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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 51.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

According to the despatches of the 16th special interest is attached by European powers to the next Papal Consistory, which is to be held next month, and which will form the crowning event of his Holiness' jubilee. The following are to be honored with the scarlet hat: the Bavarian Jesuit, Father Stoinhuber; Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun; Mgr. Comby, Archbishop of Carthago; Mgr. Fausti, an Italian; Mgr. Doppelbauer, Bishop of Linz, an Austrian. When these promotions are made the number of Cardinals will stand. Foreigners 34; Italians, 36.

Few subjects are so taking for people fond of speculation as who will be next Pope; and few subjects have so little foundation to work upon. A priest who, at the time of Pius the Ninth's death, was in the Pope's household said that the subordinates in the Vatican had no idea that Cardinal Pecci was the likely man; but that the Cardinals themselves never hesitated in the question. The curious are again guessing. A pamphlet shortly to be issued is expected to state that the probable candidates are Cardinal Damsel, Archbishop of Catania; Cardinal Capocelatro, Archbishop of Capua; and Cardinal Serafini Vannutelli, who resides at Rome. Cardinals di Pietro and Galimberti are also much spoken of. In the meantime may the Invisible Head of the Church preserve to us for years the venerable and illustrious Pontiff now gloriously reigning.

The Italians who, little more than twenty years ago, were weary of the Pope's mild rule, now show signs that they want another change. A reduction by some millions of francs in the Civil List, is to be proposed in the Council of Deputies. Institutions of public interest, such as schools, hospitals, etc., which heretofore have borne the title of Royal are to be known henceforth as National.

How Liberals act in matters religious has received further exemplification. According to the present law the schoolmasters in Rome, whether Catholic or not, whether Jew or Gentile, have to teach their pupils catechism. It proved so odious to the parents, and so burthensome to the masters themselves, that a change was asked for. What sort of Catholicity could be expected from the teachers many of whom were Jews? A motion, therefore, was made in the City Council to entrust the religious instruction of the children of the public schools to the parish priests of the city. Useless. Liberalism threw off the mask, rejected the motion, and left the fate of the Libera y of P...

ration in the hands of those who hate our holy religion.

At last an Italian Government has been formed, and Signor Crispi returns to power in spite of all the protests against his nomination. His associations with the Bank scandals are not forgotten, and he enters upon his office with a shattered reputation, amidst protests from all sides, except from Germany, whose favorite he is.

"The Poles," says the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, "in the Western Province of Russia are being subjected to serious persecution by the Russian Government owing to its alarm at the Polish policy of Germany and Austria. Numerous arrests and administrative banishments of people absolutely innocent of crimes and misdemeanors in the Polish provinces are taking place, while priests have been suspended from their functions and imprisoned, and numbers of ordinary citizens interred in the citadel of Warsaw."

Professor Mivart has an excellent article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* entitled, "The Index and My Articles on Hell." A book may be put upon the Index because it is false and vile, because it is inopportune; or because it is indiscreet. Under which category this article was placed matters not, nor does Professor Mivart discuss it. He accepts it loyally. "No retraction has been demanded of me, and, as Father Clarke, S.J., says, no assertions of mine have been censured. Nevertheless, I have submitted, and do and will submit *ex animo*, to the decree." Nor does he stop here. "Leo XIII., now happily reigning," he says, "in a quite peculiar manner merits from all Catholics—above all from Catholics who work for Science, and who value Liberty—a quite special devotion. Such men may well feel that there is imposed upon them, as a sort of duty, a special readiness dutifully to respond when he sees proper to exercise an act of authority. This I feel strongly; and thence there arises, in spite of flesh and blood, almost a gladness to go out and meet his correction, and accept it with alacrity and filial submission. It is thus I meet and accept it, with an earnest prayer that the Church may continue under his fatherly and benign sway *ad multos annos*."

A strong petition has been placed before the House of Representatives at Washington by Mr. Youmans, who had been a member of Congress for a district in the State of Michigan, but who was defeated in the last election by a Mr. Linton. The petitioner, who is a Catholic, was defeated by the A.P.A. He alleges that this Association represented throughout the Saginaw district that in every Catholic

Church were arsenals where arms were stored, and that the several Catholic societies were armed bodies of men, drilled for the purpose, by concerted action, of murdering and killing their non-Catholic fellow-citizens.

He goes on: "Your petitioner further represents that by reason of the representations and statements so made by the said William S. Linton, the committee have in charge his campaign, their said emissaries and agents, and the representation of the said A.P.A., that a reign of terrorism exists in said county of Saginaw, and the other counties comprised within said eighth congressional district of Michigan, that a large portion of the community actually believe that arms are now stored in the Catholic churches, and that the Catholic societies are armed bodies of men, and that the aim, object and purpose of the Catholic church is to overthrow the republic of America and establish a nation with the Pope of Rome at its head. And so firmly is this believed by many apparently intelligent citizens that your petitioner is informed and believes that large purchases of fire-arms have been made by committees of said American Protective Association."

The Marquis of Bute, in making his inaugural as Rector of St. Andrew's University, to which he was elected last year, reviewed the early ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Lord Bute compared the mildness of the Reformation in Scotland with its action in England. "Whereas a tempest of blood and fire raged through England for three hundred years in fits of intermittent violence, rising into a tornado in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his children, the largest number in Scotland of persons put to death in connexion with the Reformation was stated to be nineteen on one side and five or six on the other—twenty five in all."

Hon. McKenzie Bowell passed through Winnipeg Sunday night, on his way home from Australia. The Minister denied that his visit to Honolulu had any political significance, as some of the American papers had stated. He had a very enthusiastic reception in Australia. The Premier and their Cabinets expressed great interest in his mission, which was to promote trade between their country and ours. He said: "Premier McIlwraith of Queensland has promised to visit Canada to learn for himself some of the advantages I showed him would ensue. The Pacific cable scheme was heartily endorsed. I was unable to visit Tasmania and New Zealand. I saw, however, the Governor of New Zealand, who stated his approval of the scheme. All the Colonies promised to send representatives to Canada for a grand conference to be held sometime next year."

By the cable reports the arrivals of apples from Canada in the London and Liverpool markets are totally insufficient to meet the Christmas demand. Much of those that arrived last week were from Canada; and, as a result, there was a keen competition, prices advancing three or four shillings per barrel.

Eugene Kelly, the noted banker and millionaire of New York, is to retire from business in the Spring. He is now eighty years of age, and has accumulated a fortune of ten millions. Born in Ireland of poor parents, he landed in America at the age of twenty with but three dollars in his pocket. Mr. Kelly has always been most generous with his wealth; his contributions to religion and charity have merited the recognition of the Supreme Pontiff himself; and he has always, with great liberality, given to the cause of Home Rule.

Last Sunday the Chicago Catholics had the great pleasure of having their Cathedral re-opened. It has been for months in the hands of the decorators, and is now, from the description the talented Miss Starr gives, considered one of the most beautiful churches on the continent, and worthy of such a large and progressive city as Chicago.

The Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, "has not been transformed, but transfigured," says Eliza Allen Starr in her beautiful sketch in the *New World*. There was no attempt at decoration when it was first built, nor even when certain restorations were made of necessity. The years succeeding the fire in 1871 did not admit of any elaborate decorations, but had been built on a design of Gothic proportions worthy to receive any adornment more prosperous years might give. In 1892 the exterior was put in perfect repair, stone taking the place of zinc on the lateral spans and finials. Then the decorating of the interior commenced, which occupied fully twenty months. On the ceiling above the centre, where the transepts and nave join, there is a painting of the Transfiguration of Our Lord on Mount Thabor, and raying out from this four medallions give the bust of the Four Evangelists in color. The vaulting at the junction of the transepts and nave, has been taken advantage of still again, by placing statues of the four Latin Doctors—Saint Gregory, Saint Ambrose, Saint Augustine and Saint Jerome—in niches, rich in scroll work and gilding, which rest upon the capitals of the four clustered marble columns which support this vault. Saint Gregory wears his tiara as Pope, Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustine in their mitres as Bishops, and Saint Jerome represented as the thoughtful and studious expounder of the Holy Scriptures. A series of pictures, setting forth the life of Our Lord and His Sacred Ministry, are by Mr. William Lampracht, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Sanctuary railing is of veined Carrara marble, beautifully carved, the pillars being of Indian onyx

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

Sir Charles Russell's Speech.

Sir Charles Russell, speaking at the opening of the Liberal Club which was lately opened, said

His first duty was to acknowledge the restoration of confidence in the Government of which he had the honor of being a member. They placed in the foreground, and rightly so, then recognition of the responsible duty that lies upon the present Government to give effect to their proclaimed policy of Home Rule for Ireland. The resolution then proceeded to recognize the patriotism and the wisdom of their great leader in propounding that policy, and to the enthusiasm that had been passed upon Mr. Gladstone by the previous speakers, especially to the eulogium so eloquently expressed by Alderman Gibson, he had nothing to add. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone presented a marvel to the world—a man of some eighty-four years of age, but thanks to Providence, in ample possession of his physical energy and his remarkable intellectual activity. Yet he possessed qualities even more remarkable than these—none more so, perhaps, than his determination and that resolution which were as strong in him at the present moment as in the youngest and most ardent member of his party. Their resolution proceeded to speak of the cohesion of the Liberal party. That cohesion was a fact, much to the disappointment of their political opponents. The Liberals had been told they would never get the length of forming a Government, that they should never get the length of introducing the Home Rule Bill; they were told they would never carry the Home Rule Bill, and still more recently were told that when the Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords they would become so demoralized and discredited that, perforce, they would have to retire from office. All these predictions had been falsified by facts, and he believed it to be true that not merely were the Liberal party in the House of Commons more coherent than in any former time he could remember, but that the country, now largely recovered from the shock of 1885 and 1886, was consolidating its strength, and behind the party was a volume of public opinion daily increasing in strength and intensity. They recognized with approval the determination of the Government to carry out some important part of the legislation to which they were pledged. Whether they sat long or short they would carry through that legislation—and while he or one disliked intensely the application of the closure, yet its use was justifiable, nay, was necessary, if a greater evil were to be avoided. After all, the time of the House of Commons, as their leader had well phrased it, was the treasure of the people; and if any clique of men, whatever their motives or designs, set themselves deliberately to squander that treasure, it behoved the Government of the day, as its guardian, to see that these attempts were frustrated.

The resolution made reference also to the fortunate termination of the miners' lock out, through the inter-mediation of the Government and Lord Rosebery. It was a matter of gratification that the well timed inter-vention of the Government had ended this sad dispute, which had been the cause of grievous disruption to trade, and had brought the pinching curse of want to many humble and industrious homes. But all the credit the Government took in this matter was that they had at their disposal, in one of their most distinguished members, a man whose name was a tower of strength, and who was the fittest instrument that could have been selected for the purpose. Perhaps, however, they deserved the further

credit that they watched, as he knew they had done, anxiously and intently the progress of the conflict, and chose a moment when the heat of the contest had somewhat abated, when the men's judgments were cooler, and when the blood was not coursing through their veins with the same heat, an opportune moment—not prematurely—to intervene in the quarrel.

The Government had now been seventeen months in office, and what had they done? They were bound by every principle of policy, by every pledge of honor, to endeavor to deal with, on satisfactory lines, the Irish problem. It was no new problem. The Irish Question had for well-nigh a century been the difficulty which had confronted every Government that had been called to assume power. It had been a source of divided counsel in this land, a source of weakened influence to England abroad, and a source of controversy to those who were willing to notice any difficulty or obstacle in the way of the progressive legislation which the needs of our own land required. Let them not forget how the whole aspect of the question was altered in 1886; how up to then Ireland did not even possess the imperfect franchise that Scotland, Wales and England possessed. But when, in 1886, the franchise in the whole of the United Kingdom having been enlarged and became, broadly speaking, a popular franchise, and when, under that popular franchise, for the first time Ireland spoke, and spoke constitutionally at the polls, and returned eighty-six per cent. of its entire representation demanding, within constitutional lines, the concession to Ireland of its natural right of self government in regard to its own peculiar affairs, no Liberal statesman could turn his back upon that land. Mr Gladstone was bound to take that matter in hand, and to propound, as a matter of policy, a safe and statesmanlike measure. In corroboration of Mr. Willans, he believed the Home Rule Bill had the distinct advantage and characteristic that it was a step to that Imperial Federation in support of which there was a growing intelligent opinion in the country. Public opinion was ripe, and demanded a local Legislature to deal with local affairs, leaving the affairs of the Empire to be dealt with by the Imperial Parliament. A point he wished to make, farther, was this, that while their opponents attacked and condemned their policy, they propounded no policy in its place. He wanted to ask, Was there any reason to expect that with the growth of political knowledge, and with the greater power the Irish people now possessed, the difficulty had been brushed off the stage merely by the rejection of the Home Rule Bill? Therefore, it was a question that would and must confront them—that would be a hindrance to other useful legislation so long as it was not dealt with on sound, comprehensive principles, and got out of the way. The Home Rule scheme held the field. It had no rival, and the principle of the Bill lived as actively to-day in the minds of thoughtful and intelligent men as the day before. The House of Lords made their great effort, by an enormous majority, to kill it.

In the House of Commons they spent a great part of the session on that work, and they were now devoting themselves to work directly in the interests of England, Scotland and Wales. They had two important Bills before them, one of which passed last Thursday evening its third reading—he meant the Employers' Liability Bill. The first principle of the Bill was the abolition of the doctrine of common employment, which debarred a man from getting compensation for his injuries, because the injuries were caused by the negligence of another employe; the second principle was the prohibition against contracting out of the benefits conferred by the Act;

and the third principle aimed at was that which prevented an injured employe getting redress by the substitution of a sham sub-contractor. The clause dealing with contracting out was attacked principally in the interests of one or two great railways and firms, who provided, by the joint contributions of masters and men, for insurance against all kinds of accidents. The Bill would not operate against such insurance at all. What were the reasons why this insurance had been instituted by the railway companies? Like all human actions, they were dictated by mixed motives of interest—a desire to safeguard their employees in time of trouble and difficulty, and also by the desire to establish good relations with their men, to attract those men to them and to keep them out of the pernicious air of agitators and agitations. Would not those motives be as strong to-day as the day before?

The next Bill of importance brought in was the Parish Councils Bill, the principle of which, broadly, was the introduction of Home Rule in rural life in parishes and districts. There would be given to the bodies that were to be elected very important powers, the importance of which varied in particular parts. To some, for instance, the question of allotments did not assume the important form it did in other parts of the country, where it was a life and death question with the laborers. He, for one, should be glad to see, if it could be efficiently, safely and practically done—if there could be committed to those representative bodies not only the power to acquire land, but the power to build cottages where they were badly needed. If the provisions as to allotments were worked efficiently it would do some thing, at least, to stay the tide of immigration—always to be regretted—into the great manufacturing centres; which left, on the one hand, whole districts imperfectly populated, and, on the other, those who ought to be working on the land coming into labor markets already over-congested. That had a tendency to prevent the living wage, which it ought to be the object of all employers to see their laborers attain. Those were two measures which he hoped would pass before the session terminated. The Government meant to carry out their Newcastle programme. Their tenure of office depended upon no tenure of the Lords. They were not going to the country by the mandate of a non-representative House; their tenure of office depended on the goodwill of the majority of the House of Commons; and he saw no reason to believe that there was any element of disintegration in the Liberal party in the House of Commons which would prevent that party making a great impression upon the work propounded in the Newcastle programme.

Then there was a further scheme of reform in the Registration Bill. We must have a simplified system of registration; we must have a shorter period of residence; all outside fantastic kind of voting must be done away with, and there must be the affirmation of the principle that the vote of every man in the community—whether he were a millionaire or whether he were a poor man—was, as regarded Imperial interest, of equal value in the service of the country. In this division there were between 14,000 and 15,000 on the electoral register, and he thought there were about four thousand voters upon the freehold franchise, those same men having votes in some other places. That duplication ought to be put an end to. Then there was the payment of election expenses out of the rates and the payment of members. The Liberal party contended for that principle, on the ground that the existing system laid restrictions upon the choice of constituencies in the man they elected to

represent them. A man had no claim, however high his personal character, however distinguished his position, unless he represented the instincts, and wants, and aspirations of the country he proposed to represent.

He came, in the next place, to a very important matter closely touching the administration of the law, especially amongst the poor—he meant the formation of the benches of magistrates. According to the existing system, which he believed to be a bad and pernicious system, the appointment of magistrates rested with the Lord Chancellor. A series of years brought about the practice, which had been acted upon for a long time, of appointing them on the nomination of the Lord Lieutenant. That did not mean that in the majority of cases the Lord Lieutenant knew much more about the merits of the people than the Lord Chancellor did. But the Lord Chancellor or the Lord Lieutenant had a particular shade of political opinion, and he got advice from persons of the same shade of opinion; and the result was that nominees who were supposed to be nominees of the Lord Lieutenant, were really the nominees of a little clique or coterie, it might be on the Bench or partly off the Bench. That little clique or coterie had the making or unmaking of those who had to administer the law. There was also the objection that county magistrates must have a particular money qualification. That could not be a sound principle. What were the requirements of such a position? Character, to begin with, intelligence, and a collection of those attributes which would command confidence in the administration of justice among those with whom he had to act. The absence of land, or the absence of money, ought to be no bar or hindrance. There was considerable dissatisfaction with the tardiness of the Lord Chancellor in dealing with this matter; but he knew that his Lordship was applying himself honestly and earnestly, recollecting what it would not be right to forget, that the responsibility for those appointments rested upon him, and that he must justify it to his conscience to bear those principles in mind. He might not be going as fast as some thought, but he was making an honest attempt to give effect to the resolution of the House of Commons.

Continuing, Sir Charles said Mr. Asquith had been thoroughly successful in his administration of the Home Office. He had done hard work, which such communities as theirs must appreciate, in the matter of administering the Factory Act he had done much to reduce the growing evil of swearing, and he had taken a bold step in employing female inspectors for certain classes of factories. With reference to the use of the military, Mr. Asquith's position was this. When the magistrates applied for the use of the military, the Home Office pointed out to them the inadvisability of calling in such force until all local means were exhausted. The magistrates were obliged to apply for assistance not merely to particular districts, but to the adjoining counties. It was only after a statement was made, upon the responsibility of the magistrates, that local means were insufficient, that the employment of the soldiers was consented to by Mr. Asquith. If, in face of that demand, he had refused to assent, and a catastrophe had happened, his weak knees would have been the responsibility. He would only refer to another instance, that was Mr. Acland, who had introduced the Free Education Act, and that while he meant to be tender to the large class of Voluntary schools which had done so much for the education of the poor throughout the country, he was bound to see that free education was no longer a sham, but a reality. Concluding, Sir

Forty Hours began at Father Spalding's church, he being assisted by several of the neighboring priests.

The pastor here at St. Lawrence (which is the name of both our church and our postoffice) is Rev. Thos. J. Jenkins author of "Christian Schools" and other works, besides numerous magazine and newspaper articles of merit.—*X. Y., in Church Progress.*

#### The Helpful Husband.

All husbands want to be helpful to their wives. Their intentions are all right, but they do not know how to go about it in such a way that their services will prove of value rather than act as hindrances. It does not follow that a man is a namby-pamby sort of a fellow because he has the knack of doing many little things about the house in as finished and systematic a manner as a capable woman. It comes naturally to some to be helpful, while others try hard, but are continually in their own way, and manage to make more trouble by their clumsy efforts than the original duty would have occasioned.

The helpful man notes when the coal scuttle needs filling or the grass requires cutting. He can, on a pinch, cook the breakfast or sweep the parlor. He does not walk over and around an article that has been dropped upon the floor, but picks it up and puts it in its proper place. If a rug is disarranged he quickly fixes it and straightens pictures or bric-a-brac without being told to do so.

If curtains are to be hung, he gets the stepladder and does not contrive to break the best mirror in his passage from one room to the next with the aforesaid flight of steps. He knows where the tacks, pins and hammer are, and he does not call upon each individual member of the family to hand him the various articles that he drops on the floor.

If the baby cries at night, he does not make any uncomplimentary remarks and is able to fix its food without burning a hole in the bottom of the saucerpan or spilling the mixture over his wife or the howling infant.

And the last and crowning virtue that he possesses is that he can find his own possessions in a bureau-drawer without calling wife and children to assist him in a search for something that is directly under his nose. The helpful man is a jewel, but, as we remarked before, he is a most decided rarity.

#### A Brave Priest.

Some of the honor of the Dahomey campaign accrues to the brave priest, the Pere Dabordero, who, in his quality of army chaplain, faced the enemy's shot with an intrepidity equal to that of the bravest soldier. A French officer just returned from Dahomey relates that on one occasion when the French soldiers were firing on their knees, concealed by brushwood, the Pere Dabordero insisted on standing upright. This was that he might scan in every direction and see who were struck by the balls of the Dahomeyans.

When constantly urged by officers and soldiers to withdraw from spots of danger, he would never do so. When told that he would meet his death, his reply was, "We shall see." With the skirts of his soutane tightly tucked up around him, his was the task to bear away the wounded as they fell and to administer the last sacraments to the dying. An ovation awaited him at Abomey, where Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike received him with open arms.

#### A Simple Way to Help Poor Catholic Missions

Send all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country, and send them to Rev. P. M. Dunn, Hammonden, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonden Missions.

#### The Duty of Economy.

One of the chief causes of poverty in the United States is the wastefulness of our people. They have so long been accustomed to abundance that when scarcity comes they are not prepared to successfully combat it. There are no people on earth who wantonly destroy so much that is useful in sustaining life. It has frequently been said that half a dozen European families could be supported comfortably from the refuse of the table of an average American family, and the assertion is capable of proof. A warmed-over dinner is seldom seen upon the table of a well-to-do American. Whatever is left from a meal is usually dumped into the swill barrel. Fresh, wholesome meats go to feed the dogs and cats of the neighborhood; vegetables that have cooled, but are yet far from stale, go into the receptacle for hogs, and bread that has dried goes in the same direction. The hired help we have, pay little attention to economy in the management of household affairs; the mistress of the house is too busy with her social duties to devote much time to the details of housekeeping, and, as a consequence, the domestic animals are better fed than human beings.

It is different in Europe, and especially in France. The French women are model housekeepers. They allow nothing to go to waste. The scraps from the table are carefully utilized. The meats furnish the basis of a bouillon that is both appetizing and nourishing. The cereal products are warmed over into puddings, and the vegetables enter into cold salads of various sorts. Even when bones and gristle are all that remain of a repast, these are turned over to the manufacturers and ground into fertilizers, the housekeeper receiving a few sous in return, which, carefully hoarded, are frequently sufficient to purchase all the clothing she may require, or add to her stock of finery or jewels. To such habits of economy is attributable the fact that there are few paupers in France, outside of the lower strata of Paris. In the smaller cities and in the country districts almost every family has a board. No one thinks of living up to his income, but provision is always made for sickness or disaster. Probably the most striking illustration of the frugality of the common people was furnished after the close of the Franco-German war, when the enormous indemnity demanded by Germany was paid promptly without the necessity of asking any foreign power for a single franc. The common people came to the rescue of the government and subscribed for the loan cheerfully and immediately. Thus the bonds of government were kept at home, and the interest upon them went to swell the savings of the common people. Such an achievement would have been impossible in any other country in Europe. It would scarcely be possible in the United States.

Frugality in small things is the basis of the wealth of France. Wastefulness in such matters may yet entail much trouble in the United States. For we waste far more than we consume. Food that might maintain millions is wasted daily; clothing that would serve to keep the poor comfortable through the rigors of winter is cast into the rag bag; building material is destroyed ruthlessly in the haste to remove ruins or to construct new edifices; and material needlessly destroyed that might be profitably used for many useful purposes. Americans need to study economy; they must learn that it is a commendable practice, and that wastefulness is sinful and impolite. The extravagance of our people is the marvel of the world, and it is not a characteristic of which we have reason to be proud.—*St. Paul Globe.*

"I think you love me. Am I right?" She—"No, sir, you are left."

Charles Russell said the Government had a great work before it. He did not hesitate to say that no one could point to a Ministry at any time more thoroughly imbued with Liberal principles, more thoroughly anxious to give time and season to the carrying out of these principles, than the present Government. They depended not upon the will of the House of Lords, but for their practical existence upon the will of the majority of the House of Commons.

#### The Irish College, Rome.

The Irish College students have again this year carried off the highest honors in the Propaganda *Promozione*, which took place lately in the Sala Maxima. The Prefect of Propaganda, Cardinal Ledochowski, was assisted by the Rector and the vice Rector of the Urban College, as well as a number of distinguished Prelates, among whom were Archbishops Ciasca, Grasselli, and Kirby. The rectors of the various national colleges, professorial staff, and a number of foreign Bishops visiting Rome were also among the distinguished guests. A full choir and orchestra, under the direction of the Maestro Francesco Borghi, were located at one side of the Sala, and by their singing and the performance of very high class music, contributed not a little to the splendid success of the celebration. The compositions were all in honor of the Jubilee of the Holy Father, and the popular singer, Moreschi, was among the solo singers. Several students received the degree of Doctor, and a large number were announced as Licentiates and Bachelors in both Theology and Philosophy. The reading of the list of prize winners was listened to with eager attention by the visitors and students who filled the hall to over-crowding, and hearty applause greeted each name. Two medals were allotted to each class; in many cases, several students of equal merit were called to the same reward. We are pleased to record that the Irish students at Rome, not only in the National College, but also in the Propaganda and Urban colleges, are an honor to their nation and race. Irish names were far in the majority among English-speaking competitors, no fewer than twenty-four places being won by the Irish College students; and it was most remarkable that no Irish College student in the philosophy course failed to place his name at least once on the medal list, whereas in the theological classes two and sometimes three of the same college students were named consecutively. Last year's record, which shows sixteen prizes—excellent indeed for the small number of students—is beaten beyond expectation by this year's rewards. At the conclusion of the celebration, the beautiful new monument to Leo XIII., which has been erected in the grand corridor, was unveiled amidst enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

"REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY AND DYSPESIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well-known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

Conscience is a sleeping giant; we may lull him into a longer or shorter slumber, but his starts are frightful, and terrible is the hour of his awakening.

#### A Kentucky Acadia.

Here is a model Catholic community—not a "community" of religious, but of religious people. The population is Catholic to the core and with no taint of aught else in their moral or mental make up. Your readers, many of whom are sturdy pioneers of the West with a well preserved and rugged faith, will read with pleasure, I am sure, a few lines concerning this Catholic part of old Kentucky.

And first let me say that nearly every family for miles around is Catholic. This is not because of any intolerance on the part of Catholics towards their protestant fellow citizens but rather because of a divine influence which seems to melt bigotry and inspire a spirit of honest inquiry that leads the occasional Protestant settler into the Church. In nearly every instance of the not oft occurring mixed marriages the Protestant party has capitulated and thus that which is often a harm has here been a substantial good.

Family prayers and other devout practices of the Catholic home are invariably observed with unflinching regularity, and the visitor, trader or traveler who spends one or more nights in this Kentucky Acadia carries away with him an impression that is both lasting and salutary.

The settlement itself is the oldest Catholic one in Western Kentucky being anti-dated but a few years by those settlements near Bardstown. The earliest comers reached here during the first decade of this century, some coming from the upper counties of this state and others directly from Maryland. Of these and their descendants is this settlement almost exclusively composed. Large families are here of such well known Catholic names as Aull, Roby, Cecil, Higdon, Long, Mattingly, Montgomery, Henning, Garrico, Wathen, Drury, Payne, Coomes and Miles. It is a source of no little pride to these good people that many of their children have chosen the religious vocation and that only the rarest exception has brought discredit on his native place, his family name or his ancestral faith. Of the good citizens who have gone forth from here and made their influence felt in other localities none has won greater renown or is more generally known throughout the country than he from whom you have often quoted approvingly on the school question, viz: the Hon. Zack Montgomery, now of California, but who was reared here, and whose relatives are still numerous hereabouts.

The well-kept cemetery is the resting place of the two generations there being many stones marking graves of those who died here in the 40's. A large figure of the crucifixion with beautiful figures of St. John and the Blessed Virgin are conspicuous on a little "Mt. Calvary" in the center of the burying ground. This is encircled by a main avenue that leads from the neat brick church near by. On this walk on rosy Sunday I beheld a very edifying and impressive sight. It was a procession of the "Living Rosary" society. There were eleven "beads" each marshaled by its "head" and all preceded by the Rev. pastor accompanied by his servers. All recited, together, the Five Sorrowful Mysteries. A few days later another solemn service was held, viz: the requiem Mass for the deceased pastors, the first resident one of whom, Rev. John Wathen, is buried here. In this list is included Fathers Durban and Ooglan and nearly all those early priests who attended missions in this part of the state.

Only about two miles distant is the little town of Knottsville where is another church, the parish being recently organized at Knottsville is Father Spalding an alumnus of Louvain but who was born and reared here. On a Sunday recently the devotion of the



## MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

BY INDIA FOR THE REGISTER.

To return to the Art Palace.

FRANCE has among paintings in oil "The Dead Conversing in the Other World," by Rouot. It is most magnetic, a study to the lover of history, and fascinating as a work of art. In "The Last Days of Pompeii" Lytton epitomizes the history of three great eras of civilization in one sentence, when he tells us by the mouth of the Egyptian priest Arbaces that Egypt gave the arts and sciences to Greece, and Greece in turn to Rome. By sublime inspiration and conception, and a magic brush, the artist has given us the history of those three eras with the following fourth, bringing us down to the present time. On the extreme right of the canvas is a majestic personage in garb not to be mistaken, and with coiled serpent head dress which tells him to be a descendant of the Sun God Ra, one of the Pharaohs of Ancient Egypt. In an abandon of grief, with one hand covering his face, and with the other raised to put from him the multiplied evil tidings, he will hear no more from earth. His beloved Egypt! the cradle of letters, of the arts and the sciences, gave her best to the conquering and desecrating Persians and Greeks. All the vigor and magic of the picture centres in this personage.

The next figure on the canvas in tunic, sandals and laurel wreath, we recognize as a type of the classic Greeks. He turns towards the newly-arrived representative of the fourth era. True, Ancient Greece has fallen; but hers are living ruins, and her literature and language are the heaven of our schools. And their Roman conquerors openly complimented the Greeks in affecting their customs, and in ascribing to them the erudition that had originated with the Egyptians.

The third personage, seated, represents the staid majesty of ancient Rome, the mistress of the world; though humbled, never annihilated, but merged into all other nations. He turns to receive the new comer, the fourth and last, or first if you will, who brings fourth era and nineteenth century news. This picture, like the Bible when subjected to individual treatment, affords wonderful and varied interpretations, some of which might startle the artist. It is well worth a day's study and contemplation.

The "Portrait of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.," by Chartran, is magnificent. The gorgeous coloring of the pontifical robes brings out in strong relief the almost divine sweetness of that venerable and pallid face.

"The Interrupted Fishing," by Chigot, is pathetic. As the boat is being hurried homewards, one of the sorrowful fishermen supports in his arms a dead or dying comrad.

"Our Lady of the Angels" and "The Women at the Tomb," by Bon-generau, are fine.

"Breton Wheat Fields" and "Sun set over the Marshes of Tremblevif," by Damoye, would tell us that the artist knows where in the far-away all is sunshine and peaceful repose.

"The Virgin's House," by Dubufe, is a subject to which the light, neutral and easily harmonizing colors of the new school are fittingly adapted. The artist shows that fascinating home furnished in a cleanly simplicity and sunshine.

"A Fortunate One," by Courtois, and "Happy They who Die in the Lord," by Girardot, portray death robbed of terror; the sealed lips, if permitted, would tell us "Sin, not Death, is to be feared."

"Washington and his Mother," by Fournier, recalls the deep, filial affection evinced by that great and good man. By his side, her arm in his, walks the frail and feeble old mother. He bends towards her, and we feel

that we see Washington at his greatest. Back come those lines from "the Blind Mother":

"Learn on me, mother, plant thy staff before thee,  
For he who loves the most, is watching o'er thee."

A "Mater Dolorosa" by Valadon, his only painting there, suffices to establish his claims to fame.

"Fishers Setting Out, Concarneau" by Deyrolle, and "The Boats do not Return," by Thirion, recall that fine, honest old Scotch song, "Call'er Horrin'."

"Ye may ca' them vulgar fa'rin',  
Wife and mither maist despairin',  
As the mither's mither."

"The Fairies' Car," by Lemaire, is a dream of fantastic beauty.

"Marat, Friend of the People," by Saubes, is powerful. Its title gains our sympathy; but as we behold the face of a frenzied man, seated writing burning denunciations of oppression and tyranny, we see as well the extremist whose fiat shed torrents of innocent blood, which at length cried for vengeance at the white hands of Charlotte Corday.

"Sixteenth Century Chasseurs," by Luminais, in splendid dash and coloring, suggests reminiscences of Claude Duval.

"Carnot at Wattignies," by Moreau, is magnificent, and now possesses additional interest from the importance given that depicted event, when quite recently President Carnot celebrated its anniversary by unveiling on the spot a monument to his patriotic and valorous grandfather.

"Duval d'Espromonil Mobbed by the Populace, 1793," is vivid portrayal of the horrors of the French Revolution. Scherrer is the artist.

"A Daughter of the Rajahs," by Simibaldi, is a poem of girlish loveliness, dignity of rank, and splendor of apparel—a veritable Lalla Rookh, but for a slightly implied bautour. We do not like to associate anything of haughtiness with the sweetness of Moore's amiable heroine.

"The Death of William the Conqueror," by Maignan, is a sort of artistic licence with William's historical corpulence. The dead conqueror is represented with attenuated body left in any but a restful posture, and robbed of fine raiment and jewels. His attendants could not have made off with his avoirdupois. It is not easy to forgive the artist when we consider that the war which resulted in his speedy death was brought about by William's fatness and what the French king said about it, and what William thought of that king's impertinence. William was a martyr to the cause, and why not make the most of it?

"Photograph of a Mummy," by Michel, suggests lack of other subject. However, the artist did justice to what came his way, and doubtless the gentleman's friends think the photograph very good.

Rosa Bonheur sends "The King of the Forest and The Overthrow."

"A Bite After the Bath," by Delobbe, shows a young girl and a child beside a stream. The latter, true to child's nature, sees no time in bringing from a basket some delicious looking cherries, which are temptingly held up to the smiling face of the former, who is more dilatory with her toilet.

In "The Return Home," by Marais, a young girl, assisted by her faithful dog, guides homewards a herd of cows and sheep. Sweet home and rest are near.

"Christ Healing the Blind," by Leroy, is feelingly treated.

"Entrance of Old Chetma, Oasis near Biskra," by Bompra, compels our sympathies towards the traveller o'er the arid wastes and hot sands of the eastern deserts; but the artist has brought them to a haven of rest.

"Contemplation," by Gorquet, represents the Blessed Virgin watching beside her sleeping Babe.

"My Little Brother," by Guillon, well depicts the loving pride of the

little sister as she holds up her baby brother. She rests her cheek on his little head, and her eyes playfully say: "Pleaso look at the Darling!"

Among the engravings is "Portrait of Raphael's Mother," which we find exactly reproduced in her son as to feature and expression. There are the rounded forehead, the sweetness and meekness of expression common to both.

There is "The Children of Charles I." Our hearts ache for them when we think of the execution of their fond and dearly beloved father, but we do not lose sentiment here. We go farther and wish that Charles and James had died with the little heart-broken Elizabeth.

"The Portrait of Anne of Cleves," by Didier, holds one spell-bound. Here is the shadow that captivated the susceptible Henry VIII. We sigh over poor Henry's disenchantment when Anne's honest Dutch face proved less pretty than a picture. There is a decided gravity about face and form that of course accounts for the fact that she never lost her head.

In sculpture applied to architecture Franco affords the perfection of Christian art. In casts of cathedral, cloister and tomb, sculptures are reproduced ranging from the eleventh to the nineteenth century. In French sculpture and painting, in any country's sculpture and painting, where Christianity does not guide inspiration the work of the artist degenerates into mere triumphs of heathendom. The Catholic Church beholds the sad spectacle of Christianized nations trying to educate themselves back to the ideals of pagan art—the pagan of the pagan—which were abominated by the old masters of the Christian School.

## C. M. B. A.

Branch No. 111, is contemplating giving a concert for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Helen's Parish.

## BRANCH No 49

Branch 49, C. M. B. A., has elected the following officers for 1894:

Spiritual Adviser, Rr. Rev. Monsignor Rooney; Chancellor, Wm. Moran; President, B. J. Cronin; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Barry; 2nd Vice President, John Walsh; Rec. Secretary, W. M. Vale, 17 Carr street; Treasurer, M. Clancy; Ass. Secretary, N. Kilroy; Fin. Secretary, Percy Kirwan; Marshal, T. E. Kelly; Guard, M. Nick; Trustees, M. Clancy, Wm. Moran, John Walsh, Geo. Clarke, W. J. Smith; Representative to Grand Council, M. Clancy; Alternate, Wm. Moran.

## BRANCH No 31.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 31, C. M. B. A., Guelph, held in their hall Dec. 11, the following named officers were duly elected for the ensuing year:

Geo. Urquhart, President; Frank X. Frank, 1st Vice-Prest.; Theodora Heeg, 2nd Vice-Prest.; James Kennedy, Recording Secretary; John Hillion, Assistant-Secretary; C. C. Collins, Financial Secretary; M. J. Duignan, Treasurer; Felix O'Donnell, Marshal; Hugh Johnston, Guard; M. J. Doran, Frank X. Frank, Michael Parcell, Trustees for two years; M. J. Doran, Representative to Grand Council; S. A. H. Her nan, Alternate.

## BRANCH No. 15

The following are the names of the officers elected by St. Patrick's Branch No. 15, C. M. B. A., for the year 1894. Chancellor, P. J. Costello; President, C. A. Gormaly; First Vice President, F. Ebach; Second Vice-President, Jas. Callaghan; Recording Secretary, Chas. M. Ryan; Treasurer, Jas. Ahearn; Assistant Recording Secretary, T. J. O'Leary; Financial Secretary, A. S. Gormaly; Marshal, T. O'Grady; Guard, R. Alyward; Trustees, P. J. Rooney, Jas. Callaghan, and T. O'Grady; Representative to Grand Council, P. J. Costello; Alternate, P. J. Rooney. The membership of Branch 15 has steadily increased during the year about to close, and the prospects for the ensuing year are much brighter than they were a year ago. The meetings of the Branch are held in Bacon Hall, corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets on the second and fourth Monday of each month.

## Benzler's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts. in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

## Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Cures others, will cure you

## COSGRAVE & CO.

MALTSTERS,  
Brewers and Bottlers  
TORONTO.

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

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian Brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

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

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St  
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Repairing and Re-painting a specialty.  
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## HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

## ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Boach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

## P. MUNGOVEN.

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

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A new Catholic Church is soon to be begun at Natchez, Miss.

The whole population of the Sandwich Islands is 95,000, and 24,000 of these are Catholics.

The Rt. Rev. Abbot Fitzpatrick, of the Trappist Abbey, Mt. Molleray, Ireland, aged 89, is dead. It was he who founded the Trappist Abbey, near Dubuque, Ia.

According to the newspaper reports, the Rev. Father Tierney, Parish Priest of New Britain, Conn., has been selected as the next Bishop of Hartford, and successor to the late Bishop McMahon.

On Sunday, Dec. 10th, his Grace Archbishop Taché consecrated a newly built Catholic church at Manitow, Man. An eloquent sermon suitable to the occasion was delivered by Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., of St. Boniface College. Rev. M. Turcotte, P.P., is to be congratulated on his success, as the erection of this church is due to his energy.

A Fancy Fair opened in the Drill Hall, Hamilton, Saturday evening, in aid of the St. Mary's Orphan Home. The Fair is managed entirely by the ladies of the different parishes of Hamilton, and promises to be a great success. In the centre of the hall are two large booths managed by the ladies of St. Mary's and St. Patrick's parishes. At the east end of the hall is St. Joseph's refreshment booth. One of the pleasing features is a snow palace, in which the ladies of St. Patrick's dispense tea daily. A candy booth is managed by the Holy Angels Sodality of St. Patrick's. Also the seven tables and the fish pond. During the evening the Thirteenth Battalion Band played several selections.

A Catholic missionary writes thus from Basutoland in Africa: "One day I received a letter from a Basuto man asking me to visit his sick wife. 'You must come; because if she dies without a priest God will blame you.' His home was seventy miles distant from my mission. Darkness overtook me on my way, and I was wet and hungry when I reached the village where he lived. I asked the natives if they knew where a Catholic woman was lying ill, no one knew, till at last an old Basuto woman exclaimed: 'Perhaps he is looking for the woman that is always on her knees saying the beads.' I soon found the good old creature who said her rosary. She is living still, and has said many a 'Hail Mary' since then."

Just a year ago, says an exchange, Europe heard with horror the details of the murder of the very reverend prior and the robbery of the hermitage of Coin, near Malaga. The law, very tedious in its procedure in Spain, has at length had this crime before its tribunals in the assize court of Malaga, and by a jury of their countrymen the criminals, comprising the father, his two sons and his nephew, together with the servants of the "cure," were found guilty, and the first four, an entire family, save the wife, who was acquitted, sentenced to death, whilst the rest, who acted as accomplices, were sentenced to penal servitude for life. Thus the blood which cried to heaven for vengeance will, if the clemency of the crown does not interpose its prerogative, be avenged by the execution of this entire family in the village or some town adjacent to the scene of the horrible drama.

Says a historical writer: "The Spiritual Ladder of St. John" was printed in the Dominican University, in the city of Mexico, in 1535, 205 years before that celebrated almanac printed in Cambridge, Mass., and said to have been the first book printed on the first printing press in America. For eighty-five years before the landing of the Pilgrims and 165 years before the issue of their almanac, the Catholic press was in constant operation, and was an important factor in

subduing Mexico to Christ, and in bringing thousands of souls in New Mexico and Texas under the banner of the cross. In the Lennox library in New York will be found several old books printed upon this press. The oldest, bearing date 1513, is the "Doctrina Breve;" another, dated 1544, is the "Compendia Doctrina."

Watering Ferns.

Much ignorance still exists, even among those whom one would suppose were better informed, on the subject of watering ferns. Neither the "lick and promise" system, nor the "splash and drown" method will do for ferns. They must be watered systematically, and only when they require it. The whole of the pots should be looked over every day, and those whose occupants are needing water should be just filled up to their rims, to those that are not in need none should be given until they really require it. When watering do not carelessly splash the water all over the fronds, as this will do them—in most cases—irreparable injury. Use a fine brass-rosed can, and with this pour the water carefully on the soil. Ferns should never under any circumstances be allowed to get dry; they must at all times of the year be kept moist. On the other hand they should not be over watered, this will do them quite as much harm as drought, both being very destructive to them. As far as possible the water used for the plants should be of the same temperature as the house in which the ferns are growing. This is the surest way of attaining to success in fern culture.—*British Gardening.*

Catholic Order of Foresters.

The regular monthly meeting of St. Joseph's Court, No. 370, was held in their hall on Thursday evening last, Chief Ranger J. Cadaret in the chair. A large number of visitors were present and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Those who took part in the entertainment were Bros. Brooks, Howorth, Pape and Kirby, who rendered instrumental and vocal selections.

An address on the objects and aims of C.O.F. was delivered in a clear and forcible manner, and at the close three propositions for membership were received.

A vote of thanks was proposed by P. Clancy and seconded by F. Killackey to the officers and members of St. Joseph's Court for their endeavors in advancing the C.O.F., and at the same time thanking them for such hospitality.

A New Law Firm.

We clip the following from the Guelph Mercury: "The Mercury is glad to notice that Mr. James E. Day, barrister and solicitor, second son of Mr. T. J. Day, of this city, has gone into partnership with Mr. James M. Reeve, Q.C., at 18 King street East, Toronto, the firm being known as Reeve & Day. Mr. Day was one of the brightest and cleverest law students that ever went out from this city, and we have no doubt his ability and geniality of manner will win him a high position in his chosen profession. The many friends in this city, both of himself and of the family to which he belongs, will heartily wish him abundant success."

Mr. Day is well known in the St. Alphonse Society of this city, being an active member thereof. The REGISTER also extends its congratulations and good wishes to the new law firm.

Life and Physical Strength.

Young women, who have overtaxed their strength. Men of mature years who have drawn to heavily on the resources of youth, persons whose occupations strain their mental powers, and of business men having a sedentary life, should use constantly Almoxia Wine, the only wine that contains natural Salts of Iron. See analysis. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

John O'Connell, Esq., High Sheriff of Clare, has been sworn in as a magistrate for the County Cork.

Major Michael Burke, Carrowroe Park, Roscommon; J. Lloyd, Esq., Croghan House, Boyle, and Capt. H. Pakenham Mahon, Strokestown, have been named for the office of High Sheriff of Roscommon.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Joseph Molloy, merchant, Thurles, to the commission of the peace for the county of Tipperary. Mr. Molloy is a staunch Nationalist.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

That the members of Div. No. 4, A.O.H. take a deep interest in the business of the Order was manifest by the large attendance at the last semi-monthly meeting. President Findlay occupied the chair, and conducted the business in his usual efficient manner. After a large amount of routine was transacted the annual report of the National Officers was read for the year 1893, which showed that the Order was in a flourishing condition. The Sick Committee reported several members still on their list, and the usual benefits were ordered to be paid to them. As there has been a steady drain on the Sick Benefit Fund this year, and in order to strengthen the fund, the Division will hold a concert in St. George's Hall, corner of Queen and Berkeley streets, on to-morrow (Friday) evening, Dec. 22. The Committee having it in charge promises a pleasant entertainment.

The Christmas Globe.

In no line of life is more enterprise shown than in journalism at Christmas. Art lends its charm, and facile writers draw pictures with a skill and delusion and variety affording pleasure to countless thousands. Amongst the many that have already paid their call at our office none makes a more favourable impression by its literary merit and tasteful illustrations than the Toronto Globe. We could pay many more compliments to the Globe which it well deserves, but being Christmas time we will not talk politics. We therefore simply congratulate our daily contemporary upon its Christmas supplement.

Of course, as we are young—it being our first Christmas—we stand by and look at those things as a child looks at his oldest brother's best suit, wondering if his turn will ever come to own the like. Ours may, and will come if our readers but encourage us.

Reception of the Children of Mary.

The chapel of Loretto Convent, Wellesley Place, was the scene of a singularly impressive and interesting ceremony on Sunday, the 10th instant, the feast of the Holy House of Loretto. Ten young ladies were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and several of the junior pupils of the Convent, who, with sweet, fresh voices, read their simple act of consecration, were admitted into the Holy Angels' Sodality by Rev. Father Walsh. At the opening of the ceremony, the Rev. Father preached a very beautiful and instructive sermon on the virtues and prerogatives of our Blessed Lady, and, after the singing of the Magnificat by all the Children of Mary, concluded by giving Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Sad Suicide.

A very sad case of suicide occurred in the Loretto Convent at Hamilton on Thursday last. A Protestant young lady, Miss Mercedes Plows, of Chicago, did away with her life by taking morphine. It was the second time she had tried to destroy herself. Last spring while in Chicago she and a sister of hers both attempted it. The sister succeeded, and she narrowly escaped. At the inquest which was held the following verdict was returned: The girl came to her death by an over-dose of morphine administered by her own hand; but owing to the Convent authorities refusing to produce some of her companions, the jury cannot determine the cause of the rash act."

Close of the Mission.

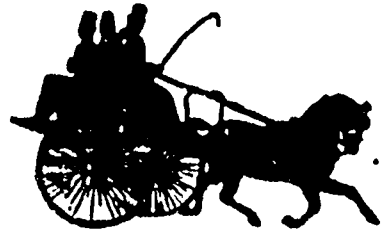
The mission which for some days had been going on at East York Church, and which was preached by the Rev. Father Lynch, C.S.S.R., terminated on Monday last. We are very glad to learn that it was most successful. The congregation attended the services in large numbers, and one hundred and thirteen approached Holy Communion—an excellent proof that the missionary Father had done good work.

Knights of St. John

Grand Commander Kessing, of the Knights of St. John, in appointing his military staff, has appointed a Canadian, in the person of Mr. John Heffring, a member of Leo Commandery, No. 2, Toronto, to be Quartermaster-General for Ontario. Mr. Heffring has been one of the hardest workers in the uniform feature of the order, and the appointment was a good one.

Feeble and capricious appetites are best regulated by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They do not debilitate, by excessive stimulation; but cause the stomach, liver and bowels to perform their functions properly. Its an after-dinner pill they are unequalled.

Charles Nugent Humble, Esq., Clonsak-raine, Dungarvan; Charles Edward Denny, Esq., Marypark, Waterford; and Richard Purcell Foge, Esq., Glenalleigh, Youghal, have been named for the office of High Sheriff of Waterford county.



THE NEW STYLE pill is of Dr. Pierce's invention and is full of improvements. They are used by everyone—high livers, bad livers, those whose livers are sluggish all find relief in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

TO BEGIN WITH, these "Pellets" are the smallest, and easiest to take. They're tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules that every child takes readily.

SECONDLY.—They're perfectly easy in their action—no griping, no disturbance.

THIRDLY.—Their effect is lasting.

FOURTHLY.—Put up in glass—always fresh.

FIFTHLY.—They're the cheapest, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

LASTLY.—They absolutely cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

See if Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy won't cure you, if you're suffering from Catarrh. Then, if you can't be cured, the makers will pay you \$500 in cash.

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Catarrh Cure, ..... \$1.00  
 Cure for Rheumatism and St. Vitus Dance, 1.00  
 Indigestion and Liver Complaint Cure 1.00  
 Rheumatism Cure (three separate prescriptions combined), ..... 2.50  
 Blood Tea, for constipation and purifying the blood, ..... .25  
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FEMALE, for Separate School Section No. 7, Sydneyham St. ry not to exceed \$200. Duties to commence on the 2nd of January, 1894. Address, EDWARD LUGGAN, Secretary, Woodford P.O., Ont.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

New York, Dec. 11, 1893.

New York is putting itself in becoming attire for the approach of Christmas; but to a Canadian, accustomed to seeing that feast portrayed in a foreground of snow, it is difficult to harmonize the brilliant holiday displays with the present November weather. Last week a slight fall of snow made a vain attempt to put nature in keeping with our yuletide traditions, but it only succeeded in adding to the mud of the streets.

But unfortunately it is not in externals alone that this Christmas promises to be out of keeping with its glorious traditions. The financial depression, a subject of newspaper comment in Canada, finds its stern reality here, and many an unfortunate will be thankful for the bare necessities of life without the extra Christmas cheer.

It is difficult to predict what effect the new tariff arrangements, if passed, will have on the present conditions. New York, though pre-eminently a commercial city, still possesses more extensive manufacture than any other city in the Union, and will be largely affected, for better or worse, by any change of tariff. So far, except in lumber and eggs, the action of the Committee seems to have little bearing on Canada. But, judging by the discordant attitude of many Democratic members, there is no possibility of predicting what the party will accomplish in revising the present rates.

In city and state politics there is, consequent on the late Tammany reverses, another of the periodical attempts to oust that organization from power. Several new Democratic societies, from the Good Government Clubs of the brown stone districts to the personal organizations of disgruntled politicians down town, have been started for that purpose. Meanwhile Tammany smiles and keeps working along, confident that its opponents must fail from lack of unity. It is a common mistake made by persons outside the city to believe that Tammany and the Irish are synonyms, and yet Tammany embraces in its mighty grip members of every nationality in this mixed city, while many of the leaders of the rival bodies are Irish-American. In fact there are Irish names at the head of nearly every political movement here. The strongest man in the most powerful of the organizations lately started is William R. Grace, an Irishman by birth, and a successful candidate for the mayoralty against Tammany a few years back.

As might be supposed, this city offers little ground for A. P. Aism. As I heard a speaker remark on the evening of election, such narrowness and ignorance may seem natural in the backwoods of Michigan or in the rural districts, but it would never find root in New York. As I heard the remark, I thought he struck an unwittingly hard blow at Ontario; but who will say it was not deserved, especially after the disgrace of the Lambton election? With their usual consummate hardihood they have indeed opened an office in Madison Square and begun their campaign of lies, but that is just what Catholics like to see. Hitherto New York papers have only alluded to them incidentally, as they might to any trivial event; but now that they have come out under the search-light of Madison Square attention may be drawn to them, and the metropolitan daily press, with all its faults, never openly sided with bigotry.

A stir of passing interest was created by the announcement that Father McGlynn was a candidate for the position of Minister to Italy. It is not certain that Dr. McGlynn personally lent his name to the move-

ment, but it soon became evident that there was little probability of its being successful. As one of the politicians expressed it, an erratic priest can scarce be the best representative of the government.

Sunday's papers inform us that 1,5000 Poles, representing the 60,000 Poles of Buffalo, have entered a manly protest against the calumnies of Bishop Coxo, who said they were at the disposal of any politicians who would purchase them of "Manager" Satolli. The doughty bishop has very salamander-like propensities for hot water, but even he may get too much of his chosen element if he continues in his course of slandering everything that savors of Rome.

In this connection I might refer to the report which the *Rivista* mentioned last week concerning "senile decay" of the Pope's faculties. The *World* of Friday contains an account given by Chauncey M. Depow, who had just returned from a personal interview with His Holiness. I cull a few sentences from the three-column report of this eminent lawyer's remarks:

"The Pope I watched carefully, and I can say confidently that the talk of his being in a feeble and broken-down condition is all bosh. He is a slimmer man, as is Mr. Gladstone, but taller and therefore seeming to be more thin. His face is thin and he has long, finely cut features, strictly Italian in contour.

"It has been said that he was weak and that his hands tremble constantly, as with palsy. This is not true.

"I have dined often with Mr. Gladstone under circumstances where I could judge accurately of his general condition, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Pope shows certainly as much vigor and health as does Mr. Gladstone. The Pope is nine months older than Mr. Gladstone and I consider him, if anything, the stronger man of the two.

"There is about the Pope a certain nervous intensity which might be easily mistaken for feebleness in his movements. But to me it indicated rather strength and vigor of mind, as well as of body.

"When the encyclical was mentioned he straightened up with all the vigor of a man of fifty, his eyes flashed, he grasped the arms of his chair and leaned forward as though intensely interested. Then for five minutes he poured forth a clear, succinct, earnest and eloquent statement of the position of the Church upon that question.

"I wish I could repeat it, or translate even approximately into our language the beauty and intensity of his remarks. But I cannot.

"The interview lasted in all, I should think, half an hour. It left with me the impression that the Pope is a man of intense convictions, very strong intellectuality, great learning and absolute fairness.

"I am convinced that any question coming before him will be decided entirely upon his conviction of right and wrong, regardless of who may be helped or injured by the decision, and regardless of any personal relations he may have with either party."

FOR NINE YEARS.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theoford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. THOMAS' EUCLEORIO OIL a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally) in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Power will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power.

## Christmas Holly.

Written for the Register.

December, bleak and hoary, is here, robed in her mantle of snow, with her necklace and jewels of icy crystals. Yet December touches the human heart more kindly than May, for it brings us Christmas, the very source of eternal hope and love. December is nature's sadness, and nature's gladness. Light appears in the darkness; joy comes from the sorrow. Mankind's sin brings the Redeemer, whose light is to be man's light, whose life is to be man's life. Re-joice, then, that Christmas is near, for Christmas brings us tidings of great joy that Christ is born for us in Judaea. Listen and you can still hear those Angels whose "Gloria" on the mountain was the sweetest hymn that nature ever heard. How well the Holly symbolizes all that Christmas means. Its circle of briars, its white blossoms, its green leaves and red berries made it a welcome decoration in Home and Church, for men thought it brought good luck.

"Holly Briars!" You tell of Bethlehem and its manger, with the Babe, beginning, amid the briars of suffering, a life which is to end only when the lance of Calvary shall pierce His heart.

"Holly White Blossom!" You tell of the flower blossoming on Aaron's rod! You recall the Child of Bethlehem whose hand fashioned earth and heaven; the white blossom of God's power, His very Word whose fragrance is to atone for man's ingratitude and heal the ills of mankind.

"Holly Green Leaves!" Human gratitude, as an evergreen, is to spring from the crib, which is to all a source of man's undying love for God. Years may pass, Summer may go and Winter may chill, but never shall the human heart be without hope, for Christ is born in Bethlehem.

"O, Red Berries of the Holly!" You tell of blood! Christians, can you not see the red berries around the brow of the Infant Saviour, that tell of that bleak Christmas night and its suffering, that tell of Calvary, whose Cross may be seen hovering over the manger?

Thou shod, red-berried, evergreen Holly, you belong to Christmas! and your branch carries good luck to the faithful soul.

Gather, then, the Holly; wreath it round and round. Fitting emblem for our infant God, as He lies in the crib of Bethlehem.

A happy Christmas to us all.

## Intemperance.

Intemperance is one of the greatest evils of the day. Society is everywhere debauched with it. The annual drink bill of the United States alone is said to be \$900,000,000, and it is very largely incurred by the working people. Who does not know the horrible evils that follow in the reckless train of drunkenness? What man or woman heart and conscience can fail to be moved by the physical, moral and social ruin that everywhere stares us in the face? Who will not sympathize with the degradation and miseries of women and children, the victims of drunken husbands and unnatural fathers? Who will refuse a helping hand to lessen this awful havoc? What priest of God can behold it and not be moved to acute zeal in the cause of temperance and even total abstinence? I say here to-day, and I say it boldly, too, that the very first encouragement to this important work must be given by our bishops and priests. Without their active interest and persevering co-operation nothing will be done to cure this dreadful evil of intemperance and uplift the people and save society, even though you continue to hold Catholic congresses from now until the crack of doom.—Bishop Watterson.

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GIVE UP  
HOPE

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**A Christmas Carol.**

ADLAINE PROCTOR.

The moon that now is shining  
In skies so blue and bright,  
Shone ages since on shepherd  
Who watched their flocks by night.  
There was no sound upon the earth,  
The azure air was still,  
The sleep in quiet cloisters lay  
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged Angel  
The watchers stood before,  
And told how Christ was born on earth  
For mortals to adore;  
Its babe the trembling shepherds  
Listen, nor be afraid,  
And told how in a manger  
The glorious child was laid.

When suddenly in the heavens  
Appeared an angel host,  
(The while in reverent wonder  
The Syrian shepherds stand,  
And all the bright host chanted  
Words that shall never cease—  
Glory to God in the highest,  
On earth good-will and peace.)

The vision in the heavens  
Faded, and all was still,  
And the wandering shepherds left their flocks,  
To feed upon the hill;  
Towards the blessed city  
Quickly their course they held,  
And in a lowly stable  
Virgin and child beheld.

Beside a humble manger  
Was the maiden mother mild,  
And in her arms her Son divine,  
New-born infant, smiled,  
No shaft of future sorrow  
From Calvary then was cast;  
Only the glory was revealed,  
The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern Kings before him knelt,  
And rarest offerings brought;  
The shepherds worshipped and adored  
The wonder God had wrought;  
They saw the crown for Israel's King,  
The future's glorious part—  
But all that sees things the mother kept  
And pondered in her heart.

Now we that maiden mother  
The Queen of Heaven call;  
And the Child we call our Jesus,  
Our Father and Judge of all,  
For the sake of that stable in Bethlehem  
Shine still and shall not cease,  
And we listen still, to the tidings,  
Of Glory and of Peace.

**A Reminiscence of '36.**

We record, this week, the demise of an old inhabitant of New Ross, County Wickford, Ireland, whose death, considering his great age and certain circumstances connected with his youth, is deserving of more than passing notice. We refer to the death of Mr. William Forrestal, of Quay street, New Ross, who passed away on Monday, November 30th, at the age of 101 years, or within a couple of months of that period. There are few connected with the district who did not know the deceased gentleman, who had been in business in New Ross for the past half century or more, and whose business house was the oldest established in the town. He was a very strong and healthy man all his long lifetime, and was rarely known to be ill. He only complained of illness on the previous Saturday and Sunday, and died on Monday.

In May, 1793, the late Mr. William Forrestal was born in New Ross—close to the historic Three Bullet gate—which five years later was to be the scene of such a conflict between the Irish Insurgents and the English troops. The deceased's father kept a tannery at the Three Bullet gate; and this business was in full swing during the Rebellion, when, in the assault on the town, and the defence of the latter by the British troops, a portion of it was destroyed. The deceased's mother was a widow named Carroll when Mr. Forrestal's father married her. Mr. Forrestal used to tell many stories of the insurrection, and the incidents which came under his notice. The most interesting of these was where himself and his brother Patrick (dead many years ago) were brought by their mother, and put down a well during one of the "reigns of terror" which existed in New Ross during the

months previous to the attack on the town by the Insurgents. The soldiers who were in charge of the town were daily making raids on any houses in which they suspected the "rebels" had sympathisers; and, fearing that his wife and children would suffer at the hands of the military, old Forrestal put them down in a well. They were in this position on the morning of the battle of New Ross, in June, 1798, when the attack was made on the Three Bullet Gate, close to where the Forrestals had their tannery. The history of that struggle is too well known to need repetition. The bang of the artillery, the sharp sound of the musketa, the clashing of the sabres of the English and the pikes of the Irish were heard by the two young fellows who were with their mother; and when the fight was over and the Insurgents, by their own foolishness, lost the victory which was within their grasp, the three occupants of the well left their hiding place. That evening, when the military were returning to the town from the Kilkenny side, when the Insurgents in their drunkenness were being butchered in the streets, and when everything in the town was being burned or destroyed, Mrs. Forrestal and her two children ran out to the parish of Newbawn, where she had some relatives. With Father Shalton, the then parish priest of the district, and uncle of her children, she left the boys, and here they remained until the insurrection was over.

As the two children were playing one day, they saw the flames which issued from the conflagration at Scullabogue Barn. The parish priest denounced the burning of the barn at the time as being unworthy of Irishmen; but he pleaded that the persecution under which the people were suffering was enough to exasperate the most dispassionate into deeds of violence.

Young Forrestal remained in the house of his uncle until the insurrection was over. Mr. Forrestal had vivid remembrances of the famous Wexford Election, in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan was a candidate, and at which John Colclough was shot in a duel, at Ardcandrick, by his opponent, Mr. Alcock. In 1815—the year Napoleon I. was defeated by the allies at Waterloo—he went to serve his time in Dublin in a house kept by his step-brother—a Mr. Carroll, in Dame street. In 1838 he came back to his native town and opened business and remained there till his death. His first place of business was in North street, thence he removed to Quay street, where he died. He was a simple, honest and unassuming man. He would tell many stories of the different periods through which he had passed. He was never an active politician, but, standing outside the troublesome career of politics, he was better enabled to give his opinions of the men as he saw them in the different political movements which he saw come and go—from the agitation for Catholic Emancipation, the Tithe agitation, Repeal of the Union, the '48 movement, the Independent movement in '52, after the break-up of the Independent Opposition party, as a result of which Ireland lay "as a corpse on the dissecting table"; the '67 movement, the Home Rule, Land, and National Leagues, down to our own times. Up to the week before he died he was out of bed the day before he died, but on that Monday morning he became weak, and was prepared for death by the priest. He was buried on Wednesday, Nov. 22d, and before the funeral High Mass and Office for the repose of his soul took place in the parish church, the following clergyman being present:—Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon Furlong, P. P., Ousestown; Rev. J. F. Thompson, O. S. A., New Ross; Rev. J. F. Doyle, O. C. G.; Rev. Father Condon, O. S. A.; Rev.

Father O'Leary, O. S. A.; Rev. Walter Rosler, O. C. G.; Rev. N. Roche, O. C.; Rev. Thomas V. Finn, O. C. The funeral took place afterwards, the chief mourners being his two sons—the Messrs. Forrestal, New Ross, and Mr. Williams, of Tullamore, grandson of the deceased. R. I. P.

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Mr. Lawrence O'Byrne.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1893.

## Calendar for the Week.

Dec. 21—S. Thomas, Apostle.  
22—Ember Day, Ferial Office.  
23—Ember Day, Ferial Office.  
24—Fourth Sunday of Advent. Vigil  
of Christmas.  
25—Christmas Day.  
26—S. Stephen, Protomartyr.  
27—S. John, Apostle and Evangelist.

## Christmas.

As on Monday next we celebrate the great feast of Christmas, it is with special pleasure we send greeting to all our readers at this holy tide—with the earnest wish that the Babe of Bethlehem may be the light and joy of their home and life. No memories are so sweet as those which cluster round the Infant Saviour's festive season. No time so precious as that fulness of time when God spake to the world by His Son, when the mystery of piety appeared, and the Word made flesh dwelt amongst us.

Angel heralds proclaimed it thus: "This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David—Glory to God in the highest and peace to men of good will." He was verily the Saviour who would blot out the handwriting over against us; the plenteous Redemption through Whom grace would more abound where sin had abounded. And what else was this Messiah if not the glory of God and the peace of mankind? In Him mercy and truth met, and at the manger where He lay wrapped in swaddling clothes, justice and peace kissed. Born in the silent midnight in a hovel by Bethlehem's slope, He came into the world as the poorest and the lowliest come into it. When the simple shepherds went to Him He looked to them as to all others a child of Adam's race and David's house. The winter's chill and the rude surroundings were to Him, as they would have been to all, pain and misery. And He nestled in His Mother's arms in what seemed unconscious happiness. But Babe as He really was, He was something infinitely more: He is God, blessed forever. And as He lay upon the wisp of straw the heavens told the glory of God as never before. All the hymns of all the ages are only the echo of that first Christmas carol sung by angels over Eastern hills. All the light that ever fell athwart this cold, dark earth is but a reflex of that light whose heavenly glare dazed the half-slumbering shepherds. In life and in death, in time and eternity, may He be to us, reader, the glory of God—the glory of His mercy, His holiness, His love.

But Bethlehem's Child is also the peace of the world. Sore need had the heart of man for peace. Sore need, too, had society for it, impelled

and controlled as it was in its laws and customs and conduct by selfishness, falsehood and corruption. At His lowly crib there is a treasure for the poor and the suffering which no earthly mine contains. Can we visit in spirit the stable and the manger, and not learn the lesson which He Himself afterwards taught from hill-side and sea-coast: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Contentment, therefore, and resignation to God's holy will are what the example of the Christ would teach us all.

Another thought at Christmas—sweet and common as the daisy upon English hill and dale—is peace amongst neighbors. "Peace to men of good will" was heaven's message to earth. Let us send it out upon that holy morn. Nothing is so much needed in these times and in this country. What one amongst us that loves his land with the patriotism of a freeman will not sound a note of more peaceful and friendly feeling than exists at present? What one amongst us will not pray most earnestly for good will towards all classes?

May the bells of Christmas morn

"Ring out the fond of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind;  
"Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.  
"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land;  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

## Gladstone's Policy.

Mr. John O'T. Bannon, Montreal, takes us task for drawing attention to Mr. John E. Redmond's inconsistency, and charges us with adoring or deifying Mr. Gladstone as though he never forged fetters or passed a coercion act for the incarceration of Irishmen, &c. &c. We are perfectly aware of the evil doings of both Tories and Whigs, and of all the coercion acts passed by both English parties during the last four score years. But sooner or later, in God's wise Providence, an end had to come to all this. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone was converted to the Policy of Home Rule for Ireland. Once convinced of the absolute necessity of such a policy, he abandoned all drastic measures and began a policy of conciliation—with the Irish people, and of education with the English people. He staked his reputation as a statesman and his position, with its emoluments of Prime Minister., on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and was hurled from power in consequence. Did he become disheartened? Did he haul down his colors from the mast-head? Not by any means. He again faced Great Britain with the same charter of Irish liberty in his big right hand. He won the battle of Ireland at the English polls. He spent three whole months fighting the battles of Ireland against the fiercest and most unscrupulous opposition ever offered to any Bill in England's Commons. In his Patriarchal age of 88, or 84, when, in the ordinary course of nature, men retire into the seclusion of home and to well earned rest, Mr. Gladstone sat up at times until early morning in deadly conflict with the Orange foes of Ireland's peace and freedom. The conflict is not yet ended. The House of Lords has to be dealt with, and dealt with through

the voting masses of English freemen. And we now ask: is this a fitting time to cast obstacles in the way of Mr. Gladstone's prudent and heroic course of procedure? Are we Irishmen—and we pretend to love our country with just as intense and zealous love as Mr. Bannon, or any other man born and bred on the sod—are we Irishmen going to join the Balfours and Salisburys and Ulster Orangemen in their determined and Satanic efforts to thwart and wreck the work of the first and greatest statesman of English birth, who calls for justice to Ireland, and who stakes his all on the policy of making Irishmen the masters of their own destinies and the owners of their sea-girt Emerald Isle.

We are no hero worshippers, however; and therefore we feel at liberty to criticize Mr. John E. Redmond's obstructive policy and threats of opposition to Gladstone's Government unless his (Mr. Redmond's) views be adopted. We venture to say that England's Premier and his noble colleagues—Morley, Rosebery, Ripon, Harcourt and the others—know the temper and character of the English people better than Mr. Redmond, or any of his Party. Once the English masses, armed with household suffrage and one-man vote, are secured and well in hand Home Rule is carried for Ireland. No doubt, Dublin Castle still exists, and with the Castle the Constabulary that make possible evictions in mid-winter, and heart rending scenes, as lately witnessed on Lord De Freyne's estates. But with Home Rule, Dublin Castle comes down with a crash; and should the Lords stand in the way, a still louder crash may be heard that will startle Europe.

A cabled speech of the Hon. E. Blake, delivered on the 15th instant to Englishmen at Islington, proves all that we have advanced. In all that has been done in Parliament this fall and winter Ireland's interests have never been lost sight of, for all English legislation has had for objective point and ultimate view Home Rule for Ireland. We copy the despatch as received here on Saturday last: Hon. E. Blake addressed a great Gladstonian meeting at Islington Wednesday. The following paragraphs represent the tone of his speech: "The democracy of both islands have the same needs, the same aspirations, the same desires and the same work. The legislation which Liberals and Radicals are engaged in with reference to England alone are all in the direction of Home Rule. It is impossible to name hardly a measure of importance which is not more or less a development of the home rule principle. Take for example the Parish Councils Bill and the Government's dealing with the great question of disestablishment. Are these not a recognition of the home rule principle? The House of Lords is a power with which we have nothing to do, although we suffer under it. The great party which we support hopes to get a measure passed through the Commons to render the prejudiced opposition of hereditary legislators entirely useless." In conclusion Mr. Blake expressed himself as being thoroughly disgusted at the great amount of time wasted in the House of Commons with petty business that under Home Rule would be transacted by local authority."

## Transubstantiation.

Our contemporary the *Evangelical Churchman* devotes a couple of columns to what it is pleased to call "Rome's Chief Error." When it does so, it is useless to deny the jurisdiction of the court. It is almost vain to argue upon the subject, for we would not be surprised if next week the *Evangelical Churchman* wrote upon Rome's Chief Error. As this time the Error in question is Transubstantiation we enter upon a discussion, and claim, with our contemporary, that we are contending for principle and battling for truth. We do not abuse, but we refuse to be drawn hither and thither, to be driven from pillar to post, and from point to point; and when others quote one author upon one idea, and another upon another, we certainly see nothing but "a *mixum gatherum*" of bold assertions, unwarranted deductions and controversial cant." An example occurs in its last issue, when the *Evangelical Churchman* gives Bellarmine credit for saying: "It is altogether improbable that there is no express place of Scripture to prove Transubstantiation without the declaration of the Church." We call upon our contemporary, since he is fighting for truth, to quote chapter and verse—to give us the exact passage from which this quotation is taken. It may be all right, but we have grave reasons for doubting its authenticity. It would be a strange thing if a theologian would undertake to prove Transubstantiation from the Word of God, and at the same time acknowledge that without the declaration of the Church it could not probably be done. We demand, in all justice, the exact chapter and treatise from which this extract is taken, and we pledge our reputation that no inconsistency will be found by the eagle eye of the *Evangelical Churchman* between the great Jesuit Theologian and THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. What Bellarmine did say, in concluding his proposition proving Transubstantiation from the Word of God, is: "Add this, that although there is a certain ambiguity in the words of our Lord it is taken away by many councils of the Catholic Church and the consent of the Fathers."—a very different thing from the proposition announced by the *Churchman*.

As a proof that Rome changes its doctrine we are told that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was first publicly taught by Paschasius Robert in the ninth century. There is a *non sequitur*. Why is Rome charged with inconsistency because the philosophical idea and scholastic term of Transubstantiation did not come up prior to the ninth century? If our contemporary would only study Bellarmine with more care, and more desire to arm himself with truth, whose champion he claims to be, we are confident he would trace Transubstantiation much farther back than the ninth century, and see no inconsistency in the teaching of Rome upon this very important subject. We promise a lesson—more than one, if necessary—laying down the doctrine and examining the *Evangelical Churchman's* arguments against it.

Mlle. Dupont, cousin of the President of the French republic, has become a nun.

## Public Opinion.

In order to find out what the representatives of several denominations think about the Protestant Persecuting Association the *Globe* interviewed several clergymen and corresponded with others. The results, interesting and important, occupy a fair share of last Saturday's issue of our daily contemporary. To us this interest is derived from the almost unanimous condemnation of a society secret in its methods and unjust in its purposes. They are important by reason of the respectable and respective sources from which they spring; for their authors ought to form public opinion in the circles in which they move. It is not to be expected that we are satisfied with them all, or with the whole of any one of them, unless it be that of our venerable Archbishop. Without going into details or history his Grace comes out in his own manly style, expressing his honest indignation at the weapons used against his people, and his confidence in our Protestant fellow citizens that they are not going to help on such a cause. We give the *Globe's* interview with his Grace in full:

"I am surprised and pained," he said, "to think that in this Province, where education is so widespread, and in which the Catholics are after all in such a minority, such a hostile and aggressive movement as this P. P. A. organization could obtain a footing. We Catholics wish to live in peace and harmony with our Protestant fellow citizens. The majority of our people are native Canadians; they love their country, its institutions and liberties, and wish, in union with their Protestant fellow-citizens, to build up a great and homogeneous nation. We deplore and deplore this sectarian business, which can have no other effect than that of inflaming religious passions, of setting neighbor against neighbor, and of embittering all social relations. We do not think that the majority of our Protestant fellow-citizens have any sympathy with such a movement, for we consider it a cowardly and unmanly thing for any person belonging to the majority to attack the rights and liberties of a peaceable minority."

"However," said his Grace, "I am satisfied that this movement cannot endure, for I am sure that the great majority of the intelligent Protestants of Ontario will frown it down and cast it aside as something noxious and harmful to public liberty, as well as religious right."

Several Montreal gentlemen had been interviewed, such as Dr. McVicar, Sir William Dawson, Major Bond, and others, but they did not seem to be conversant with the subject. The Toronto ministers whose views are given, are Principal Caven, Dr. Langtry, Rev. Mr. Lewis of Grace Church, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Withrow, Dr. Workman, Bishop Campbell of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and Rev. J. Grant of the Parliament Street Baptist Church. The first three were very delicate and hypothetical in their condemnation: their motto seemed to be

"Take her up tenderly;  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair."

The others were outspoken and thorough. Dr. Workman viewed the P.P.A. with humiliation and surprise, and regarded it "as a lamentable manifestation of religious bigotry and sectarian prejudice, unworthy of the name it assumes and the object it avows." He deplored it on the ground of tolerance; for this association "is calculated to create and perpetuate racial and religious prejudices, the very things that we should endeavour in a free country to lessen and remove." He objected to it on the ground of justice; because, since Catholics contribute to the support of

the Government, "they should have a voice in the administration of its affairs." He deplored it on the ground of patriotism. Any attempt to boycott a man because he is a Catholic is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. It was, lastly, to be deplored on the score of philanthropy. Its methods are worse than its objects; for secrecy and tyranny can only beget hatred and retaliation.

Mr. Grant, who was under the impression that "sectarian organizations for the propagation of personal ends had been relegated to past ages, was bitterly disappointed at this Association." "My conviction," he said, "is that this is Orangism under a new guise; and whilst there are many excellent men in the Orange fraternity, Orangism as a system has been no blessing to Canada." Well enough as far as it goes. We go further. So far from Orangism being no blessing, it has been the pest, plague and curse of this country. It has generated more ruffianism to the square mile than any other organization under the sun. And beneath its last and darkest mask it throttles every Catholic in the land, high and low, rich and poor, and bids him stand and deliver. But to return to Mr. Grant. He says: "I detest, with all the emphasis of my nature, a blow below the belt or a dagger in the dark. If a fight we must have, let it be in the open. But I don't think this movement has in it the elements of endurance."

Let us come to Dr. Langtry, whose opinion deserves more than a passing notice at our hand. We are not astonished that the Doctor examines this latest form of Canadian thistle with kid gloves, and that he airs his views with well larded remarks upon the ever-to-be-dreaded Roman aggression. If Dr. L. came out with a manly statement, such as the other gentlemen expressed, his High Church tendencies might expose him to the very unpopular suspicion that perhaps he was coming over to Rome altogether. To throw a sop to bigotry, therefore, he lays the blame on the poor Catholics. Whatever may be the principles of the P. P. A. it is, according to him, "the natural outcome and result of the traditional, ever-grasping greed of the Roman Catholic Church for political influence and temporal power." That comes with excellent grace from a clergyman belonging to the English Church, which thrives much more by its temporal than its spiritual power, and from one, too, who, in the case of Langtry vs. Dumoulin, showed that if he was not anxious about political influence he had his eye on rents. Brilliant historian that he is, the Doctor traces the present movement "to the day that Hildebrand first formulated the theory of a Papal theocracy." Seeing that Hildebrand never formulated anything of the kind, but simply administered justice with a firm hand, and brought Frederick to Canossa, Mr. L.'s castle of prejudice falls to the ground.

Dr. Langtry lays the blame of the failure of the Equal Rights movement upon Principal Caven, who "wrecked it, out of eager friendship for the Premier of Ontario." We question that. We think that Principal Caven

got ashamed of the thing. But this is a very serious point to reflect upon—one which should attract the attention of thoughtful men. A tree is known by its fruit, and the Protestant Persecuting Association of to-day is the evil fruit of an evil tree—the natural growth of the mis-named Equal Rights. Oh, they cry, we did not expect things to take that turn or go so far. Why, then, we ask, do you trifle with forces you cannot control? Why do you start a movement whose term is destruction? The gentlemen who have expressed these opinions, who are shocked at the awful form which threatens cruel tyranny to a quiet, unoffending minority, will, we hope, do their utmost to allay the unreasonable passions which many of them were instrumental in rousing. Truth, justice, charity demand that they will uproot the tree which they themselves helped to plant.

A rallying point amongst these gentlemen and amongst many others seems to be an imaginary solid Catholic vote. They are mistaking the cause for the effect. If there is any unity amongst Catholics upon politics to-day in Ontario, anything like crystallization of their vote, Protestants have themselves to blame for it. Until Mr. Meredith raised his cry against Separate Schools we were more evenly divided than any other denomination in the Province. Who, then, are the aggressors, our Protestant critics or our people? They adopt questions for their political platforms upon which they know very well we can never stand, and then with strange inconsistency they quarrel with us for going to those who leave room upon their platform for us. They unite, and say our line of action forced them. Not so. When the history of party government comes to be written in fairness and fulness it will be found that the Catholic laity in this and every other country have been pretty equally divided. We know that this is a state of things which best pleases our enemies, who never rest until they sow divisions in our ranks. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that our people have not been forced to unite through any clerical influence, as our foes insinuate with a sneer; our people have been driven into one camp by the cruel lash of bigotry and insult.

## Catholicophobia.

This disease, a new and virulent form of Orange fever, whose microbes are most frequently found in the secret recesses and fetid atmosphere of lodgerooms, seems to be nearly as epidemic as *la grippe*. The *Mail*, in which case the disease is chronic, has had during the past week, a more severe attack than usual. Every morning letters of bitterness and acrimony showed the spread of Catholicophobia. Colonel O'Brien is out with a column on the hackneyed theme of Roman aggression. Another correspondent devoted a column to Mr. Laurier. A third, from Hamilton, deems the P. P. A. necessary, congratulates it upon the victory won, and urges the brethren to continue "the good work," and they will soon be gratified by the passage in the Dominion Parliament of resolutions memorializing the British Government to repeal the un-British statutes they have passed from time to time, granting special privileges to the Catholic (French) clergy in Canada. That must be the goal of our ambition. We shall win, even if we have to fight another battle of the Plains of Abraham." That is the sentiment of a man named Goodwillie; but no good will, or good willie, proclaims such doctrine as that. Even Willie the Third of Orange would blush at it. Catholicophobia of that malignant type is sadly endangering peace and neighborly feeling.

We are sometimes asked why we do not answer such correspondents. To

do so is worse than useless. Life is too short to stop and hurl stones at all the curs now barking at the Church and its Canadian children. You cannot reason with men in passion, nor can you answer an argument when there is none to answer.

## Literary Notes.

The *Canadian Magazine* for December is to be read. Being the Christmas number, readers will naturally look for something unusually attractive in its pages, nor will they be disappointed. Its contents are varied and interesting. The articles "Our Militia," "The Manitoba School Question," "Down the Yukon," "Lord and Lady Aberdeen," will be read with attention by every Canadian, interested in the defence, government and resources of his country. "La Quête de l'Enfant Jésus" and "John Bentley's Mistake" are two pleasant Christmas stories. Among the poems, which are several in number, "The Ships of St. John," and "Kootenay" deserves special notice for their graceful thought, and terse vigour of expression. The portraits of the Earl of Aberdeen and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the illustrations generally, are finely executed. The publishers are manifestly sparing no pains to make it what it really is—a first-class magazine—and we trust it will receive from the Canadian public the increased support it deserves.

The Christmas number of *Donahoe's Magazine* is in advance of the usual high character of that popular periodical. Among the more thoughtful contributions may be mentioned "The Lesson of Bethlehem," "The Cid," "The Cause of Financial Panics," "The Twentieth Century Woman" and "Hypnotism or Faith" in fiction, "Made Free by Misfortune," and "Sister Gabrielle," two charming stories; in poetry, "Christmas," "Unidentified," "Only Friends," and "The Meeting at the Bars." Many of the articles are handsomely illustrated, and, altogether, the number furnishes its patrons with much delightful reading for the holiday season.

We are indebted to Rev. Father Hand for a copy of *St. Paul's Church Calendar*. It contains much information, useful not only to the members of that congregation, but to the Catholics of the city generally. Its plain statement of the financial condition of the parish constitutes a powerful appeal to the generosity of the faithful everywhere.

We have received the "Souvenir of the Dedication of the New St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa," issued with the imprimatur of Archbishop Duhamel. It is a handsome work, embellished with numerous beautiful illustrations, and is well worth being preserved as a memento of an important event in the history of the church of Ottawa.

*McClure's Magazine* for December contains some very interesting matter. Archdeacon Farrar, A Visit to his home in Dean's Yard, by Arthur Warren, is well illustrated with pretty sketches about Westminster Abbey; particularly the entrance to Dean's Yard, through the cloister, brings up many pleasant memories. A Visitor and His Opinions, a Story of the Sun and Moon, is beautifully told in allegorical style by Mrs. Oliphant. Some of the other contents are: Human Documents, portraits of distinguished people at different periods of their lives—William T. Stead, Whitelaw Reid and Governor McKinley, with a biographical sketch of each by Frank Esmer; The Weather of the World, by Gertrude Hall; Tennyson's Friendships, by Edward C. Martin; Was I the Good Bear, a Christmas tale by Octave Thanet.

Weekly Retrospect.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society has started most bravely in its noble work this winter. Not alone do they relieve suffering and want, in which they are ably assisted by the different Sewing Societies connected with our churches in the City, and visit the sick, but they instruct the ignorant, and have formed a Night School for the benefit of foreigners in the City, especially the Italians, who are unable, through want of means, to attend the day schools. If it could be possible to infuse a little of this spirit of Frederick Ozanam among the Catholic ladies of Toronto, what an assistance they would be to the Society. It is true, the ladies visit the hospitals and the poor, but do they assist in this instruction of the ignorant? An hour or two on Sunday afternoons would be well spent in teaching a class of small children a few truths of the religion we are so proud to be members of, and would be a great benefit to the pupils. If a Sunday school were formed by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, for the Italian children of the City, there would not be wanting many ladies who would most gladly help them in this excellent work.

The Catholic women of the United States have organized a Catholic Women's national League. "The purpose of it is," says the Indianapolis Catholic Record, "to gather together into one strong union all the scattered societies of Catholic women doing work along philanthropic and educational lines. For sometime the idea occupied the minds of thoughtful Catholic women who have devoted much of their time and energies to philanthropic works." These good women were anxious to transmit their experience and knowledge to others, but were unable to do so for want of organization. The opportunity was afforded them during the Catholic Women's Congress at the World's Fair, and the formation of this League was the result. The election of the following ladies as officers took place, their names being well known to the reading Catholics of Canada: President, Mrs. Alice T. Toomy, San Francisco; Vice-president Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, St. Louis; treasurer, Mrs. Francis A. Staco, Grand Rapids, Mich.; secretary, Miss Lily A. Toomey, San Francisco. Miss Eliza Allen Starr was largely instrumental in assisting in this good work. A circular was issued of which the following is a text:

"The Catholic Women's national League has for its aim self-improvement and the enterprise of philanthropic work for the uplifting and advancement of humanity. In order to better carry out its purpose, the work of the League is divided into the general departments of Education, Philanthropy, Art and Literature, and the Home and its needs. Education to comprise reading circles, the spread of the Catholic Truth Society, etc.; Philanthropy, the establishment of day nurseries, of free kindergartens, of temperance societies, of homes for working girls, etc.; the Home and its Needs to include mother's meetings and training classes, and societies for the solution of the domestic service problem."

Its watchword is "For God and Humanity;" and its purpose is not only to supply wants to the poor, but it comprises all form of good works. So, with this beautiful talisman, "For God and Humanity," it enters on its path of charity.

These are days when gushing young ladies are heard extolling "Ouida." It is to be hoped no Catholic maiden has such depraved taste as to do so. They exclaim with enthusiasm, "how fine the descriptions are!" "such word painting!" yes; her novels teem with fine words and wonderful descriptions, but are these true to nature? They are as oppressive as the atmosphere of the hothouse where the Victoria Regis is cultivated, and which, after a few moments, one longs to leave and get a

breath of the fresh air from the moors, laden with the odor of the heath and heather, such as Black and Blackmore give us.

One of the late journals gives a very pretty evening dress, recently imported from Paris. It is in white and yellow, a favorite combination for young people. The skirt is of yellow silk, with broche white dots. A ruche of yellow crape borders the foot, panier draperies of the crape, edged with narrow white lace, are on the hips and extending in long ends down the back. The bodice is of crape, gathered over dotted silk. A shirred gamp of white silk is in the square neck, which is surrounded by a collar of yellow crape and white silk mull. The belt is of white satin ribbon. Fur seems to be the favorite trimming for dresses. At a fashionable wedding in London, Eng., recently, the bridesmaids' dresses of white surah were trimmed with narrow edgings of mink.

Wit and Humor.

If brevity is the soul of wit all we who are "short" ought to be very jolly.

The man who takes the cake thinks he is only receiving his deserts.

Physicians are made, not born—no boy ever yet took naturally to medicine.

At the electrical examination—"What is the best insulator we know of?" Candidate "Poverty."

"I hear Clara has contracted a mesal fiancee." "Poor girl. It was only a week ago she contracted hay fever."

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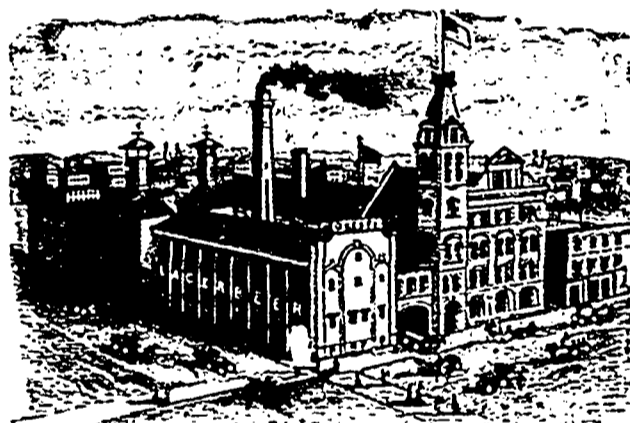
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## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

On Nov. 24, while a number of men were engaged in putting stays on the new White Star Liner Tonic, at the Alexandra Dock, Belfast, a plank upon which five workmen were standing, slipped, and they were precipitated thirty feet to the concrete bottom of the dock. Three were fatally injured.

On the morning of Nov. 18th a sad occurrence took place within about two miles of the village of Brughshane. It seems that a young man of about nineteen years of age, named William Hall, an apprentice saddler, had been at Aghafatten on the previous night, and despite the severe storm that was raging at the time, left there for the residence of his father, a respectable farmer, residing in the townland of Koughm. It appears that he must have accidentally taken the wrong road, as next morning he was found, by a young man named David Rea, lying at the side of a highway that leads to Buckna. He was not quite dead when he was discovered, but expired a short time afterwards.

## Armagh.

During the terrible storm of November 17th and 18th a sad fatality occurred in Carrickfergus. About five o'clock a.m. on the 18th the police were summoned to the Alexander School, in High street, a high-class educational establishment kept by the Misses Wilson. They found that the chimney of an adjoining building had fallen, crashing through the roof of one of the sleeping apartments of the school. In the room were two beds, each occupied by two young ladies. The falling masonry debris had descended on one of the beds, bearing it to the floor and burying the occupants. When extricated, one of the young ladies, Miss Scott, a step daughter of Mr. Henry Scott, of Annacree, was quite dead, but, strange to say, the other girl did not appear to be much hurt.

## Cavan.

The Judges have recommended for the office of High Sheriff of Cavan the names of John Roland Singleton, Esq., Hazelley, Winkfield, England; Joseph Pratt, Esq., Cabra Castle, Kingscourt; and Colonel George Miller Dobbin, 29 Shakespeare Road, Bedford.

## Clare.

The Judges of Assize have recommended the names of William Lane Joynt, Esq., D.L., 43 Merrion Square, East, Dublin; E. J. Stackpole, Esq., D. L. Eden Vale, Ennis; and R. W. Ellis, Esq., Miltown Malbay, for the office of High Sheriff of Clare.

Mr. Michael O'Riordan, of Kilrea, near Killaloe, died lately at the age of 91 years. Up to a recent period deceased was full of activity, and was quite well able to walk several miles in the day. All his life he was a model of temperance, scarcely ever touching spirituous liquors of any description. He was much esteemed and respected in his neighborhood, and was father of Dr. O'Riordan, V.S., of Glentworth st., Limerick.

## Cork.

The Mayor of Cork recently received a cheque for £200 from Sir John Arnott for the Coal Fund. Sir John thinks the high price of coal renders it necessary that all subscriptions should be doubled.

Mrs. O'Dwyer, wife of Stephen O'Dwyer, T. C., the lately-appointed magistrate of Mallow, died on Nov. 21st, after a fortnight's illness. Mrs. O'Dwyer is universally regretted, and much sympathy is expressed for her sorrowing husband and family.

The announcement of the death, in Cork, of Mr. Jeremiah Burke will be received by his many friends with sincere regret. Mr. Burke was engaged for many years in the jewelry business, and took an active part in the '65 and '67 movements. He was present on the night when Captain Mackay was arrested on the Coal Quay, and he made an endeavor to effect the Captain's escape. Mr. Burke remained to the last a staunch upholder of National opinions.

## Derry.

On November 18th Dr. W. A. Caldwell, coroner, held an inquest touching the death of a man named James Gotty, a surfaceman, residing at Burnside, near Coleraine, who had died suddenly that morning. The jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

## Donegal.

The Judges have named—for the office of High Sheriff of Donegal county—Robert Crawford, Esq., Stonewold, Ballyshannon; Henry C. Hart, Esq., Carrabagh, Portsalon, Letterkenney; and Captain William Knox, Clonbeigh, Strabane.

## Down.

On November 17th the workmen engaged in excavating for the reservoir at Sampson's Stone Hill, near Downpatrick, for the new waterworks, came upon what appeared to be human remains, close to which bloodmarks were distinctly visible on a number of stones. Beside the body was the fragment of a hat and also a half-penny piece bearing the date of 1831. Various causes have been assigned for the body being found in the locality.

## Dublin.

The Lord Chancellor has, in like manner, appointed Mr. John Croker, solicitor, of the firm of Messrs. Lawlor & Co., 50 Middle

Abbey street, Dublin, solicitors, and Mr. Richard Baldwin Falkner, solicitor, of No. 9 Suffolk street, Commissioners for Administering Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland.

Among the recent deaths announced in London is that of the age of 30, of Mrs. David T. Arnott, wife of Mr. David T. Arnott. Mrs. Arnott was the daughter of Captain Bell, late of the 47th Regiment, and granddaughter of the late General George Napier, C.B., who formerly commanded the 22nd Regiment of Foot. The deceased lady was, a few weeks since, stricken down with typhoid fever, which ended fatally on Nov. 21st.

## Fermanagh.

The Judges of Assize have recommended—for the office of High Sheriff of Fermanagh county—Archibald Collum, Esq., 64 Leeson Park, Dublin; James Smith, Esq., jun., The Cross, Enniskillen; and Viscount Corry, Castle Cool, Enniskillen.

## Galway.

The Judges have recommended for High Sheriff of the County Galway Major Richard Galbraith, Cappard, Loughrea; Wm. Persse, Esq., Roxborough, Loughrea; and Richard Berridge, Esq., Ballinahinch Castle, Galway. For High Sheriff of Galway Town: James W. Brady Murray, Esq., Northampton, Kinvara; Edward Townsend, Esq., Galway; and Major Michael Charles Hewitt, 26 Rutland square, Dublin, are named.

We learn with regret of the death of Sister Mary Clare (Ellen Hughes), which took place at the Convent of Mercy, Clifton, on Nov. 16th. She had just completed her fourteenth year in the cloister when it pleased the Master to call her to Himself. Her death, which was most edifying, caused deep grief in the community, where her gentle manners and kindly disposition had endeared her to all. She was the daughter of the late Patrick Hughes of Ballynow, whose family for many years conducted an extensive business in Castlebar. High Mass was celebrated for the eternal repose of her soul on November 18th by the Very Rev. Canon Lynsky, P.P., assisted by the Rev. Father Richard Higgins, C.C., and Rev. J. J. Corcoran, C.C.

## Kerry.

While chasing a pig, recently, Florence McGillycuddy, of Glenbeak, Killarney, fell and injured his forehead. Some days later he suffered from violent pain, and on examination it was found that his brain had been injured by the fall. He died next day.

A man named Daniel Cronin died on Nov. 18th at the Listowel Workhouse Hospital from hydrophobia, brought on by the bite of a dog. About seven weeks ago the deceased, who lived at a place called Muckennagh Waters, near Lixnaw, while playing with a dog, received a scratch on the face from the teeth of the animal, with the sad result that, on Nov. 11th, symptoms of hydrophobia set in and he was conveyed to the workhouse hospital, where, after terrible sufferings, he died. The deceased was only 20 years of age, and was brother to the man Cronin who was shot accidentally at Lixnaw some eight years ago.

## Kilkenny.

On Nov. 18th Dr. J. Byrne Hackott, city coroner, held an inquest at Mr. O'Grady's, King street, Kilkenny, on the body of Michael Kealy, aged 63 years, a publican, who had died suddenly at his house, King street, the previous night. The evidence showed that the deceased had apparently been in good health, had eaten a good supper, and gone to bed about 12 o'clock. When called in the morning he was breathing his last. The jury returned a verdict of death from apoplexy, the result of natural causes.

With sincere regret the news will be received of the death of Very Rev. Albert Mitchell, Dean of the diocese of Armidale, which took place at St. Vincent's, Sydney, Van Dieman's Land, on Sept. 29th. During his ministry he was associated with Kilkenny for upwards of five years, where his piety and zeal gained for him the esteem and affection of those to whom he was known. "Father Albert," as he was popularly called, was a native of Dublin, and when quite young entered the Capuchin Order. During the early years of his priesthood he labored with zeal in Dublin and Cork, and came to Kilkenny in 1872.

## Letterkenny.

The Judges have recommended for the office of High Sheriff of Leitrim the names of William R. Wyley, Esq., 56 Trevelian road, Brockley, London; John Merrick Lloyd, Esq., Croghan House, Croghan, Boyle; and Gilbert King, Jr., Esq., Jamestown, Drumsna.

## Limerick.

In Limerick, on November 24th, the funeral obsequies of Sister Mary Magdalen Tracey were solemnised in the beautiful chapel of the Convent of Mercy, the Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, presiding. There was a numerous attendance of the city clergy, as well as many from Rathkeale and Adare districts. In the convents of which the deceased religious had for many years ministered to the wants and alleviated the sufferings of the poor, and zealously discharged the laborious work of her vocation. A procession was formed after High Mass and Office, and all that was mortal of the truly pious nun was committed to the

grave in the Convent Cemetery, the Bishop officiating.

On November 16th a deputation from the united parishes of Patrickswell and Ballybrown waited on the Rev. R. O'Kennedy, P.P., at his residence, Fedamore, and presented him with an address and purse containing a very handsome amount of money. It is only quite recently that the Rev. gentleman had been removed from Patrickswell, where he had been for four years as curate, and where the most cordial relations existed between the parishioners and himself. He was very sensibly touched to find that his late parish priest, the Rev. George O'Connor, was among the most sympathising and earnest in promoting the testimonial, and the most generous contributor to it. The deputation spent a very pleasant evening at Fedamore, and left, cheering for the *Soggarth Aroon*.

## Longford.

Mr. Bryan Masterson, Willsbrook House, Edgeworthstown, for many years Vice-Chairman of Granard Union, has been appointed a magistrate for Longford.

## Louth.

The name of Edmond O'Connor, Esq., Charleville, Dunleer; Thomas Ridgway Ternan, Esq., Listake, Drogheda; Col. Charles Taurhill, The Crescent, Castlebellingham, and Ashling Demead, Cosha; Hants, have been recommended for the office of High Sheriff of Louth County.

On November 18 Dr. J. M. Callan, county coroner, held an inquest at the Louth Infirmary, on the body of John Henry, a young agricultural laborer, who had died at the infirmary that morning from injuries received on the previous Tuesday, while working at a turnip pump, driven by steam, on his employer's premises. It appeared that a fly-wheel flew to pieces, one of which struck the deceased on the head, inflicting a fatal wound. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

## Mayo.

We regret to learn of the death of Miss Linda Mary Canning, which took place at the residence of her father, Thomas Canning, Esq., Ballyvary, on November 24th. The deceased, who had been ailing for some time, was only nineteen years of age. The interment took place in the family burial ground, Strade, on Sunday, Nov. 26th. R. I. P.

The particulars of the drowning of the Rev. Michael Clarke on November 16th have reached us. The Rev. gentleman had attended a sick call late that evening. In order to reach his destination he had to cross, by a ford, the Ballyglen river, which is situated in a very mountainous district. On returning, about nine o'clock, it had greatly swollen from the continual down-pour of rain. In crossing the driver fell into the torrent, and, in all likelihood, would have been carried away by the flood, but for the prompt and heroic assistance of Father Clarke, who immediately jumped from his seat, seized the driver, and got him back on the car. The horse now became restive, and, under the almost helpless condition of the driver, got so unmanageable that Father Clarke was knocked down, and stunned and injured in such a manner that he was unable to save himself, and was swept away by the flood. His body was found next morning, about a mile and a half down the river from the scene of the melancholy occurrence. The remains were brought to the Cathedral, Ballina, on Sunday, November 19th, and the funeral, which took place next day, was made the occasion of a great public demonstration of sympathy. Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral at eleven o'clock, Most Rev. J. Conny, Bishop of Killala, presiding. The Rev. J. Naughton was celebrant; Rev. M. Gallagher, deacon; Rev. P. O'Hara, sub-deacon; and Rev. J. Kelly, master of ceremonies. After the services the remains were conveyed to Ardagh chapel for interment there. The funeral cortege was largely attended by the traders and merchants of Ballina and the long line of mourning coaches and vehicles amply testified to the respect in which deceased was held. The young ecclesiastic has barely reached his thirtieth year when the hand of death smote him while in the discharge of his priestly functions. May he rest in peace. Amen.

## Meath.

The Judges have recommended the names, for High Sheriff of Meath County, of Thomas Boylan, Esq., Hilltown, Drogheda; Francis William Blackburn, Esq., Tankardstown, Slane, and William Thompson, Esq., Rathnally, Trim.

## Monaghan.

John Marshall Bolton, Esq., Castle Ring, Louth; Samuel K. Jackson, Esq., Scotabore, Magheravilly, county Fermanagh; and Whitney Upton Moutry, Esq., Fortinglton, Emyvale, have been named for the office of High Sheriff of Monaghan.

## Queen's County.

On Nov. 21st, Dr. T. F. Higgins, Coroner for Queen's County, held an inquest at Callough, near Maryborough, on the body of Fanny Neill, who had met her death in a shocking manner on the previous morning. The deceased was an old woman, aged about 90 years, who lived alone in an old cabin. On the morning mentioned, a man named Quigley, who lived close by, discovered that

Fanny Neill's cabin was on fire. He immediately gave the alarm, and with the assistance of some neighbors the flames were distinguished. The debris were then removed, and the charred remains of the unfortunate tenant were found. She had been burned beyond recognition. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

## Roscommon.

At Frenchpark Petty Sessions on November 23d, Mr. Blakeney, agent of Lord de Freyne's estate, was summoned at the instance of an evicted tenant, named Barrett, on a charge of having, on the occasion of removing Barrett from possession of a dwelling on the evicted holding, set fire to the dwelling while a child of Barrett's (a little girl named Annie) was in it. The magistrates decided to commit Mr. Blakeney for trial, and he was admitted to bail.

On Nov. 18th Dr. J. E. Kenny, coroner, held an inquest in Jarvis Street Hospital, Dublin, on the body of Michael Gilleran, aged 50 years, a porter in the employment of the Midland Great Western Railway, who took suddenly ill in the company's stores that morning, and was conveyed to the hospital, where Dr. O'Brien pronounced life extinct. Medical evidence was given which showed that death was due to rupture of the heart, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. The deceased was a native of Amos, Beechwood, County Roscommon.

## Sligo.

For High Sheriff of Sligo County, Simon Cullen, Esq., Rathmond, Sligo; Alexander Sim, Esq., Camphill, Collooney; and Capt. R. W. Hillis, Seaside, Ballysodare, have been nominated.

## Tipperary.

The Judges have nominated—for High Sheriff of Tipperary county—Captain John Bayley, Debsboro, Nenagh; William A. Riell, Esq., D. L., Anneville, Clonmel; and Robert Malcolmson, Esq., Melview, Clonmel.

The tenants of the Watson estate, at Lobarodora and Lisbrook, met the agent, Mr. Jellicoe, of Cahir, at Corcoran's Hotel, Cashel, on Nov. 5th, for the purpose of paying the rent due on their holdings to the 1st of November last. An abatement of six shillings in the pound was giving in all cases.

## Tyrone.

John Herdman, Esq., Carricklea, Strabane; Francis Porter Gunning, Esq., Nottingham, Belfast; and Major Robert Thomas Greaves Lowry, Pomeroy House, Pomeroy, have been named for the office of High Sheriff of Tyrone.

## Waterford.

The Duke of Devonshire is about to sell a number of farms on his southern estates to the occupying tenants, under the provisions of the Land Purchase Acts. These farms comprise 3,124 acres in the county Cork, and 3,326 acres in Waterford.

On Nov. 23d, the profession took place at the Convent of Mercy, Kilmacthomas, of Sister Mary Berchmans Joseph. The newly-professed nun, who is the daughter of Mr. John Sweeney, of Ballydurane, Clonakilty, was received by the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. A large number of priests were present at the ceremony.

## Westmeath.

Major-General Andrew Nugent, of Portaferry House, Portaferry, county Down, has been recommended by the Judges of Assize for the office of High Sheriff of Westmeath, for 1894.

Intelligence has been received in Mullingar, of the death of Rev. Father O'Hanlon, at a comparatively early age, on the 9th of October, in the city of Bendigo, Victoria, Australia, whither he had gone, some twelve months ago, to recruit his failing health. The deceased clergyman spent the first five years of his missionary life in Cape Colony. On his return to Ireland he was appointed curate of Mayne, and subsequently promoted to Mullingar, where he greatly endeared himself to the people. His loss is deeply regretted in that district, where he was so well known and deservedly popular.

## Wexford.

On Thursday night, Nov. 23d, a large number of people accompanied the St. John's Independent Band through the streets of Wexford in commemoration of the execution of the Manchester Martyrs in '67. The band turned out at a quarter past eight, and a procession was formed at King street. The "Dead March in Saul" was played passing the Main street, but when the Balling was reached livelier tunes were performed. These included "God Save Ireland" in which a large number of the processionists joined. A small force of police, under Head-constable Leonard, walked on each side of the procession. At George street barracks a cordon of police was drawn across the entrance, and, when passing by, the crowd loudly hooted, and the stentorian voice of one of the processionists wished to know where was Balfour now!

## Wicklow.

The Judges of Assize have recommended for the office of High Sheriff of Wicklow, for the year 1894, the name of Fletcher Moore, The Manor, Kilbridge; George C. C. Crampton, Ballyhouke, Stratford-on-Slaney; and E. H. C. Welleley, Bromley, Greystones.

An Army Kitten.

One evening, toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, the cry of "Halt! who goes there!" from a sentry startled every lounging to his feet, and several of the more curious ran to the guard-line to find out what the trouble was.

The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself, to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was—scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and her kitten too, and he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but was considered the property and special pet of the colonel; and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that strayed and fed with the victors after the battle of Antietam, the little creature was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunder-clouds of human passion and strife.

It is stated that the Langford tenants (Kanturk) will soon be the owners, in fee, of their farms, after a hard-fought battle.

Mr. Joseph Boulston, Gortaclear, Beragh; and Mr. Henry Owens, Beragh; have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Tyrone.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Dermot O'Maher, M.A., T.C.D., solicitor, of No. 8 Westmoreland street, Dublin, a Commissioner for Administering Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, December 20, 1893.

Table listing market prices for various commodities such as Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Dressed hogs, Chickens, Geese, Turkeys, Butter, Eggs, Parsley, Cabbage, Celery, Radishes, Lettuce, Onions, Turnips, Potatoes, Beets, Carrots, Apples, Hay, and Straw.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Dec. 16.—We had but little cattle of good quality. Most of the trade was broken up into small quantities, and the best price paid was usually from 3 to 3½ per pound.

The supply of lambs was more than ample, as over one thousand (mixed with a few sheep) came in; prices for choice lambs were fairly steady at from \$3 to \$3.75 per cwt.; but for poor qualities prices were weaker. Sheep were nominal.

Only a few calves came in. Prices ruled high for choice. Hogs sold at prices that showed no sign of an advance.



Do you feel the first muttering of indigestion? Do not wait for it to become chronic. Use K. D. C.

Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Separate School Board of this City, at a meeting held on the 7th day of November, 1893, passed the following By Law.

By-Law Number 4 of the Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, to raise by way of loan twenty-three thousand dollars.

Whereas the Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto require to borrow the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars for school purposes, eighteen thousand dollars thereof for the purchase of a school site and school buildings on the south east corner of Bond street and Wilton avenue, in the City of Toronto, and five thousand dollars to pay on an existing mortgage on one of the schools of said Board in the City of Toronto.

And whereas, under chapter 227 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, the said Trustees have power to make mortgages and other instruments for the security and payment of such borrowed money upon the school house property and premises, and any other real or personal property vested in them, and upon the Separate School rates; and whereas it is provided by the said Act that such mortgages and other instruments may be made in the form of debentures, which debentures shall be a charge on the same property and rates aforesaid as in the case of mortgages thereof.

Therefore the said Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, enacts as follows:

1. That the whole of the debt and obligations to be issued under this By law, shall not exceed the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars and interest thereon, half yearly at five per cent. per annum, and it shall be lawful for the said Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, and they are hereby authorized to borrow from any person or persons, body or bodies corporate, who may be willing to advance the same, the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars for the purposes above recited.

2. That for the security and payment of the money borrowed, it shall be lawful for the said Board of Trustees, to cause any number of debentures to be made not exceeding in all the said sum of twenty-three thousand dollars, but for not less than one hundred dollars each, and that the said debentures shall be sealed with the corporate seal of the said Board of Trustees, and be signed by the Chairman and Secretary of the said Board.

3. That the money so borrowed and the said debentures shall be made payable in twenty years from the day hereinafter mentioned for this By-law to take effect, at the office of the Home Savings and Loan Company, Ltd., in the City of Toronto, and shall have attached to them coupons for the payment of interest.

4. That the money so borrowed and said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, which interest shall be payable half yearly on the first days of June and December in each year, at the said office of the Bank aforesaid.

5. That the said debentures shall be and are hereby made a charge on the school house properties and premises and on the real and personal property vested in the said Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, and upon all the Separate School rates of said Board to be hereafter imposed, until the said debentures and each and every of them shall be fully paid off and satisfied.

6. That during the currency of the said debentures, there shall be included in the yearly Separate School rate to be levied and collected by said Board, the sum of eleven hundred and fifty dollars, for the payment of interest on said debentures, and also the sum of seven hundred and seventy-two dollars and 39 cents, for the payment of the principal, which two sums making together the sum of one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-two dollars and 39 cents, shall be included in and raised by the yearly Separate School rates, to be imposed by the said Board of Trustees, the said sum of \$772 39 being the sum which is sufficient, with the estimated interest on the investments thereof to discharge the said debt when payable.

7. That the said debentures may be payable to Bearer or to Order. The coupons may be assigned by the Secretary, or his signature may be engraved or stamped thereon, and be as valid as his own proper signature.

8. This By-Law shall take effect on the seventh day of November, A.D. 1893. MOB. F. P. ROONEY, V.G., Chairman. VERY REV. J. J. MCCANN, V.G., Secretary Treasurer.

SEE THE NEW UNCONDITIONAL AC CUMULATIVE POLICY ISSUED BY THE Confederation Life Association OF TORONTO. IT IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS from the date of issue. IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY NONFORFEITABLE after two years. Full information furnished upon application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Agents. W. O. MACDONALD, ACTUARY. J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of December, 1893, mails close and are due as follows: Table with columns for Close and Due times for various routes like G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., and U.S. West'n States.

South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts. WILL shoppers realize what it means for this house to say that they are making a holiday display surpassing all previous years. We've been leaders always, but with the enlarged store space coming from the new annex we've stocked up as never before. Furthermore, we've marked all lines at prices that discount any previous figures. A run through the basement, with its myriad stocks of toys and notions, is a delight to the child's heart not readily forgotten.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS: Handkerchiefs always in order, hemstitched, lined handkerchiefs, 10c. Fine cashmere mufflers, 25c. Neckties to match, pretty ones at 20c. Japanese silk handkerchiefs, 25c. FUR: Hardly anything more appropriate for a holiday gift. Our line of furs is large and wonderfully low in price. SLEIGHS: Boy's sled, 15c. Boy's clipper, hard maple, oval spring shod, 50c. Girl's frame sleigh, 25c. Girl's frame sleigh, large size, 55c. Girl's sleigh, with round steel runners, 35c. BOOKS: Pansy books, paper bound, 5c. Army Tales, by J. S. Winter, 75c. George Macdonald's Works, \$1 25. ORDER ANYTHING BY LETTER.

R. SIMPSON, S. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge at Entrance Queen at W. New Annex, 170 Yonge street. Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

TEACHER WANTED, FEMALE for Separate School No. 3, Glencol, Holland and Sullivan. Must hold a second or third class certificate. One who is willing to teach a choir and play the organ in the church. Must come well recommended. State salary. Address, TIMOTHY MCCANNA, Dorocho P.O., Ont.

M. MORAN, House and Sign Painter, Etc., Painters, Grainers, etc. Agent for J. J. CALLOW.

The Pictorial Church for Children, The Child's Christian Education Under the quadruple influence of The Angel, The Priest, The School and The Mother. This little book is a gem, has 32 rich half tone illustrations, worth alone the price of the book. It is highly approved by Cardinal Gibbons, several Bishops, religious men and women. Do not deprive the little folks of the great pleasure of reading a GENUINE CHRISTMAS STORY. Sent post paid to any address for 50 cents. You must not do it ONE MINUTE, but present your child or your grandchild with a picture of the book at Christmas. Address all orders and correspondence to REV. J. BRELIVET, Barre, Vt. Sold in lots: Paper covers, \$15 per 100. Hard board, \$20.

\$3 a Day Sure. Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free! You work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day. Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario. I don't hesitate for children to use Best, Fastest to Use, and Cheapest CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 6c. E. T. H. Wallace, Warren, Pa.

**Rabousheka.**

*Eleanor C. Donnelly in Dayton Messenger.*

Tears, on a Christmas Eve, when all are smiling!  
What grief has come to little Marguerite?  
Alas! She has been rude and disobedient!  
To-day she met a poor man on the street.

And, when he asked the road to Forest Dingle,  
She tossed her curls and mocked him to his face,  
Mocked him with lies. And now, she wants Kiska Kluge

To fill her stocking in the chimney-place!

Come, naughty one!—look with me, thro' the window  
And see that restless shadow on the snow!  
A small old woman, dusky as a linnet,  
With broom in hand, she yaces to and fro.

Sweeping the crossing—sweeping, sweeping ever!  
For nearly nineteen centuries of gloom,  
Her phantom coires at Christmas heard you never  
Of wicked Rabousheka and her broom?

Well, you must know, that when the Wise Men

wandered  
From out the East (the good Three Kings of old)  
Seeking the Christ, they often paused and pondered,  
And gazed bewilder'd at the Star of gold

And once, when dim it shone upon the seekers,  
They met a woman sweeping at her door,  
They stopped and asked (her name was Rabousheka),  
Would she direct them, which road (out of four)

Led to Judas and the new-born Saviour  
She tossed her head, and stamped upon the snow,  
Made mouths at them (with other rude behavior),  
And (knowing all the while) shrieked, "I don't know!"

But, when the gentle Kings rode onward weeping  
And meekly took the right road out of four,  
She found they left her sweeping, sweeping, sweep-  
ing.

Without the power to enter at her door!

And so, for nineteen hundred years of sorrow,  
Her ghost (they say) is seen on Christmas Eve,  
Sweeping and sweeping—hoping that the morrow  
Will bring the Kings, her spirit to relieve.

But all in vain, for, never more returning,  
The Wise Men journeyed home another road,  
And Rabousheka, spite her bitter yearning,  
Could never find their infant King and God?

Ah! naughty Marguerite! you shrink and tremble!  
Now, run and tell mamma this tale of doom;  
And tell her, too, you'll never more resemble  
That wretched Rabousheka with her broom!

**Selected Receipts.**

**HARD SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING.**—  
1 lb butter beaten to a froth, and keep  
adding sugar till very thick, then put  
in one wine glass of brandy and one  
of sherry.

**BOILED BREAD AND APPLE PUDDING.**  
Peel and chop six large apples; mix  
with them one cup of fine bread crumbs  
and the beaten yolks of three eggs.  
Add one teaspoonful of mixed cinna-  
mon and nutmeg, a pinch of salt and  
the whipped whites of three eggs.  
Beat altogether for a minute, turn in-  
to a greased mould and boil three  
hours.

**TONGUE ON TOAST**—One cup of cold  
boiled tongue or ham, yolks of two  
eggs, one-quarter teaspoonful of mus-  
tard and a dash of cayenne. Chop the  
tongue or ham very fine. Beat the  
yolks until light; add them to tongue  
or ham; add the seasoning; stir the  
whole over the fire until the eggs are  
cooked. Serve immediately on squares  
of buttered toast.

**MACARONI PIE**—One-half pound of  
macaroni, one pound of sausage meat,  
a small bunch of parsley, one pint of  
water, one pint of good stock, pastry.  
Stew the macaroni in water till quite  
tender, then add half the stock and a  
little seasoning; put a layer of macar-  
oni on a pie dish, then a layer of sau-  
sage meat, sprinkling over chopped  
parsley, pepper and salt, then macaroni,  
and so on till the dish is full. Pour  
the remainder of the stock over, cover  
with a light dripping-crust, and bake  
one-half hour.

**LEMON CUSTARD.**—Beat the yolks of  
three eggs until light with one cup of  
granulated sugar; add the juice and  
grated rind of one lemon. Mix two  
tablespoonfuls of flour smooth with a  
little cold water, then add one half cup  
of hot water, and stir until perfectly  
smooth. Add this carefully to the  
eggs and sugar. Line a pie plate with  
paste and bake. Fill with the custard  
and bake in a moderately quick oven  
until done. When done and cool cover  
with a maringue made of the whites of  
the eggs and sugar, or, if you prefer

the whites in the pie, beat them with  
the yolks.

**ORANGE CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar,  
three cups of flour, nearly one cup of  
milk or water, yolks of five eggs and  
yolks of four, well beaten, two tea-  
spoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in  
three or four cakes and spread the  
icing between and on top. The icing  
is made with the white of an egg beat-  
on to a stiff froth, adding powdered  
sugar until almost too stiff to stir; then  
add the juice and a little of the grated  
rind of an orange. The icing is quite  
soft after the juice of the orange is  
added, and it flavors a cake nicely.

**FIGONS A LA DUCHESSE.**—Bone  
three nice pigeons from the neck, with  
the exception of the second bone of  
the legs. Fill them with forcemeat,  
to which must be added the fried livers  
of the birds. Secure the ends with  
needle and thread, truss them into  
shape, and cover each with a slice of  
fat bacon. Put them into a stewpan  
with vegetables and stock, and bruise  
them very gently for about an hour.  
Remove them to get partially cold in  
the stock, then draw out the string and  
glaze them. Garnish with chipped  
jelly.

**SWEETBREAD CROQUETTES.**—Wash  
and parboil one pair of sweetbreads,  
then throw them into cold water, re-  
move the outside skin and all the mem-  
brane; with a silver knife chop in  
rather small pieces; measure. There  
should be at least half a pint of the  
chopped meat. Put one gill of cream  
into a little saucepan, rub together a  
level teaspoonful of butter and heaping  
tablespoonful of flour, stir into the hot  
cream until you have a smooth paste,  
add the yolk of one egg, the sweet-  
breads, mix and cook for just a minute,  
take from the fire, and, if you like,  
add a dozen mushrooms chopped fine.  
If you use fresh mushrooms they must  
be slightly cooked before chopping;  
add a teaspoonful of salt and a salt-  
spoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of  
finely chopped parsley, about ten drops  
of onion juice, mix and turn out to  
cool. When cold form into croquettes,  
dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs,  
and fry in smoking hot fat.

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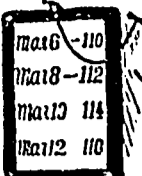
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## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XXVII (CONTINUED)

Hitherto, in her unutterable amazement, Frau Hellwig had remained sitting with folded hands, now, pressing them on the arms of her chair, stood erect, suddenly.

"Return!" she repeated, as though doubting whether she had heard correctly. "To whom?"

"Why to the Hirschsprung heirs, of course, if they are living."

"What, pay so large a sum to the first strolling vagabond who may perhaps come forward? Forty thousand thalers remained in the Hellwig family, after—"

"Yes, after Paul Hellwig, the man of honor, the true and righteous champion of the Lord, one of the elect, had seized twenty thousand thalers!" the professor interrupted, with trembling indignation. "Mother, you condemn my grandmother's soul to eternal punishment, because she ignorantly used stolen money. What does he deserve, who, with fiendish deliberation, and cool calculation, steals a fortune?"

"Yes, he yielded a moment to temptation," she replied, without losing the least iota of composure. "He was a thoughtless young man, then, who had not found the right path. Satan always chooses the best and noblest souls to draw from the kingdom of God—but he has made his way out of the mire of sin, and it is written: 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' He battles unweariedly for our holy faith. The money has been purified, sanctified in your hands, for he uses it for objects pleasing to God."

"We Protestants have our Jesuits too," cried the professor, with a laugh of bitter scorn.

"It is precisely the same with what fell into our possession," continued Frau Hellwig, immovably. "Look about you! God's hand rests visibly upon all we do! If the crime still clung to the money it could not bring forth such good fruits. We, you and I, and my son, have transformed what was once a sin into a blessing, through our zeal in the service of the Lord, our godly lives."

"Pray do not include me, mother," he interrupted, deeply incensed by this shocking argument. Raising his hand to his forehead, he pressed it as though enduring intolerable pain.

The great lady darted a venomous glance at her son, as he uttered this protest, but nevertheless continued in a raised voice: "We are not authorized to throw away the means we devote to a sacred cause, perhaps to be wasted in worldly pleasures. This is my principal reason for opposing, with all my strength, any revival of this forgotten tale—the second is that, by doing so, you will bring disgrace on one of your ancestors."

"He brought disgrace on himself and all his descendants," said the professor, harshly. "But we can at least save our own honor by refusing to play the part of hypocrites."

Frau Hellwig left her place and approached her son with all her lofty superiority of bearing.

"Well—we will suppose that I yield to your view of this unpleasant affair," she said, coldly. "Suppose we should take these forty thousand thalers—whose loss, by the way, would reduce us to a very moderate income, but no matter, we will consider that—suppose, I say, we should take this money and return every farthing of it. What if the rejoicing heirs should then demand the accrued interest and the compound interest—what then?"

"I do not think they would be entitled to do that—but, if it should be so, you must remember the words: 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.'"

"I am not a Hellwig—do not forget that, my son!" she interrupted. "I brought to this house an honored, stainless name—my father was a court councillor. The shame does not touch me, nor am I inclined to make a pecuniary sacrifice for the sake of washing away the blot. Do you think it my duty to starve in my old age on account of the sins of others?"

"Starve, while you have a son who is able to provide for you? Mother, do you not think my profession will enable me to give you a comfortable, even a luxurious support?"

"I thank you, my son!" she answered, in an icy tone. "But I prefer to live upon my own income, and remain my own mistress. I abhor dependence. Since your father's death I have known no will save the Lord's, and my own—and so it must always be. But we will not quarrel about nothing! I assure you that I believe the whole matter to be a mere crazy delusion of that old creature who lived under the roof. Nothing in the world will compel me to believe it a true account of an event that really occurred."

At this moment the door was noiselessly opened, and the councillor's widow entered. The beautiful woman had been weeping, and this time not like a Mater Dolorosa—the traces of tears were plainly visible on her reddened eye-lids, and dark spots burned on the roseate velvet of her cheeks. Passion had rudely shaken her soul—though the lady had done everything in her power to transform its ravages into an image of innocent suffering. To hide her disordered hair, she had wound about her hair a transparent white tulle scarf; the lovely face peeping from the mist like fabric, from beneath which one or two fair locks stole, received a touch of ideal grace. She had evidently attempted to make the tulle supply the place of the girlish delicacy and childlike artlessness, which had so long surrounded her like a halo.

She saw the fatal book lying on the table and started. Slowly, like a penitent, she approached the professor, and, with her face averted as if in shame, held out her hand. He did not take it.

"Forgive me, John," she pleaded. "I cannot account for my anger, even to myself. I, who am usually so calm and quiet, how could I be so excited! But it is all the fault of that miserable business! Just think, John, how that horrible book compromises my dear papa, and, besides, I so longed to save you at any cost from so humiliating a discovery. I can not help thinking that Caroline searched out this horrid story just to play us all an ill turn before her departure—"

"Hold your slanderous tongue!" he cried, threateningly, with such sudden violence, that she was silent in terror. "But I will forgive you," he added, after a pause, struggling to control himself, "on one condition."

She looked at him inquiringly. "That you tell me, without any reserve, in what way you learned the secret."

She remained silent a moment, then began in a sorrowful tone. "During papa's last illness, which, as you know, seemed likely to prove fatal, he asked me to bring him from his secretary various papers, which I was obliged to destroy before his eyes."

"They were Hirschsprung documents—he had probably preserved them as curiosities. Whether the apparent approach of death made him more communicative, or whether he felt the necessity of speaking of this incident to some one, I do not know—but he confided the secret to me—"

"And gave you a certain bracelet, did he not?" asked the professor, angrily.

Adele silently nodded, looking up at him with a helpless, beseeching gaze.

"After this statement, do you still believe the whole story to be the wanderings of a disordered brain?" asked

the professor, turning with a cold smile to his mother.

"I only know that person's folly and senselessness surpass everything I have ever experienced," she answered, trembling with anger, as she pointed to the young widow. "The demon of vanity, which gives her no peace, led her to put on the strange bracelet, that no one could fail to admire, in order to have the beautiful white arm seen also."

The young widow suddenly forgot her role of suffering penitent, and cast a fiery glance at her aunt, who thus pitilessly exposed one of the weakest points in her character.

"I will not discuss, Adele, how the wearing of stolen jewelry can possibly harmonize with the purity and innocence of your soul, which you so strongly emphasize on all occasions," said the professor, with apparent calmness, though his voice sounded like the low muttering of an approaching tempest. "It is your place to decide who is the greater sinner, the poor mother who steals bread for her starving children, or the rich woman reveling in luxury who receives stolen goods. But that you could have the effrontery to place this stolen ornament in the pure hand of the young girl who had just saved the life of your child—you said explicitly that the bracelet was very dear to you, but you would joyfully sacrifice your most cherished possession for Anna's sake—that you also dared, by right of your stainless descent, to sneer at that girl's origin, claiming for yourself all the virtues derived from a spotless lineage, and thrusting her into a sphere of degradation, while all the time you were aware of your father's deed—was so outrageous an act of infamy, that it can not be too severely condemned."

The young widow tottered, her eyes closed, and she grasped with an unsteady hand at the table-cloth as if for support.

"You are not wholly wrong, John," said Frau Hellwig, shaking the tottering figure rudely by the arm—all fainting women were detestable to her—"you are not wholly wrong, but your last sentence was rather too strong. Adele was certainly extremely foolish, but you must not forget what is due to her position. The comparison to the poor woman was—hardly sensible. There is a marked difference between finding property that has no owner, and intentionally stealing the bread of others. But this is another of the abominable new-fangled ideas of making comparisons between common people and those of high position. I am greatly surprised to hear such words from your lips. And it is also unwarrantable to compare a girl like Caroline to a woman of position—a low creature like her."

"Mother, I told you this afternoon, in the garden, that I would no longer tolerate these unpardonable attacks upon Felicitas!" cried the professor, while the veins upon his forehead swelled with anger.

"Oho, show me a little more respect, I beg! You are standing in your mother's presence!" she said, authoritatively, extending her hand toward him with a repellent gesture, while an annihilating glance darted from her cold gray eyes. "You play the part of knight-errant to this wandering princess admirably; there will soon be nothing for me to do save to lay my homage at her feet."

"You will surely treat her with respect, mother," he replied, with great composure, in answer to this biting taunt, and his eyes rested steadily and searchingly upon her face. "You will surely not refuse her your respect and esteem, for—she will one day become my wife."

And—the old house actually remained standing after this unprecedented statement! The earth did not open to swallow up the little town and this most misgueded action of the Hellwigs,

as the lady, in the first horrified moment of astonishment, really expected. The professor himself stood there, calm and immovable, the image of a man who has formed his own resolve, and on whom women's tears, hysterics and outbreaks of anger would produce no more impression than waves beating against a rock-bound coast.

Frau Hellwig, fairly speechless, staggered back, but the councillor's widow roused herself from her half-fainting condition, and burst into a peal of hysterical laughter. The transfiguring tulle fell from her head down on her neck, and her tangled locks, amid which the half-withered crimson rose still clung, twined like serpents about her flushed brow.

"There is the consequence of your far famed wisdom, aunt!" she cried shrilly. "Now it is my turn to triumph! Who begged you to marry off this girl, at any hazard, before John came home? I had a foreboding, at my first glimpse of this person, that she would bring misfortune on us all! Now take the burden of the disgrace, to which you were resolutely blind. I shall go at once to Bonn, to tell the professors' wives what sort of a girl is soon to enter their exclusive circle."

She rushed out of the room. Meantime Frau Hellwig had recovered from her stupor of amazement, and armed herself with all her innate pride and dignity.

"I evidently misunderstood you just now, John," she said, with apparent calmness.

"If you think so, I will repeat my remark," he replied, in a cold, unyielding tone. "I intend to marry Felicitas d'Orloweka."

"Do you dare to persist in this insane purpose?"

"Instead of answering you, I will ask—would you now bestow your blessing on my marriage with Adele?"

"Assuredly. She is a suitable match—I have no wish more earnest."

The professor flushed crimson and clinched his teeth to repress the torrent of angry words that rose to his lips.

"By that declaration you have lost the last remnant of authority to decide any important question in my life," he said, with forced composure. "So you do not consider that this woman, so utterly corrupt in her moral nature, this pitiful hypocrite, would poison my whole existence. You could sit quietly here in your luxurious home, and be perfectly satisfied to say of your absent son: 'He made a suitable match.' In answer to his boundless selfishness, I declare that I mean to secure happiness, and I can find it only with the poor, despised orphan, whom we have treated so cruelly."

Frau Hellwig burst into a harsh, sneering laugh.

"I still refrain from inflicting the worst punishment upon you!" she cried, with quivering lips. "But do not forget the old proverb, 'A father's blessing builds the child's house, but a mother's curse tears it down.'"

"Do you assert that your blessing would efface Adele's faults of character? Nor can a curse produce any effect if it falls on an innocent head. You will not utter it, mother! God will not receive it—it will recoil upon yourself and make your old age lonely and loveless."

"What care I for that? I know but two things, they are my guides—honor and shame! You must honor my will, and by the authority of this duty you will recall your foolish words."

"Never, you may be sure of that, mother!" cried her son and left the room, while she stood like a statue with outstretched arms. Did those distorted, livid lips utter the curse? No sound reached the hall—if it was spoken, it died noiselessly away—the God of love does not give so terrible a weapon to the wicked and revengeful.

The shadows of approaching night were already gathering in the large square court-yard. The wind had fall-

on, but dark, torn clouds were still sweeping across the sky, like angry warriors anxious to combine their forces for another assault.

Up in the second story doors were banged, trunks pushed about, and clumsy and unstable feet ran to and fro—the occupants were packing for an eternal departure. "So this is the end of the forget-me-nots!" muttered Heinrich, greatly delighted, as he carried a big trunk into the passage.

How quiet and calm, in contrast to all the noise and haste in the front mansion, was the pale young face seen at the bow-window opening into the court-yard. A kitchen lamp was burning on the table, and beside it stood the little trunk containing the clothes Felicitas had worn when a child. Frau Hellwig, still holding the missionary stocking in her hand, had given orders an hour before to have the girl's "rubbish" carried to her, that she might have no reason for staying another night in the house. Felicitas was just looking at the little seal with the Hirschsprung crest by the light of the lamp, when the professor's pale face appeared at the bow-window.

"Come, Felicitas! You shall not stay an instant longer in this house of crime and selfishness," he said, in great excitement. "Leave those things here—Heinrich will take them to you tomorrow."

She threw her shawl around her and met him in the hall. Taking her hand firmly in his he led her through the streets until he rang the bell at the young lawyer's door.

"I bring you a ward," he said to the old lady, who received the couple in her own, well lighted room, kindly, but with evident surprise. Taking her hand, he placed Felicitas's in it. "I confide her to you, my friend," he said, significantly; "guard and protect my Felicitas like a daughter—till I ask you to give her back to me again."

CHAPTER XXVIII

The young girl had merely walked through a few streets and crossed two thresholds, yet what a transformation those few steps had effected both in her outward and inward life. The massive stone walls of the mansion lay behind her, and with it she cast off the burden of unkind treatment. Wherever she looked all was now brightness and sunshine—there was not the slightest trace of the gloomy bigotry, which brooded like some dark bird of prey over the Hellwig mansion, trying to rood with its dark talons every innocent human soul. Free, healthful views of existence, a keen interest in everything noble and beautiful the world possesses, and a happy, cheerful domestic life formed the atmosphere of her present home! Felicitas found herself in her element. There was both sweetness and sorrow in again hearing all the pet names Aunt Cordula had given her—for she had instantly become the darling of the two old people, the master and mistress of the house.

Such was the outward change in her life—the transformation within she herself regarded with a vague, sweet sense of confusion. In obedience to the professor's summons that evening she had left her few possessions without a word; in the hall she had silently placed her little hand in his and gone with him willingly, without knowing whither. If he had led her on through the dark streets—out of the gate of the town—she would have journeyed with him over the whole world without a word of doubt or suspicion. She was a strange creature who, with all her glowing imagination, her lofty enthusiasm, inflexibly required a firm foundation of principle for all her acts. The professor's ardent professions of love and impassioned entreaties had torn her heart, but had been powerless to shake her firm resolve or offset any change of feeling—other words must be uttered to win her, and

those he had unintentionally spoken. In refusing to give her the book he said, "I can take no different course; though my reward were the assurance that I might instantly call you mine, I should still be forced to say 'No.'" Spite of the terrible anxiety she was then suffering her heart had throbbod exultingly—the strength of his manly resolution and the vigor with which he asserted it, at any cost to himself, solved every doubt and inspired her with that confidence in him without which life by his side would have been impossible for her.

The professor came daily to her new home. He was graver and more reserved than ever—for heavy burdens were pressing upon him. His residence in his mother's house had become unendurable. The mental excitement she had endured had probably affected her irā nerves—she became ill, and could not leave her bed. She steadily refused to see her son—Dr. Boehm attended her—but the professor was obliged to remain in X—. Meantime he had told his friend, as curator of the presumptive Hirschsprung heirs, the family secret, and informed him of his fixed determination to atone for the wrong. All the objections his friend advanced, to induce him at least to modify the extent of the reparation, were baffled by the professor's query whether he considered the money honestly obtained—to which even the young advocate could not answer "yes." Still the lawyer shared Frau Hellwig's opinion that it was a "fuss about nothing," though for a different reason—he did not believe in the existence of any scions of the Hirschsprung family. But, in his opinion, the devout relative on the Rhine, the highly-esteemed Paul Hellwig, ought not to be spared a strong nervous shock, so the zealous champion of the Lord was summoned to restore the stolen twenty thousand thalers. The pious man quietly replied, with his usual sanctimoniousness, that he had assuredly received that sum from his uncle in payment of an old debt due to his father from the principal branch of the Hellwig family. Where his uncle obtained the money was a matter of entire indifference to him, and did not cause him the slightest uneasiness—it was no affair of his. The money was now in the best possible hands; he did not consider himself the owner of the property, but its steward, under the direction of the "Lord." He should, for this reason, defend the money by every means in his power, and looked forward to a law suit without the least anxiety.

Nathanael wrote in a very similar strain. It was a matter of indifference to him what crime might have been committed by an ancestor who had long since moldered into dust—he did not consider it his duty to whitewash the characters of the other, and certainly should not give up one penny of his heritage. He, too, he wrote, looked forward with the utmost composure to a law suit, and already cherished pleasurable anticipations of the moment when the heirs presumptive would have to pay the costs, and his "over-scrupulous" brother find disgrace brought on his once honored name.

"Then there is no course for me to pursue," said the professor, smiling bitterly, as he flung these written testimonials of the nice sense of honor that characterized the Hellwigs upon the table, "except to sacrifice every penny I have inherited or saved, if I do not wish to be a hypocrite and accomplice in an evil deed."

Thus the end of the vacation had gradually arrived. Frau Hellwig had recovered sufficiently to leave her bed, but had resolutely declared that she would not see her son before his departure, except on condition that he would drop the whole "crazy" Hirschsprung business and give up his intention of marrying Felicitas. Of course this separated the mother and son forever.

Felicitas was in a mood difficult to describe. Ever since her arrival in her new home she had sat down every afternoon, at the usual hour, with a throbbing heart, and cast stolen glances out of the window until the well-knit, manly figure, with its self-poised bearing turned the corner. Then it required all her self-control not to run to meet him. He came nearer and nearer, neither looking to the right nor to the left, not even noticing the acquaintances he met, his eyes were fixed upon the window where Felicitas's head was apparently bent over her sewing. At last the moment came when she could venture to look up—their eyes met—ah, life held a wealth of bliss of which the girl's young heart had hitherto not even dreamed! The professor never spoke of his love. Felicitas might have thought the events which had recently occurred had driven it out of his mind had it not been for his eyes, but those steel-gray eyes perpetually followed her as she moved about the room engaged in household duties; they sparkled when she entered or when, lifting her head from her work, she turned her face fully toward him. She knew that she was still "his Fay," who "was to wait for him at home and think of him." And with this feeling she received his afternoon visits. The girl who had once possessed such an iron will, whose glance had been so full of hate, and whose manner had expressed such cold reserve, did not even suspect what a witchery now surrounded her, since all the harsh traits in her character had melted in the sweet humility of love.

And to-morrow the time would come when she might sit at the window and wait for him in vain. In the hour of the afternoon, for whose coming she always longed so eagerly, he would be far, far away from her—throgs of strange faces would separate him from his Fay—perhaps a whole long year might elapse ere she should see him again. What a desolate time was coming! Felicitas beheld a dreary void, to which she could no longer accustom herself—she was drifting rudderless.

On the day before the professor's departure, while Felicitas and the other members of the household were at dinner, the maid servant brought in a card which she handed to the young lawyer. A sudden flush of surprise crimsoned his face, and throwing the card on the table he left the room. The shining bit of white pasteboard bore the words: "Baron Lutz von Hirschsprung, of Kiel." A man's voice was heard in the hall outside speaking most excellent German in the refined tones that are a token of gentle breeding—then the two gentlemen went upstairs to the lawyer's study.

While the councilor and his wife were engaged in an eager conversation about this heir, who seemed to have come from No-Man's Land, Felicitas sat silent in the most intense agitation. The poor player's child, who, bereft of every family tie, had hitherto lived alone among strangers, suddenly found herself under the same roof with an unknown kinsman. Was it her grandfather or her mother's brother? Had that deep, calm voice, whose tones had made every nerve in her body quiver, once pronounced a curse upon the recreant daughter of the Hirschsprungs? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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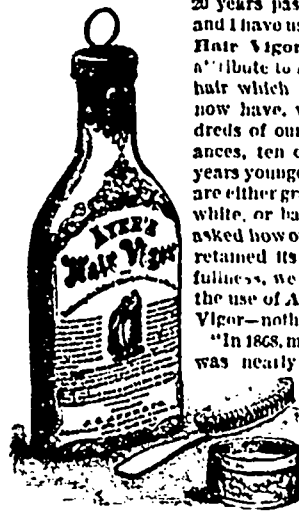
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**League of the Sacred Heart.**

The Golden Jubilee of the League of the Sacred Heart will begin with the year 1894, but the closing weeks of the year just ending will be ever memorable in the League annals of St. Michael's, Toronto. A friendly and zealous rivalry has been going on for some time between the Men's League and the Women's League of the Cathedral parish. In such a pious contest it would be only natural to expect that the devout sex would be victorious. But though the ladies deserve all praise, the men of the League are in no wise daunted.

Sunday, the 10th, was the day of glory and joy for the Women's League. "Clothed in beauty and surrounded with vanity," the ladies assembled at Vesper service in the Cathedral to see their Promoters receive from his Grace the Archbishop their official diplomas and crosses of honor and office. There was a splendid attendance. His Grace preached one of his luminous, soul-stirring sermons on Christ the Regenerator, with special and appropriate reference to the League of the Sacred Heart. Always learned and eloquent in his exposition of doctrine, his Grace is especially powerful and impressive when he treats of devotion to the Sacred Heart. His beautiful pastoral on that great devotion is one of the very best treatises on the subject, and the remarkable success of the League in St. Michael's parish is mainly due, under God's blessing, to the eloquent exhortations and zealous work of our great and good Archbishop. It must have been a joy to the heart of his Grace to see twenty five new Promoters of the Ladies' League come to him that Sunday, coming to receive their well-earned rewards for the work they had done for the Heart of Jesus. These twenty five Promoters represented about 400 members. When the diplomas and crosses had been conferred, Vicar-General McCann, the zealous and active Director of the Ladies' League and Altar Society, read the solemn Act of Consecration, and the impressive ceremony closed with Benediction.

Sunday, the 17th, was the day for the quarterly Communion of the Men's League; and, inspired by the example of the women, they made a very good showing indeed, and were warmly complimented by Father Ryan.

A special feature of this meeting was the Cadet contingent to the Men's League. Father Ryan had been for some time devoting special attention to the working boys, and he thought the best means of keeping them to their religious duties was to have them in the League. After giving the boys a little mission he formed a cadet society, provided them with neat, ornamental badges, and had them join the men at Communion on Sunday. The little fellows turned out well, and promise to be a most interesting and important addition to the League.

With such results in the past, and such zeal in the present, much may be hoped in the future from the League in St. Michael's parish.

**League of the Cross.**

St. Paul's Sodality of the above League held their usual weekly meeting Sunday afternoon, Mr. Geo. Duffy, President, in the chair.

The total abstinence pledge was administered by the Rev. Father Hand to five young men who became regular members of the Society. An interesting programme was taken part in by several members. Any of the men of the parish who wish to join may do so any Sunday afternoon.

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