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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 37.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The interval between the late harvest of the farmer and the next session of the Legislature is this year busily taken up with a series of political pic-nics. Representatives of both sides are out. Some of the Conservatives are down in Nova Scotia, while the Leader of the Opposition is making a tour through Ontario. The first at which Mr. Laurier spoke was held at Newmarket on the fifth instant. If numbers and cheering count, Mr. Laurier has every reason to feel proud, not only of the welcome he received, but also of the impression he made. In a very eloquent speech which he delivered he touched upon the various political questions of the day. He pointed out the distinction between the policy of his own party and that of the Conservatives upon the well known lines which separate them. Upon the Manitoba School question he repudiated the charge of cowardice which had been made against him for not having spoken. "I spoke," said he, "upon it last session in Ottawa. I stated there, taking the position of the Catholic minority of Manitoba, stating that the Government of Manitoba, instead of establishing public schools, had established Protestant schools, and that the Catholic children were obliged to attend them; that if that position is true, in my opinion it is an act of tyranny which no man can stand; and I thought the duty of the Government was to refer the question to court to see if the complaint was true or not, and to act accordingly."

What seems like a parody on the British Constitution took place in the debate upon the now defunct Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords. The work of seven years of struggling, discussing, hoping, peace-offering, all undone in as many days. What meant the bitter opposition in the Commons when the fate of the Bill was well known? What availed the eighty days work in the Lower House when, by a vote of 419 to 41, the Upper House threw out the measure with the disdain of a few hours' discussion. The Earl Spencer moved the second reading, and claimed that hitherto remedial legislation for Ireland had come too late, or contained defects which rendered it useless. His own personal experience had satisfied him that home rule was the only true solution of the Irish question. When, the following evening, Lord Rosbery, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, addressed the House, the Chamber was thronged to hear the most eloquent of the Liberal peers. He characterized the debate as not only unreal and academic, but also in keeping with the history of the House of Lords, who had dealt similarly with

the Catholic Emancipation Bill, the first reform bill and the bill for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Their summary treatment of the present bill made their chamber the chamber of death, and entailed upon them a tremendous responsibility. In conclusion he said that this bill, like all other legislative measures, was experimental. "It was, however, a large and generous experiment. It was not a leap in the dark, but a leap in the light. It was a leap towards the reconciliation of two nations too long divided. It was the stride towards the adjustment of local business, enabling the British people to support the vast and varied burdens of the empire."

Lord Salisbury closed the debate the following night, Sept. 7th, with the boast that it was his privilege to be the last to speak against the subject this session. His principal point was based upon the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, which he regarded as a horror, a madness, and an outrage upon England. After a brief reply to Lord Salisbury from the Earl of Kimberley the motion was put, the axe of the executioner came down and Home Rule was done to the death by an overwhelming majority. If England is sincere the Lords will meet the question again, and by that time will have changed whatever little mind of which they are possessed.

We are pleased to learn from the *Tablet* that Professor Mivart has accepted the condemnation of his articles, and has forwarded a submission *ex animo* to the Congregations of the Holy Office and Index. Nothing can be a surer sign of a great man than loyally yielding up his own opinion to legitimate judges placed over him. It is the victory of a man who has conquered himself; and that is greater than the taking of cities.

The Feast of the Holy Father's Patron, St. Joachim, was celebrated by a brilliant reception at the Vatican. A number of Cardinals gathered round the Sovereign Pontiff, who treated them with most paternal and gracious intimacy. After expressing an earnest desire that devotion to St. Joachim should grow from more to more, he produced the phonograph presented to him as a jubilee gift. He entrusted to it the following sentence: "To-day, the day consecrated to St. Joachim, spouse of St. Anne and father of the Blessed Virgin, here in the Vatican, in presence of the Sacred College, it gives me pleasure to implore the protection of the holy patriarch." The instrument was then made to reproduce a speech made in 1890 by Cardinal Manning, the intonation of whose voice was recognized with emotion by all present.

Now that the storm arising from the Aigues Mortes trouble has subsided,

Italy presents the picture of a disunited country whose Government has sought the friendship of France, and whose people have shouted: "Long live Emperor William II. at Paris." Another lesson is impressed upon those Frenchmen who questioned the Pope's action in advising the support of the Republic. The fact that the Holy Father is neither the subject nor the subsidized friend of Italy ought to be enough to prove the purity of his motive. But the cry of the Roman rabble: "Down with France and down with Leo XIII., friend of the French," is the confirmation of the unselfish policy which the Holy Father has pursued in regard to France.

A bitter antipathy in Italy against Germany threatens the Triple Alliance. A Government organ gives us an idea of the feeling by saying: "We went to Berlin with a rope around our neck, and we are in consequence not the allies but the prisoners of Germany, which lays down the law for us. But yesterday she forbade us to intervene in the Exposition of 1889; she forced us to break off our commercial relations with France, to give up an historical tradition from which arose our political emancipation, to bring about our economical ruin by rejecting a treaty upon which, as upon a pivot, the whole of our commercial policy turned; and as if all that were not enough to-day, Germany obliges the grandson of Victor Emanuel to repair to Metz to crown by his presence on the plains of Lorraine the victories won by German soldiers over the allies of Solferino. To such friends we prefer open enemies."

The Emperor of Germany has been indulging his passion for war by holding special manoeuvres at Metz, where his visit had a double political significance. The first was to dissipate all dreams of Metz and any portion of Lorraine ever being handed back to France, Germany will hold it in spite of all comers. The other lesson is directed to those who were anxious that the Fatherland should be relieved of the heavy burthen of a militarism which obliges them to be constantly ready for battle against her western neighbor and ancient foe.

Cardinal Gibbons, in opening the Catholic Congress, spoke words of wisdom which may well be treasured and put into practice where any number of the Church's children are gathered for the purpose of discussion. Amongst other things his Eminence said:

"In all your discussions be ever mindful of the saying of St. Vincent Lerins: '*In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.*' Happily for you, children of the Church, you have nothing to discuss in matters of faith, for your faith is fixed and determined by the Divine legislator,

and we cannot improve on the creed of Him who is 'the way, the truth, and the life.'

"But between the calm and luminous region of faith and the dark and chaotic region of error there lies a vast field for free discussion.

"I should be very sorry that any member of this congress should attempt to circumscribe this free space by erecting his little fence of *ipse dixit*, and saying to all others, I am Sir Oracle, thus far you shall come, but no further.

Let all your proceedings be marked by courtesy and charity, and a spirit of Christian forbearance toward each other. Never descend to personalities. Many a delicious speech has lost its savor and been turned into gall because a few drops of vituperation had been injected into it. The edifice of moral and social improvement which you aim to build can never be erected on the ruins of charity.

The Cardinal, in concluding, read the following letter, addressed to himself from the Holy Father, who bestowed his blessing on the Congress:

*Beloved Son—Health and Apostolic Benediction.*

It has afforded Us much satisfaction to be informed by you that in the coming month of September a large assembly of Catholic gentlemen meet in Chicago, there to discuss matters of great interest and importance.

Furthermore, We have been specially gratified by your devotion and regard for Us in desiring as an auspicious beginning for such Congress Our blessing and Our prayers. This filial request We do, indeed, most readily grant, and beseech Almighty God that by His aid and the light of His wisdom He may graciously be pleased to assist and illumine all who are about to assemble with you, and that He may enrich with the treasures of His choicest gifts your deliberations and conclusions.

To you, therefore, Our beloved son, and to all who take part in the Congress aforesaid, and to the clergy and faithful committed to your care We lovingly in the Lord impart Our Apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the seventh day of August, in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and of Our Pontificate the sixteenth.

LEO XIII, Pope.

The *Times* correspondent in Uganda writes that a satisfactory agreement has been made between the Catholic and Protestant authorities, and ratified by the British Commissioner. Under this arrangement the Catholic missionaries receive an extension of territory amounting to about a quarter of the Province. The main island of Sesse, formerly in their possession, now reverts to them. They also have a right of way to the capital and an equal representation both there and at the Court. Liberty of conscience has been guaranteed by the insertion of a special clause. To this the Church Missionary Society objected, and desired to punish a change of religion with the forfeiture of the convert's estate—a rather strange proposal for missionaries to make. "It seems incredible," writes the correspondent, "that those who feel so strongly on this subject should have conceived and actually attempted to enforce upon others what is obviously a tyrannical measure worthy of the worst days of the Inquisition." British justice counts for a good deal, except when it is a question of poor Ireland.

The miners of North Staffordshire have gone back to work at their old wages.

## Workshop Theories on Equal Rights.

(Concluded.)

The Christian naturally looks for light from the words and actions of Christ. He commenced a new dispensation, a new order of things, a reparation for the original fall of human nature. The new Christian law inculcated charity and mercy, it was a restoration of the gifts of grace and glory, it re-created the soul and spiritual life, but only indirectly touched the social order. From the lips of Our Lord nothing is heard about re-distribution of property, ownership of land, forms of civil government, equality in social life. He speaks of the difficulty and danger of riches, but does not hint at the abolition of rich men, on the other hand, He tells us that the poor are always with us. He inculcates obedience to authority. He gives to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. He takes the inequality for granted in His illustrations or parables of the labourers in the vineyard, the prodigal son, the marriage supper, the debts of ten thousand talents, the distribution of the ten, five, and one talents, and He pointedly defers the difference between Dives and Lazarus to be adjusted in the next world. Our Lord supposes the inequalities in social life to continue, He knows that the passions and weaknesses of human nature will remain, and His new era gives peace and supernatural help to overcome the deficiencies of nature.

The theorists of any form of universal equality completely overlook the effect of the passions of men on their scheme. Suppose that any of these theories obtained a fair start, suppose a social democracy established, private ownership abolished, all wealth equally distributed, all compelled to contribute their share of labour, and all proclaimed to be equal in condition. The passions of men would immediately begin to work: ambition, luxury, indolence, greed, lust, self interest, are not dead, and the ferment would simmer through the whole of society. Men would still steal and overreach each other, anger and violence and bloodshed would still prevail, there would be a set who refuse to work, a set to barter their birthright for a mess of pottage: there would be scheming for power and place, and it would inevitably end in inequality, in wealth and poverty. But the Government being the Government of the people would be strong. Who shall keep the keepers? Will they be more devoid of passions than previous rulers? In lesser things the Government of the people has not shown itself free from human weakness. In any association of workmen with leaders elected by themselves, do they trust their leaders, have they confidence in one another? The frailties of human nature develop jealousy, envy, mistrust, and struggle for power. If this occurs in small associations, will matters be improved in the management of a general Commonwealth? Moreover, social equality, removes the natural spurs to industry and exertion. The establishment of a family, the accumulation of wealth, the wielding of large capital, a position of leisure, are motives, not perhaps the highest, but still motives that prompt activity, continued labour, and sacrifice. They have been the rewards and the inducements that have led to invention, discovery, great achievements, mental effort. When all are reduced to a dead level, receive a common wage, have no prospect of bettering themselves, how many, taking human nature as it is known, would care to slave and exert themselves for the vague idea of bettering the general community? Given a thousand people, would any single individual by extra effort and labour care to earn £1,000 that all might have a pound apiece? Such a Commonwealth, from repeated analogy in history, would result in a one man

rule and reversion to despotism from the natural working of the passions and weaknesses of human nature.

It may be urged that the Church sets forth a conspicuous example of the success of Socialistic organization in her Religious Orders. They have been in active operation for ages with social equality, property in common, labour for the common good, without capitalists, or landlords, or rich men, or class differences. A better illustration of the weakness of Socialistic theories could not be adduced, for the conditions that make the Religious Orders possible as a schema of social life are impossible in the Socialistic theories. In the first place, the members of a Religious Order enter it entirely at their own choice, they do not commit themselves until they have mastered the conditions, and then their adopting them is their own free act. No Socialistic theory contemplates a voluntary system in which a redistribution of property would become impossible. Next, each member on admission solemnly swears to give up his own will and to place himself at the disposal of another, which could find no place in the proposed Socialism. Furthermore, there are no families in Religious Orders, children are abolished—an impossible condition in a Socialistic state. Lastly, besides the three vows, each Religious is bound to tend to perfection; that is, to strive not only to keep the Ten Commandments, but to conquer his passions and weaknesses, and to aim at rendering himself perfect. This meets the fundamental difficulty of a Socialistic state, namely, the interference of the passions and weaknesses of human nature. Imagine a Religious Order compulsory, without the vow of obedience, with an accumulation of wives and children, and without any obligation to curb the passions, and it is not difficult to forecast that it could not survive until the arrival of grandchildren.

These general considerations suffice to expose the dreaminess of theories of equal rights and equal conditions. The history of mankind establishes the existence of inequality in every place, time and condition, and suggests something inherent in human nature to account for its diffusion; a Catholic sees in it the design of an all ruling Providence, and is confirmed in his opinion by the analogy of nature and the silence of Our Lord on any scheme of equality; and, furthermore, the passions and weaknesses of human nature which cause the present evils of society would also prevent the success of any scheme of social organization. Besides the general reflections that apply to all Socialistic theories each one of the schemes has its fallacies and its innate weakness. Take the nationalization of the land and the abolition of private property in land. It is assumed that land differs from property in manufactured goods; that what man made man can own, what no man made no man can claim as exclusively his. If man owned only what he made he could not own a horse or a dog, a rose or an apple. In what does land differ from manufactured goods? The value of land consists mainly in the labour that man has put into it. As soon as man's labour has made it productive it becomes valuable, and in this way does not differ from iron ore, coal, cotton, or the wood of the forest. These are not made by man, and are of little use to man until they acquire a value from man's labour. The State does not own all steel rails because God made the iron ore, nor does it claim chairs and tables because nature grew the wood, so that land has two aspects, its original uncultured condition at what is called prairie value, and its condition after it has been rendered productive by the labor of man. The value of the latter usually exceeds the prairie value, and the nationalization of the land implies

that the State takes over not only the original uncultivated condition (raw material) but also the labour of man that has made it productive (manufactured article). The grievances and wrongs of private ownership in land would still continue in the ownership of the State, for they mainly arise from the labour (manufactured) value of the land, the tenants' and labourers' interests. Take some of the evils described by the graphic pen of one of the modern prophets, Annie Besant. "A landlord lets a farm at a low rental. The land is overgrown with weeds, covered with stones. Hedges are neglected, buildings decayed. An energetic farmer takes it. He grubbs up the old hedges and plants new ones, he pays labourers to clear off the weeds, to gather the stones. He builds strong sheds for the cattle, warm shelter for the stock. Manure repairs the losses of the soil, careful husbandry tends it. The crops become heavier, the flocks and herds more fruitful, capital, science and labour have trodden the value of the land. The landlord rides by with a bailiff. 'Smith, that farm's worth more than it was ten years ago. You must have it revalued.' Why? The landlord has not wrought and toiled, and spent thought and money on it. Why should he share a profit he has not helped to make? The added value of the land is the tenant's interest on his capital and his labour: to raise the rent, i.e., to take a share of the profit, is to rob the farmer of the interest of that which he has invested." Now, substitute in this example of Annie Besant's the State for the landlord and a Government official for the bailiff, and would it be any more just for the State to raise the rent? If the State secures to the farmer the benefit of his labor and improvements, this happens, that the ownership of the land is divided, three parts of its value belong to the farmer and one to State. This practically is private ownership, for the farmer could then sell his share of the value, or sublet it, subject to the payment to the State or ground rent, and any difficulty or trouble that induced the State to part with the ground rent to raise money restores freehold tenure.

For the State to take over the land justice requires compensation, at least, for the labor and improvements. To whom shall the compensation be made, and who shall estimate it? The amount would be enormous. Having bought up the land, in order to prevent reversion to private ownership, the State must cultivate it. If it allowed others to put their own capital and labour into it, private ownership would arise in the increased value. So that the State would employ the whole of the agricultural labour—a gigantic undertaking—to the exclusion of individual enterprise and personal interest. Then, building sites have to be considered, and, there, too, the State must either erect all the houses or impose a ground rent, and where the value of the houses far exceeds the value of the site the ownership of the ground rent becomes proportionately insignificant. So that the nationalization of the land is really only a part of the Socialistic dream, in which the State manages everything.

Is, then, the workman to regard his wrongs and his hard lot as inevitable? By no means; the remedy is to be sought in practical measures and not in impracticable socialistic dreams. The legislation of the past half century, by attacking one point after the other, has proved that the greed of capitalists and their power of oppression can be restrained. Factory Acts, Mines Regulation Acts, Truck Acts, Adulteration Acts, all point to substantial gains in the social condition of the working-man. All industrial functions are registered, inspected, and controlled. In the more important industrial occu-

pations the Government prescribes the age of the worker, the hours of work, the amount of air, light, cubic space, heat, lavatory accommodation, holidays, and meal times, when, where, and how wages shall be paid, how machinery, staircases, lifts, holes, mines and quarries are to be fixed and guarded, how and when the plant shall be cleaned, repaired, and worked. Water, drainage, education, compensation for injury, and other matters are provided for. If existing grievances are tellingly represented and practical remedies suggested there is every disposition to redress them, and, failing this, the working class has now a large share of political power, and can insist by their votes. To advocate the wholesale upset of society by fanciful Socialistic schemes that are impracticable would alienate sympathy, provoke opposition, delay reforms, and must result in failure and probably in a worse state of affairs.

## Wolfe Tone's Chambers.

A bit of old London which has a peculiar interest to Irishmen will soon disappear. When Wolfe Tone was in London as a law student during some years before 1780, he resided at No. 4 Hare Court, Temple, with his friend George Knox, gaining a rather precarious livelihood by hack literary work. He was at that time the intimate friend of a number of other Irish students in London, some of whom found their way to the bench and others to the scaffold. Thomas Addis Emmet was then a student of medicine at Guy's Hospital. He had indeed been appointed jointly with his father state physician in Ireland before he abandoned medicine for law. Plunkett, who afterwards as a stage in his progress to the chancellorship prosecuted Emmet's brother with such unnecessary malignity, was also one of the same group of friends, and probably from time to time they all met at Tone's chambers in Hare Court, unconscious of the widely different fates in store for them. From that day to this Hare Court has remained unchanged. A little dingy, a little picturesque, a quiet nook within fifty yards of Temple Bar, it has somehow lain rather outside the range of legal business, and is occupied more by residential than by professional chambers. The benchers of the Inner and Middle Temples, anxious to turn the land to profitable account, intend to remove the old buildings during the long vacation, and an Irishman who wishes to see Tone's chambers must go to Hare Court at once. I wonder, by the way (says the London correspondent of the Irish News and Belfast Morning News) whether there is anything to mark Wolfe Tone's residence in Dublin? In 1790 he lived at 5 Great Longford street. While speaking of these memorials of the past I may mention that the Dublin Young Ireland Society intends to pay a visit to the burial place of Owen Roe O'Neill and Myles the Slasher, in the old Franciscan burial ground at Cavan. There is no commemorative tablet over the grave of Owen Roe. Would it not be a grateful act if Northern Nationalists were to combine to place a simple Celtic cross over the burial place of one of the greatest of Ulstermen? I commend the idea to the Belfast Young Ireland Society. The tomb of the Earls in the Eternal City has been better cared for than the resting place of Owen Roe, who was buried in his own province, and among his kith and kin.

## Advice to Invalids.

Almoxia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the Medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the ferruginous soil in which the vines are cultivated. Glanelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

A French View of Cardinal Manning.

Mr. Coventry Patmore, in *Religio Poeta*, writing, in a poet's great and gracious way, about spiritual loveliness found in conspicuous places, and clothed upon with extraordinary personal and intellectual gifts, uses these words: "When Providence sets its inheritors (i.e. the inheritors or possessors of such loveliness, or nobility of character) upon a hill where they cannot be hid, acknowledging, as it were, their deserts by conferring upon them conspicuous fortune and corporeal advantages, and proving them by various and splendid opportunities, the result is an example . . . the honouring of which with love and imitation is the only point of worship upon which persons of all countries, faiths, customs, and morals are in direct Catholic agreement." And, in such an example of human majesty and loveliness, he says, "Grace, expressing itself with thorough culture and knowledge of the world, becomes natural, and nature, instructed in its true perfection, gracious." And, therefore, in those that have abundant gifts of nature and of grace there is a contagion of fine manners which is irresistible; "and wherever the possessor of them moves, he leaves behind him lovers and imitators who indefinitely, if not infinitely, propagate his likeness." Such a one was he, the gracious and great Cardinal of Westminster and of the world, who, though he be dead, yet continues to speak to all who ever know him, and who impresses even some likeness of himself upon strangers favoured by minds capable of looking up to him and of desiring to imitate him. It is only a noble and splendid character that compels discipleship and imitation on the part of the self-respecting. How noble and splendid was the character of Cardinal Manning! Very truly was it written in our own pages, at the time of his death: "Those who had seldom or never seen the Cardinal except in the pulpit, knew him personally, had his phrases in their minds, and the tones of his voice in their ears." How pleasant it is for all such, for all of us who lived close to him, and for whom even the very tones of his voice had a charm exclusively their own, to perceive with what entirely just appreciation his character, his life, his work, are known and understood at least by some of those—be it said without of fence—that are without. We have before us the volume of the Abbe Lemire, just published by Lecoffre in Paris—*Le Cardinal Manning et son action sociale*. Here is a man who does not speak English, a Frenchman, a French Abbe, a professor in a *petit seminaire*, who understands and admires "our chief of men," this Englishman, this Oxford man, this link between old times and the new—between the Anglican service whose music "for seventeen years was part of his soul," and the unmusical popular devotions of the poor Roman Catholics down Whitechapel way—and between old Christendom and new England—this Archbishop who might be seen, for instance, with his *Times* newspaper in his hand, at a London railway terminus, smilingly conducting English pilgrims to the Shrine of St. Edmund at Pontigny. Many there were who could neither understand nor admire Cardinal Manning; many more who could not understand him, though forced to admire him. To James Russell Lowell, for instance, he was a puzzle, though an object of much regard. Manning was a scholar, he said, and so English, and such a gentleman, and quite the man of the world, and the man of his day; how, then, could he also be the Roman Cardinal, the mediæval Bishop? It was a mystery! And shall we say how the Cardinal looked in the eyes of some members of his own flock? "He was an excel-

lent Archdeacon," said someone the other day who would yet describe himself as a Catholic first and a Tory afterwards. But we will not take an extreme example, or come too near home. What says an excellent French ecclesiastic, Monseigneur Bannard, Rector of the Catholic University of Lille? He writes, after examining the Abbe Lemire's book. "We older men are hampered by traditional habits of thought instilled in us in quite different times from the present. You young men are in the van, we march painfully in the rear. At times I myself feel timid and hesitate to follow you. . . . Cardinal Manning was young when he was eighty, and with equal ardour and wisdom he led the van along every avenue of progress, whether in the social, the political, or the religious order. But in France we do not rightly know him. Bring him over to us across the Channel. *Mais la France, memo Catholique, le connait peu ou mal. Faites-lui passer le detroit.*" This the Abbe Lemire has done. And he says. "Since Thomas A. Becket landed on our hospitable shore no such reputation has come to us across those waters." This author's intelligence, his open mind, and his religiousness have fitted him to understand the thoughts of one who belonged, indeed, to a very different nation, but was above all things a man and a Catholic Bishop. Abbe Lemire had the privilege of an interview with our Cardinal at Archbishop's House in September, 1888. His first word about him is: "The Cardinal is a very real sort of man"—*vrai, profondement vrai, n'ayant rien de la pose, rien de l'etiquette*. Possibly a good many foreign ecclesiastics would never have such a remark, being accustomed to look upon a certain ceremonial unreality as the proper and real thing. But in the Cardinal there was nothing artificial. "there was no mystery about him, and the diplomacy of others made him smile." So it was said in *The Weekly Register*, when he had gone from us, and Abbe Lemire was able to perceive that truth. The reality and sincerity of the man increased the admiration which the Abbe had felt for the ecclesiastical writer. And so it has come to pass that he gives us in the volume under our notice a sympathetic study of Cardinal Manning as the priest, the English patriot, and the Poor Man's Cardinal. The ground which the Abbe traverses is, of course, familiar to us. He quotes our English papers and reviews and the reprint of *Merry England's* collection of letters. But it is never weary to go over that ground once more, and to read in another tongue passages which can never be forgotten in their original form. Abbe Lemire in his translations hardly once makes a little mistake, and in his own musings and reflections and conclusions scarcely ever seems other than happy to the English reader. There is just a little, perhaps, of sentimentality in the way of treating the happier days of the Rector of Lavington. The thoroughly priestly instinct of Cardinal Manning did not allow him to dwell upon those days, he let them remain a treasure buried in the unknown grave of the past. But our French author does perfect justice to that remarkable priestly spirit of his, which was his ruling spirit even as an Anglican, when he believed himself to be nothing less than a true pastor of souls and a minister of the Most High. This French author understands very well also the secret of Manning's influence as an Englishman. He could not help being influential. *Il n'a pas du se faire violence*. He was one of our own, and one of our greatest. Birth, associations, education, manners, style, sympathies, all made him English of the English. Yet this English patriot is shown to us sympathizing with all who have no helper, and first of all, with Ireland.

Not only did he exalt Irish faith—that was pardonable, *c'est chose venue*. But he ventured to speak of international justice! Men who have a weight upon the conscience like to be spoken of about charity. But justice—justice to the Irish race of toilers, or justice to London dockers—ah! that is going altogether too far, and entering the privileged domain of politics. Still our author shows us the Cardinal, *homme du peuple*, blessing and being blessed, helping the suffering, calming the excited, giving food for thought to the neglectful rich, encouraging the earnest, unselfish servants of the poor, no matter what label might have been put upon them, giving the tone to Catholic publicists and Bishops, and writing his name upon the most famous Encyclical of the Pope. And this French priest does not hesitate to toll with sympathy of our Cardinal's desire for the abolition of the antiquated French Concordat. What you want in France is liberty, he would tell his French visitors, do not be afraid of the people; they will always in the long run recognize and respect the only superiority which is not fraudulent—superior knowledge and superior virtue. And, in the same spirit, the Abbe Lemire says that it must not be the *rite* of the Catholic clergy—*genit dans les saines, se lamentent a huis clos dans les presbyteres*.—*The Weekly Register*.

Lullabies.

It is not given to all classes of song to be universal; some countries are rich in one particular style, some in another, but we may safely affirm that the lullaby is indigenous to every soil, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*. There are mothers and babies in all lands, and therefore, as a natural sequence, we find the lulling song or lullaby from China to Peru, from Spitzbergen to South Africa, motherhood in its primitive form is over one of the best sides of complex human nature. The little cannibal, the embryo fire-eater, the untutored Aino baby, all turn with something like a spark of affection toward her who gave him birth, and although we shall probably find more melody, more beautiful poetic imagery among the lullabies of European mothers, yet we must not fail to take into account the sincerity of such lines as these which the Chinese woman chants over her infant:

"Small, small, come out and be fed,  
Put out your horns and then your head,  
And thy mamma will give thee mutton,  
For thou art doubly dear to me."

The Arab tawny treasure seems to be easiest sent into dreamland with the following hucolic verse:

"Sleep, my baby, sleep:  
Sleep a slumber hale,  
Sweetly rest till morning light,  
My little farmer boy, so bright."

And the little Zulu goes to:

"Hush thee, my baby,  
Thy mother's o'er the mountains gone:  
There she will dig the little garden patch,  
And water she'll fetch from the river."

The ancient Romans had a number of lullabies; one began:

"Lalla, lalla, lalla,  
Aut dormi, aut lacta."

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Co. Hill, Opt., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 40 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

Mr. Henry Barcroft, of the Gire, Newry, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county Armagh.

Dom Sauton, Monk and Doctor.

The Benedictine monk, Dom Sauton, has just started on his heroic mission to Siberia. He left Paris carrying with him the good wishes of many who are far from sharing his religious convictions. M. Pasteur has given him a passport which will carry him to the end of the world free of molestation. In this letter, which will be one of the monk doctor's best credentials, M. Pasteur says: "I have the greatest admiration for Dr Sauton." He then alludes to the abnegation of the young monk, and calls his mission a holy one. The heroic missionary is going to where the perhaps not less heroic Kato Maraden is tending the lepers and dressing their wounds with her own hands. She is at Yakoutski, the coldest spot of Siberia, and perhaps of the whole world. Not long ago she was in Paris and gave detailed accounts of the horrors of the leper world of Siberia. If she meets with the Benedictine monk, as probably she will, as he expresses the warmest admiration of her and her work, she will have the co-operation of a scientist as well as of a priest, for Dom Sauton has learned the secrets of the leper bacillus, according to the theory of Hansen. He has studied the microscopic enemy for months, and goes out prepared to combat it on its own ground, the bodies of the poor leper patients of Siberia.

A Convert of the Olden Times.

Among the most famous conversions of the Middle Ages that of a certain variety artist named "Le Tombour de Notre Dame" has remained to us together with the following sweet legend. This man, who seems to have been the father of all modern acrobats, became touched with grace and made up his mind to enter the Monastery of Clairvaux, but once there he found himself sadly out of place, for all were busy serving God and the Blessed Virgin; he knew how to do nothing but tumblers, somersaults and perform such like tricks, which were, of their kind, extraordinarily clever, but of little good in a Monastery. At last he said to himself that, doubtless, the Mother of God would take the wish for the deed; so one day he began a series of his formerly most celebrated performances before a certain stone Virgin placed at the bottom of a crypt. He went through these pious exercises each day, finding therein infinite consolation and satisfaction. But on one occasion a Monk surprised him, and hurried to the Superior with the news; the latter highly scandalized, was just about to enter the crypt when he suddenly saw the Mother of God herself, descended from her pedestal, wiping the poor acrobat's brow with a celestial handkerchief.

The Training of Youth.

Children are very apt scholars in the matter of finding happiness. They sympathize with and take the tone of those who are with them. If they are taught by word and example that the chief pleasure of a kindly deed comes afterwards in some pleasant result that ensues, in the kindly deeds which are received in return, or even in the expression of thanks and gratitude called forth, they will soon learn to fix their hopes there, and to feel defrauded of rightful reward if such results do not come. If, on the other hand, they are led to find their chief delight in the happiness they bestow, then the favors they give, the kindness they perform, the sacrifices they make, will of themselves afford such true pleasure that they will ask for no more, nor be sadly disappointed if nothing more ensues.

To rise in the morning with a bad taste in the mouth and no appetite, indicates that the stomach needs strengthening. For this purpose, there is nothing better than an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills taken at bed time.

## The Resting-Place of Father Tom Burke.

Katharine Tynan in the Rosary.

Tallaght, the little village where the Irish novitiate of the Dominicans is situated, has been a place of ecclesiastical pretensions since St. Molan founded his monastery there in the eighth century. The monastery gave place to the castle, built for a bishop's palace by Alexander de Bicknor in 1324, and inhabited afterwards by several archbishops of Dublin, Catholic and Protestant. In time, what with sieges by the hill-tribes—for the Irish mountaineers were not minded to reverence any Englishman, even though he were archbishop—and the passage of years, the place became ruinous, till it was rebuilt by Archbishop Hoadley, the Protestant holder of the See of Dublin, in 1724. From that time it was used once more as archbishop's palace till 1821, when it fell in private hands, and so came gradually back to the ownership of Catholic monks. To day it has a fame apart from itself as the resting-place of the beloved Dominican, Father Tom Burke, who sleeps below a niche destined for a little mortuary chapel, within the walls of his own stately memorial church.

The novitiate at Tallaght is very beautifully situated. Dublin is four Irish miles away, but is brought to one's doors by the steam-train that runs through Tallaght. Yet despite the city's nearness, this is the heart of the country. It is a smiling country of pasture and corn-fields, ringed about with the most gracious and lovable hills in the world—Irish hills, undulating, misty, yesterday green and blue, like the splendors of the peacock, to-day with hints of scarlet through the brown, like a peasant's breast. There is no end to their varying; they will be so intense a blue one day that they make the senes ache with pleasure. Towards evening the high lights will be touched with pink; again, they will be a uniform grey-green, like a distant great wall of glass; or the pink and purple will flash through veils of silver, and diffuse a delicious rosy radiance over the whole lovely line.

The grounds of the Tallaght convent are dark with greenery, and silent, save for the songs of birds. It is difficult to realize in those arcades full of green light, by the shores of that pellucid strip of water where the swans float, and the water lion rears her brood in safety, that the city is so near, and that the village and the country-road bound the territory on three sides of it. If it were another garden than a monk's, and those monks novices, one might murmur over the Laureate's dreamy lines—

Not wholly in the busy world, or quite  
Beyond it, lies the garden that I love.  
News of the busy city comes to it  
In sound of funeral and marriage bell,  
And sitting, muffled in dark leaves, I hear  
The windy clanging of the monaster clock.

The bells of the city or the sounds of it have little enough interest for the hermit novices whom you shall see in their stalls at church, looking unearthly innocent and childlike in those white robes that are the most beautiful of any worn by the Church's many orders.

It was in 1821, as I have said, that the then Protestant Archbishop of Dublin decided that the revenues of his See did not permit of two residences for him. So the place was sold to a Major Palmer, with a curious provision that before it left his custody he should take the old palace, stone from stone, lest it should in time become a monkery. His foresight, if exercised generally, could have embarrassed a good many religious communities of Dublin, for it is wonderful how monks and nuns have found shelter in the town and country houses of Protestant prelates, who had no use for such mansions when the Parliament moved to London, and in the stately houses whose persecutors of

the faith planned their acts of repression against the contumacious Papists. Major Palmer faithfully adhered to his bargain, and in the destruction but one part of the old building survived—that is the square tower which belonged to the old castle, and is therefore very ancient. It is a tower like a keep, with many narrow eyes of windows looking from it. Time has clothed it kindly with ivy, and has made it a colony of birds. When Mr. Lontaigno took the place in 1846, he explored the tower and found many curious relics of the past within it. He repaired it, too, wherever it was weakened, and it now stands up strong and massive, its chambers undisturbed except for the bats and the birds.

Major Palmer, of the ruins of the palace, built a charming and homely house, which you are startled to find nestling behind the great convent when you go exploring in Tallaght. It is used now for such birds of passage as come and go, priests on a flying visit, or such like, and it has an enchanting prospect of green glades and cool water, and laurel hedge, twenty feet or more of noble height. On the lawns of this home-like house are the novices' tennis-courts, and when I was there a trio of handsome dogs were gambolling on the smooth grass, there was nothing of coldness or austerity.

The great house turns its coldest side to the world. The garden side, with its open windows framed in ivy, had much quiet and solemn beauty. The side all the world may see is austere conventual, with its long, high walls, pierced with gothic windows, and the huge chimney-stacks standing out prominently from the sloping roof. Over across the lawn, where are beds of flowers in the verdure, and a couple of purple mounds of pansies, crowned with statues of our Blessed Lady and St. Dominic, is the church, a beautiful building, severely simple, after the best models of ecclesiastical architecture. Before the church was built, Father Burke lay in a temporary grave, beneath the convent windows, there were always pilgrims there, and the grave was heaped with wreaths and crosses.

The church which is his monument is long, and not wide, divided midway by a rood-screen of carved oak, and lit by narrow, high lancet windows. It is the ideal of a community church, though the faithful are not forgotten in it. Beyond the rood-screen is the choir, with stalls and canopies of carved oak, rich and handsome. The beautiful altar of white marble is the gift of the Royal Irish Constabulary. About the altar is rich and decorative. The rosary makes a series of wall-paintings around the altar, and between the pictures there are finely-carved statues of Dominican saints. Behind the altar the three lancet windows are filled with stained glass, each window being a gift. The altar-lamp is a beautiful one of pierced brass. Some day I hope all the church windows will be of stained glass, for at present there is too much daylight. I would like to paint those grey walls with lilies, or apple boughs in blossom. I am sure bare walls were primarily designed as a background for fresco, and one sighs, surveying these, for the brush of a painter of old, who would patiently paint there spray after spray, and tenderly after tenderly, and praise God with every stroke of his brush, and having made the walls beautiful for God's sake, would die, and leave no echo of his name.

The rood-screen in the Dominicans' church is fine. We have not revived half enough this inspiration of the architects of long ago. I love the great brown screen, with the crucified Lord raised on high in sight of all sinners. There is nothing so noble in religion, or so beautiful in all the world, as the crucifix. Where it is no place can be lonely, and the barest wall is made beautiful by it. Yet one

goes into churches full of painted statues from Munich, and looks in vain for that one most tender and glorious emblem. You cannot multiply the crucifix sufficiently. I would have it everywhere—in our churches, on the walls of our homes, in our schools and hospitals, on our hearts and in our hearts—and I would that we might, as they do in foreign countries, set it up by our road-sides and at our street-corners. There is no sign in all the world so noble and simple, and none that so touches hearts.

The Dominicans' church has many little altars for special devotions, and they are always bright with flowers, for the Community has a rare florist in Brother Joseph, who is one of those persons of all the talents of whom you generally find one attached to a large religious community. I wonder what the Dominicans at Tallaght would do without Brother Joseph! He is their intermediary with the outside world, their man of business, their mine of shrewd, common sense. The Preaching Friars may go about, preaching for God's glory, they may bring sinners home for Him in the confessional, they may study and meditate, and give themselves up to the spiritual life, well satisfied that the temporal affairs of the house go prosperously in Brother Joseph's hands. He is farmer and gardener, and buyer and seller of cattle and crops—and within the house, where one's knowledge does not penetrate, he seems to be many things beside. He is shrewd and simple and humble as any monk of old, who might have watched the mundane affairs of a monastery while the founder was rapt away from earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## St. Swithin and the Rain.

The old superstition about St. Swithin and the rain has very generally died out. There are still, however, a good many who incline to the belief that such a notion must have had a basis of scientific fact, or it could not have obtained as it has done for centuries, says the Cork Examiner. Some years ago the records of Greenwich Observatory were examined for twenty years, with a view to ascertaining whether, as a matter of fact, a rainy 15th of July is usually followed by a rainy period approximating to forty days. It was found that the years in which St. Swithin's day had given no rain were rather wetter during the following forty days than other years. It was concluded that the tradition had no meteorological facts whatever to support it. Everybody has heard the old story about the removal of St. Swithin's bones on 15th of July, and of the manner in which the saint resented it by deluging the district. It is a curious fact, but well authenticated, that the good man's bones were shifted from their original resting place in circumstances of considerable pomp and splendor, and without a drop of rain falling. The origin of the superstition was probably a terrible flood which in 1313 devastated crops to such an extent that a famine prevailed over a great part of the country, and tens of thousands are said to have died of hunger. This flood commenced on St. Swithin's day, and that date would be likely to be associated with disaster for many a long year afterwards. If anything were wanting to prove the uselessness of the popular tradition it would be found in the fact that the almanac reform, which of course brought the 15th of July round earlier by eleven days, has never been taken into account. "St. Swithin's" is not at all the same day that it used to be.

To draw linen threads for hemstitching take a lather brush and soap and lather well the parts where the threads are to be drawn. Let the linen dry, and the threads will come out easily.

## Furnishing the Kitchen.

Few women are strong enough to keep a bare floor properly scrubbed, and a carpet absorbing the odors and greases of cooking is an abomination, therefore, it is a good plan to buy brown oilcloth for the kitchen floor, as it shows wear less readily than other colors and blends better with the wood work, writes Helen Jay in an article on "Furnishing a Moderate Home," in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. To be sure this seems like a little thing, but attention to details is an essential in the harmonious evolution of a home. In buying this oilcloth the housewife's labors will be lessened if enough more is bought to cover the closet floors. Few kitchens are commodious—for this reason a flap table which, when not in use, can be folded up and fastened against the wall, is a positive boon. If not obtainable in the shops one can be easily made by taking a dressmaker's stationary cutting board as a model. The top of this table should be covered with white marble-cloth, and if the closet shelves are covered with the same material they can more easily be kept clean and sweet. Besides this table two chairs are needed for the kitchen. They should be made entirely of wood, as cane seats areacherous things and repairing them expensive work. Small cooking utensils are kept in better condition if hung. A wide, painted board, made after the model of the small keyracks sold in fancy shops, can be hung by means of picture-hooks fastened in the top edge back of the table. On it small hooks, such as are used by upholsterers, can be screwed in rows. There is no better harbor for knives, spoons and small tinware. Back of the sink should hang the dishpan, soaprack and small scrubbing broom. The ordinary kitchen has two or three closets. It simplifies the work to devote each of these to a definite purpose. For instance, in one place the ironing board, irons, etc.; in another everything used in baking, and in a third the paraphernalia of the ordinary work.

## Fulfilled Her Promise.

A few weeks ago an old negress came from Bridgetown, on the Island of Barbadoes, to a missionary and asked him to read three masses for Victor Hugo. The missionary was astonished, and at first believed that he had misunderstood the visitor. But the negress replied to his questions that years ago she had given aid to Hugo's daughter, who had married an English officer against the will of her father, and had fled with him to Barbadoes. The officer deserted his wife, who consequently became almost insane, and was cared for in that condition by the negress. The negress wrote to the poet of the sad condition of his child. Hugo sent her 2,000 francs and had her go to Paris with his daughter. After remaining a time in the house of the author the negress decided to return to Barbadoes. One reason for this was the fact that the poor daughter had become incurably insane and had been consigned to an asylum. The poet, who respected the negress because of the love she had borne his daughter, said to her before her departure from Paris: "When you hear of my death in your native country have three masses read for me." The old woman, who first heard of the death of Victor Hugo a few months ago, has now fulfilled the wishes of the poet.

The fumes of a brimstone match will quickly remove berry stains from the fingers.

Why will you allow a cough to lacrate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

### Religious Profession and Reception.

A solemn and impressive ceremony was performed at the Monastery of the Precious Blood last Friday morning, when Miss Sarah Fullerton, in religion Sister Mary Agnes, pronounced her perpetual vows, and three postulants received the Holy Habit of the Institute. Elizabeth Mahony received the name of Sister Mary of the Nativity; Louisa Lamphier, Sister Mary of the Precious Blood; Helen Camilla Morgan, Sister Mary of St. Ann.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh performed the ceremony. The clergymen present were, Very Rev. Father Marjion, O.S.B.; Fathers Fracon, O.S.B., and Rohleder. Mass was said by Rev. Father Krein, O.S.S.B. His Grace preached the following eloquent sermon:

On an occasion like this it is usual to address a few words of instruction, although the ceremony itself is an instruction, and a most useful and impressive one. It reminds us of Christ living in the world that we do not belong to it; that the home of Christians is not here—that we look for a home that is to come, eternal in the Heavens; and therefore a ceremony like this is calculated to preach to us with a power and unction which the spoken words of the ministers of God are not capable to communicate.

We are strangers here, says St. Peter, pilgrims in this world of sorrow. Thus the purpose that we are put here for is to save our souls. Man has been created, says St. Ignatius, that he might love and serve God here on earth and be happy with Him forever in Heaven. This is the object God had in creating us; this is the object the Son of God had in coming down from Heaven and dying for us on the Cross. Be not solicitous about the things of this world. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you. The same Blessed Redeemer, our Master, and Guide, tells us to strive to enter in by the narrow gate that leads to Heaven. This should be the struggle of life, and this is the work of life for all; for all mankind to labor to save their souls and to make their eternal destinies secure.

But whilst all are called to this, there are some souls that are called to a higher life. All are required to walk in the path of the Commandments of God and the precepts of His Holy Church, but there are some souls that are called to walk in the narrow road of the evangelical counsels. Some are to lead a higher life; to these Jesus Christ whispers; to these He says: "Come and follow me." That voice has always been heard in the Holy Catholic Church—"Come and follow me"—and faithful souls have been found to follow their Redeemer on the narrow road of religious perfection. He said to the Apostles—to Peter: "Come and follow me." To Matthew, a tax collector, He said: "Follow me." To the other Apostles: "Leave your nets and follow me"—and they became Apostles and the pillars of this Holy Church. And so down through all the ages of the Holy Catholic Church. "Come and follow me."

Some souls have been called by Him on the narrow road of religious perfection, and to them He said: "Amen, I say to you, he that leaveth father and mother, sisters and brothers, for my sake, he shall receive here a hundred-fold reward, and in the Kingdom to come life everlasting." Here, my dear children, is the divine philosophy of a religious vocation. We see every day around us men and women pulled down in the prime of life and strength of manhood, and everything, by the power of death, cast into the silent grave. In this world we are at best but pilgrims. There are some souls who, before they are called by death to leave this world, die to the world; and the real day of their death is the

solemn day on which they bind themselves to the Cross of Christ. All Christians that are to be saved, St. Paul tells us, must copy, more or less perfectly, the life of Jesus Christ in their bodies. All that are to be saved, says St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, must be made conformable to the image of God. All are bound to follow Him, He is the way, the truth and the life. "He that followeth me," says our Saviour, "walketh not in darkness." Now, therefore, the more we imitate and copy the life of Jesus Christ in our lives and in our whole conduct and actions, the more nearly we approach to religious perfection, because our Blessed Lord is the divine model, and all must imitate Him. He is the Guide and the Master, and in proportion as we copy His life, in the same proportion shall we be perfect.

Now, the Catholic religious life is based on as near an approach to the life of our Saviour as is possible. What were the leading characteristics of the life of our Blessed Lord? First, He became poor—wonderful mystery—mystery of the poverty of Jesus Christ. The Heavens and earth belonged to Him; He is their Creator, and He keeps the whole physical creation in its place, upholding all things by His divine power. He is, therefore, infinitely rich, essentially so, and yet He laid aside all the attributes of His glory, emptied Himself, says St. Paul, annihilated Himself, became man, was born in a stable, an alien in His own country. Oh, what a mystery! To teach us that, if we wish to make our vocation sure, we must renounce the world in heart; and those who would be most perfect must renounce it in reality, living in it, but not of it—living for its sanctification, but not belonging to it.

Christ came to us in the form of a servant; God lived in the guise of a child; then living as a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter. Oh what a mystery! Surely our Lord had a great purpose in that. He became a poor laboring man, toiling in an obscure life in a carpenter shop—lived in poverty, died in poverty, and even had not a grave for His poor mangled body. There was a grave borrowed for Him. Now the poorest persons who die in our pauper houses are given a grave; the earth denied that to Jesus Christ.

Oh, my dear children, here is a lesson for us. Therefore it is in the Catholic Church, in the religious life, the members become by choice poor. They are required to renounce the desire of possessing and the capacity of having worldly goods. When they make the vow of poverty they cannot have any more. Everything is the property of the Community. Therefore, my dear Sisters, you must enter fully, on an occasion like this, into the spirit of our holy faith. The poverty that is not felt is not real poverty. Theoretical poverty, poverty in the abstract, is not the poverty which Jesus Christ intended. Poverty must make itself felt; it made itself felt in the life of Jesus Christ. He was hungry and thirsty and cold. He suffered the sacrifices of poverty; and so it is with the poor people of the world; whether they like it or not, they must feel the pangs and bitterness of poverty; and so the religious in the Holy Catholic Church, if they be true religious, they must fully enter into the true state of their religious vocation. They must embrace poverty, and its sacrifices and inconvenience and bitterness; otherwise it is only theoretical poverty—they would be better off than many in the world.

Our Lord was infinitely pure—purity itself—brighter than the morning star that rises in the heavens. He was born of a Virgin, and this specially beloved Apostle was a Virgin, and He occupied a Virgin's throne. We must now embrace this Virginal purity with our hearts and souls. To

such our Lord has promised: "They shall be His body guards; they shall sing a new song which none but Virgin life can chant, and they shall follow the Lamb." "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." They shall see God with a special sense, with a sense that seems to have a more perfect and purer view of God than those that were not Virgins. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." In the immortal life they shall feast on the infinite beauty of God. What a beautiful life, what a sublime and holy vocation, and how we should endeavor to live up to it!

Then there is the obedience of Jesus Christ. A marvellous thing and a mysterious thing. He who... the Heavens and the earth obeyed, He whom the stars in their revolution and the sun in its sphere and the planets in their motion. He whom all the creation of God adores became obedient for us unto death, even unto the death of the Cross. We read of Him when He was yet a boy that He went down with His parents to Nazareth and was subject to them. The obedience of Jesus Christ was to mortal creatures, to him who occupied the place of a father and His natural mother. In this age of independence obedience is considered a slavery unworthy of rational beings. Obedience, my dear children, is the highest exercise of human liberty. We place ourselves by our own will in the position of obedience, and in doing so we exercise the highest liberty of the human soul. Obedience is not slavery; it is liberty; it is the liberty of the children of God. Our Blessed Saviour was all His life obedient to the laws of the eternal God. "The things that are pleasing to Him I always do."

Enter fully into the holy virtues which you are called to practice by the vows you are about to take—virtues of obedience, poverty and chastity. Enter fully into these beautiful virtues. As you put on the new habit to-day and receive a new name, try to clothe your souls with them; try also to put on your souls the cap of these great religious virtues, poverty, chastity and obedience; try to live lives of virtue and holiness, try to enter into that prayer of St. John—the "Benedictus"—when he asked God to grant him the grace that he might walk before Him in holiness and sanctity all the days of his life; try to cultivate these virtues of religious fervor and purity. Bear well in mind that, having entered freely into the great obligations of your vows, you will be expected to work out your perfection generously. Live each day as if it were your last; turn your back on the past. If you have led a good life, that life is imprinted on the eternal memory of God. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Live each day as if it were your last.

There will come a day when the Convent bell will toll, and the Sisters will come to the chapel, and you will not be there. Your place will be vacant in the choir, and the holy Priest of God will come to the altar, and the procession will be formed, and the Blessed Sacrament will be brought to your dying body. Jesus will be brought to your dying bed. You are dying now—but if you do what I said—if you labor each day for religious perfection, your dying scene will be a glorious one in the sight of God—you will have expended your life, like the light in the Sanctuary, in the presence of Jesus Christ, and you will have received on your dying lips Him, who a few moments afterwards will pronounce your eternal sentence, and you will be amongst those who follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth in His eternal Tabernacle.

Adolphe Yvon, a distinguished French painter, is dead. He was born in the year 1817.

### League of the Cross.

The regular weekly meeting of St. Paul's Sodality of the above League was held on Sunday afternoon in St. Paul's Hall, Power street. The total abstinence pledge was administered to seven new members by the Rev. Father Hand. President Duffy introduced Mr. Patrick Boyle, who addressed the members, pointing out to the young men the many dangers of failure of success in this life to those who are addicted to the liquor habit. He cited many instances of the fall of young men that came under his own notice during his long residence in this city. He was followed by Mr. T. J. Lee, who promised the members to work in the future with them in the furthering of their noble cause.

Secretary Cahill read a lengthy communication from the Rev. A. Doyle, C.S.B., of New York, now Secretary of the C. T. A. U. of America; and also read the eloquent preacher's address in the "Midst of the Battle."

An excellent programme was taken part in by Messrs. Wallbridge, McGillivray, Jennings, Neander, O'Brien and Culleton.

Rev. Father Hand, in closing the meeting, exhorted the members to push on the good work from week to week until the name of the League was known all over the city and Province.

As a proof of the popularity of this Society members attend the meetings from the extreme ends of Toronto, and are regular in their attendance. It was decided to purchase one hundred copies a month of temperance truths for distribution among the members.

### Pelletier—Higgins.

The Ottawa University chapel was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding, Sept. 5th, when Mr. Charles Caron Pelletier, D. L.S., of the secretary's branch of the department of the Interior, and nephew of Sir Adolphe Caron, was united in matrimony to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Connell J. B. Higgins of Daly avenue. Rev. Father Pallier, P.P., officiated.

Mr. E. J. Smith acted in the capacity of groomsman, while Misses Katherine and Alice Higgins, sisters of the bride, were bridesmaids. After the marriage ceremony the party drove to the residence of the bride's father where the few invited guests partook of breakfast. Sir Adolphe, Lady and Miss Caron were among the guests.

The bride received over eighty-five presents, many of which were not only beautiful but costly. Among them was a plaque from Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, an oxyc from Justice and Madame Taschereau, a handsome bronze kettle from Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Costigan, solid silver spoons and a cheque from Eugene O'Keefe; set of silverware from Madame Pelletier of Quebec, mother of the groom, and a cheque from Mrs. O'Mahoney of Cork, Ireland.

The groom was presented with two beautiful carved chairs from his friends in the civil service. —*Ottawa Evening Journal.*

### Condolence.

The following resolutions of condolence were unanimously passed at the regular meeting of Branch No 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of London, held August 24, 1893:

That the members of this branch deeply deplore the loss of our esteemed and worthy Brother, J. P. O'Higgins, (formerly of Toronto.) By his death the brotherhood sustains a loss that cannot be replaced. His kindness of heart, gentleness of purpose and genial disposition made his presence in our midst a source of pleasure and esteem.

Whereas it having pleased Almighty God to take him to Himself, we bow to the decree of an all-wise Providence. Who doeth all things well. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the widow and family of our late Brother in this their hour of trial and bereavement. We mourn with them for the loss of a true Christian, a kind father and a loving husband, and sincerely pray that God would strengthen them to bear their affliction with patience until that day when they shall be reunited in heaven.

Thos. Coffey, P. F. Boyle, Committee.  
Wm. CORCORAN, Sec.

### Garden Party.

The grounds attached to the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes looked very pretty on the night of the 6th instant, when a garden party was held to aid the Organ Fund. Various tents were raised for the purposes of entertaining the crowds of visitors who, in very fair numbers, were present. The cool weather was the only drawback to an evening which was rendered most agreeable by the fair hostesses who attended the different tables, and also by the Queen's Own Band, under the leadership of Mr. Bailey. The Knights of St. John paraded in their uniform, and went through the manual to the satisfaction of those who witnessed them. The O'Connell File and Drum Band also enlivened the time with their martial music. The returns were highly complimentary to the zeal of the committee, amounting to nearly a thousand dollars.

## THE GOOD PRIEST OF AOSTA.

In 160 A. D. a young man about 30 years of age, was pacing up and down the stately rooms of a castle. Often he lifted his eyes to heaven as if to pray for guidance, then, stopping suddenly, he seemed to have taken some resolution, only to resume again his restless walk and his deep meditation. He was the son of the Sire of Montone, owner of this grand castle, which was situated not far from Aneucy in Savoy. He had a fine mind and a wonderfully mild and religious heart. Having been in Paris, where religion and theology were flourishing just then, he returned to the home of his ancestors with the intent to give his life up to works of piety and to become a priest.

But his father had other views, and wanted him to live in splendour in his own castle. Accordingly, in conformity with the customs of those times, he decided that his son should wed the rich Margherita of Miolana. At this decision the young man became very sad, and without opening his heart completely he showed a profound distaste for the marriage. But in vain. His father insisted that the whole hope of his happiness rested on him and on this marriage, and even sent away from the castle the son's old tutor, whom he suspected of influencing the young nobleman. After vain threats from the father the mother added her entreaties, and these seemed to have conquered the son's mind. Meanwhile a sumptuous wedding feast was ordered in the castle of Miolana. The Sire of Montone and his wife and son repaired early thither. Already the great day had dawned; already the bride in full bridal array was prepared to step to the altar; already the two fathers had united their hands in satisfaction over the union so much desired by them; but the young man who throughout a feverish restless night had paced his apartment, upon hearing the noise of the approaching guests lifts his eyes in despair to heaven, and with a sudden resolution returns to his room, locks the door, and writes on a sheet of paper which he leaves on the table. He then opens the window and measures the height; going to a closet, takes a rope, which he fastens to the sill, and, after having once more read the letter, kisses it, bends his knees in a mute prayer for a few seconds; then, rising, scales the window and flees.

Since the groom does not appear, after a little while his parents hurry to his chamber, but they knock and call in vain; the stillness is terrible, and soon the door is broken open and they discover the letter.

"I beg my good father and merciful mother to permit me to follow the vocation of my heart. I leave you only to meet me again in heaven."

That is what the trembling father reads. A cry of desolation issues from his lips and is echoed by the entire company. A search throughout the whole place and through the neighboring castles and woods proves useless. No one has seen the fugitive.

After fifteen years of faithful service in the city of Aosta the Archdeacon had died, and to his place came a priest who had been raised to the position on account of his wisdom and goodness. Even the Bishop consulted him and soon he had opened schools throughout the whole valley. He went also to Novara, Genova and Milan, preaching and making known the gospel by his pious example. The population full of wonder at his eloquence and piety, came from far and near to hear him.

He had uprooted idolatry everywhere near his home, but there still remained a statue of an idol on a mountain, which bore the name of Jupiter. Thieves and murderers had made it their home, and attacked the travellers who had to pass it on their way from Italy to France, taking everything from them and often killing them. The good priest of Aosta decided to re-

deem the mountaineers from idolatry, and at the same time make the roads safe. At once he climbs the mountain, preaches a God of love and charity destroys the idol, and raises an altar to the living God. Then he founds a hospice at the highest spot associating some good Brothers with him in the work to frighten the wicked and to tame the ferocity of the inhabitants of these wild regions. He and the good Brothers offer hospitality to the pilgrims, dividing with them their bread, and they assist people who would otherwise be frozen by the terrible snow storm. In a word they become the guardian angels of that frightful solitude.

The fame of these good deeds was soon borne throughout France and Italy. One name became known, one name which everybody blessed with a grateful heart. It was the name of Bernardo, the hermit of Mount Jupiter. To him applied the sick, the afflicted, the disconsolate, and he helped everyone with ineffable kindness.

Among those who were drawn to the mountain by his fame were two aged people. Bent by years and fatigued by the long journey, they asked to see the hermit. He came at once, and they bowed, full of respect while the man said in a feeble, subdued voice: "Father, heaven gave us riches and a high position in Savoy. A son was our joy, our love, our heir and our hope for our old age. Nothing had been neglected to make him religious and virtuous. We chose for him a wife, good, beautiful and young, belonging to as noble a castle as himself. Everything was ready, the bride was draped in her marriage veil—but our son had gone, leaving us only this letter."

Big tears were falling from the eyes of the aged couple. The hermit sighed and lifted his gaze toward heaven. The old man went on: "From that day our happiness was gone; we have sought him but in vain. Oh, if he were living yet, for we are near the grave. We may never see him again."

The old man's tears burst out afresh, while the priest seemed to be making a strenuous effort to check some strong emotion.

"Oh, Father! you alone can advise us. Some pilgrims to whom we gave hospitality in Montone told us marvellous tales of you, and hope has given us the strength to reach you. Have pity on us! pray to God! He may at least manifest to us whether we may hope to see our beloved son again."

They wanted to kneel at his feet, but he prevented them and said, gently consoling them:

"Only heaven can have inspired your son with such extraordinary decision. Console yourselves and hope, for he may return to you when you least expect him."

At that moment the aged lady, who had until then wept bitterly, cried out: "Oh, how wretched are the poor mothers who have importuned God for a son who is to be the cause of such cruel sufferings!"

The pious Bernardo said gently: "God tried Abraham's heart, and his faith saved him. If He tried you do not murmur. The Christian must bear his cross."

The hermit was fighting a battle with his own heart. He feared that the strength of these aged ones would not support a longer talk. Begging them to wait, he hurried to the church and knelt at the altar with a fervent prayer. Meanwhile the aged couple sat waiting, fearing, hoping, uncertain, yet with a vague presentiment.

"Vain hopes!" exclaimed the father. "But let it be of good omen," said the mother. "Let him at least tell me that I may see my adored son before I die."

Thus they sat watching the door by which the hermit had left and trembling at every noise. At last no came, his face full of overpowering joy:

"Be consoled, your son lives. He left you only to follow the voice of his conscience."

So saying his eyes filled with tears, and, no longer able to check the emotion which holds his heart, he extends his arms, looks lovingly upon them and says: "I am your son Bernardo!"

The mother gives a cry of joy; the father springs up, and soon the tears of sorrow have changed into tears of happiness, and Bernardo is held in the loving arms of his father and mother.

After having given many days to the pleasure of relating to each other the story of the cares and sorrows of the past and enjoying the reunion, the old couple returned to their home, and Bernardo to his high charge his beneficent work.

Meanwhile the hospice was flourishing and to make it a perpetual institution he went to Rome in 1008 to beg the Pope's protection. He started joyfully from the Eternal City with the desired mandate, but it was not given to him to see his beloved Alps again. A sudden illness seized him at Novara, and he surrendered his beautiful soul to God with that supreme serenity which comes from a duty done. He had ceased to be, but his work was accomplished, and it continues to this day, while in his honour Mount Jupiter has been named Mount San Bernardo.

This mountain lies between the valleys of Entremonte and Aosta. The famous Hospice is situated upon one of the most practicable passes, and gives hospitality to all travellers from the proud prince to the poorest tramp. The pious monks of the hospice and their strong, faithful dogs go in search of the tired and freezing pilgrims, and usually succeed in saving them. These touching scenes are renewed every year in the cold season, but the most marvellous sight ever witnessed up there was on May 16, 1800, when Father Luigi Luder was superior of the hospice. On that day it gave hospitality to 80,000 men, with thirty eight cannon and other baggage. It was the French army, which was descending into Italy, a few days previous to the battle of Marengo.—*Irish Catholic.*

## A Statue of the Chevalier Bayard.

A statue has been erected at Mezieres to the Chevalier Bayard. It is another added to the many already existing in France in honor of the hero *sans peur et sans reproche*. The unveiling of it was an event of sufficient importance to take the minister of war to Mezieres. While the occasion served for one of those military and national demonstrations in which the French delight, it also brought to light a trait which, for anti-religious littleness, perhaps could only have been conceived in France. Some memorable words of Bayard are engraven on the pedestal of the statue. It is his reply to the envoys of Charles V., requiring him to surrender Mezieres. "Tell them," says the Chevalier, alluding to the envoys, "that the king, my master, had better persons in the kingdom than myself to guard this frontier town, but that since he has conferred the honor on me, I hope, with the aid of God, to remain faithful to my charge." Such are the words of the original document. In the reproduction on the pedestal the words "with the aid of God" have been carefully left out. The omission comes from headquarters. It is not the sculptor, M. Croisy, who is answerable for it. His statue of Bayard is a fine work of art.

## A Simple way to Help Poor Catholic Missions.

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

A nun in the Loretto Convent, at Dublin, Sister Gertrude, has written a drama entitled "Nemesius." It is dedicated to the martyrs of the catacombs, and has been performed in Loretto Abbey.

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A Sunset Song of Ships.

Donahoe's Magazine.

O ships that lie at anchor,  
The port at last is won!  
While the evening star gleams out afar  
And sounds the sunset gun,  
At peace ye are in heaven,  
Secure and free from care,  
Nor brooding dove nor raven  
Disturb your vigils there.

In cloudlands' glorious splendor  
The crimson fire delay,  
A pageant fair, beyond compare,  
Attends the dying day;  
The waters calm that bound ye  
Are all with sunbeams sown,  
And the ripples sparkle round ye,  
As if with jewels strewn.

The sleepless tide is flowing,  
The boiling sea gull screams,  
O ships that rest on the ocean's breast,  
Mirage of floating dreams!  
For locked ye soon in slumber  
That heed not trackless sea,  
Nor note of bird, nor number  
Of hues that the heavens hath

Yet soon shall come the parting—  
Many to sail afar  
At the dawn of day, will steal away  
Across the sandy bar,  
For some with toil must measure  
Their share of daily bread,  
And some in search of pleasure  
Their fluttering pinions spread.

O ships! ye set me musing  
On other scenes of bliss,  
Where, to longing eyes, a haven lies  
In a lovelier land than this.  
O ships in the harbor lying,  
Type of that heaven to me,  
Where come nor storms nor slaking  
And souls shall anchored be.

The Hour of Benediction.

Where is the blessing like to that which our Lord gives? Children of the Church are pleased to reverence the relics of the Saints; and it is right and proper that they should, for these relics are memorials of the servants of God. These servants had the same trials in life which harass us. They fought the fight of faith, and now have their reward before God, in heaven. But what are these, great as they are and holy, when we have God with us in the Blessed Sacrament!

The Blessed Sacrament gives and perpetuates in us the reverence we profess for memorials of the Saints. The Holy Eucharist made these Saints holy, armed them with Divine love, strengthened them for the conflicts in which they engaged with the world, the flesh and the Devil, and made them come forth with the crown of victory. They learned to love, like the blessed Magdalen, at the feet of Jesus.

We have our Lord, like Magdalen, to go to in our distress. He loves us so much that this miracle of the Blessed Sacrament with us was instituted for a shield of love to us in our trials of life. His shadow healed the infirmities of those whom it shaded. It passed over them and they were healed. The sick, the blind and the lame, were placed by the wayside to partake of this blessing.

Our Lord thus blessed and rewarded the faith and confidence of those who believed in Him. He gives to us greater opportunities to merit by faith than was allowed to those living during His public ministry on earth. They saw Him, heard Him and believed. We see Him clothed in a humility greater than that with which His most sacred and awful Passion clothed Him.

This was inflicted by the cruelty of His executioners; the former is the humility of love, which hides the effulgence of His glory, power and majesty to win man to love Him, to believe in Him and confide in Him. We believe what He says, and when we come into His presence we do what God commanded His angels—fall down and adore Him.

There is no place on earth which gives forth so much power to love, as in the Church, before the altar, where Jesus dwells in the Blessed Sacrament. We pity the poor, and were taught that our charity to them is a gift to God which brings back an hundred fold

blessing. We pity more those who have not the Blessed Sacrament near enough to derive the consolations which its presence gives. Poverty with our Lord near us, is a more precious happiness than the wealth of the whole world can bring to us. Where God is, there is heaven; hence, the Blessed Sacrament brings down Heaven upon earth.

We have the angels about us; the Church and the sanctuary are filled with these blessed spirits. They are doing what we come into the Church and before the altar to do—adoring God, thanking and praising Him for His infinite mercies to themselves and to man. We know this for a truth, for where God is, there also are His angels. The blessings of heaven are with us when we are before the Blessed Sacrament.

This is a time when God is pleased with us, hence, a time for acts of reparation. The more so when God exposes Himself, resting in His throne on the altar, during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We may call to Him, during these few moments, like the sick, the lame and the blind. "Oh, Jesus! have mercy on me and heal my infirmities!"

He is silent in the Blessed Sacrament, yet He hears our voices and heals the penitents, for He says, "I sleep, but my heart watcheth." He blessed those whom He healed: His blessing healed them.

When assisting at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament (who will wish to be absent when our Lord is blessing His people?) let us make an act of atonement by offering the precious Blood of Jesus Christ to His own Most Sacred Heart, to repair the injury we have done Him in this Sacrament of His love; and then, with humility born of love, bow down our heads, our hearts and our souls, when the priest makes the sign of the cross over us with the Blessed Sacrament.—S. S. M. in *Catholic Columbian*.

Mass According to Greek Rites.

For the first time in the history of Chicago Catholic Mass was conducted the other day in accordance with the Greek rites of the Church. The service was unique in being conducted entirely in Arabic language and in being celebrated by a native Arabian priest. There are eighty families of Syrians in the city who heretofore have been attending Catholic Churches where the established Latin rite is used. These people have been wanting a place of service for themselves for several years. Lately, through the efforts of Archbishop Feehan, they secured a vacant storeroom. Archbishop Feehan paid the rent. The place is small and the interior finished plain and rough, with a freight elevator shaft running through one corner, but the Arabians said they did not mind that so long as it was theirs alone. The Arabian priest, the Rev. Father Basil Sonaya, superintended the construction of a pine altar, and candlesticks, censers and other paraphernalia were imported.

Get rid of moths by drowning them in benzine. You can soak the most delicate silk with benzine and not injure it. Always be careful, however, to avoid a fire of any kind when using benzine.

A good bleacher and stain remover from cotton or linen is made by pouring boiling water on chloride of lime in the proportion of one gallon to one quarter of a pound; bottle it, cork it well, and in using it be careful not to stir it. Lay the stains in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.

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Catholic News.

The Pope has made M. Pennier, the Paris publisher, a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory.

On Sunday, August 27th, Archbishop Tache blessed the corner stone of the new addition to St. Bonifacio hospital, Winnipeg.

Mr. Edward Reagen, formerly connected with the staff of the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia and other daily papers of that city, was advanced to the priesthood recently.

The Holy Father has given orders to the Congregation of Rites that the question of religious music—what to approve and what to reject—must be regulated by November next.

Reports from Molokai state that Fathers Conrady and Wendelin are in good health, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Alas, that leprosy is on the decrease.

Two Trappists, one a priest and the other a brother, are the guests of Rev. Father Dougherty, at his home, in New York. They are seeking aid to preserve their monastery of the "Three Fountains" at Rome.

Mynheer Boust, the President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Holland, has just won a seat in the Dutch Parliament. He was elected for the district of Betterwyko, which has never before been represented by a Catholic.

A kind act that is worthy of mention was performed by fifteen young Hebrew girls in Memphis, Tenn. They had an entertainment recently for the benefit of St. Joseph's Hospital of that city, and turned over the proceeds to the Sisters of St. Francis, who have charge of the hospital.

A pilgrimage of a large number of Mexicans to the Holy Land has been organized in the city of Mexico by two priests. The excursion will go by way of Chicago, Niagara Falls, New York, London, Rome and Naples. The organizers have asked the requisite permission from the Bishop, who, it is understood, approves of the project, and has offered all the assistance in his power.

Sister Menard of the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, who is now 84 years old, and who has been a nun for over sixty years, had become blind for the past ten years, when, through a surgical operation, she recently recovered the use of one of her eyes. The doctor who performed the operation offers to restore the other eye, but the old Sister feels satisfied with her present condition and says that she must not ask too much.

Dr. Conan Doyle, the author of *Micah Clarke*, *The White Company* and several other stories, is a grandson of John Doyle, the caricaturist, and a nephew of the famous Dickey Doyle (of *Punch*). His celebrated uncle Dickey was the right hand of *Punch* in the "fifties" and early "sixties," and he (as a good Catholic) severed connection with that paper when it lent itself to scurrilous cartoons and lampoons on Pius IX. and the stirring papal events of those days.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabia, says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Only suffering draws the inner heart of song and can elicit the perfumes of the soul. Blessed are they who have always before their eyes their own sins and the benefits of God.

How I love to picture to myself St. Joseph under a rustic roof in a small, poor house, far removed from the noise and tumult of the world, sanctifying himself by prayer, solitude, and labour.—*Flecher*.

We should tremble for our salvation when we remember that Judas lived among the apostles, that he conversed with Jesus Christ, by Whom he was chosen, that he heard all His Divine words, and yet he was damned.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 1893

## Calendar for the Week.

- Sept. 14.—The Exaltation of the Holy Cross.  
15.—Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
16.—Sts. Cornelius, Pope, and Cyprian, Bishop, Martyrs.  
17.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
18.—St. Joseph and Optertius, Confessor.  
19.—Sts. Januarius and Companions, Martyrs.  
20.—St. Agapitus, Pope and Confessor. Ember Day. Fast and Abstinence.

### Rev. Mr. Bosworth.

If the avocation of the anti-Jesuit snarler is not entirely gone it has certainly fallen upon evil days, when it seeks to make capital out of a harmless statue. The following passage from a sermon by the above named gentleman will explain our allusion:

"On the Plains of Abraham, consecrated by the blood of British heroes, a beautiful monument has recently been erected. It shows the figure of a man with his face radiant with the excitement of victory. One of his feet is on the neck of a crouching figure—the figure of a man with a Bible clutched in his hands, and with terror and despair depicted on his face. The erect victorious figure is the Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and he is represented crushing Protestantism. On the base of the monument is a Latin inscription announcing that the monument is erected to the glory of God. That represents the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church to-day as much as it did in the days of Loyola. Every consistent Roman Catholic must of necessity acknowledge the supremacy of a foreign potentate.

What a jaundiced eye a man must have, that he should see things in such a light, or more correctly speaking, what an itching palm he must have that he should hawk such wares in his market of religion. The impudence of this iconoclast awes us into silence, while his ignorant exegetical expounding of the statue of St. Ignatius is not worth powder and shot. True, these are days when almost every slander is popular, and the more absurd and insulting it is to Catholic feeling the better it takes; but we doubt that this latest attempt will succeed. But the beauty of the statue is that there "ain't no such thing." The only monument on the Plains of Abraham is one of General Wolfe, the Conqueror of Quebec. A question arises in our mind—what was Mr. Bosworth doing on the plains of Abraham that he should see a statue there which has no existence? Mr. Bosworth is quite welcome to a holiday; but he should not be insolent over the sights he has seen. He need not be spying into private property hunting for food for his curiosity, slander-loving co-religionists. There is a statue of St. Ignatius, but not such as Mr. Bosworth pretends, erected on the private property of the Jesuits near Quebec. Our friend, Dean Harris of St. Catharines, in a letter which he wrote to the *St. Catharines Evening Star*, gives the correct explanation of the statue and the history of the original in Rome from which this statue is copied:

In the chapel of *La Pietà*, St. Peter's Church, Rome, stands the famous, and now

historic statue of St. Ignatius Loyola. Two hundred years ago this work of art was chiselled by Bellini, a distinguished Italian sculptor, and has many times been reproduced in wood, marble, print and engraving. The Saint is represented life size, his right hand outstretched and elevated, while in his left he holds the constitution of his Order open. Under his left foot is a prostrate figure, with hideous face, long dishevelled hair, and in the hand of the monster a large book. The prostrate figure symbolizes the apocalyptic woman. "And I saw the woman drunk with the blood of the Saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; the mother of all abomination and filthiness, and who made drunk with the wine of her prostitution they who inhabit the earth." The book symbolizes her works, which Ignatius and his society are trying to crush out of existence. In other words, the prostrate figure expresses, in abstract form the concupiscence of the flesh and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the book the pride of life, or the pride of intellect. The statue in the garden of the Jesuit Fathers, whose house of retreat borders on the Plains of Abraham, is a reproduction of this historic statue of Bellini's.

But this statue is not the only subject upon which Mr. Bosworth insults our people. During the summer this ranting calumniator, this base trafficker in falsehood rambled to St. John, New Brunswick, and preached in a Baptist Church in that city. During his remarks he referred to the work which was being done at the Grande Ligne Mission in Quebec over which he had charge. It was established in 1836 and now they have a stone school-house and 180 pupils. We cannot congratulate them upon their progress; but we do congratulate them upon the amount they spend in their efforts; last year they spent \$27,000. The rest of the report we place before our readers as given by the *Daily Sun* of St. John dated Aug. 28th:

Referring to the opposition they received from the Church of Rome, Mr. Bosworth showed the congregation a wafer made, he said, from flour and water. This was recognized as the Son of God by the Roman church in Quebec, or the literal Christ, and they worshipped it as such. On the day of Corpus Christi a church member carried one of these wafers at the head of the procession and any person on the street who did not lift his hat and bow to it with reverence, was in danger of personal violence. "What," asked the speaker, "are we going to do about this state of affairs?" In answer to the question Mr. Bosworth said that nothing short of the gospel of Christ would bring about the desired result. The speaker also called attention to the scapular which was worn around his neck. To it was attached two small cards. A picture on one represented Mary and the infant Christ, but with the crown on the head of the former. Mr. Bosworth then read out of a pamphlet written by the most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., late Archbishop of New York, statements to the effect that those who died without this scapular would surely go into everlasting torment. It was a power unto salvation. He also said that on several occasions the Baptists were denounced from the Catholic pulpits. As a result a mob raided the Mission chapel and broke the windows, etc. Notwithstanding all these things, however, declared the speaker, "our work is prospering, and the chapel cannot accommodate those who would like to gain admission." Upwards of 5,000 have been converted and baptised, and not less than 50,000 have been brought to Christ by their influence. There are yet over one million in that mission field who are in the darkness. In closing Mr. Bosworth made an eloquent appeal to the people of St. John for aid in carrying on the mission work.

There is no use arguing with a coarse brutal blasphemer who talks in that way; and what use to protest? It is a bitter thing for people to have their most sacred rites ridiculed and their noblest feeling mocked; but men like Mr. Bosworth seldom fail to trample, with all their weak heel, upon the tenderest sentiments of their fellow citizens. Especially is this the case with the ignorant class when the cry is a paying one.

At another meeting in St. John this same Mr. Bosworth brought forward a crucifix and scapular and some Roman Catholic literature. He said:

The aim of the Nationalists was to establish a French Catholic nation by the union

of the French Canadians of Quebec, the lower provinces and New England. There was more Roman Catholic ecclesiastical power manifested in Quebec to-day than in Rome itself. There were two ways for Canadians to settle the problem Quebec presented. Bringing the pointer he had been using with the map to his shoulder, as if it had been a rifle, Mr. Bosworth significantly remarked that that was one way. Your sons may be called on to settle it in that way. The other way was to impregnate that province with the religion of Jesus Christ. The people up there were selfish worshippers. They wore crucifixes as charms against smallpox and measles. A woman was very sick and the priest held out his crucifix for her to kiss, saying it had been blessed by the Pope. Cardinal Tachereau had issued an indulgence card which was headed "Tickets for Heaven, 25 cents." The speaker produced the card and read it over. He said that a scapular such as he showed cost ten cents, and it cost twenty cents more to get the priest's blessing on it. The Grand Ligne mission school had students 20 and 28 years old learning the alphabet. The Roman power was entrenched in ignorance and backed by intolerance. He referred to what he termed the supreme impudence of Satolli coming to America to tell the people how to conduct education when so large a portion of the people of Italy were illiterate. In October of last year, by order of the bishop, bibles were collected and burned in the streets of Quebec.

When people like that take a Bible into their hands and enter a pulpit, it is time for any high minded, justice loving man to turn away from religion in disgust. What does he mean by the problem of Quebec? The problem which intellects of his weight will solve need not alarm any one—they belong to the rule of Compounded Interest in which falsehood is the principal. If ever his villainous advice is followed Mr. Bosworth will never be found with his face to the foe. To hint at settling any problem in this country by war is the work of a cowardly, fiendish, itinerant sower of discord, whose only plea is abuse, whose only recommendation is bigotry, and whose only success is the amount of money he obtains from his credulous, narrow-minded audiences.

### Cromwell's Toleration.

A new publication with the high sounding title of *British Canadian* has appeared under the auspices of the P. P. A. Society, and the clean and able management of Mrs. Margaret L. We would not notice this intolerant sheet were we not amazed at the cool impudence of one of its contributors in ascribing any meed or shadow of tolerance to the character of Oliver Cromwell. "The leader of these persecutions against the Waldenses," he states, "was the Duke of Savoy. It took the voice of a Cromwell to stay his bloody hand. The great English protector sent him a message, to the effect that unless the persecutions ceased he would make him feel the power of his arm." The contributor continues: "All honour to England's name, friend and deliverer of the oppressed, Defender of the Faith!" We venture a hope that a little knowledge of Cromwell's bloody history may cause a change in the opinions of the "contributor" or the merciful dispositions of that famous usurper.

In the book styled "Cromwell's Settlements," it is related that "Cromwell declared that he would not allow the Mass to be offered up wherever the Parliament of England had power." His General, Pym, boasted that he would not leave a priest in Ireland (pages 811-12). Priests were ordered to quit Ireland under penalty of death. Public whipping and amputation of

the ears was the punishment for not informing on them. Priests, wolves and foxes were "the three burdensome beasts" on whose heads rewards were laid. (Crom. Settle, p. 208).

After the battle of Naseby, 1645, one hundred females, some of them, ladies of distinguished rank, were put to the sword under pretence that they were Irish Catholics. (Lingard, Vol. VIII, p. 62). After the defeat of Montrose forty women were thrown from the bridge near Linlithgow into the river Avon. After the siege of Drogheda not only the soldiers who laid down their arms, but all the inhabitants, were massacred, without a shadow of mercy or compunction on the part of the ruthless tyrant, Cromwell and his gossellers. After many assaults had been made in vain, Cromwell offered peace and protection to all those who laid down their arms. Scarcely had the Irish soldiers thrown by their swords and cutlasses when the order for a general massacre was given, and all perished to a man.

This merciful General seemed to revel in the blood of helpless women and children as well as unarmed soldiers. Warner says when Wexford was taken its inhabitants were all put to the sword; and other historians quoted by Lingard say that "No distinction was made at Wexford between the defenceless inhabitants and the armed soldier; nor could the shrieks and prayers of three hundred females, who had gathered around the great cross on the market square, preserve them from the swords of those ruthless barbarians." Cromwell heeded not the female shriek for mercy.

Such was the great English Protector who demanded mercy for the Waldenses, and who threatened the Duke of Savoy, that unless he spared them, the powerful arm of England would be felt beyond the seas. Out upon such arrant hypocrisy!

### Hon. Edward Blake.

Yesterday's *Globe* announces Mr. Blake's arrival at Quebec on Tuesday, the 12th instant. An interview which took place on the promenade deck of the fire boat elicited very little, as he refused to speak on English politics. The Home Rule question Mr. Blake considers to be in the same position as when Lord Salisbury went out of power. He is to remain in Canada until the end of October. A very pleasant trip across the ocean contributed much to the recovery of his health and strength. Mr. Blake left the same day to join his family at Murray Bay.

We would feel much obliged if any of our exchanges or friends would give us some information concerning a person calling himself Thomas A. Rush, the famous Ex-Romanist from Boston. The gentleman is on a lecturing tour through Canada, and we deem it a pleasure as well as a duty to forward to our Protestant neighbours the credentials of this their latest apostle, and to arm our Catholic friends against imposition, if any there be. Perhaps our esteemed contemporary the *Boston Pilot* can tell us something of this worthy's antecedents?

### Collego Education.

As the scholastic year is once more opening it may not be out of place to make a few remarks on our higher Catholic education. It appears to us strange that more of our people are not alive to the advantages of a thorough Catholic collego course. Indeed it but too frequently happens that those who can afford it provide for their children that training which makes educated men prefer to leave them a few paltry dollars rather than fit them to pave their own way to success. Again, why are there not more of our young men in Ontario aiming at that most exalted of callings—the holy priesthood? It is not so much the fault of our aspiring youths, nor is it the dearth of vocations, for "many are called;" but there is wanting in parental circles a spirit of sacrifice.

Parents frequently have not that grand old Catholic spirit which deemed it an honor above all earthly considerations to have in the family one darling child, within the halo of God's sanctuary, interceding for them whether living or dead. They think that a training in the Separate or Public school, with a finishing touch in the high school, is the pinnacle of intellectual culture. They want their children to go out into the world to make money.

There are many, too, who hold erroneous ideas of Catholic colleges. In the first place, no high school can afford the general education which may be had in a regular collego. Its work is special, that of the collego more general. The seclusion from the every day distractions of home life is an item to be carefully noted. Then there is the association with the best Catholic blood. The whole man is educated. He is taught order, restraint, obedience—three necessary qualities of a man of success in any sphere in life. Our Catholic colleges are not mere devotional hot-houses into which secular subjects steal only through neglected apertures. No; they fit the man for the battle of life, not a fictitious ideal.

Man is a creature of God. This is a first principle, without which all education is vain. Hence the affections of the soul are trained, the will directed. Then the secular subjects, leaning on this foundation, are built into a substantial structure. Presided over by men who have consecrated their lives to God in educating the young, the collego imparts a beautiful object lesson every day within its precincts. The attachments of home find a tender substitute, while devotion, work and recreation go hand in hand, making every moment of time profitable without varying. Since the professors are not high-salaried officials, the expenses of education are minimized, making the burden light on those who send their children there to be educated.

It appears to us that the work done by the Basilian Fathers in St. Michael's Collego should command the attention of those who aspire to a superior Catholic course of studies. For forty-one years has this collego been sending out her graduates into the different walks in life, both in Canada

and the United States. While its course is particularly adapted to the training of young men for the holy priesthood, it also carefully trains students for the other learned professions. As an evidence of this fact the numbers among her *alumni* learned men in the first ranks of the legal, medical and other professions; while from her venerable halls also have proceeded three of Ontario's learned prelates, of whom we all may be justly proud. Being affiliated with Toronto University, she has an advantage worthy of more extensive patronage by the aspiring Catholic student.

It is to be hoped that our people will become more imbued with the desire to have their children well trained, whether they enter into the already well filled field of professions or the many other walks in life. A good education is an easy burden to bear. It makes other burdens light. It makes the good citizen in the State. It makes the good citizen for heaven.

### The Oxford Movement.

A writer, Dr. Schoell, in the *Canadian Churchman* of the 7th instant, proclaims the activity and benefits characterizing what he is pleased to call Anglo-Catholicism. "It has," he tells us, "now stood the test of half-a-century; no man can ignore its results." From this latter statement we utter no dissenting voice; but we unhesitatingly call the former in question. It would ill become a Catholic, not an Anglo-Catholic, but a purely, simply Catholic, journal to treat lightly a movement which, even in its first generation of followers, gave to the Church two Cardinals and several Bishops, which gained for us the saintlike Faber, and evolved a series of literary works which now fill the void amongst the English speaking Catholics of both hemispheres. How could any one ignore a movement which a Newman, with his giant intellect and angel heart, so mightily accelerated, if he did not actually start; which gathered impetus from the very names of its earliest associates, and whose wave of change has not yet beaten with its curving foam the religious shore of England? The results of that movement can by no means be ignored. They are not known. They stretch themselves into a distant future. So far, therefore, from contradicting this latter statement we emphasize it, and consider that these results are farther reaching than so-called Anglo Catholics would eagerly desire if they are sincere in the position they occupy.

Our contention, however, is that this movement has by no means stood the test of fifty years. The motto of any movement which is to command respect, and is to stand the test of time, must be: Thus far and no farther. That the Oxford movement never did adopt this motto is sufficiently proved by the numbers who advanced from it to Rome. Nor could it be otherwise, for the very power which drove it into ritualism and sacerdotalism, drove it for logical, truth seeking minds to where the historical priesthood, liturgical worship and central authority alone could be found. If, as Dr. Schoell says,

"the Church can never again loosen herself from it," then may some future generation see the Church of England engrafted upon the parent stem, from which it was lopped in an evil day. As long as the Ritualists dwell content with remaining in the Anglican community they, heedless of the substance, are chasing after shadows. Anglo-Catholicism "may have restored Christian equality of rich and poor in the House of God;" it may "have extended its care to the most degraded and the most hopeless," and may also have given "the Church a shape which attracts the higher classes," but still it over lacks the essential power of mediation and sanctification which the real priesthood of Christianity exercises. Whatever organization it may possess it will always want that true organism which is to be found alone in the unity of faith and the well built City of God.

### The Briggs Controversy.

The September number of the *North American Review* contains a short yet able article on this famous controversy by an Oblate Father, L. A. Nolin, I.L.D. Besides publishing the whole, for otherwise we would not do it full justice, which we promise to do in our next issue, we point out a few of the salient arguments advanced by Dr. Nolin. The indictment against Mr. Briggs raised the question as to the supreme and only authority in the Presbyterian Church. This strikes every Catholic as most surprising. A Church is in existence for two or three hundred years, and it is not known where is the authority? The first thing, in forming a Church, is to settle authority, just as a mathematician fixes the centre before describing the circle. When the question of authority is mooted in a society of many years standing a dilemma presents its horns. Either it is no society, on account of having no authority, or it is strange that the wisest of its members do not know where that authority resides.

Again, the necessity of a supreme, living authority forces itself upon us when we see men who have spent years of study unable to decide questions of scriptural exegesis. How can ordinary people be certain? Which of two opinions shall we adopt? Weigh the matter thoroughly and private interpretation is sadly wanting. What remains? Nothing but the acknowledgment of, and submission to, a supreme authority empowered to interpret the word of God with infallibility.

But even supposing private interpretation practicable, the only reasonable and authorized mode of interpreting the word of God, the position of the General Assembly in the Briggs controversy is quite untenable. The fact that Dr. Briggs did interpret the Scripture in rather a novel way for a Presbyterian simply proves that he exercised his fundamental right to the extent of his ability. Whether he made a more lavish use of that right than other Presbyterians are wont to do is merely a question of degree, the principle remains the same. The suspension of such a man by such a court for heresy is inconsistent in the extreme. We may add that if the

General Assembly claim to possess authority for their action it is self-constituted, and therefore unlawful. The only natural course was the action of the minority, who, while declaring their hearty belief in a love for the Holy Scriptures, and their loyalty to the principles of Presbyterianism, they nevertheless protested against the judgment of suspension and the proceedings leading thereto.

Turning away from private interpretation, with all its intrinsic absurdities, practical difficulties and baleful consequences to the Catholic view of a required authority, we see its naturalness and reasonableness. The child, whether reared in the Catholic faith or not, receives his interpretation from his parents, and later on the man follows his pastor. Why? It is the readiest and only practical way.

### Editorial Notes.

The French national pilgrimage to Lourdes this year was a marvel of faith and charity; remarkable also for the number of sick. As many as 1,200 patients were taken from Paris hospitals on trains specially fitted up for their convenience. An association under the patronage of Our Lady of Health, with a number of the Sisters of the Assumption, cared for them upon the journey. The pilgrimage itself consisted of not less than 10,000 persons. One fact is worthy of note to us, that a Bureau of Scientists is established to test the miracles, in which we are pleased to see that a Canadian physician took part. As many as thirteen cures were registered. But while the vast majority were forced to return as they had gone, they received resignation and patience, which will count for more than temporal gain.

The scene of that vast multitude of every age and condition in prayer at the Gratto must have been a spectacle for angels and men, in which the former would rejoice and the latter hope. Was it ever known that any one went away from Mary's shrine unheard or unhealed? Is France not Catholic still, that it presents such an example of religious fervor? Men of the western world however would be glad to see them transfer some of it to politics.

The *Canadian Churchman* sneers at the excommunication of Archbishop Gul of Utrecht by the Sovereign Pontiff. Perhaps our contemporary would not mind if it had some of the power necessary in order to exercise it upon Archdeacon Farrar just now.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking of the seven churches of Glendalough, Ireland, says: "I do not suppose that there is one of those churches that is fifty feet long. I believe that, if you had the taste to build, you would build any of those churches at the expense of less than £500. But every line of those churches is instinct with beauty, which the rudest and most unhistorical eye can hardly fail to recognize."

General Marie Francois de Mirbel, chief of the French General staff, who was injured by falling from his horse at Hauterive on Monday, died from his injuries the following day.

WORLD'S FAIR ILLUMINATIONS.

Mary Josephine Onahan in Catholic Columbian.

In days gone by when the wisecracks were but children we all of us read with eager interest the wondrous tale of Aladdin and the Genii, of that magic lamp which need be rubbed but over so lightly to admit one to a world scintillating with beauty and with light. Mayhap we have sighed a bit wearily in maturer years as the dread revelation came that the world of fairy tale and of reality are in truth so far removed. Alas! that the magic lamp of Aladdin should be but a commonplace duplex-burner with no properties at all save a distressing proneness to smoke.

But the days of Aladdin are not over. Once and again we catch a glimpse of those filmy cobwebs of our childhood's brain and they seem to be more than myths. The ancient genii of the Arabian Nights is no longer here but other genii not less powerful have taken his place. The rule of magic is at an end but the rule of electricity has only just begun.

The World's Fair by day and the World's Fair by night are different worlds. By day the World's Fair is impressive. It speaks of human toil and human ingenuity, of the wonders accomplished by the fragile fingers of man. By night it is glorious. It is clothed in a beauty that is not on earth, it seems vivified by a finger Divine. Here is no dazzling whiteness to tire the eye, no blistering pavements to weary the feet, no jostling crowds bent on sight seeing as the sole end of life, only a city clothed in light as in a garment, a humanity that has taken on some of the grandeur and the quiet of starry skies.

So muses an onlooker as the great whaleback steamer, four-decked and superbly appointed, the Christopher Columbus, glides silently through the dark waters of Lake Michigan to its dock at the Colonnade of the Columbian Exposition.

The night is silent, there is no moon only the stars shining clear and large from that panting sky. The great columns of the Colonnade seem to rise white and magestic from the dark waters of the lake, crowned by the triumphant figure of the great navigator. It is indeed a phantom city thrown up as if by magic on the shore of this inland ocean.

The Manufactures' Building stretches its length like some great sea serpent along the shore on one side of the Colonnade; on the other perched on a rocky eminence stands the quaint old monastery of La Rabida, quiet now as the monks that once trod its earthen floors and prayed beneath its ivied walls while rising gracefully from its shadow are the mast heads of the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina, that modest Spanish fleet crowned by the banners of Aragon and of Castile. Behind are the dark waters of Lake Michigan with their ceaseless sobbing surge before one the White City by the sea.

Suddenly the Court of Honor bursts upon the right. A great square of light—light, light everywhere, most glorious of all God's creations. It is the first impression—a breathless one. Gradually the lines of the buildings, familiar enough in day-time, grows clearer. Facing one in the centre of one side of the open square corresponding and directly opposite to the Colonnade and peristyle which crown the entrance from the lake, is the Administration Building, its great dome lit up by a thousand lights standing out clear and luminous against the sky. The sprite of electricity has touched it and myriad-orbed it has sprung into life. Lights start from its very pinnacle and ripple down in waving lines to the ground, as if the Milky Way had emptied some of its treasures and the earth could rival the heavens.

Great torches burst forth almost angrily amid those steady stars, and the spaces between the great white pillars are red with their glare. At the four great corners winged dragons arise, seeming to stand guard over this palace called up by the modern genii of electricity.

Between the Administration and the Manufactures is the Electricity Building, filling up the corner of the square. Similar to it on the other side is the palace of Mechanical Arts, many turreted and stately, while the Agricultural Building occupies the third side of the square, with the golden figure of Diana the Huntress poised lightly on its top. At the opposite end, the one from which one enters, is the Casino on one side of the Colonnade, and on the other the Music Hall, near which is the column of Mercury.

The buildings are ranged around a square whose centre is occupied by the lagoon, presided over by a mammoth gilt figure of the Goddess of Liberty, the whole called, not without reason, the Court of Honor. Every building is outlined by rows of electric lights, which are reflected again and again in the shining waters of this miniature lake. Even the lagoon itself has its special illuminations, set in the low wall that surrounds it and only a few feet from its surface.

Presently a soft radiance fills the air. It is the electric fountains which have begun to shoot forth showers of emeralds, of rubies and of sapphires into the air. One almost expects to see elfin creatures rising from their spray. The crimson deepens to purple, then green, yellow, blue, is the scene as the great search lights are turned first upon one piece of statuary, then upon another, bringing them into high relief. The electric launches ply to and fro, some with bands of singers carolling familiar songs. The very air seems to throb with the music telling of a land where the orange flower blows:

"Where zephyrs from heaven die softly away  
And the laurel and myrtle will never decay."

Way down upon the Suwanee River mingles in the distance with that quaintest of Southern melodies "My Old Kentucky Home," the soft pathos of the Old Folks at Home or the more exuberant swing of the Red, White and Blue. But the songs are mostly pathetic and tender ones for anything flamboyant beneath the stillness of those summer skies seem strange and out of place.

Presently a gondola glides into view, a pair of lovers reclining on its old fashioned cushioned seat. The sturdy figures of the two gondoliers standing one at each end of the boat are lined in sepia against the bridge that arches the darkness from which they have come and their long steady strokes, silent, rhythmic and pauseless seem but part of the magic of the scene. Are they human oarsmen at all, one wonders. "Tell us what strange shore you have come from" one is tempted to ask. "Tell us of the nereids and naiads there?"

But the lovers are quite indifferent to them and the compliment is in truth returned. They "speak-a no English" these gondoliers, so investigation proves. 'Tis perhaps fortunate. "Will they tack it on in charges at the end for this kindly blindness to sentimental overtures and deafness to sentimental exuberance?" inquires an impish onlooker who can never resist the temptation to tease. But the lovers scorn to answer and the gondola glides away silently into the night.)

So it goes. The tale that was told in Venice, Venice that like its sister city of Mantua seems to breathe of the loves of Romeo and Juliet, is told in the windings of this new discovered Venice on the shores of Lake Michigan. Perhaps he is brave and true and manly; perhaps she—and surely it is so—is pure and fair and womanly; perhaps it is love's dawn, perhaps it is the sunset or a rift in the sky hitherto cloud-

less and serene; perhaps they are to be wedded; perhaps they are to part, but whatever the ending Love surely has no fitter setting than the Court of Honor by night. For here the whole earth throbs with passion; here passion glorified by soul. Here, as in few other places, the world is arrayed in all its beauty. Here are lights and majesty and roivified in splendor the domes and arches of ancient Greece and Rome, here are music and rippling waters and the heavy breath of sleeping flowers. Here too are the stars, never hasting never resting in their familiar course, here in wondrous depth is the sky reaching out into infinity. Here are nightly whispers of Love, Love not only sweet, tender, human, sometimes frail, but Love Divine.

"Sursum corda," says the Court of Honor. "Sursum corda," says those watching stars. "Sursum corda," echoes the World's Fair visitor as he turns reluctantly away.

"She Looketh Well

to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always old ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using



the New Shortening, instead of lard. And this is in itself a reason why "she looketh well" in another sense, for she eats no lard to cause poor digestion and a worse complexion.

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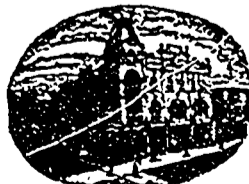
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**The Old Farm.**

The dear old farm! Its every rod  
Is fraught with memories to me!  
Each spot recalls some bygone hour  
Of joyous childhood, gay and free.

Here Nature seems to speak herself,  
In the hill and stream and sunny field;  
In them I find companionship  
The crowded city cannot yield.

What are its shallow joys to me,  
Its pomp and show, its sordid wealth,  
Given in exchange for Heaven's air,  
For boundless freedom and rugged health.

Let him who loves the sickly shade,  
Behind the counter scrape and bow;  
To me it seems a better thing  
To feel the sunlight on my brow.

And to the one who falsely scorns  
The manly farmer's honest toil,  
Degrading deems the work that gains  
A living from the generous soil:

I'd point to some famous names,  
Our country's pride and glory now,  
Of men whose youth did not disdain  
To wield the ax or drive the plow.

But let the farmer know his worth,  
Lofly and bold his voice should be,  
His full strong arm and clear his mind,  
His duty and opinions free.

Thus careful thought and industry  
Works wonders with the fertile soil,  
His labors high approval win  
From man, from conscience and from God.

**Selected Receipts.**

**FRIED CARROTS.**—Pare and boil two good-sized carrots; drain thoroughly. Cut into rather thin slices, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Cold carrots may be recooked in this way.

**CREAM SAUCE.**—Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning, add one tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth; add one cup of milk and stir continually until it thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

**STEWED BEANS.**—Wash, soak and parboil a quart of beans the same as to bake; boil in sufficient water to cook nearly done; add a cup of cream or milk and a piece of butter, salt and pepper, boil dry and serve.

**GERMAN TEAS.**—Cut the bread in rather thick, even slices: beat two eggs light without separating, and add to them one pint of milk, beating all the while. Grease a hot griddle or frying pan with butter; dip the bread in the milk and egg and fry on both sides to a delicate brown.

**FROZEN APPLES.**—Season the desired quantity of cooked and striped apples with sugar and spice, beat until the apples are light and smooth, and freeze the same as ice cream. If liked, cream in the proportion of a cupful to a pint of apples may be whipped or toasted and buttered wafers. A cold cream sauce may accompany this dessert.

**LALLA ROOPE PUNCH.**—This punch is made by the addition of half a cup of Jamaica rum to a quart of vanilla ice cream. When the cream is partly frozen remove the dasher and beat in the rum with a spoon. Freeze to the consistency of an ice and serve in glasses, or it is often served by putting the cream in the glasses and pouring a teaspoonful of rum into a small hole made in the centre of each ice.

**SUCCOTASH.**—Shell a pint of Lima beans; cut a quart of corn from the cob; boil the corn and beans together until done; drain off the water and pour over the mixture a cup of sweet milk; let it heat and add a tablespoonful of butter, with pepper and salt; let boil twenty minutes longer; grate browned crackers over the top and serve.

**EGGPLANT PUDDING.**—This is an old Virginia dish. To make it quarter the eggplant, lay in salt and water over night; drain and parboil, peel and chop fine; mix one cup of bread crumbs, two beaten eggs and a tablespoonful of butter with every pint of eggplant; season with salt and pepper and milk to make a thick batter; grease a baking dish; turn in the mixture; set it in a well heated oven and let it bake

twenty minutes; serve very hot in the dish in which it was baked.

**CORN OYSTERS.**—This is a Creole breakfast dish. Take a dozen ears of well-grown corn; score down the centre of each row of grains and press out the pulp; to every pint add two eggs, beaten separately, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of Cayenne and flour enough to make it stiff; drop the mixture in spoonfuls into boiling fat and brown first on one side and then on the other; serve very hot.

**Gardening Notes.**

Lilies are raised as a regular field crop in the Bermudas. In one of the largest fields over 100,000 may be seen in bloom at the same time.

Don't expect your flowers to bloom in a week or two, nor yet in a month after you have planted them. It takes some plants several months to adjust themselves to the changed conditions of life.

Roses for winter blooming can have no better care in summer than to be planted in good soil and to be kept free from weeds. After frosts come they can be lifted and be cut back, tops and roots, and be potted in strong, rich soil.

Japanese gardens are the most fairy-like of places. There are in them tiny trees and flowering plants, ponds, bridges, summer houses, lanterns—here dwarf pines six or eight inches high, but 125 years old; there others one foot high, but 500 years old. In the garden of Yei-juin—within the temple grounds—there may be many peony plants, mostly old, but one is 100 years old and is eight feet high—quite a tree.

The Christmas rose, *Helleborus niger*, is a plant of slow growth and a newly transplanted plant cannot be considered as established until the third year. The best time to set the plants is in the spring. Good roots potted in the fall or early winter and kept in a low temperature in the house will bloom late in the winter or in early spring. The greatest difficulty under such circumstances is to keep it cool enough.

**Poultry Notes.**

Room upon the ground is what fowls need and height does no good above a couple of feet, just enough for them to stand upright and flap their wings.

Chickens should not be allowed a chance to put their feet into their drinking places. They will drink water which is absolutely filthy and full of the germs of the disease, if not carefully prevented from doing so.

As soon as chickens are one week old, cracked corn, wheat and rice make a good combination, and where chickens run at large nothing more need be added. When confined in small runs fresh cut beef bones should be fed two or three times a week.

Those who recommend the swabbing of the roosts with kerosene may not have in view the fact that this irritates the feet of the fowls, and may cause lameness. The proper mode is to have the roost movable; take it outside of the poultry house, wipe it with a rag that has been saturated with kerosene, and apply a lighted match. This will destroy all lice, and not injure the roost.

Poultry shows can be made more valuable by paying more attention to carcasses and less to feathers; by proving worth with egg records and other marketable characteristics. The unreasonable standard may take from the utility points to add to the show requirements and then what is left of what otherwise might be a model bird? In England, prizes are offered for the "business" hen—why not in America?

In all that goes to strengthen and build up the system weakened by disease and pain, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the superior medicine. It neutralizes the poisons left in the system after diphtheria and scarlet fever, and restores the debilitated patient to perfect health and vigor.



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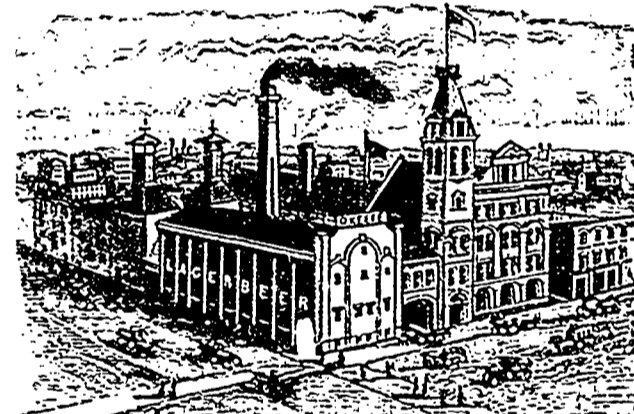
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## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

It is with extreme regret we announce the death of Mr. John Kelly, which took place, on April 19th, at his residence, Peter's Hill, Belfast. The deceased gentleman was well known in local Catholic and Nationalist circles, and though very young in years, had made for himself a prominent position among the business men of the city.

A most impressive ceremony took place at the Convent of the Holy Cross and Passion, Mount St. Joseph, Bolton, England, on the 15th August, when nine young ladies received the holy habit of religion and three were professed. In the unavailing absence of the Bishop of Salford, the Very Rev. Canon Wood, of Manchester, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Tynan (Manchester), Very Rev. Father Alphonsus O'Neill, C.P.; Father Malachy, C.P.; Father O'Brien, Father Roche, Father Locke, Father Urbane, Father Burke, &c. Among the postulants who received the holy habit were Miss Kate Conlan (in religion Sister Mary Malachy (youngest daughter of the late Owen Conlan, Belfast); and Miss Ellen McLaughlin (in religion Sister Mary Chrysostrum), Castleterg, County Tyrone.

## Armagh.

Mr. John McKenna, victualler, Armagh, was found dead in a railway carriage, on the arrival of the Dublin train, due in Armagh at 8:40 o'clock, on Thursday night, August 24th, at Coraghwood. Mr. McKenna was alive when the train left Dundalk, and when first seen it was considered he was in a swoon; but Dr. Palmer, of Armagh, who travelled by the same train, pronounced life extinct.

## Carlow.

The Secretary of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Carlow, has received £50 in aid of their funds, from the Most Rev. Dr. Comerford, being part of the assets of the late Rev. B. O'Neill, formerly P.P. of Baginbawn, left for the poor of Carlow.

## Clare.

On August 23d, a man named William Lahiff, was working near Bunnally, on the bank of the river, when he came upon the skeleton of a man apparently about 26 years of age. Dr. Frost, who was called to examine the remains, gave it as his opinion that the deceased must have been drowned about 18 months ago. There was nothing to lead to the identity of the deceased. At an inquest held next evening a verdict of found drowned was returned.

## Cork.

Intelligence from Ballydeoban states that the dead body of a young woman named Ellen O'Brien was found in a bog-hole adjacent to that village, on Aug. 24th, but how she came by her untimely end is, up to the present, enveloped in mystery.

Regarding the crop prospects, in Cork, the *Examiner*, of August 23d, says: "Never within living memory were farmers in this district more sanguine of a rich yield than they were during the months of May and June, and even well into July, so blooming did everything appear after the splendid weather of Spring. Now, the result is found to be disappointing in the extreme. The principal cereal here, of late years, has been the oat crop, and it is proving now to be little over half of a good average crop, 15 cwt. to the acre being the general run, instead of 25 or 30 cwt., as anticipated in the latter end of Spring and the middle of Summer. In addition to this, the grain is of most inferior quality, and partakes more of the nature of 'tailings' than a sound bulky grain. Neither is the potato crop what was anticipated."

## Dublin.

Mr. Joseph Manly, stockbroker, died on August 22d, at his residence, Bray, from an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Manly was a very popular member of the Dublin "Exchange," and his death is lamented by his colleagues and a host of private friends.

On the evening of August 19th, Thomas Mooney, of the City quay, Dublin, reported to the police that he had found his father, Patrick Mooney, aged 53 years, a watchman in the employment of Messrs. Wallace, coal merchants, drowned in the Ringend basin. It is stated that he had accidentally fell in.

During the week ending August 19th, 12 steamers landed cattle and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports bringing a total supply of 4,046 cattle and 11,820 quarters of beef, which, compared with the arrivals of the previous week, show an increase of 613 cattle and a decrease of 992 quarters of beef. The large amount of the supply had a visible effect in cutting down the market price of Irish cattle. The Irish farmers can no longer compete with the American and Australian "meat raisers."

## Galway.

Great regret is felt by the congregation who attend worship at St. Augustine's Church, Galway, at the removal of Rev. Father Hanrahan, O.S.A., who is changed to the Augustinian Church in Drogheda. For the two years Father Hanrahan has ministered at St. Augustine's, he has been deservedly a great favorite with the people. He established the Arch Confraternity of the Sacred Cincture, which he leaves in very flourishing condition. The members of the Society memorialized the Provincial of the

Order, Very Rev. Dr. Murphy, O.S.A., to leave Father Hanrahan among them, but for the present he declined to recast the arrangements made. Father Hanrahan carries with him to this new sphere of labor the most friendly wishes of a wide circle of friends in Galway, who hope to see him at no distant date again among them.

## Kerry.

In Tarbert, on the 22d, a large and representative meeting was held at the Hotel, for the purpose of starting a relief fund in aid of the families of the unfortunate victims of the drowning disaster on the Shannon. Mr. Robert Leslie, J.P., was moved to the chair, and addressed the meeting, pointing out the deplorable state of poverty to which some of the families were now reduced, having lost their only means of support. A liberal subscription was raised on the spot, and committees were appointed to carry out the collection. The following are the names of the victims whose bodies have been recovered:—Patrick Lyndon, aged 24 years; William Naughton, aged 21 years, found close to Moyne Quay, and Richard Flanagan, belonging to the neighborhood of Tarbert.

## Kildare.

On Tuesday, August 22d, Dr. P. L. O'Neill, Coroner for South Kildare, held an inquest at Cheerymills, Monasterevan, on the body of a man named John Sewell, a small farmer and laborer, who died the previous Sunday, it was alleged from injuries received through an assault committed on him by a man named William Pender. The jury found a verdict of homicide against Pender who was held for the action of the magistrates at petty sessions.

On August 23d, Mr. James Farrell, auctioneer, put to auction at Polar square, Naas, the owner's interest in the licensed premises owned by Mr. Rankin. There was a good attendance, but the bidding was confined to Messrs. George Bruce and O'Hara. Mr. Bruce was declared the purchaser at £350 with the usual commission. The premises are subject to a rent of £40 a year. Mr. O'Hara started the bidding at £200.

## Kilkenny.

On August 21st, Catherine Neill, a middle-aged woman, a fish-monger, attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Nore at Greene's-bridge, Kilkenny. Her action is supposed to be the result of family quarrels, and it is stated she had also threatened to destroy her children. She has been repeatedly before the local petty sessions court for minor offences and sentenced to various terms of short imprisonment. This is the second occasion she attempted to drown herself. She was dragged out of the water by some persons who witnessed the occurrence and was subsequently arrested by the police.

## Leitrim.

The eminent Irish scholar, Rev. J. Keegan, Assistant Priest of St. Malachy's Church, St. Louis, Mo., who is a native of the County of Leitrim, is at present sojourning at the Lucan Spa Hotel, near Dublin, and taking a course of medicinal waters for rheumatism, from which he has long been a sufferer. Father Keegan will make a visit to his native Connaught as soon as his health will permit.

Mr. John McEnroy, Glendane, an evicted tenant, has been restored to his homestead by the new agent of Lord Massoy (Mr. Harrington, who has succeeded the unpopular Wilton Vangh). The tenant's house had been thrown down on the occasion of the eviction. All arrears and costs are to be wiped out; but the dwelling and out-offices will have to be rebuilt at the cost of the tenant. A subscription list has been opened to help in defraying the cost of restoring the buildings.

## Limerick.

The following promotions have recently taken place in the Limerick branch of the National Bank:—Mr. N. J. Barry, First Teller; Mr. B. Plummer, Second Teller; and Mr. E. G. Wright, Assistant Accountant.

Attempted seizures, on eight or nine holdings on the Bodyke estate, belonging to the poorer class of tenants, were made on August 24th, but in all cases the houses were strongly barricaded, and the cattle and other effects had been removed off the land previous to the visit of the agent and bailiffs, who were accompanied by twelve police.

The evictions, on August 17th, in the locality of Abbeyfeale, passed off quietly. Four evictions took place on the Hartnett property for decrees of one year's rent. In one case Mr. Hobson, sub-sheriff, paid (on Father Casey's note) £18, the amount of the decree. Mr. Hosford is agent for the property. In the Port district two other evictions took place, but one of the tenants was reinstated as caretaker. About a dozen police accompanied the sheriff. There was no disturbance of any kind.

With feelings of deep regret we announce the death of the pious, kind-hearted, and zealous Parish Priest of Fedamore, Rev. C. P. Kenny. Father Kenny had been sailing for some time past. All that medical skill could do was done for him, but of no avail; and on August 20th, he passed away to his eternal and well-merited reward. Few priests were loved by their flocks to the degree in which the people of Fedamore loved Father Kenny. To the poor and troubled he was always a kind father, consolator, and friend.

## Louth.

A movement is on foot for tangibly testifying to Rev. Father Smyth, on his removal from the curacy of Togher, the warm esteem in which he is held by the parishioners, gentle and simple. It is proposed to hold a meeting at Togher in furtherance of this object.

## Mayo.

On the evening of August 21st, near the village of Ballycushion, near Kilmalme, a serious accident occurred to a farmer's son named Patrick Moylan, a young lad about seventeen years old. He was crossing a fence, on his father's land, when a gun which he carried, unfortunately, at full cock, went off, and some of the contents passed through the palm of his right hand. Dr. Hanrahan, of Hollymount, was speedily in attendance, and carefully dressed the wound. The young lad was conveyed next day to the Mater Misericordiarum Hospital, where it is expected his recovery will be a matter of a short time.

## Meath.

We regret to have to announce the death through drowning, of Mr. James Gilfoyle, of the Local Government Board, Dublin. It appears that he was spending part of his holidays with his brother, the Rev. M. Gilfoyle, Parish Priest of Duleek, and that having gone on to Galway, he went for a swim at Salthill. It is supposed he got into a current, and although a strong swimmer, was unable to cope with it. His body was recovered, and brought to his late residence, Alphonsus road, Drumcondra, Dublin, from whence his funeral took place. Mr. Gilfoyle leaves a wife and five children to mourn his untimely end.

## Queen's County.

On Saturday, August 19th, John Connor a farm servant in the employment of Mr. Corcoran, T. C., died in the Queen's County Infirmary, Maryborough, from injuries accidentally received on the previous Thursday evening. The deceased was assisting at the threshing of Mr. Corcoran's corn, when his foot was accidentally caught in the machine. The limb was dragged into the drum and was fearfully mangled before he could be rescued. The leg was amputated shortly after his admission to the infirmary; but he never rallied, and died about half-past nine o'clock from the shock of the injuries he had sustained.

## Roscommon.

A subscription has been started for the widow and family of the late Dr. Gaffney, of Keadeu. The deceased was a most respectable man and gave his services liberally to the poor. An influential committee has been formed to take charge of the fund.

## Sligo.

Brigid Murphy, at the age of 90 years, died on August 19th. For 56 years she was attached to the Sligo County Infirmary. "Nurse Biddy," as she was familiarly called, had up to the last an extraordinary memory, and could tell many a heart-rending story about the "black famine years" of '46 and '47; and during the succeeding years of '48 and '49, when the cholera scourge almost swept the country, "Nurse Biddy" used to relate to the younger people, how, when the hospital was full of cholera patients, she used to carry water to the unfortunate people lying by the roadside, suffering from the same dreadful disease, who could not find shelter under the roof of the infirmary. "Nurse Biddy" was beloved by all who knew her; and especially by the hundreds of patients, whose every want she had attended to. She was most charitable, and responded to every call made upon her. Her remains were conveyed to the Abbey for interment on August 21st, the funeral being attended by large numbers of the inhabitants of Sligo.

## Tipperary.

The Rev. Father Bezz, O.S.F., has been removed to the Franciscan Convent, Carrickbeg, county Tipperary.

## Tyronc.

On Aug. 19th, Messrs. Anderson and Duff, J.P.'s, in the absence of the coroner (Mr. John Malone, Cookstown), held an inquest at Eglisli, touching the death of John Murray who had died that morning from the effects of injuries sustained on the previous day. The jury found that the deceased came to his death accidentally.

## Waterford.

Among the subscribers to the fund for the building of the new church at Duncannon we notice the name of Mr. Edward O'Flaherty, the well-known dry-goods merchant of New York, who contributed £5 in aid of the project.

At Cappoquin, on August 22d, a young lad bearing the patriotic name of Robert Emmet O'Connell, met with a serious accident. He fell from a farmer's dray, into which he had climbed, and got his arm fractured. He was treated by Dr. Redmond.

At the recent examination of the higher division of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, held at Waterford, Miss Ross, of John's Hill was awarded a certificate for viola playing.

At the recent Intermediate Examinations, two of the boys at Waterpark College, Waterford, obtained marks that should entitle them to £50 senior grade examinations; one to a £30 middle grade examination for 2 years; three to junior grade examinations, £20 for 3 years, and probably two to pro-

paratory grade examinations, £10 for 1 year, besides several book and other prizes. This is the first time that a Waterford boy got a £50 senior grade examination. Two of the boys in the junior grade got respectively 5,843 and 5,480 marks. The highest last year was 5,430 marks.

## Westmeath.

The Sisters of Mercy have opened a school for the education of deaf and dumb female children, at Rochfortbridge, county Westmeath.

An election was held at Athlone, on August 22d, to fill three vacancies in the Board of Shannon Fishery Conservators. The interest in the proceeding was limited. Mr. Kilkelly presided. Mr. A. Mackay proposed that Messrs. John Coleman, Newport; Patrick Cooke, Limerick, and John Moloney, Castleconnell, be elected Conservators for the Athlone district. Surgeon Lieut. Colonel Charlton, proposed Messrs. Andrew More, Athlone; Francis Dunno, J. P., Banagher, and Robert W. Smith, J. P., Athlone. The poll was not taken until three o'clock, when eventually the counting showed that the candidates proposed by Mr. Mackay had 120 votes and the others 48. Mr. P. S. Connolly, Solicitor, raised some legal objections. The Chairman stated that he had been advised that legal questions like those raised by Mr. Connolly were for another Court; and his duty was to declare the persons holding the largest number of votes elected; which he accordingly did.

## Wexford.

With deep regret, we record the death of Commander Coghlin, of the Royal Naval Reserves, which occurred on August 23d, at his residence, Sammerville. The genial Commander, who had attained his 70th year, belonged to a very old and much esteemed Wexford family.

The death is announced of Mr. John H. Webster, High Constable for the Barony of Gorey, who passed away on August 21st, at a very advanced age, yet, despite the weight of years, he continued at his post up to the last moment, so that he literally "died in harness."

A man named Phillip Furlong, of St. John's street, Wexford, who a short time ago was released from Enniscurthy Lunatic Asylum, was on August 21st, committed again. Furlong, it appears, conducted himself in a very extraordinary manner, going about from house to house, threatening the inmates and taking forcible possession of small articles.

## 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-Beach, 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.

## LISTEN!

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Toronto.

Obituary.

The sad news comes to us from New York that John Moriarty, son of our old friend and fellow-citizen, Daniel Moriarty, died in that city on the 6th instant, at the early age of 21 years. There are many in Toronto who will deeply sympathize with Mr. Moriarty, who has been, these late years, sorely tried by death. The youth whom he now mourns gave promise of a bright and useful future; but it has pleased God to call him hence at the outset of his career. May his soul rest in peace.

A man named Denis Crowley dropped dead while at work, in Cork, on Aug. 21st. At an inquest subsequently a verdict of death from heart disease was returned.

On August 21st, Patrick Farren, about 20 years, while in the act of unyoking a horse at the "Leopardstown Dairy," South Frederick street, Dublin, fell suddenly. He was at once brought to Mercer's Hospital, where it was found that life was extinct.

On August 19th, in Belfast, an inquest was held in the Coroner's Court, concerning the death of Catherine McConville, of 8 Ross st., who had died suddenly, on the 17th, at her residence. Evidence having been given, a verdict of death from natural causes was returned.

Gounod has decided to go to Brussels in the fall to superintend in person the rehearsals of "Sapho," his new opera, which is to be produced early in the operatic season at the Belgian capital. His trip will be notable for the reason that the aged composer is now in feeble health and rarely leaves Paris.

The Cross of Christ has presided over all the destinies of the modern world: it is linked with its trials, and with all its glories; it has served as a basis to its institutions, and a standard to its armies; it has consecrated the most dazzling pageantrics of civilization, and most secret emotions of piety; it has sanctified the palaces of emperors and the huts of peasants.—Montalembert.

J. M. Barrie (author of A Window in Thrums, The Little Minister &c.) recently presented the prizes at the Dumfries Academy, where he was formerly a pupil. Among other things he said: "I remember one prize I got which had rather disastrous results. It was awarded by the girls of the school, by plebiscite, to the boy who had the sweetest smile in the school. The tragic thing was that my smile disappeared that day, and has never been seen since."

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, September 13, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 63	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 57	0 60
Barley, per bush.....	0 35	0 40
Oats, per bush.....	0 34	0 35
Peas, per bush.....	0 55	0 56
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	8 00	8 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 55
Geese, per lb.....	0 07	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 13	0 14
Butter, per lb.....	0 23	0 25
Eggs, now laid, per dozen....	0 12	0 13
Parsley, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Cabbage, now, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Colery, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Onions, per bag.....	1 20	1 25
Turnips, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Carrots, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	10 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 50	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Sept. 12.—Business did not show any improvement. The export trade is nearly over and to-day only a few sales were effected; among them were these:—A lot of 14, averaging 1,300 lbs., sold at 4½c per pound; a lot of 19, averaging 1,230 lbs., sold at 3½c per pound; a lot of 39, averaging 1,250 lbs., sold at 4c per pound; a lot of 22, averaging 1,325 lbs., sold at 4½c per pound; and a lot of 11, averaging 1,170 lbs., sold at 3½c per pound.

Among the sales in butchers' cattle were the following:—One lot of 9, averaging 960 lbs., sold at 3½c per pound; a lot of 10, averaging 1,000 lbs., sold at \$34 each; a lot of 21, averaging 1,000 lbs., sold at \$35 each; a lot of 20, averaging 1,100 lbs., sold at \$36.50 each; a lot of 21, averaging, 925 lbs., sold at 2½c per pound; a lot of 22, averaging 1,125 lbs., sold at \$36.50 each; a lot of 25, averaging 1,050 lbs., sold at \$36.25 each; a lot of 25, averaging 1,025 lbs., sold at \$30 each; a lot of 17, averaging 990 lbs., sold at 3½c per pound; and a lot of 11, averaging 860 lbs., sold at \$2.62½ per cwt.

There was a fairly steady market for milk cows and springers at from \$30 to \$45, and very occasionally \$50 each. Only a few here.

In sheep and lambs the market was easy. Lambs ranged from \$2 to \$3.25 each, with a few select lots selling at \$3.50 per head. Good butchers' sheep will sell at from \$4 to \$4.50 each, but poor grades are not wanted. Calves were in ample supply and fetched good prices.

Hogs sold freely at last week's quotations.



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Notice to Creditors

of the REV. JOSEPH FRANCIS McBRIDE Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, Sec. 36, that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Joseph Francis McBride, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, Priest who died on or about the 20th day of August, 1893, are requested to send by post, prepaid or to deliver to WALTER A. GEDDES, 18 YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, Solicitor for the Executrix M. McAuley, on or before the first day of October, A. D. 1893, their names, addresses and descriptions, a full statement with particulars of their claims and accounts and the nature of the security (if any) held by them; and that after the said date said Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has then been given to her.

Dated August 31st, A. D. 1893.  
WALTER A. GEDDES,  
Solicitor for Executrix.

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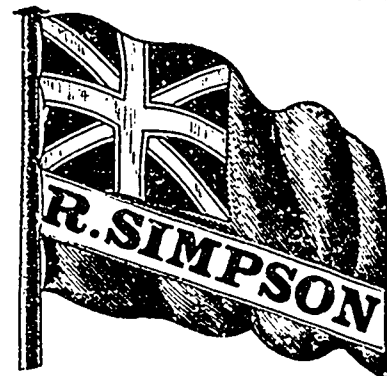
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of September, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	6.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 8.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30 4.20	10 05 8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland.....	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.....	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
G. W. R.....	a.m. p.m. noon	a.m. p.m. 9.00 2.00
	2.00	7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.36 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
U.S. West'n States	10.00	
	6.15 10.00	9.00 7.20

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for September: 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30. N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.



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- 46 inch Estamine Serge, navy and black, 50c, actual value 65c.
- 46 inch Coating Serge, something very new, 65c, actual value 80c.
- 46 inch Cheviot, 65c, actual value 80c.
- 42 inch Hop Sacking Tweed, with silk knicker, 50c.
- 42 inch French Omeras, 50c.
- 42 inch Shot Goffas, 50c.

We have bought 500 pieces Henriettas, in all leading shades, including black, actual value 75c, sale price for Exhibition week, 50c. A wonderful bargain.

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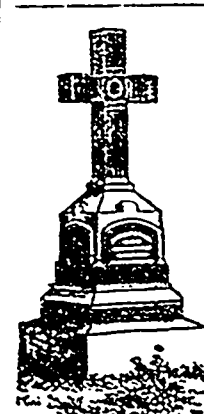
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## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Three days had passed since the professor's arrival; three days which had completely transformed the monotonous life in the old house, but contrary to Felicitas's expectation, they had elapsed, to her, very quietly. The professor had not troubled himself any further about her; he seemed desirous of limiting their intercourse to that one interview. She felt relieved, and yet, strangely enough, had never been more humiliated and wounded. He had passed her several times in the hall without seeing her—true, on these occasions he had been very angry and the expression of vexation by no means improved his features. Spite of his entreaties, Frau Hellwig persisted in sending for him when visitors called on her and desired to see him. He came, when forced to do so, but was always a gruff, unamiable member of the company. Many other people came daily, whom Heinrich took upstairs to the second story—often poorly-clad, wretched looking creatures—whom Frederica, at any other time, would have turned rudely from the door. Now, to her great wrath, and indeed against Frau Hellwig's wish, they went up the snow-white, freshly cleaned stair, of the stately mansion, and found, without distinction of person, admittance and a hearing. The professor was famed as an oculist—he had made several cures in cases pronounced by other distinguished physicians to be hopeless, and thus the young man's name had become renowned.

Frau Hellwig had ordered Felicitas to take charge of the sweeping and dusting of her son's room. The little apartment seemed completely transformed since it had been occupied by its present tenant—instead of its former air of comfort it now looked like the cell of a Carthusian friar. The bright chintz curtains had shared the fate of the garlands—they had been dragged down by the professor's hands because they obscured the light; several rudely painted, highly colored battle-pieces had also been removed, and instead, a very old copper-plate engraving which had been banished to a dark corner of the hall, hung—spite of its worm-eaten black wooden frame—over the writing-table. It was a perfect masterpiece of the engraver's art—a picture of a beautiful young mother tenderly wrapping her child in a fur-bordered silk cloak. The woollen table-cover and several embroidered cushions had been banished as "dust collectors," and on a chest of drawers, instead of the statuettes that had formerly adorned it, stood the professor's books, closely arranged in the most symmetrical order. No turned pages nor battered corners were to be seen, yet they had been constantly used. Their bindings were extremely plain—the color indicated the language in which the work was written—the Latin once in gray, the German in brown, etc.

"Precisely as he tries to regulate human beings," thought Felicitas, bitterly, the first time she saw the volumes—"and woe betide any one who is dissatisfied with the appointed color!"

The professor took his coffee in the morning with his mother and the charming widow, then he went up to his own room and studied until noon. He had refused the wine Frau Hellwig sent up for his refreshment the day after his arrival, but a carafe of water was always placed beside him. He seemed to avoid being waited on, and never rang his bell. If the water lost its freshness, he went downstairs and refilled the carafe himself.

On the morning of the fourth day letters arrived for the professor. Heinrich had gone out, so Felicitas was sent up with them. She lingered at the door, some one was talking inside—a

woman's voice, apparently just ending some long story.

"Doctor Boehm told me about your son's disease of the eyes," said the professor kindly. "I will see what can be done."

"Oh, Herr Professor, such a famous man as you—"

"Never mind that," he interrupted, so harshly that she stopped in terror. "I will come and look at his eyes tomorrow," he added, more gently.

"But we are very poor people, we earn so little—"

"You have already said so twice," the professor again interrupted, some what impatiently. "Pray go, my time is very much occupied. If I can help your son it shall be done; good-bye!"

The woman came out and Felicitas entered. The professor sat at his writing-table, his pen was already flying swiftly over the paper. But he had seen the young girl come in and, without a word, held out his left hand for the letters. He broke the seal of one while Felicitas was returning to the door.

"By the way," he exclaimed, while reading the letter, "who dusts this room?"

"I do," replied the young girl, stopping.

"Well, then, I must beg you not to disturb my writing-table. It is very unpleasant to me to have a book even moved, and there is one that I can not find at all."

Felicitas quietly approached the table, on which lay several piles of books.

"What is the title of the volume?" she asked.

Something akin to a smile flashed across the professor's grave face. Such a question from girlish lips sounded strangely in the physician's study.

"You will hardly be able to find it—it is a French book. Cruveilhier, 'Anatomie du Systeme Nerveux' is on the back," he added. The semblance of a smile again appeared.

Felicitas instantly drew out the desired work; it was lying in a pile of French works.

"Here it is," she said. "It was just where you laid it yourself. I never disturb any of these books."

The professor leaned his left elbow on the table, and turning with a sudden jerk looked the young girl full in the face.

"Do you understand French?" he asked in a quick, stern tone.

Felicitas started; she had betrayed herself. She not only understood French, but spoke it easily and fluently. The old mam'selle had taught her most thoroughly. Now she must answer, and at once. Those steel gray eyes were fixed intently upon her face, they would instantly detect a falsehood—she must speak the truth.

"I have had lessons," she replied.

"Ah, yes, I remember, until you were nine years old—you have recollected part of the instruction," he said, rubbing his forehead with his hand.

Felicitas said nothing.

"That is the unfortunate cause which so utterly frustrated the plans my mother and I had formed for your education," he went on. "You had already acquired too much knowledge, and because we had our own opinions on this point, you detest us as your tormentors and Heaven knows what besides. Do you not?"

Felicitas struggled with herself for a moment, but resentment conquered. Her white lips answered coldly, "I have every reason to do so."

For a moment he knit his brows angrily; but perhaps he remembered how often as a physician, he had been forced to listen calmly to many a cross, impatient answer from irritable patients. The young girl before him was ill in mind, he thought, and this idea gave rise to the composure with which he said, "Well, I absolve you from the duplicity of which you are

accused—you are more than sincere. For the rest, we will try to console ourselves for your bad opinion."

He turned to his letter again, and Felicitas withdrew. As she stood on the threshold of the open door, he glanced once more at her. The landing was brightly illumined with sunshine—the girl's figure, at the entrance of the darker room, stood out like a picture on a golden background. The outlines of her form still lacked the roundness necessary for the perfection of feminine beauty; but they possessed the delicacy and grace which fairy lore ascribes to the floating, gliding shapes of its wondrous tales. And what marvelous hair! It usually looked chestnut brown; but when the sunshine fell upon it, at this instant, it glittered like red gold. It was not at all like the long tresses that had floated down beneath the helmet of the juggler's beautiful wife. It was still rather short, but immensely thick, and the rippling waves were evidently hard to confine in the simple knot worn at the back of the head. Little curls were constantly escaping and resting, as now, on her white neck.

The professor bent over his work again, but the flow of thought, which had been interrupted by the poor mother, could not be immediately recovered. He rubbed his forehead impatiently, and drank a glass of water—but in vain. At last, vexed by so many interruptions, he threw his pen on the table, took his hat, and went down-stairs. If the Moor's head, which had served its learned master for a pen wiper many years, could have opened its grinning mouth still wider, it would surely have done so in amazement—there lay the pen filled with ink, and the luckless Moor vainly longed for the pleasure of cleaning its point on its dress. Incredible. The punctilious professor absent-minded!

"Mether," said the professor, entering the sitting-room on his way out, "please do not send that girl up to me again—let Heinrich come; if he is away I can wait."

"Ah!" replied Frau Hellwig, triumphantly. "This girl's face has become unendurable to you in three days; but you condemned me to tolerate her presence for nine years."

Her son silently shrugged his shoulders, and turned away.

"The instruction she had received up to the time of my father's death ceased entirely when she entered the parish school, I suppose?" he asked, glancing back.

"What a foolish question, John!" replied his mother, angrily. "Didn't I write to you explicitly about the matter, and I think I also spoke of it during my visit to Bonn. The school-books were sold, and the exercise-books I burned."

"And with whom has she associated?"

"Associated? Why, she has had no companions except Frederica and Heinrich; she wanted no one else." The cruel, spiteful expression appeared on Frau Hellwig's face, her upper lip curled, showing one of her upper teeth. "Of course, I could not have her eat at my table and sit in my room," she went on. "I always saw in her the creature who had caused alienation between your father and myself; and, besides, she constantly became more disagreeable and insolent to me. But I chose two or three daughters of Christian mechanics for her friends. As you know, she declared that she would have nothing to do with them, that they were wolves in sheep's clothing, etc. Well, you'll see enough of her during the six weeks with which you have burdened yourself."

The professor left the house to take a long walk.

In the afternoon of the same day Frau Hellwig expected several ladies, most of them visitors to the baths, to drink coffee with her in the garden,

and as Frederica was suddenly taken ill, Felicitas was sent to prepare every thing. Her arrangements were soon finished. The neatly laid table was standing on the smooth gravel in the shade of a high cypress hedge, and in the kitchen of the summer-house in the garden the water was bubbling and hissing, all ready to be changed into delicious mocha. The young girl leaned against the open window of the summer-house and gazed sadly out. Everything without was as green and fragrant as though no destroying autumnal blasts had ever shaken the boughs, no winter frost had ever spun its death-dealing network of shining crystal over the fragile blossoms. Years before, bushes and flower-beds had displayed an array of varied hues for him whose kind, warm heart was now moldering into dust; for him whose protecting, helping hand had been extended wherever it was needed—among his flowers as well as among his poor and suffering fellow-mortals. Yet the fair young blossoms smiled just as brightly into the faces of others and his name was no longer mentioned.

Hither he and the little orphan had fled from unkind looks and angry words—not only in summer, but when spring was still struggling with the retiring forces of winter. A fire blazed merrily in the stove: a thick carpet covered the floor, the bushes outside tapped their boughs, filled with swelling buds, against the warm panes, down which ran, ever and anon, a melting snow-flake, and beyond the wide, bare garden rose the dear old mountain, still half covered with snow, and wearing on its brow its familiar diadem of poplars. Oh, how beloved, how precious were these memories! And over opposite stood the chestnut-trees, their young leaves, as yet scarcely unfolded, hung idly as if half intoxicated by the golden sunlight. What had they once whispered to the child? Sweet, blissful promises of the future, dreams bright and unshadowed as the cloudless sky above—then dark tempests suddenly gathered over the guiltless head of the player's child, a sharp flash of reality had made the leafy tongues liars.

The sound of men's voices and the creaking of the garden-gate roused Felicitas from her sad thoughts. Through the northern bay-window she saw the professor, accompanied by another gentleman, enter the garden. They walked slowly toward the summer-house. The visitor had of late been a frequent guest at the Hellwig mansion; he was the son of a very old friend. Of the same age as the professor, he had received his education at the school kept by the Hellwigs' devout relative on the Rhine. Both had then been for a short time fellow-students at the same university, and though wholly unlike in character and opinions, had always remained friends. While John Hellwig had occupied his professor's chair almost immediately after completing his course at the university, young Frank had gone traveling, returning only a short time before, at his parent's desire, to pass his legal examination. He was now a lawyer in his native town, awaiting future cases and clients.

As he advanced, Felicitas saw that he was almost the ideal of manly beauty—his features were intelligent and regular, his figure was slender and graceful. The delicate outlines of the profile might have given him an appearance of effeminacy had not the virile vigor of his movements and the masculine breadth of his shoulders precluded any suggestion of this sort.

He removed his cigar from his mouth, examined it a moment, and then flung it contemptuously aside. The professor drew out his cigar-case and offered it to him.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the lawyer putting out both hands with a comical gesture of refusal. "I could never

think of robbing the poor little heathen in China and the Lord knows where."

The professor smiled. "So far as I am aware," his companion went on, "you still heroically persevere in your youthful self-sacrifice. You used to allow yourself three cigars a day, but smoke only one, devoting the cost of the other two to missionary purposes."

"I have retained the habit," his friend replied with a quiet smile—"but I use the money for a different object—it goes to my poor patients."

"Impossible! You, the zealous champion of pious works; the most loyal of all the disciples of our despot on the Rhine! Is this your allegiance to his teachings, renegade?"

The professor shrugged his shoulders, stopped, and thoughtfully brushed the ashes from the end of his cigar.

"As a physician, one learns to have different views towards mankind and of one's duties towards our fellow-mortals," he said. "I have always cherished the one great purpose of making myself really useful—to attain it, I have been obliged to forget and unlearn many things."

They walked on, and their voices died away. But the sun was shining fiercely down upon the gravel-path along which they wandered, and they almost unconsciously turned back to the group of acacias whose boughs shaded the stone-flagged path by the summer-house.

"Do not argue over it!" Felicitas heard the professor say in rather more animated tones than usual. "You can not change my opinions. I am always either bored or irritated by the society of women, and, to tell you the truth, my acquaintance as a physician with the so-called 'fair sex' has not tended to increase my esteem for them. What a combination of thoughtlessness and want of character!"

"You are bored in the society of women! That's very natural," the young lawyer retorted, pausing under the bow-window. "You intentionally seek the most simple, not to say silly women. You abhor modern female education—in many respects not without reason. I, too, am no admirer of senseless rattling on the keys of a piano, or foolish prattle in French, but one must not condemn the whole sex. In our times, when the human intellect is daily entering new paths, toiling, creating, and enjoying with the mighty ambition which has recently taken possession of the human race, you want to confine women to the distaff of the Middle Ages, limit their intellectual powers to the narrow range accorded to their own maid-servants—this is not only unjust, but foolish. Women hold in their hands the souls of your sons, and at a time when they are most susceptible to impressions, receiving them as easily as wax, yet holding them throughout their lives as though they had been graven on iron! Rouse women to earnest thought, enlarge the circle which egotists like yourself have drawn around their souls, and which you term 'woman's sphere,' and you will see vanity and lack of character disappear."

"My dear friend, that is a path I certainly shall not enter!" replied the professor, sarcastically, as he slowly walked a few paces forward.

"I am well aware that your views differ from mine; you believe that every desirable quality can be obtained without effort, by merely marrying a religious woman. My respected professor, I, too, desire a religious wife. A woman without religion is a flower without fragrance. But beware! You think her pious, careful, well-reared, and while you leave everything without anxiety in her charge, a tyranny is established in your home to which you would never submit if she were a less devout woman. Beneath the cloak of piety all the bad tendencies of the feminine character readily thrive. One may be cruel, revengeful, and thorough-

ly arrogant, condemning and destroying in blind bigotry much that is good and beautiful—all in the name of the Lord, and what is termed the interest of God's kingdom."

"You go very far."

"Not at all. You will yet learn to see that the intellect must be duly enlightened and cultivated, and the soul made accessible to the demands of humanity, or the religion of woman can bestow upon us the happiness it ought to give."

"These are objects I have no desire to follow," replied his friend, coldly. "My profession occupies my whole attention, and so completely fills my life—"

"Aha—and yonder lady!" asked the young lawyer in a lower tone, pointing toward the entrance of the garden. Behind the grating appeared the councillor's widow, with her child and Frau Hellwig. "Is she not the very embodiment of your ideal?" he continued, with unmistakable sarcasm. "Simple—she always wears white muslin, which, by the way, is extremely becoming to her; pious, as no one could doubt who has seen her in church with her beautiful eyes uplifted in rapture? She abhors study, knowledge, or thought, because they might interfere with the progress of her knitting or embroidery. She is a suitable match, and you consider equality of station an indispensable requisite for a happy marriage; in short, she is considered the very person whom you—"

"You are out of humour, and you never liked Adele," replied the professor, in an irritated tone. "I am afraid the chief reason is because she is the daughter of the man who kept you under such rigid discipline. She is good-natured, artless, and an excellent mother."

He walked toward the ladies, who were slowly approaching, and greeted them cordially.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

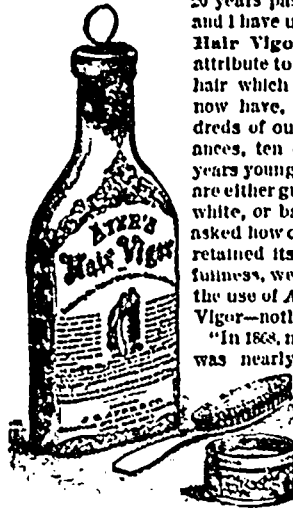
Pen-Picture of the Silly Girl.

On the street her very walk, a something between a pitching gait and a mincing strut, marks her as deficient in sense; in the cars she is the observed of all observers, particularly if she is obliged to stand. There seems to be no centre of gravity in her make-up; she sways with every motion of the car, doubtless acting out a conception of a lily nodding on its fragile stem. Her mood before the public is generally of the volatile, sunshiny order, but she has a reserve force for sentimental moments, and is equally aggravating and discreditable in either role. Her giggles, her glances, her loud-voiced remarks, replete with emptiness of intellect, are simply maddening; she revels in driving rational women to the verge of frenzy, and then attributes their condition to jealousy of her superior charms. No reproof can quiet her, no insult even penetrate the shield armor of her vanity. In a ten-minute's ride you get acquainted with all her accomplishments, the Christian names of her numerous admirers, the many compliments paid her, the shortcomings of her feminine friends, and their perfidious efforts to supplant her in Frank's growing affection, or Charlie's passionate love. Every ring—and she generally wears a lot of them—represents a conquest, a trophy prudently kept after the giver had been discarded—heart-broken, of course. There is only one more objectionable creature on the face of the earth and that is the Jack of hearts, who reads admiration of himself in every woman's face.—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

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**Intending Settlers.**

BRACEBRIDGE, September 6th, 1893.  
 To the Editor of the Catholic Register.  
 DEAR SIR—Permit me to say a few words through the columns of your valuable paper for the benefit of those of our people who are inclined to settle and make a home for themselves in this Northern Country. The attention of outsiders is already directed towards the Free Grant Lands, as well as to farms partly cleared, to be had at a reasonable figure in the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. Years ago, when the craze came for the North-West, hundreds of the old settlers having farms and good clearings left all to seek their fortune in a more congenial climate, without taking into consideration that to the farmer here one bushel of wheat is worth three in the North-West, and so on as regards other produce. Here the settler has the best of water and timber at his command for every available purpose, free of cost; there, I am informed, in many places the water is not fit for ordinary use, and many of the poor settlers in winter time have to go twenty-five miles for a stick of firewood, besides running the risk of being overtaken by a blizzard.

It is not at all to my present purpose to decry the great farming country of the North-West, but it must be admitted that we have many advantages which they can never expect to have; and uneasy and dissatisfied settlers leaving this country for there or elsewhere should weigh well the pros and cons before taking the final step which they may have afterwards reason to regret, as I learn many have regretted leaving their comfortable homes, and in proof of this, several are coming back day after day, and many more would come back if they could, like the prodigal son, glad to be admitted once more to their father's house.

Of course in days gone by, this country to new settlers presented many and formidable difficulties. Then all was a vast wilderness with little or no hopes of the country being opened up—straggling paths here and there trodden by the wild deer and wolf, were the only guide, the backwoodsman had to find his way through the dense forest, while he cautiously picked his steps and stood prepared at any moment to grapple with his swarthy enemy, the Indian. But now all is changed. The wild man of the woods is no longer to be seen in his savage state; the zigzag foot-paths are replaced by serviceable roads in every direction; and the anorting of the iron horse has long since put to flight the wild deer and wolf. This country, considering all its drawbacks since then, has been fairly opened up, though not so well as it should be, and the present time to intending settlers affords a golden opportunity of filling up the vacant farms and lots scattered over the Parry Sound and Muskoka districts.

Muskoka, too, as a summer resort, is fast becoming the favorite spot for pleasure-seekers, as the thousands that pass over every summer its beautiful chain of lakes, dotted here and there with innumerable and thickly wooded islands testify. Here in his little boat, or in the lonely wood beside some rippling stream, the happy tourist loves to indulge in his favorite sport as he casts his line to fish for bass, pickerel or speckled trout. It is not necessary for me to dwell on the wild yet picturesque scenery encircling the Muskoka Lakes, for that has been described over and over by pens more worthy, then to do it justice, neither is it my intention to introduce sightseers to these parts, for they come to go again; but I write to encourage any of our people who are not as yet in a settled home and thinking of bettering their present condition—in a word, for those who are anxious and ambitious enough and having sufficient determination to crown their future labour with success and make a home for themselves and families, which in their advanced age they can claim as their own. To afford further information to such as those, in my next letter shall go more into details.

Apologizing for the length of this letter, I remain, dear sir, yours truly,  
 T. F. FLEMING, Priest.

**Huron Pioneers.**

Sheriff Gibbons and ex Warden Girvin, were entered by the Huron Pioneers, at Point Farm, Goderich. A large number sat round the festive board, interesting speeches were made by J. T. Garrow, M.P.P., Sheriff Gibbons, and others. At the close, cheers were given by the company for the Sheriff and his brother pioneers.

Mr. R. J. Kelly, B.L. has been appointed Revising Barrister for Cork.

Mr. Henry Irving, who landed at Quebec recently to begin a protracted American theatrical tour, will furnish to the September Forum an article on "My Four Favorite Parts." The four favorite parts are Hamlet, Iago, Richard III. and Lear, concerning each of which the great tragedian will offer some particularly engaging and illuminative criticism. Many play-goers will wonder that Mr. Irving should not have included the part of Mathias in "The Bells"—one of his great successes.



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