With a dash or two of brown. And he must have had a Midas touch. For, if the truth is told. The birds—all, from top to toe. He dressed in cloth of gold. Then he took a glittering icicle From underneath the eaves. And with it, on my window. Drew such shining silver leaves. Such fair and stately palaces. Such towers and temples grand. Their like I'm sure was never seen Outside of Fairyland.

Who is this busy little man. Whose coming brings us joy? For I'm very sure he's welcomed By every girl and boy. The little stars all saw him. Though they will not tell a soul: But I've heard his calling card reads thus: J. Frost, Esq., North Pole. HELM S. PARKINS.

THE WHITE TROUT LEGEND. In county Tipperary there is a holy well in which swims a white trout with a red spot on its side. The following legend is how this strange fish originated: When Cromwell's army was passing through Ireland it bivouacked in the neighborhood of this well. A soldier, hearing of the splendid white trout in it, swore he would have it for his next meal. With a scoop net he managed to capture the fish, and when he reached home laid it in the frying pan. Immediately it leaped out on the floor. Several times this was repeated. Finally the soldier put the lid on the pan and a great stone upon it to hold it down. When he thought the fish cooked, he transferred it to a plate. The moment, however, he stuck his fork into it there was a great shriek, the trout leapt to the floor, and there instead of a fish lay a beautiful young girl with a blood-staining from her side where the fork had entered. The girl reproached the soldier for his cruelty, and commanded him to put her in the well, where she was obliged to stay until the last day under the spell of enchantment. This the soldier did, and the enchanted one is still there, in the form of a white trout, with a blood red mark upon its side. The legend does not tell what became of the soldier.

THE SNOW-BIRDS. When winter winds are blowing, And clouds are full of snow, There comes a flock of little birds A-fly-ing to and fro: About the withered garden, Around the naked field, In any way-side shrub or tree That may a berry yield, You'll see them fitting, fitting, And hear their merry song: The scattered crumbs of summer's feast Feed winter birdlings long. But when the snow-drifts cover The garden and the field—When all the shrubs are cased in ice, And every brook is sealed, Then come the little snow-birds, As beggars, to your door; They pick up every tiny crumb, With eager chirps for more. Like wandering musicians, They "teach the windows sing; All winter long they stroll about, And leave us in the spring. Off to the land of icebergs, To islands cold and drear, They fly before the summer comes To frolic with us here. Give them a hearty welcome: It surely were not good That they who sing in winter-time Should ever lack for food.

A DANGER SIGNAL. While her Majesty the Queen was on a visit to Dunrobin Castle a few years ago, a very comical incident occurred. The train had to pass a certain farm on the way, and the farmer, his family and all the farm servants gathered on an adjacent level crossing to gaze at the train as it passed. One little girl, with exceedingly loyal intentions, had secured to her mother's best scarlet shawl to wave as a flag. She ran forward to a little hill near the crossing to get the first glimpse of the coming train. At first it came in sight, and the little damsel shouted and cheered, waving her flag frantically. Imagine the surprise of the people when the royal train slowed and stopped. In an instant the railway official seized the girl and cried: "Down with that shawl! Don't you know you are stopping the royal train?" The guard had taken it as a signal of danger. However, it pleased her Majesty to be

greatly amused with the occurrence, and no ill consequences ensued.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleasant road; I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load; I do not ask that flowers should always spring Beneath my feet; I know too well the poison and the sting Of things too sweet. For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead; Lead me aright— Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed— Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed Full radiance here: Give but a ray of peace that I may tread Without a fear. I do not ask my cross to understand, My way to see; Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand. And follow Thee. Joy is like restless day; but peace divine Like quiet night; Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine— Through Peace to Light. Holy Family.

PATHE-TIC. A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend, who was accompanied by a greyhound, accosted him. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a form, clasped the creature round the neck, with the impassioned cry: "Oh, doggie, doggie! and do you live with your uncle, too, that you are so thin?"

GOOD NIGHT. There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. Good night! The little one lips it as gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she soddes off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children, friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are voyagers putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our bargues of life set sail and go onward into darkness, and we, asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by day light. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us, it is One stronger and wiser than we who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, are the same meaning. "Good bye" is only "God be with you." "Good night" is really "God guard the night." It would be a churlish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day may say "Good night."

ST. NICHOLAS DAY IN HOLLAND. In some houses the little children who go to bed early put out their shoes and stockings and find them crammed with presents in the morning. Others have to play a game of hide-and-seek for their presents, which the father and mother have hidden in the most mysterious manner and in out-of-the-way places. In a great many families, however, December 5 is celebrated by sending and receiving parcels in the evening of that day. "Parcels" may be taken here in a very broad sense. The servant who has to answer the bell is obliged to bring in whatever is put into her hands or before her, and consequently is often heard to giggle behind the door of the room in which the whole family is assembled. Then in walks—nny, is put—a most extraordinary-looking gentleman or old lady, or a queer animal, consisting chiefly of wood or of linen filled with sawdust, in which the present, sometimes one of very small dimensions, lies concealed. Funny little rhymes often accompany the parcels; and generally much good-natured teasing is contained in the poetical lines. The patience of some people is often sorely tried by a parcel consisting of a big ball of very fine cotton, which has to be unwound to get at the present.—Annie O. Kuper in St. Nicholas.

CHARMING THE HOSTILES. [A STORY FOR BOYS.] In the January St. Nicholas Gertrude P. Greble has a story of frontier life called "Danny and the Major." Danny was the seven-year-old son of an army captain, and the "Major" was a favorite horse. One day he was

riding him in company with his friend a Scotch corporal, when the horses of the post were stampeded, and the corporal was thrown and injured. Danny started to ride for assistance and this was his experience: "Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the table-land, empty and placid and smiling. And beyond", to the south, stood the fort and home. Danny took heart, settled himself in the saddle, and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly, and trying to recall the corporal's instructions while he rode, thinking with an ever-recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly, and totally forgetful of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had befallen them.

Suddenly, at the end of some fifteen minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud cracking and crashing in the bushes, and a grey deer-headed war-pony scrambled through them, like a rider crumpling in early surprise; while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond, three or four half-naked mounted figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop Major—tried with all his small strength to turn his side toward the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor the tiny hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of a peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—and faster—and taster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows, and even the outlines of the dreaded savages themselves became so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the astonished Indians swept the great bronze boast with its golden haired burden! Down upon them, and through them, and away—till by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good fifty yards between them and their flying prey! And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome! After that first wild rush the Major settled into a steadier pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like hoards upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, booming boom of the alarm-gun thundered across the plain!

Gathered to his Fathers. PATRICK BOYLE, COLLINGWOOD. There died in Collingwood on Sunday, Dec. 27, 1896, one of the oldest residents in the person of Mr. Patrick Boyle, in his 81st year. The deceased gentleman was a native of county Tipperary, Ireland, and came to Collingwood from Toronto between 38 and 40 years ago. For years he was a well-known figure around the G.T.R. elevators here, where he had the contract for unloading grain from the fleets of vessels which plied between Chicago, Duluth, and Collingwood. The funeral took place from his late residence, St. Paul street, to St. Mary's church, on Thursday, Dec. 21st, and was largely attended. The obituary was crowded by old-time friends of all denominations who had turned out to pay their last respects to the deceased. A requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kiernan, at the close of which all that was mortal of Patrick Boyle was conveyed to the tomb, there to await the resurrection morn. He leaves a widow, two sons and three daughters (all grown up) to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent parent. Mr. Boyle was an exemplary Catholic and a good citizen. No one ever called on him in the cause of charity and went away empty. He lived a life of benevolence and good deeds. He was for over 20 years Vice-President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in connection with St. Mary's church. He was kind and generous to a fault. Gifted with a jovial disposition and jocose nature, still he was a man of deep religious fervor, and was very conscientious in attending to his religious duties. It was his pride and pleasure to assist the afflicted, the poor and needy, and impress upon the minds of others the importance of industry and the sterling value of integrity. May his soul rest in peace.

The Bullet-Hole.

From the French of F. M. S. 1897

At the time when I was employed in the War Office, I had a companion who worked in the same room with me, called Jean Vidal, an old non-commissioned soldier, who had lost his left arm in the Italian campaign, but who had still his right hand—the "strong hand" of a quartermaster—with which he executed all sorts of wonders in the calligraphic line—roundhand, fourishes, Gothic letters; and he could draw a little bird in the final flourish of his signature with a single stroke of his pen.

He was an upright man, was Vidal—a true type of a pure-hearted and honorable soldier. Though he was scarcely forty then, and there was but a sprinkling of grey hairs in his fair Zouave beard, in the office we all called him "Pere Vidal," less out of familiarity than out of respect; for we all knew his honorable, self-denyng life down there in his cheap lodging at the bottom of Grenelle, where he had taken in his sister, a widow with a tribe of children, and where he supported the whole family on the slender income derived from his pension, his cross, and his salary. Three thousand francs for five people! And Pere Vidal's coat—with the left sleeve, the empty sleeve, fastened to the third button—were always brushed as if he was going to a review, and the good man was so careful of his red ribbon, which he always kept bright, that he used to take it out of his button-hole when he carried a parcel in the street.

As I lived in the suburbs towards the south of Paris at that time, I often walked home with Pere Vidal, and I used to take pleasure in getting him to give me an account of his campaigns, as we walked past the Military School, meeting at every step—it was in the latter years of the Empire—the handsome uniforms of the Imperial Guards, the pioneers in green, the lanciers in white, the artillery officers in their magnificent ombre uniforms—black and gold. It was worth while to get killed in such a costume as that!

Sometimes in the warm summer evenings I used to treat my companion to an absinthe—a pleasure that poor Vidal denied himself, out of economy—and we used to sit for half an hour in front of the officers' cafe in the Avenue de la Motte-Piquet. On these days the old quartermaster, who had become a sober, family man, and was out of the habit of taking "appetizers," used to rise from the table with his brain stimulated to heroic thoughts, and I was sure to have some stirring tale of the war as we walked home.

One evening—I believe, God forgive me! that Pere Vidal had drunk two glasses of absinthe—as we went along that horrid Boulevard de Grenelle, he stopped suddenly before the window of a second-hand clothes shop—there are a good many in that quarter. It was a dirty, sordid shop, with rusty pistols, bowls full of buttons, and tarnished epaulettes in the window; and hanging before the door, among dirty rags, there was here and there some old officer's coat, riddled by the rain and fretted by the sun, with a sort of vague human resemblance in its tight waist and broad shoulders.

Vidal seized my arm with his one hand, and pointed with his stump to one of these cast-off garments—it was the tunic of an African officer, with its many-plaited shirt, and its triple gold band twisted into a figure of eight on the sleeve, as the Hussars wear it.

"Look here," said he; "this is the uniform of my old corps—a captain's tunic."

As he went nearer to examine it more closely, and read the number engraved on the buttons, he added, enthusiastically: "My own regiment! The first Zouaves!"

But all at once Pere Vidal's hand, which had already seized the skirt of the old tunic, grew motionless, his face darkened, his lips began to tremble, and, looking down, he muttered, in a tone of horror: "God heavens! Supposing it was his?"

ment is quartered? And he must have passed here; he must have recognized it. Oh, it is like seeing a ghost!"

"Come, now, Pere Vidal," said I, taking him by the arm, intensely interested: "you are not going on talking riddles; you may just as well tell me what that old tunic has reminded you of."

But I verily believe that if he had not drunk those absinthes, I should never have heard the story; for when I asked him to tell me, Pere Vidal shot a suspicious and almost frightened glance at me. Then, suddenly, as if he had made up his mind to speak, he began, in a dry, hoarse voice:

"Well, then, yes, I will tell you all about it; for you are a clever young man, and honourable, and I can trust you. You will tell me—honestly, on your conscience—whether you think I was right to act as I did. Let me see, where shall I begin? Ah, in the first place, I cannot tell you his name—the other's, I mean—because he is still alive. I shall have to call him by the nickname we gave him in the regiment. Thirsty we call him, and he deserved the name, too, for he was one of those fellows who are never out of the canteen and would toss off his twelve glasses of brandy, one for each stroke, when the clock struck twelve. He was sergeant in the same company where I was quartermaster, and where we walked side by side in the ranks. A good soldier—a capital soldier; a drunkard, quarrelsome, and a brawler. He had all the faults of the African army, but he was as brave as an African lion! He was not an easy one to manage—you could see that with the first look at his sunburnt face, with its red beard and odd, steel blue eyes.

"When I joined the regiment Thirsty had just finished his time; he re-enlisted, received the bounty, and went in for a three days' regular course in the lowest parts of Algiers. With four or five boon companions like himself they drove about, all packed in an open carriage, and flourishing a tri-coloured flag with the motto, 'This can't last for ever!' on it. He was brought back to the barracks with his head out open by a sword wound which he had got in a Moorish den, where he had a fight with the Arabs. Thirsty got well; he was sent to prison for a fortnight, and had his stripes taken from him. It was the second time he had been put back into the ranks. If it hadn't been for his bad conduct he would have been an officer long ago, for he belonged to a very respectable family, and had been well educated.

"Well, he lost his stripes after that affair with the Arabs, but he got them back again eighteen months later—at the same time that I myself rose to be sergeant-quartermaster—thanks to the kindness of the captain, who had always great patience with Thirsty. He was an old African soldier himself, and had seen him under fire at Kabylie.

"But just at that time our old captain was promoted and left the regiment, and they sent us out a young fellow, only twenty-eight, to take his place. He was a Corsican, named Gentile; a cold, ambitious man, just out of the school—a very good officer, they said, but fearfully hard on the men. He would give you eight days under arrest for a spot of rust on your rifle or a button missing off your gaiters. He had never served in Algeria, and had no notion of any insubordination or disorder. From the first moment he and Thirsty were at daggers drawn. That they were sure to be. The first time the sergeant was absent from roll call he put him under arrest for a week; the first time he was drunk for a fortnight. When the captain—a little, dark man, as stiff as a poker, with bristling moustaches—ordered him under arrest, adding, in a stern tone, 'I know you, my friend, and I mean to master you!' Thirsty never answered a word, but walked quietly away toward the guard room.

"Still, I fancy the captain would have lowered his tone a bit, all the same, if he had seen how the sergeant's face reddened with anger, and how his terrible blue eyes flashed as he turned away.

"Meanwhile, the Emperor declared war on Austria, and we were all shipped off to Italy. I pass over the incidents of the campaign, and come the point at once. The evening before the Battle of Melegnano—where I lost my arm, you know—our battalion was encamped in a small village, and before we broke ranks our captain made us a little speech—he was quite right, was the captain—reminding us that we were in a friendly country, and that for the honour of the army we should be on our good behaviour; and he added that anyone who caused the slightest annoyance to any of the inhabitants should be punished most severely. While he was making this speech, Thirsty, who was standing near me, leaning unsteadily on his bayonet—had emptied a good many glasses since the morning—struggled his shoulders, but fortunately the captain did not notice him.

"In the middle of the night I was awakened up suddenly. I sprang from the heap of straw I had been sleeping on in a corner of a farmyard, and by the light of the moon I saw Thirsty with a young girl in his arms, all torn and dishevelled, and the saints in Heaven Madonnas and all, the saints in Heaven furiously like a lion, with a lot of peasants and soldiers who were trying to rescue her from him. I ran up to help, but Captain Gentile got there

before me. With one glance—he had a very commanding glance, had the little Corsican—he drove back the sergeant, cowed. Then, when he had spoken a few reassuring words to the girl in Italian, he came back and stood before the culprit, and shaking his finger before the other a face—

"They ought to bow out the brains of wretches like you, said he. 'As soon as I can see the colonel you shall have your stripes taken from you; and it will be for good this time. There will be a battle to-morrow; you had better try and get killed!'

"We went back to bed again. But the captain was right, and before the break of day we were awakened by a cannonade. We flew to arms and formed a column, Thirsty taking his place next to me. I thought I had never seen his fierce blue look more terrible. The battalion began its march. We were to dislodge the white coats, who had taken their position in the village of Melegnano, which they had fortified with cannon. Forward march! We hadn't gone two miles, when, bang! the Austrian cannon burst upon us, and knocked down the officers of our men. After that, the order to charge, made us lie down in the maize fields like the sharpshooters. They remained standing themselves, of course, and I saw all you our captain stood up as straight as any of them. We men, kneeling among the corn-stalks, kept up an incessant fire on the Austrian battery, which was within range. Suddenly I felt someone nudge my elbow. I turned round, and saw Thirsty load his rifle, and looking at me with a sort of dare-devil smile lurking in the corners of his mouth.

"You see the captain?" said he, jerking his head towards that officer, who was standing at a distance of about twenty feet from us.

"Yes; what of it?" I answered, looking in the same direction.

"What of it? He ought not to have spoken to me as he did last night."

"Then with a rapid, well-calculated movement, he levelled his piece and fired. I saw the captain, with a sudden, convulsive spasm, throw back his hands, then drop his sword and fall heavily backward to the ground.

"Murderer!" I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm.

"But he sent me rolling two or three feet from him, with a blow in the chest from the butt-end of his rifle.

"Fool! How will you prove I killed him?"

"I sprang to my feet, furious; but all the rest rose at the same time, for there was our colonel, bare-headed, on his smoking horse, pointing with his sword to the Austrian battery, and shouting with all his might—

"Forward, Zouaves! Charge with the bayonet!"

"What could I do, but charge with the rest? And it was a fine thing, too, that charge of the Zouaves at Melegnano. Have you ever seen a heavy sea beating against a rock? Yes? Well, that is just what it was like. One after another, three companies rushed up there, like a wave over a rock. Three times the battery was covered with the blue coats and red breeches, and three times we saw the embankment, bristling with its cannons' mouths, reappear like a rock when the wave has spent itself.

"But the fourth company—that was ours—carried the place. For myself, in twenty strides I reached the redoubt, and helping myself with the butt-end of my rifle, I clambered up the embankment. I had just time to see a blue cap, a pair of fair moustaches, and the muzzle of a gun that was almost touching me; and then I felt such a blow on my left shoulder that I thought my arm had been torn off. I turned giddy, dropped my rifle, rolled over on my side by the wheel of a gun carriage, and fainted away.

"When I opened my eyes again there was only a faint sound of musketry in the distance. The Zouaves were there, standing in a sort of disorderly half circle, shouting, 'Long live the Emperor!' and waving their rifles at arms' length in the air.

"An old general, with his aide-de-camp, came galloping up; he stopped his horse, took off his gold striped cap, and waved it joyfully, shouting—

"Well done, Zouaves! You are the finest soldiers in the world!"

"I sat up, leaning against the wheel of the gun-carriage, holding my broken paw dimly in my right hand, and I began to remember Thirsty's horrible crime—shooting his captain from behind on the battlefield.

"And at once he left the ranks and came forward the general. The very man himself—Thirsty, the captain's murderer! He had lost his leg in the fray, and his close-shaven head was bare, with a wound across it, from which the blood trickled over his forehead and down his cheek. He was leaning on his gun with one hand, and in the other he held an Austrian flag, all torn and blood-stained a flag he had taken from the enemy.

remember all the same, 'Isn't that worthy of Plutarch's Bricour?'

"You know what followed. I have often told you how they lacked about my shoulder, and how I lay in the ambulance for two months with fever and delirium. And in my restless, delirious hours I was always wondering what I ought to do about Thirsty. Ought I to denounce him? I thought I ought. But, then, what proofs had I to show? And after all, if he was a second-hand man, was a brave soldier. He had killed Captain Gentile, but he had taken a flag from the enemy. I could not make up my mind what to do. When at length I began to get better, I learnt that, as a reward for his brilliant conduct, Thirsty had been promoted into the Zouaves of the Guard, and that they had given him the cross of the Legion of Honour.

For the first moment it made me feel disgusted with my own cross, that the colonel had brought to me in the hospital. And yet, after all, Thirsty deserved his as well as I did mine; but he deserved, too, that his ribbon should serve as a target for a file of men told off to shoot him. All that happened long ago, and I have never seen the sergeant since; he is still in the service, while I have turned civilian. But just now, looking at that tunic, with its bullet hole, hanging there in the shop—and goodness knows how I ever got there I—with the barracks where the murderer is quartered only a few yards off, I remembered that the crime had gone unpunished, and it seemed as if the captain's ghost cried out for justice."

"I queried Pere Vidal as best I could, for his tunic had put him into a great state of excitement. I assured him he had acted for the best, and that the heroic conduct of the sergeant of Zouaves had fully balanced his crime.

But a few days after, when I went into the office, Vidal handed me a newspaper, folded so that I could only see one paragraph, and remarked, solemnly:

"What did I tell you? I took the newspaper, and this is what I read—

"Another victim of intemperance. Yesterday afternoon, on the Boulevard de Grenelle, a man named Mallet, commonly called Thirsty, a sergeant in the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard, who had been drinking deeply in all the public-houses in the neighbourhood with two of his companions, was suddenly seized while on the attack of a drink-tremor, while he was looking at some old uniforms hanging in the window of a second-hand clothes-shop. He ran down the street, brandishing his sword, and spreading terror before him. The two soldiers who accompanied him had the greatest difficulty in mastering the madman, who kept shouting, with fury, 'I am not a murderer! I took a flag from the Austrians at Melegnano!' We are informed that Mallet really was decorated for the gallant act, and that nothing but his inveterate drunkenness has prevented his being promoted to the rank of an officer. Mallet was taken to the military hospital, the Gros-Caillois, whence he will shortly be removed to Charenton, as it is doubtful if the unfortunate man will ever recover his reason."

As I gave back the paper to Vidal, he looked at me earnestly and said—

"Captain Gentile was a Corsican. He has taken his revenge!"

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

Mayor and Alderman Visit the Institution—The New Wing Now in Use—Aldermen Make Speeches.

A large party, consisting of the Mayor, Ald. Saunders, Lamb, Hubbard, Davis, Sponce, Russell, Small, Bell, Jolliffe and Preston, Sir Frank Smith, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Messrs. John Long, H. H. Cook, John Hanrahan, T. Johnston, L. Walsh, M. O'Connor, C. J. McCabe, Rev. L. Brennan and J. L. Hand, inspected various departments of the House of Providence on invitation of the Mother Superior and Sisters of St. Joseph. The building was thoroughly gone over from the rooms in which are the children of a few weeks old to the other department where are the old men, some of whom are creeping well into the nineties. One old woman is within less than a year of completing the century. The new department has been set aside exclusively for men, and when the Aldermen entered they were greeted by men who were well known to some of them in former times. The Mayor especially was received by the old men with cries of good-morning, and expression of hope that he would be again elected.

"We don't forget the fifteen cents an hour," said one of them, while another, whose life is fast ebbing from a painful cancer, played a few strains on his old violin.

There are upwards of 450 beds in the place now, the inmates numbering about 140, of whom it was said about one-third are Protestants. The average cost a day is about 20 cents. Of this the city pays 3 cents a day, the Government of Ontario seven cents, except for incurable cases, when the great is fifteen cents. Thirsty runs do the whole work of management and supervision of this enormous building, and the only person who receives a salary is the engineer, whom the sisters pronounce to be a genius and worth many times the trifling amount paid him. Ald. Davis commented upon this fact in the course of a few remarks made after the round of inspection had been made. The Mayor, Ald. Lamb, Bell, Preston, Hubbard and Jolliffe also spoke, all testifying to the excellence of the work done in the institution. The only deficiency seems to be the need of an elevator. Sir Frank Smith donated \$100 for that end, and Mr. H. H. Cook followed with a donation of \$50. The afternoon was most pleasantly spent by all

DOOMED TO DIE.

Doctors Said Mrs. Ackerman of Belleville Would Never Get Better.

And the Doctors, Too, for Eight Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Made a Well Woman of Her After Six Years' Illness.

Belleville, Ont., Jan. 18.—If there's any one thing under Heaven that excites a man's pity it is a weak, suffering woman.

If there's any disease on earth that causes weakness and suffering in women more than another it is Kidney disease. If there's any medicine between Heaven and Earth that will infallibly cure Kidney disease, it is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And that's no dream. Women rise up by the score and call Dodd blessed for his wonderful discovery that has made weak backs and backaches unknown where Dodd's Pills have been tried.

Let one of these grateful women tell her story:—

"I had been troubled with Kidney Disease for six years. I had doctored, but it was of no use. They told me I would never get better. I saw the wonderful cures of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, and I procured one box. Upon getting relief I continued to use eight boxes, and I can safely say I am completely cured. You may publish this as you see fit, so as to help some other person who may have Kidney trouble.

MRS. S. ACKERMAN, North Front street, April 27.

DODD'S MEDICINE COMPANY, of Toronto, are the sole owners and makers of this remedy in the Dominion. Write to them, enclosing price (50 cents), if your local druggist is not supplied.

Dr. Chase's

Millions die annually through lack of care for the kidneys—the first sign of kidney trouble being a dull, aching pain in the back which gradually develops into the dreadfully painful Bright's disease—one of the most dangerous complaints. It is highly colored urine giving bricklike deposits—marked by the slightest symptom has appeared—Kidney trouble is usually presented in their earlier stages—if neglected they may become obstinate, chronic and perhaps fatal—an old remedy has been found that all kidney diseases arise from an excess of uric acid and uric acid poison in the blood—One of Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills will neutralize this acid and prevent any tendency to Bright's disease or Diabetes.

Have you any of the above symptoms? Back Ache, Dull Head Pain in the Bladder or Base of the Abdomen, Pains in the Back and Sides, Unusual desire to urinate, Scalding urine with passage obstructed, Red or White deposits, Tired Feelings, Weakness, Dropsical Swellings, these are sure signs of kidney troubles.

YOUNG MEN OLD MEN With backache, weak back, deposits in the urine and other symptoms of kidney decay should not postpone using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Tabled with structure impediments obstructs the passage of the water, or a free exit there to urinate at night will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great reliever.

KIDNEY-LIVER

TESTIMONIAL

J. F. Browning, Carpenter and Joiner, of Kingston, Ont., writes the following for himself:— "I was troubled with my kidneys for ten years and was compelled to arise four and five times a night to urinate. The pain in my back was terrible. I have used enough pills and pills to stock a drug store, but I obtained no relief. The doctors pronounced my case hopeless and advised me to go to Toronto Hospital, and I had made up my mind to go when I read your advertisement in The Toronto Evening News calling your pills the great K. and L. Pills, which I took the meaning to be the KNIGHTS OF FAITH PILLS, and being my kind friends, that order I had confidence in the same, and I procured them from the workman's friend, for since taking them regular for three months, I can say I am entirely cured, and had I taken them years ago, I would have saved hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. Very truly yours, J. F. BROWNING, Kingston, Ont.

Ask those who have tried and been benefited by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills about their wonderful curative powers. Don't be skeptical. One or two doses of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills may mean the saving of your life. They act gently and effectively, and do not in any way interfere with your daily avocations.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE

Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint, Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness and Dyspepsia. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, or for \$1.

PILLS

We will give \$500 to any person troubled with disease of the kidneys that Dr. Chase's Combined Kidney and Liver pill will not relieve or cure.

self-help

You are weak, "run-down," health is frail, strength gone. Doctors call your case anaemia—there is a fat-famine in your blood. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is the best food-means of getting your strength back—your doctor will tell you that. He knows also that when the digestion is weak it is better to break up cod-liver oil out of the body than to burden your tired digestion with it. Scott's Emulsion does that.

There are upwards of 450 beds in the place now, the inmates numbering about 140, of whom it was said about one-third are Protestants. The average cost a day is about 20 cents. Of this the city pays 3 cents a day, the Government of Ontario seven cents, except for incurable cases, when the great is fifteen cents. Thirsty runs do the whole work of management and supervision of this enormous building, and the only person who receives a salary is the engineer, whom the sisters pronounce to be a genius and worth many times the trifling amount paid him. Ald. Davis commented upon this fact in the course of a few remarks made after the round of inspection had been made. The Mayor, Ald. Lamb, Bell, Preston, Hubbard and Jolliffe also spoke, all testifying to the excellence of the work done in the institution. The only deficiency seems to be the need of an elevator. Sir Frank Smith donated \$100 for that end, and Mr. H. H. Cook followed with a donation of \$50. The afternoon was most pleasantly spent by all

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

C. M. B. A.

The new officers of Montreal Branch 142 C.M.B.A. were installed at a meeting held on the 14th in the hall of St. Jean Baptiste Church.

BRANCH 1, MONTREAL.

At a very large meeting of Branch No. 1, Montreal, the following brothers were installed as office bearers for 1897, by Grand Deputy James Meek, assisted by Chancellor W. J. Kerr and Bro Auditor J. Bourke, with the usual imposing ceremonies:

President, John Lappin; 1st vice-president, James Tierney; 2nd vice-president, James Kenahan; recording secretary, F. O. Lawlor; assist recording secretary, J. A. Connolly; financial secretary, W. J. Soullier; treasurer, J. T. White; marshal, R. Lukeman; guard, G. McKenna; board of trustees, J. Jensen, J. P. McNamee; medical examiner, Dr. E. J. Kennedy.

The following committees were appointed: Visiting—the three Presidents; Audit—J. Rourke, W. J. Innes, P. F. McCaffrey; Business—Sup Deputy Nugent, Grand Deputy Meek, Chancellor Jensen.

Delegates to Advisory Council—J. Lappin, James Meek, W. J. Innes.

Representative to Grand Council—Chancellor J. L. Jensen; Alternate, Chancellor W. J. Kerr.

C. O. F.

At Sarsfield Court, No. 188 (Montreal) Catholic Order of Foresters, the following officers have been installed by Bro. John Davis, D. H. O. R.; Bro. J. Kilfeather, V. O. R.; Bro. W. Wilson, treasurer; Bro. W. J. Murphy, recording secretary; Bro. J. J. Pigott, financial secretary, 101 St. Antoine street; Bro. J. A. McDonald, med. ex.; Bro. M. Foley and M. McCarthy, conductors; Bro. P. Moran and J. P. McCarthy, sentinels; Bro. J. Benoit, J. Scullion and M. Fennell, trustees.

COURT LAURENTIDE No. 651.

The following officers were installed for the ensuing term in Court Laurentide, No. 651 Canadian Order of Foresters Montreal, by Bro. Marcus, D.D. H.C.R. assisted by Bro. Cooper, of Court Frederick, P.C.R., Bro. R. L. Richards, C.R., Bro. J. P. Driscoll, V.C.R., Bro. Peter Smith; Chaplain T. Wheaton; F.S., Bro. J. S. Gibb; R.S., Bro. Allan L. Smith; Treasurer, Bro. H. A. Field; S.V., Bro. Jas. McGregor; J.W., Bro. H. Norton; S.B., Bro. J. S. Norris; J.B., Bro. T. P. Feeley.

MOUNT ROYAL COURT 124.

At the last meeting of Mount Royal Court No. 124, Montreal, the following officers were installed—J. E. Mailloche, OR; G. Mallette, VOR; Wm H. Winslow, BS; Joseph Beauchamp, FS; F. J. Lenoir, T; S. McDuff, ME; A. Fortin, O. Fie; N. Blais, Trustee; A. Taillefer, J. Blais, conductors; A. Duquette, J. Santerre, Sentinels.

ST. LAWRENCE COURT 263.

At the annual meeting of St. Lawrence Court 263, COF, Montreal, held in their hall, 662 1/2 Craig street, the installation of officers took place as follows:

M. M. J. Flanagan, chief ranger; P. Howard, vice-chief ranger; T. W. Milgare, recording secretary; A. Pilon, financial secretary; J. O'Shaughnessy, treasurer; M. Soanla, W. P. Meagher and P. Quillen, Trustees; Dr. Charles O'Connor, medical examiner; J. Rice, senior conductor; M. Burke, junior conductor; J. Cooney, inside sentinel; J. McCarthy, outside sentinel; J. Scanlan, past chief ranger; M. Larocque, marshal; J. F. Quinn, and M. Duggan, sick visiting committee.

SACRED HEART COURT No. 201, TORONTO.

At the last regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court No. 201, Toronto, a large attendance were present, two gentlemen had their names added to the roll of Catholic Foresters in the above mentioned court. The principal object of this large attendance was installation of officers for the year 1897. The Deputy High Chief Ranger Bro. Joseph Caderet being present installed the newly elected officers. The following manager—Bro. James Malloy, Chief Ranger; Bro. John O. Brady, Vice-Chief Ranger; Bro. A. M. Kerr, Recording Secretary; Bro. Wm. D. L. J. Vogel, Financial Secretary; Bro. L. V. Duseau, Treasurer; Bro. Trudelle Hayes and Ryan, Trustees; Bro. Lorrain and Boardman, Conductors; Bro. Boisseau and McGrogan, Marshalls; Bro. L. V. Bachard, Delegates; Bro. Joseph Saural, Alternates; Rev. Father Lamare, Chaplain.

After installation was performed and the different officers conducted to their stations the G. R. and Vice G. R. Treasurer, Financial Secretary and Recording Secretary, with several other

officers addressed the meeting continuing themselves to the aims and objects of the order dealing at some length upon the necessity of members attending the meeting regular and in conclusion they said that they hoped that the good attendance that filled the hall during the past year would continue during the year 1897. After the regular order of business was gone through with a nice social time was spent in singing. Provincial Chief Ranger W. T. J. Lecassier at the piano, cigars being passed around by the newly elected officers. After the meeting came to a close in the regular form with prayer to meet Thursday Jan. 21st 1897.

A. M. C. KERR, Secretary.

E. B. A.

SARSFIELD BRANCH, NO. 188, HAMILTON. At the last regular meeting the officers were installed for 1897, and the following Executive Committee elected: J. Keating, A. Tencott, N. J. Curran, W. J. Sullivan and P. Dowd, Auditors, J. F. Gallagher, N. J. Curran and A. Tencott. Upon motion the members deferred to the 25th inst. the business of the branch by having a banquet on the evening of March 14th, the date on which the branch was organized.

ST. LAURENCE BRANCH, NO. 8, TORONTO.

This branch had an enthusiastic meeting for their installation of officers, and elected a very efficient Executive Committee, they also elected A. McDonald by an unanimous vote to represent them at the Convention of 1897. ST. CECILIA'S BRANCH, NO. 20, V. T. 1. Their last regular meeting was well attended and the officers for 1897 duly installed, the committees elected and the President, J. Fahy, chosen to represent them at the coming Convention. Several questions were fully debated and it was unanimously decided to receive Holy Communion in a body at St. Cecilia's church on Sunday, February 7.

VOIX OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas it having pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from this life the beloved wife of our esteemed brother, Thos. Cheeseman. Be it therefore resolved, that we the members of Sarsfield Branch, No. 1, extend our sincere sympathy to Bro. Cheeseman in the loss he and his children have sustained in the death of a loving wife and kind and affectionate mother, and pray that Almighty God will comfort them in this their bereavement. Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Brother Cheeseman, inserted on the minutes and a copy sent to the G.S.T. for insertion in the official organ.

W. LANE, S. T.

I. C. B. U.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH, HAMILTON.

At the meeting of St. Patrick's Branch of the I. C. B. U. Hamilton on January 12, the officers for the year 1897 were installed, the installing ceremonies being conducted by Bro. Beck. The following are the new officers of the branch: Rev. Father Hinchey, chaplain. John Rankin, president. S. Cheeseman past president. James Cumming, first vice-president. James Willmot, second, vice-president.

R. S. Slattery, recording secretary. J. P. Smith, Financial Secretary. Thomas Meehan, assistant financial secretary.

John W. Smith, treasurer. John Maloney, master of ceremonies. John McRae, Tyler. M. Harper, marshal.

S. Cheeseman, assistant marshal. C. F. Baikle, J. W. Smith, sick committee.

E. E. Back, J. D. Cherrier, auditors. After the installation the members sat down to an inviting table prepared by Bro. Knappman, the caterer, and after they had discussed the many good things provided, the following toast list was proceeded with, Bro. Rankin in the chair and Bro. J. J. Smith in the vice-chair: The Queen and God Save the Queen. The Grand Branch of Canada—Bro. J. J. Smith, P. Song, Bro. Slattery, St. Patrick's Branch—Bro. Rankin and the new officers. Songs, Bro. McRae and Connell. The Catholic Council—Bro. Cheeseman and Smith. Songs, Bro. Rankin and Connell. Our Host—Bro. Knappman.

League of the Cross.

League of the Cross, St. Paul's Branch, held their regular meeting Sunday last, the Rev. Father Canning in the chair. There was a very good attendance. The amusement committee reported that they had secured Mr. L. V. McBrady to lecture on Sunday, Jan 31st. They also have a good programme prepared. The following contributed to the programme: Messrs Baxter, Delorme, Harris and Wilkins. The meeting adjourned to meet Monday, Jan. 24th.

The League meets first and third Sundays also second and fourth Mondays of each month.

MAGAZINE.

The January St. Nicholas.

The new year begins for the children with the appearance of the January St. Nicholas. The number comes just at the holiday season, and so it contains much of the Christmas spirit. It opens with a story of the Western frontier life, "Danny and 'The Major,'" by Gertrude P. Greble. This is a tale of the adventures of a brave little seven-year-old boy, son of an army captain, who rides through a band of hostile Indians all alone. "Hop Wing and the Missing Treasure," by Frank M. Bicknell, is one of the tales from his "City of Stories," the present one drawing its inspiration from the Flower Kingdom. Tudor Jenks explains the phenomena of the mirage in a brief paper called "Mirrors of Air."

LATEST MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes White wheat, do red, do good, etc.

Oratorio in the Cathedral.

St. Michael's Cathedral contained another large audience on Thursday evening when the Toronto Philharmonic society rendered Handel's glorious oratorio "The Messiah." The lofty Cathedral is the most appropriate place in the city for the production of masterpieces of sacred music. This was amply proved on Thursday evening not only in the success achieved from the musical point of view, but also in the reverent demeanor of the audience more than half of which was composed of non-Catholics. The chorus singing throughout was most impressive. Technically speaking the Philharmonic chorus is an almost perfect harmony. But "The Messiah" requires more than technical perfection. The inspiration of the composition needs to be revealed; and it is high praise for Mr. Anger and his society to say that both the technical and spiritual beauties of Handel's sublime music were disclosed on this occasion. "To us a child is born," and the "Hallelujah chorus" were the gems of the performance. Father Ryan, speaking from the organ, thanked the audience for their attendance, briefly remarking that it must be delightful to all lovers of sacred music to hear it so well interpreted in a large Cathedral. The solos were very well rendered. Mrs. Parker soprano; Mrs. Mima Lund Return contralto; Mr. F. H. Hurt bass and Mr. Reubin Taylor tenor were all equal to the difficult and long sustained work placed upon the soloists. It is to be hoped that these performances will be continued as there is no question that they will be appreciated. All the members of the Philharmonic society give their services free. The proceeds go to the poor.

Entertained by Their Pastor.

The collectors and ushers of St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, were entertained to a dinner by their pastor, Vicar-General McCann, at the presbytery on Wednesday evening. Some twenty gentlemen were seated at the tables, and it is needless to say did justice to the many excellent things provided for them, after which the spent several pleasant hours in singing and speech-making. The health of the collectors and ushers was proposed by the Vicar-General and responded to by Mr. P. J. Herbert and M. J. Duffy in a very happy manner. The health of the pastor and his assistants was proposed by Mr. R. J. Byron, who took occasion to speak of the great bond of friendship that existed between their reverend pastor and his people. Father McCann, on rising to reply, was greeted with much applause. He was in his happiest mood, and after reviewing the work done and that which required doing, he expressed his great pleasure at having the confidence of his people. It was a pleasure to him to know that he, with his assistants, had the good-will of the people. He could only thank them for their kind expression and hoped that it would continue in the future. Father William McCann also thanked those present for their kind appreciation of the assistant priests. Then followed the health of Archbishop Walsh and the clergy by Dr. McCann, which brought forth an able response from Rev. Father McEntee, of St. Joseph's.

Those who favored with songs were Dr. McDonough, M. O'Connell, James Carolan and P. P. Canning.

During the evening it was pointed out by one of the speakers that during the past two years in which Father McCann had been among them he had succeeded in reducing the church debt by \$9,000. In addition to this, and by his energy, a new organ had been placed in the church and a vestry built, both of which were very necessary, and for which he received the gratitude of the people.

The Crusade Against Quebec.

The statements of Mr. J. J. MacLaren, a Liberal lawyer, at the Methodist Convention in the Massey Hall on Tuesday evening will read with interest in Quebec. "What ought we to do?" he asked. "Money, too, was required to carry on the labor of our young our fellow countrymen in the Province of Quebec that half civilized people speaking another language. We quote The Globe report. What is Canadian Liberalism coming to?"

"Mr. Badger, are you prepared for Winter?"

"Yes; I've bought a music box that plays 'Home, Sweet Home' when the clock strikes ten."

A THOUGHT. THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap cathartics and on the next morning he fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Safe Care advertisement with logo and text: 'is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.'

There is Nothing Else That Can Take Its Place.

The Late Cardinal Sanfelice.

Cardinal Sanfelice di Acquavella, Archbishop of Naples, whose death is reported was born at Aversa on April 18th, 1834, and was created Cardinal on March 24th, 1884. Cardinal Sanfelice di Acquavella received Benediction by telegraph from the Pope before his death. The deceased Prelate, Guglielmo Sanfelice, belonged to the ducal family of Acquavella, born at Aversa on April 18th, 1843. His early years were passed at the Collegio at Maddaloni, his education being concluded at the Monastery of the Holy Trinity at Capua. He was a member of the Benedictine Order. He was appointed Archbishop of Naples in 1884, and since then had become very much loved by the Neapolitans, by whom his death is greatly deplored.

A Far Away Subscriber.

We were recently favored with a visit from an old subscriber of 'The Register,' namely, Mr. John Caine of Tintah, Minnesota U.S.A. Mr. Caine who is the superintendent of a Dakota railway reports business being very brisk in the North West. Minnesota has been visited recently by a few blizzards which, however, did no material damage to life or property. Our visitor returns to the west in a few days.

How hard it is to tell if Fortino's face will smile on worth, or grook it with a frown!

The idle boy slides lightly o'er the place Where grown-up cautiousness slips and tumbles down.

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