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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 20.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

During the past week an important bill—the enfranchisement of women—received its quietus in the Ontario Legislature. Mr. Waters had two bills on the order paper; one placing women on the same footing as men in regard to provincial elections; the other conferring the municipal franchise upon married women under the same terms as it is enjoyed by widows and spinsters.

In moving the second reading of the first of these bills Mr. Waters maintained that there was no ground in history, sacred or profane, forbidding women to be placed on a level with men. That she is not allowed to vote is a blot on our civilization, which admits them to the learned professions, which entrusts them with the education of a large number of our children, and which submits them, if charged with crime, to the same trial as man. He brought forward evidence to show that where women possessed more or less extensive franchise she exercised it to the moral benefit of all. "By reason," he said, "of the influence of women in municipal matters in the city of London the liquor licenses had been reduced from 69 to 40."

The Hon. Mr. Dryden replied by proving from Holy Scripture that woman does take a secondary place. The true woman should shine at home, and not at the polling booth, where she would exercise much less influence with the vote, than she would by her hearthside without it. From the consideration that the extension of the suffrage to women would double the number of electors, and thereby give women a preponderating power in all matters affecting the laws and institutions of the Province, Mr. Dryden moved the six months' hoist.

The Premier briefly gave it as his opinion that public sentiment was not ripe for such a measure. Mr. Dryden's amendment was then put and carried by 57 to 16.

It is unnecessary to add anything to the report. The spirit of the Church is strongly opposed to this modern tendency of women rushing to learned professions, political arenas anywhere but the quiet retirement of a modest, model home, where she might reign as queen over those whom she schools in virtue, religion and refinement. There she would do more to build up a country and direct its destinies than if she took her place on a public platform, or were elected to a seat in the legislature. We are glad, therefore, that this political weapon will not be put into their hands for some time to come, and we were pleased with the manly stand taken by Mr. Dryden.

The Druggists are still knocking for the admission of their selfish measure. As will be remembered, the objectionable clause was that referring to the sale of patent medicines. The measure, upon being referred to a committee, was amended so that patent preparations shall be scheduled poisons, when the druggists will thereby have the monopoly. This change, which amounts to the same thing as the original clause, is causing just indignation.

Another example of class legislation—a proposed bill respecting embalming—called for a strong protest from Mr. Balfour. Privileges had been given to the law society, to the medical men, to the architects. The undertakers were now asking to be called registered embalmers; but next session they would demand that nobody should be allowed to call himself an embalmer who did not belong to their combine. As an instance of the way in which special concessions are got, Mr. Balfour cited the pharmacy bill, which, when introduced, was said to be unobjectionable, and which, after passing through the hands of a committee of the house, would practically forbid the country from selling patent medicines.

The Separate Schools are already receiving the attention of the newly-elected member for Toronto, Dr. Ryerson. As the law stands at present the assessors may, upon representations made by anybody, place a ratepayer on the list of supporters of the Separate schools. Section 120 of the Public Schools Act provides that the assessor shall accept the statement of, or made on behalf of, any ratepayer as sufficient *prima facie* evidence for placing such person in the proper column of the assessment roll for Separate school supporters. The clause Dr. Ryerson proposes to amend is sub-section 1 of section 14 of the Assessment Act. It reads as follows.—"In any case where the trustees of any Roman Catholic school avail themselves of the provisions contained in Section 120 of the Public Schools Act for the purpose (amongst others) of ascertaining through the assessors of the municipality the persons who are the supporters of Separate schools in such municipality the assessor shall accept the statement of, or on behalf of, any ratepayer that he is a Roman Catholic as sufficient *prima facie* evidence for placing such person in the proper column of the assessment roll for Separate school supporters, or if the assessor knows personally any ratepayer to be a Roman Catholic this shall also be sufficient for placing him in such last-mentioned column." To this Dr. Ryerson proposes to add the words: "And shall notify such person

that his or her name has been so placed on the assessment roll within fourteen days of the date of entry."

It caused no great surprise, while its official guarantee sealed anticipated pleasure, when it was announced on Friday last that the Earl of Aberdeen is to be our new Governor-General. The interest which he and the Countess have always shown in Irish matters and which they are now taking in the Irish exhibit at Chicago, is a strong claim for their warm welcome in our midst.

The Earl is forty-six years of age, and has been an active member of the Liberal party since 1876. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1886 by Mr. Gladstone, and although his reign was of short duration, he made himself very popular.

In welcoming the new we must not part from the old Governor-General without a word of regret. Lord Stanley, during his sojourn, rendered to the cause of justice and freedom, services which we Catholics will not forget. He leaves us with our best wishes and congratulations on his accession as Earl of Derby.

At the time of the silver wedding of King Humbert Rome was crowded with Italian visitors who availed themselves of reduced railway rates, and went, not to witness the festivities, but to see the Pope. The august prisoner of the Vatican is the object and desire of multitudes who, according to the liberal press, swelled the number of the anti-clerical demonstration.

The interview between the Holy Father and the Emperor of Germany is variously discussed. The Pope received the royal guests in the Yellow Chamber, where three arm-chairs were placed for the accommodation of the Pope, the Emperor and the Empress. After conversing for quarter of an hour the Empress and her suite withdrew, leaving the Holy Father and the Emperor alone. They remained in conversation for nearly an hour, when the Emperor took his leave from his Holiness, who accompanied him to the door of the chamber.

The Pope presented the Empress with a handsome mosaic representing the basilica and piazza of St. Peter's. His Holiness was given a photograph in colours of the Imperial family.

As to the surmises upon the subject of the interview, nothing can be certain. Some of the Roman journals, claiming to know, state that the principal subject of conversation was the position of the Central party in Germany.

In the British House of Commons the Home Rule Bill is running the gauntlet of the Committee. Over 1,000 amendments were handed in as

blows to be delivered at the proper time. Joseph Chamberlain, wishing to attack clause 9, which provides for the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, moved the postponement of clause 1. His purpose was to begin the discussion with the most important proposals of the bill. Mr. Gladstone replied by stating that the bill was before the House in a particular form, and the Government at all times had a right to indicate variations from that form. The amendment was rejected, as also were many others which, being merely captious, were clotured and voted down with a majority ranging from 40 to 50.

The motion which has caused the greatest discussion is one by a Conservative member, striking out the first clause—a motion which practically means the rejection of the whole bill. Mr. Chamberlain, in speaking to this amendment, commented upon the scarcity of changes from the Government supporters. He explained it in his fertile imagination by supposing that they recognized the bill to be only a sham. The Liberals were unnaturally silent, and the Irish members were suddenly dumb. In reply, Mr. Gladstone repudiated the insinuation, and justly claimed that the Government, having given the fullest explanation of the bill, wished a fair discussion, and would remain silent when obstructive debates were introduced.

After several exciting scenes had taken place the Committee suddenly changed to good nature, and, on a vote, rejected the motion.

The Counsel for the United States before the Behring Sea Arbitrators, having completed their argument, Attorney General Sir Charles Russell began his address on behalf of Great Britain last week. He thought the theory that seals, although wild, were nevertheless, American property, because they possessed the *animus revertendi*, displayed a remarkable confusion of ideas. He also commented upon the contention that moral and natural law were a synonymous term for international law.

When Sir Charles, in the course of his speech, asserted that Mr. Bayard had never tried to justify the Behring Sea seizures, on the ground that the United States had property in seals, a hot and bitter altercation took place. Senator Morgan and Mr. Phelps declined to guarantee that the United States would accord damages for seizures, even if the tribunal decided against them. This threatened to upset the whole proceedings, for, in such a case, the arbitration would be useless. A temporary adjustment was arrived at by postponing the discussion upon the point of liability.

E. B. A.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The seventeenth annual convention of the Emerald Beneficial Association was opened in the Hall of the C. M. B. A. in the classic city of Stratford at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, May the 2nd, 1898. The following being present the Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy, his Worship the Mayor of the city, James O'Loane, Esq., Police Magistrate, D. A. Carey, Grand President, W. Lane, Grand Secretary Treasurer, C. Gorey, Grand Marshall, Grand Organizers C. Burns, J. Burns, P. J. Crotty, J. J. Hagarty, R. A. Kennedy, the delegates and several members of St. Joseph's Branch No. 26. The President having called the members to order, introduced the Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy to the delegates, who welcomed them to the city and said that he was heart and soul with them in their good work. He gave preference to the Emerald Association over other associations as its members were composed of Catholics of every nationality and therefore was open to the whole of his parishioners, where the A. O. H. only took in members of one nationality, and so long as they continued in the future as they had in the past he would do all in his power to assist them. He advised them to leave politics entirely out of their deliberations and confine themselves to the grand objects which were contained in the constitution of the Association. He concluded his remarks by arranging for the delegates to attend at Holy Mass on Wednesday morning.

The President then introduced the Mayor of the city who welcomed the Association to Stratford. After some remarks by the Police Magistrate, J. O'Loane, Esq., the visitors retired and the Association opened its meeting. A number of candidates who had presented credentials were admitted to seats in the Council. After the appointment of the necessary committees the Grand President read the following address—

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS—Another year has passed in the life of our noble order, another milestone been reached, another step taken forward in the march of progress, and it becomes my pleasing duty to preside over the opening of the 17th convention of the Emerald Beneficial Association in this hospitable and attractive city of our great Dominion.

I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing my great pleasure at again meeting so many of the representatives of our order and to again unite with them in a careful review of our progress, and to confer as to that which will be most productive of good to our future advancement. The past year has been fraught with interest to all members of the E. B. A. in view of the many changes made at the last convention in London—changes which have been productive of much good. True our members have been slow to move and act, and our increase has not been as rapid as the aims and objects of our Association should warrant. Nevertheless our growth has been healthy and progressive, and our membership recruited from amongst the most intelligent and reputable members of our Faith.

Deep rivers flow with silent majesty; shallow brooks are noisy. The E. B. A. has moved along in majesty, leaving to its less stable fellows, the noisy credit. Restless as the mighty river carrying upon its broad bosom and salt waters all practical Catholics, be they of what race soever, knowing no narrow distinctions of nationality, but being as broad and cosmopolitan as the church from whence she flows, the E. B. A. rolls down its business way, giving hope, comfort and aid to all it mingles with and strengthening those who dip in its waters, shall forget nearer and still nearer reach to that ocean of

supremacy of good works and take the place there that the good Father W. D. Finan—her founder and creator—intended she should occupy, forever in the forefront of Catholic beneficiary societies.

The past year has created an era in Emeraldism, her works are better known, her aspirations more appreciated. The dawn of a new day of progress is breaking. The sun of knowledge of our work has pierced, the resplendence of its rays are shed around, giving strength, vitality and growth to our ranks.

The Emerald Beneficial Association, as an organization, is antagonistic to none. Its principles, well defined and demonstrated, are grounded on Faith, Hope and Charity, and these principles are carried out to the full. It was founded to meet the wants of a large Catholic body, to place Catholics on a par with those outside the faith, and to keep up with the benevolent spirit of the Holy Church. Within the Church, from its foundation by Christ to the present time, benevolent and beneficiary societies have been in existence. In the acts of the Apostles we are told of the early Christians "neither was there any needy amongst them, for distribution was made to every one as he had need." St. Paul also in his epistles exhorts his converts to "care for one another not only in their spiritual but in their temporal wants." The E. B. A. is both a benevolent and fraternal association affording Catholics large benefits socially, intellectually, morally and financially, and, gentlemen and brethren, if this convention offered us nothing more or was conducive of no further benefit than an opportunity to rehearse the glories of our order, to meet friends old and young, with a common love for it, and to rivet anew the chains of fraternalism, and by so doing infuse new strength and ardour on behalf of its cause, that of itself would be a sufficient justification of this gathering. But it is not for this alone we meet. We meet to give expression to the faith that is in us, we meet to review the history of the past, and to plan the future greatness of our order and shape its course aright.

As I before remarked, the E. B. A. is antagonistic to no association or people. We are a band of Catholic Canadians who love our country and believe in her, and the better Emerald a man is, so is he also a better citizen. Our society is an aid to our country, not as, unfortunately, many others are, a detriment and menace.

We perform a duty to our fellow men and therefore to the State. He has no connection with the interests of the State who has no connection with the interests of his fellow man. The heart of the citizen is a perennial spring of energy to the State, and if the citizen cares well for the interests of his fellow man, there is little danger of his neglecting the best interests of his country.

Associations of Catholics are necessary, their self-preservation demands such. In numbers we have strength, where divided we accomplish naught. Catholics in the past have suffered the pains and pangs of social ostracism, they were patiently endured, but thank God that day has gone by, the times change, and we change with them. And in this country, nominally at least, we are freed from invidious distinctions and enjoy the blessings of civic and religious liberty. And associations such as ours had no slight share in making this result. Still, gentlemen, even at this day Catholics on religious grounds socially are set apart sometimes as a class as not fitted for public trust. There is no need for it, Catholics bear the burdens of citizenship equally with their neighbors, we should enjoy to the full like benefits.

The condition is not our making. We ask no favor as a class. The time

has gone past when a man's religion should determine his fitness or unfitness for any position be it high or low. We are all Canadians, and as Canadians, loving our country and honoring her laws, do we desire to be judged, and as Canadians are we the members of the E. B. A. here in convention assembled. In conclusion allow me to say that of the work done during the year you are here to judge, of the progress of the E. B. A. to determine.

The position taken by myself as Grand President, on all subjects submitted for consideration, has been all treated by what I deemed in the best interests of the order, and which I trust have met your approval. I must also remind you that not alone to legislate for the order are you here, but also to select such officers as may render efficient service and reflect credit upon our organization.

Weigh well and carefully every official act of your grand officers, carefully scrutinize every item of expenditure, and in electing their successors cast personal friendship aside and let your minds only dwell on the trust committed to your charge, and your votes cast for those that will carefully govern and for measures that will redound to the interest of the order and the good of our Catholic fellow subjects.

And, now, gentlemen and brothers, while leaving the future of our organization in your hands, I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without thanking you one and all and in a special manner our grand secretary for the many courtesies extended to me during my term of office. And indeed during my whole career as a member of the E. B. A., (which extends from my school days to the present time and will I hope continue as long as I live), and for my successor I bespeak the same good encouragement. That the E. B. A. may continue in the future as it has in the past to work in concert with the Holy Mother Church under the great banner of Catholicity inscribed thereon our great principles of Faith, Hope and Charity, is the desire of yours in the noble cause of Emeraldism.

DAVID A. CAREY,

Grand President.

The Grand Secretary-Treasurer read his report showing that the death and total disability feature introduced at last convention had come into working order with every prospect of success.

Amongst the correspondence presented was a very complimentary letter of recommendation in regard to the Grand President, from Mgr. Rooney of Toronto, also letters of welcome from the local branch of the E. B. A.

On Wednesday morning the delegates and members of St. Joseph's Branch assembled at 7.30 a.m. and attended in a body at St. Joseph's Church. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father La Salle, and in the evening the Rev. Fathers La Salle and Gnam called upon the delegates at the Commercial Hotel and expressed their regret at not being able to attend the convention, but wished them every success in the good work they were engaged in.

The time of the convention was taken up in discussing the proposed amendment to the constitution and several very important changes were made, one being that a member can join the Association for medical attendance and sick benefits only, by the payment of 10c. per month, and if he so desires can take out a certificate for \$50, \$100, \$250 or \$500, payable in case of total disability or at death, for a fixed monthly payment, according to age, and no assessment at death. From the changes made and the election of a good staff of organizers there is every reason to believe that a great increase will be made in Branches and membership, as there are several only

waiting to see the action taken at this convention.

Resolutions adopted: 1st, That the next convention be held in the city of Peterborough on the first Tuesday in May, 1894. 2nd, That an excursion or pic-nic be held by all Branches on August 5th, 1898. 3rd, That the thanks of this convention be due and are tendered to the Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy for the active interest he has taken in the Association and for his encouraging remarks at the opening of the convention. 4th, That the thanks of this convention be due and tendered to the Choir, and particularly to Miss K. Oavlin, the organist of St. Joseph's Church, for the able manner in which they rendered the musical portion of the service. 5th, That the thanks of the convention be due and tendered to the Mayor, Aldermen and Police Magistrate, for the kind reception tendered to the delegates and for their encouraging address at the opening of the convention. 6th, That the thanks of this convention be due and tendered to the citizens of Stratford, and especially the ladies, for their kind reception of the delegates during their stay in the Classic City. 7th, That the thanks of this convention be due and tendered to St. Joseph's Branch, No. 26, for the use of their hall and also for the hospitality extended to them since their arrival in the city. 8th, That the thanks of the convention be due and tendered to the officers for their service during the past year. 9th, That the thanks of this convention be also tendered to the daily press of the city for the many reports they have published of this convention while in session in Stratford. The following resolution of condolence was also accepted: Whereas it having pleased Almighty God to afflict our respected Brother Member of the Grand Branch, P. I. Crotty, by the death of his beloved mother. Resolved, that the members of the Grand Branch in convention assembled beg to express our feelings of regret and sympathy with our respected Brother in the bereavement which he is called upon to bear, trusting and believing that his loss will through the merits of our Lord and Saviour be the eternal gain of one who was a kind and loving mother, and be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother P. I. Crotty. Signed on behalf of the delegates, W. Lane, Secretary-Treasurer.

Election of Officers—Very Rev. Monsignor F. P. Rooney, V.G., grand chaplain; president, D. A. Carey; vice-president, E. W. Smith; secretary-treasurer, W. Lane; marshal, C. Gorey; organizers, J. J. Nightingale, J. Burns, I. T. Gould, E. W. Smith, J. F. X. C'Meara, J. J. Hagarty and J. Drain. W. Lane, Grand Secretary-Treasurer.

A Woman's Bright Idea.

It has remained for a woman to invent and patent glass doors for ovens. The wonder is that the idea has not long ago been thought of by some woman who cooks. All cooking instructors lay the greatest stress on the care to be observed in opening an oven door to watch the progress of cakes or muffins. Maria Parloa, making sponge cake, touches the knob with the most delicate care and lightness, dreading even to jar the cake within, and peeks through the smallest crack that will afford the necessary glance. What a relief to walk boldly up to the oven and through these transparent doors, which the genius of a Michigan woman has discovered, study at leisure the progress of rising cake dough or crisping fowl.

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

A STRANGE STORY.

Condensed from the Month.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago I was working as a trained nurse in one of our large hospitals, not long before I left a strange thing happened to me; a thing which I have never forgotten so great was the impression it made on my mind. I had no clue to its meaning until later on when I was received into the Catholic Church and instructed in her doctrine, though a complete explanation I must not have on this side the grave. As I have said I was not a Catholic but had always done all I could to assist those patients whom I knew of that faith. Father James and I were very good friends and though I never said much I know the difference between his ministrations and those of the parsons around the place. But for the story.

Late one evening a poor fellow was brought in who had fallen from some scaffolding. It was a fearful case; his head and face were badly cut and he was suffering from internal injuries. The poor fellow was not expected to live through the night. It was not my turn at watching but the doctor said in his grave, courteous way "Sister"—we were always called Sister—"Sister I fear I must ask you to take this case." I made no difficulty and he went away promising that he would call in the morning though he added "I do not expect to find him alive."

My patient was an oldish man and to judge from appearances was in comfortable circumstances, but there was a restless look in his eyes distressing to behold as he turned them restlessly around the room as if looking for something. He did not speak and presently his eyelids drooped in a way that was sad to see.

It was seven o'clock before all the arrangements were finished and the day nurses had gone to bed and I was alone with my patient. There was silence. I am neither nervous nor imaginative and at the present moment was too much absorbed in thought to have time for fancies; but there was little to do; the poor fellow was fast getting beyond human help. He was restless and muttered a good deal but I could catch no coherent words, yet I had a strong conviction that he needed something but either could not or would not say what it was. At times he would open those dark eyes and gaze upon me with a sad questioning expression that made me thoroughly unhappy. I suppose had I known more about the sacraments I should have guessed what was the matter, but I did not know and said nothing and seemed not to notice. Thus the night wore on; the sick man was growing weaker but was quiet and I took the opportunity to get a cup of tea. I aroused a patient of the next bed, whom I knew to be convalescent, that my patient might not be unwatched during my absence.

When I reached my little sanctum I sat by the fire and made and drank my tea. I did not feel lonesome but I thought of the poor fellow and wished I could do something to ease him. Suddenly there came the sound of footsteps so distinct that I thought Brown was hurrying to fetch me, and I ran to the door. No one was there, but no sooner had I sat down than there came the same sounds again. This time I could not be mistaken it was the regular beat of a man's foot in the adjoining chamber which was the operating room. I was going to open the door and tell whoever was there to stop all the tramping when I remembered that the doctors had barred the entrance on the previous evening so no one could enter in that way. The only other means of entering was through the big ward and I was certain no one had passed since I began my watch. Who could it be? For one instant I lost my self control and

instead of opening the door I gently turned the key.

I listened and still the footstep went on steadily tramping up and down. There was no sound save the regular beat of a man's foot upon the uncarpeted floor. I could bear it no longer and went and called my fellow watcher. "Do you hear the footsteps?" I asked as he entered my room. He listened a moment shook his head and smiled.

"No Sister I hear nothing but if you wish I will go in and look."

The man entered and remained outside, my heart beating wildly for the steps were going back and forth rapidly as ever. In a moment or two he came out looking grave and queer. "I can't see anyone," he said, "there is someone walking about but there ain't no one anyhow." He locked the door remarking "the party is safe now," and with a chuckle departed. Evidently Joe did not believe in ghosts.

I prepared to return to the ward. The steps seemed to have ceased and all was still. I had taken but a couple of paces along the corridor before I heard those ghostly steps once more close behind me in the passage. I turned so sharply that my candle was extinguished and I was in darkness. The steps were so close that had a body belonged to them it must have knocked against me. There was nothing: as I stood the footsteps ceased, and I was conscious of a spiritual presence around me. What it was I know not nor can I describe how the sense of that presence was conveyed to me. It was so subtle and so short lived that it was in a moment as if it had never been. And yet I am certain that I was in communication with a spirit—whether man or angel. I went and sat down by the bed and resumed my watch. My patient was quiet, only moving his lips as if talking and every now and then he opened his eyes and gazed around with that queer look. I had begun to forget the footsteps when they suddenly began at the foot of the sick man's bed. I tried not to listen and not to think of the strange monotonous sound.

An hour passed and the dying man began to grow restless. I was obliged to go downstairs to the dispensary for a soothing draught. I shall never forget the going down those silent stone stairs whilst at every step I took was the sound of a man's footstep just two stairs behind me. I tried to think it was only the echo of my own though I knew it was the heavy sound of a man's foot upon the uncovered step. The tramp of that invisible foot made but one sound—there was no echo—whilst my lighter footfall was repeated in the hall.

I soon found the bottle and flew back and was glad to be in the ward once more. The thought now flashed across my mind, that perhaps, some circumstance of my patient's past history had given him an invisible friend or enemy who came to fulfil a mission or perchance of vengeance at his dying hour. Who was he? I raised my eyes to the card at the head of the bed, and was struck with remorse for not having looked at it before. The poor man was a Roman Catholic and here was at death's door and perhaps in sore need of a priest. I had heard about the sacraments and had often seen the effects of confession on some poor sinner. I feared it was now too late but I bent over him and asked in a low voice "Would you like a priest?"

To my dying day I shall remember the look he gave me, "O Sister! Can I? May I? O if you can get me one quickly I cannot die without."

"Of course you may," I answered, "but if I had only known before! Why did you not tell me?"

"I thought it was forbidden," he whispered. "But bring him soon, I cannot die."

I sat down, hastily scribbled a note to Father James, ran down stairs and

hurried off the porter to the priest. During this time the steps had not ceased, but sounded even louder and quicker almost with a touch of impatience in their tread as if to say, "The time is short, make haste, the time is short."

In a few minutes I heard the welcome sound of the porter's key and Father James stood before me. The quiet gravity and dignity of his mien told me that he had brought the Sacrament of his Church to the dying man. No time was wasted in words. We ascended the stairs accompanied by the footsteps, but just as the priest passed through the door of the ward they stopped. The sudden cessation of the strange monotonous sound struck a chill to my heart and the unexpected silence made me giddy. But the scene before me occupied my attention. I did not hear the words that passed, but I saw the palid face flush as the priest drew near and the two trembling hands go out in application. The scene overcame me and I knelt down and hid my face and cried; There is a strange peace and solemnity about the ministrations of the priest at a death-bed which, even in my Protestant days always touched and awed me.

After the anointing Father James prepared to administer the Holy Communion; I heard the solemn words *Ecc Agnus Dei* and bowed my head, but at the whispered thrice repeated *Domine, non sum dignus* I ventured to look up. I saw a wonderful sight. The poor man's face was changed; the haggard look gone; the troubled gaze had given place to an expression of joy. Tears were running down his cheeks and his hands now deep with the dew of death were crossed upon his breast and clasped a crucifix. It was a scene never to be forgotten and from that moment I was a Catholic at heart.

Father James put away his things and I went down to the door with him. He looked at me anxiously. "Something has upset you, sister, has it not?" I took courage and told him all about those mysterious steps that had haunted me all night and ceased when he came in. He stood silent until I had finished, then said, "Those steps will trouble you no more. God bless you, you have done a good work this night." He spoke truly. I never heard those steps again, and when an hour later I reverently laid out the body of my unknown patient and saw the look of peace and happiness on his features, I felt that I had indeed done a good deed, and that God in His mercy would perhaps in return remember me at the hour of my death.

Look to the Bed.

The components of a good bed are considered by Dr. E. G. Wood in the healthy home. In conclusion he says: "The main point nowadays is the covering. There is a strong temptation to use a quilted cotton comfortable, costing a dollar, in preference to a pair of blankets costing five times as much, yet the blankets are far cleaner, warmer (for the same weight) and better from a health standpoint in every way. It is needless to add that the good housewife will see to it that bedding and clothes have a daily airing sufficient to abolish entirely the stale, unpleasant odor which hangs around a bed and indicates the presence of an indefinite amount of ancient effluvia. Clean sheets and sunshine work wonders with beds. If you are compelled to use a modern folding bed, be sure it has ample spaces for ventilation, and that it is never put up in the morning until sun and air have worked their miracle of cleansing."

Scraped with a Rasp.

Srs.—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

Feldkirch Bells.

Zealously and victoriously the armies of the great Napoleon were sweeping over Europe. No fort was strong enough to resist them, no number of men large enough to defend a city at that time when the French battered at its walls.

On the frontiers of Austria was a little town called Feldkirch. It had no more than 3,000 or 4,000 people, mostly God fearing men. The great Napoleon found Feldkirch on his way as he advanced and gave an order to one of his generals to take it, just as a housewife would order a servant to kill a fowl for dinner. The general selected was Massena, and one beautiful Easter morning as the people arose to go to the first mass of the festival they saw General Massena's forces, numbering 18,000 men, encamped on the heights above the town. The sun as it rose shone on the long files of French muskets—a sad though glittering sight to the people, who had been thinking only of their risen Lord.

Naturally there was the greatest consternation. No one knew the best course to pursue, so a hurried meeting of the town council was held. One thing all were agreed upon—that it was useless to oppose the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Then some one arose and suggested that a suitable person be sent to the French camp with a flag of truce and the keys of the town, asking for some degree of mercy—that at least the women, children and old men might be spared, and a general sack, the awful accompaniment of war, averted.

At this juncture an old and reverend priest arose, and all listened with close attention, for his counsels had always been loving and wise. "My children," he said, "this is Easter day. Cannot God, who arose from the dead, protect us in our distress? Shall our first act in this calamity be to forsake him? What are we against that vast number awaiting the order to attack us? Let us go to the church as usual and trust in God for the rest."

At those brave and earnest words hope sprang anew in the breasts of the faithful, and the various sextons were ordered to ring all the bells of the town as joyfully as possible. Troops of people thronged the streets and entered the churches, and one would not have known except for that menacing host upon the hill that anything had interfered with the happiness of those who were rejoicing in the resurrection.

And so the joy bells, rang and rang and rang, and the French hearing them took word to their general that they were ringing because of the arrival of re-enforcements; and that the place had been relieved in the night by a large portion of the Austrian army. The general, believing this, ordered his troops to retreat at once.

Thus while the bells of Feldkirch rang the French army stole away, and the people fell again upon their knees and gave thanks to God for their deliverance.—*Catholic Review*.

Ah! there is one devotion I will mention. It is to have more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers. More undoubted trust, more bold position, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary if there were more faith in Mary. She has been in the secret of all the good things that have happened to us in life. She is ever mindful of that second maternity which dates from Calvary, and how we lost her in the travail of her dolours, a price which has no fellow, except the Sacrifice of her Son, our Brother, and Our God.—*Father Faber*.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

RETURN OF BISHOP DOWLING.

The Hamilton *Spectator* of the 18th says, Bishop Dowling and Mgr. McEvay arrived home last evening from Italy. They were met at the station by the cathedral clergy and received a warm welcome. The time of his lordship's arrival was quite unexpected, as the bishop particularly desired to avoid anything in the shape of a public reception, which many of the parishioners and societies connected with the church had been desirous of arranging in his honor.

Both Bishop Dowling and Mgr. McEvay are in excellent health, and enjoyed the voyage home, though they met with head winds on the way which caused some delay.

The Pope was so well pleased with the deconual report of the diocese that he highly complimented the bishop thereon, and as a mark of his esteem bestowed the honors already announced. Very Rev. Father Heenan has been appointed to the highest grade of the monsignorship, namely, prothonotary apostolic, with the privilege not only of wearing the purple, but also on special occasions, the mitre, ring, pectoral cross and other insignia of a prelate. The Pope declared that this was a privilege granted to very few and Mgr. Heenan enjoys the privilege of being the first Ontario priest who has obtained the dignity.

In addition to appointing Father McEvay camerera segreto, the Pope conferred on Father Bardou, the titles of doctor of divinity and missionary apostolic. Mgr. McEvay will be entitled to wear the full insignia of his new office, and to enjoy all the rights and privileges attached to it, one of which is the right of residence at the vatican as one of the papal household as often as he visits the holy city, and of being one of the assistants of the holy father on all occasions of papal audiences given to distinguished visitors.

Bishop Dowling and Mgr. McEvay were present at the audience when Emperor William of Germany was received by the Pope.

We take the following from the Hamilton *Times* of the 15th: An unusually large congregation attended St. Mary's Cathedral at high mass at 10.30 o'clock yesterday, the people of the parish being desirous of once more seeing and hearing the Lord Bishop on his first public appearance after his return from Rome, and of seeing their rector, Rev. Father McEvay. The latter celebrated the mass, with Rev. Fathers Coty and Hinchey as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Haley preached a good sermon on the folly of leaving repentance of sins until death is expected. His text was Ecclesiastes viii., 5: "Whoso keepeth the commandments shall feel no evil thing, and a wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment."

Bishop Dowling addressed the congregation after the sermon. He said: Dear friends, I am here to day to return you all my sincere thanks for your prayers for me during my absence. Thank God I am home again in the midst of my own clergy and people, and my first thought on reaching Hamilton was to return thanks for the protection extended to me while I was absent from you. I felt the benefit of your prayers. We had a good welcome and good health and success from every point of view. It was my happy privilege even upon the ocean, with the exception of one or two days, to hold the blessed sacrifice of the mass every morning; also at the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul and other holy places, including the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus suffered; on Calvary and in the holy sepulchre—at the last place on Easter Sunday morning. At those holy places, my dear friends, I always remembered you; you were always in my thoughts and heart. Although I have seen and worshipped in many holy places, I

thank God I am home again, for I believe I am in my proper place. I am pleased to tell you that the Holy Father was pleased to receive a good account of the people in this diocese, and desired me to call you together and tell you he loved you and to thank you for your kind gifts, and tell you he prays for you. He was pleased to give me every favor I asked. For the clergy and people he has granted me great privileges, including indulgences, which I will explain at some future time. He has conferred great honor upon three of the priests of the diocese at my request. I am sure you will be pleased that the priests who have labored for you have been so honored. Father McEvay has had two distinct titles given him, but he is too modest to assume them, and you can call him Father McEvay just the same as over. He does not care for titles—the foreign names are too hard to pronounce—but he will be entitled to all the rights which accompany them. Father Bradou, the senior priest of the diocese, who has labored faithfully and who has greatly assisted me, has also received two titles, and Father Heenan has had honor conferred upon him such as no other priest in Ontario ever received. I got these favors upon my knees from the Holy Father himself, without any intercession by others. I was told that I was asking a great deal—honors that were only conferred upon men of great piety, distinction and zeal. I replied that they were worthy and my word was taken. I thank God I have good priests. The Holy Father also asked me to call my people together and give them the apostolic blessing, and I now bestow it upon you and your families in his name.

The music for the occasion was excellent, the efficient choir, under Mr. D. J. O'Brien's able leadership being assisted by an orchestra.

Miss Kate Clark, of Toronto, also assisted the choir.

Field Day.

St. Michael's College held its annual field day on Thursday last. An athletic spirit fired the boys with ambition to gain the laurels of success and the breath of emulation filled the atmosphere. The contestants, though not working to break records, strove hard for the championship. O'Donnell carried off the honors with 27 points to his credit; Buckley, as second man, had 16, while Campbell secured 15. The weather as well as the energy and good humor of the athletes helped all to pass a most agreeable day. The following is the programme for senior division:—

100 Yards Dash—Campbell, O'Donnell, Buckley.
440 Yards Dash—Campbell, O'Donnell.
Mile Race—O'Donnell, Campbell.
Throwing Heavy Weight—Doyle, O'Malley, O'Donnell.
Throwing Light Weight—Doyle, O'Connell, O'Donnell.
Standing Jump—O'Connell, McCormack, O'Donnell.
Running Jump—Buckley, O'Donnell, McCormack.
Running Hop Step—Buckley, O'Donnell, McCormack.
Throwing Base Ball—O'Donnell, Buckley, O'Brien.

During the games the College band under the leadership of Mr. T. E. McDermott, enlivened the proceedings with various choice selections.

Barrie.

A St. Vincent de Paul Conference of the Sacred Heart was formed in this parish last week, when the following officers were elected: Spiritual Director, Very Rev. Dean Egan; President, Mr. Devine; Treasurer, Mr. Beardley; Secretary, Mr. Rogers; Council, Messrs. Keane, McCarthy, Savigny and Livingstone.

This Conference starts with a membership of twenty-five, and from the zeal that is being shown much good will be accomplished among the poor of the town.

Perfect Satisfaction.

GENTLEMEN,—I have found B. B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine.
E. BAILEY, North Bay, Ont.

The Archbishop at St. Basil's.

As announced his Grace delivered his lecture upon Christian worship and art in the above-named church on Sunday evening. A crowded and appreciative congregation were present. The choir, always good, surpassed themselves in the manner in which they sang General's Vespers, which consisted of the first psalm, followed by a plain chant, *Laudate pueri*. The solos were well rendered by Mrs. Ward, Miss Todd, Messrs. J. T. Kirk and H. T. Kelly. After the sermon *O Cor Amoris Victima* was given, when Mrs. O'Hara's clear, ringing voice was well supported by a full choir of thirty-five. This was followed by an *Ave Maria* (Owen) by Misses Adair and Amy Berthon and Mr. Kirk, in which the rich contralto of the first, the bird-like notes of the second, and the full, sonorous tones of the last named favorite served well to maintain the reputation of St. Basil's Choir. At the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament Mr. Anglin sang, with his usual taste and feeling, *O Salutaris*, after which the choir sang Gilson's *Tantum Ergo*.

To give a synopsis of the sermon is not to do it justice. We have heard his Grace treat many subjects, but we never heard him treat one with so much simplicity, grace and sublimity. He never seemed so much at home with his subject or his audience. Opening with the appropriate text from the command, that we must adore God and serve Him alone, the orator sketched the demand for worship in the human heart, and its full expression in the act of sacrifice, which is to be found wherever the foot of man has trodden. But sacrifice meant the erection of temples: accordingly men gathered beneath the arching vault of heaven or the bending branches of the forest's trees, to pour out the prayer, the praise of their poor heart. Then they wrote it all in stone and brick. Our blessed Lord came to offer sacrifice according to the order of Melchisedech, to perfect worship and accomplish a sacrifice worthy of Himself and His religion. He therefore established the holy sacrifice of the Mass. For three hundred years the persecutions of Roman emperors prevented the faith and love of our fathers expressing themselves. But after a time, when Christianity had shaken off the chains of slavery and stood forth in freedom, knowing the truth of Christ, it brought all creation to the worship and glory of the Holy Mass. One by one those grand Gothic cathedrals arose in Europe, telling of the faith of the builders and displaying the glorious and exalting ideas of the religion which gave them birth.

His Grace described with telling art the beauty and majesty of St. Peter's, quoting Byron's eloquent passage upon this, the greatest temple on earth. He proceeded to show how these churches became the greatest art galleries of the world, upon whose walls hung the masterpieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Fra Angelico, Rubens. The sketch of Church music from the Ambrosian chant to the Gregorian, which still expresses in its grave tones the deepest of the soul's religious sentiments, was also most interesting.

Although the Archbishop claimed that it was only a cursory view of the great and close relation between Christian worship and art, the wrapt attention of the vast audience was a convincing proof that they regarded it as something more—and something more it was, for it was rich with figures, history, and theology, and contained a high appreciation of the beautiful.

Death of a Priest.

The Rev. Father Rougier, parish priest of Renfrew, died on Monday May 8 at seven o'clock. The late Rev. Paul Rougier was the son of Paul Rougier and Madeline Rose, and was born at Lus-la-Croix Drome, France, on the 25th of November, 1836, being therefore in his fifty-seventh year at the time of his demise. He was baptized on the same date at the parish church, and afterwards coming to Canada, entered the College of Ottawa to take a course in theology. Graduating with honors he donned the soutane for the first time on the 8th of September, 1861, and was ordained a priest on the 13 of June, 1862, and appointed to the parish of Renfrew on July 1, 1865, serving until April 1, 1866, when he was appointed parish priest. For twenty-seven years he has been the faithful pastor of that parish, having as his curate Rev. R. J. McKinnon. The deceased clergyman was deservedly beloved by his flock, and by his death, a good man has gone to his reward, Father Rougier was one of the most esteemed and popular priests in the diocese of Pontiac.

For Frost Bites.

SIRS,—For chapped hands, sore throat and frost bites I find nothing excels Hagyard's Yellow Oil. I had my feet frozen three years ago and obtained no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which soon healed up the frozen part.
CHAS. LOUQUER, Alameda, N.W.T.

In Moyne, Arva, two of the Passionist Fathers are about opening a mission. The annual Bazaar for the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum, Limorick, will be held in October.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THURSDAY, MAY 18.

LECTURE,

Under the auspices of the
Young Ladies' Catholic Literary
SOCIETY.

THOS. O'HAGAN, M.A., Ph.D.

Subject—"Genius and Character of Longfellow."

Miss Marguerite Dunn, - Elocutionist,

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MR. HAROLD JARVIS,

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One I Know.

Alce Kemonds in Irish Monthly.

The very self of nobleness and truth,
The bravery of soul no loss might score,
The high wrought scorn of balances unfair,
The heart compassionate and filled with ruth:
These things were his, through manhood up from youth:
You looked into his soul and mirrored there,
Saw no perfection blurred by thought or care
What man might say, so good was pleased, in sooth
The whole world's praise or blame were one to him.
The stricken and the sinful sought him out;
He held no good deed up to find the flaw,
No counter fault to make the virtues dim;
He was not fond of subtlety or doubt—
A stainless honour his unswerving law.
Yielding to no man in the cause of right,
Fearless of consequence, and firm as steel,
No pitfalls stayed him on the snow-clad hill,
No clouds debarred from height to farther height.
A steadfast friend throughout the blackest night
Of death and poverty, and shoreless ill,
He stood the same—unselfish, helpful still
In sacred loyalties, a guide and light.
The riches of a nature deep and strong,
The affluence of high gifts of heart and mind,
An intellect clear, cultured and refined—
These first he gave to God. Yet of the rest—
The residue was better than the best
The many have entire their whole life long.
A swift surrender when God made demand,
A prompt obedience when His regents spoke,
A ready bend of neck for any yoke
Placed there in God's name by commissioned hand.
From the clear windows looking east he scanned
The turmoil, and the ceaseless grind and smoke,
The world's machinery where the strained hearts
broke,
And souls were sifted as the finest sand
His, the unfailing help, when one sank low,
The finer thoughtfulness in days of need,
The ready impulse for the generous deed,
The grand forgiveness that doth all forego,
The open heart in sorrow or in death—
The Christ-like pity seldom found on earth.

BECKET.

By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

The following letter from a London friend has been postponed for a long time owing to press of matter:

LONDON, March 26th, 1893.

It was with feelings of deepest admiration and wondering delight that I followed the work of the great poet who has passed away; it was with an intense interest, that steadily grew from the first realistic scene to the close, that I witnessed the performance of Tennyson's play at the Lyceum last night.

As a work of art, as a brilliant picture of the twelfth century, it is a triumphant success—as a dream of beauty, as a fervent and religious story it is a triumphant success. The curtain rises and one is drawn towards the stage, and becomes an actor in the play, every incident seems a reality, every word is for one's private ear; the pomp of Kings—the charm of Love—the arrogance of Power—the zeal of the great Martyr pass before one as a living picture of the vanished past.

From the Prologue, where the scene is laid in Normandy, to the final tableau in the North Transept of Canterbury Cathedral, one rich pageant after another passes before the eye, and the genius of our great actor manager has never been seen to greater advantage than it is now, in the whole arrangement of his latest and admired production.

The Lyceum represents to Londoners the perfection of modern stage craft; and many of the scenes that have grown within its walls are famous as much for its historic truth as for their dazzling beauty; the church in "Faust" for instance, the cliffs of Dover in "Lear," and now the lovely scenes in "Becket," notably the Castle in Normandy (where we first see the great archbishop (then Chancellor of England) and Henry II. with a chess board between them, and playing together in a characteristic way, Becket with marked precision, the King with careless haste, knocking away the board at the Chancellor's apparently innocent words "My Bishop checks your King!") and next the second scene in Act II., a street in Northampton with its quaint uneven houses, and

sunlight pouring down upon the gayly dressed people and the black robed monks.

Fair Rosamond's Bower is a charming scene, hung with flowers—the sweet wild roses that the lovely and deluded girl has gathered in the woods the sun beams breaking through a tangle of ferns at one side of the stage—the mossy banks where the lovers toll their love in poetry. In the third Act we are taken to Montmirail, where the two thrones of Louis of France and Henry of England are side by side, and the followers of each famous king are grouped together in the background, Knight Templars with the cross upon their breasts, French pages blazing in scarlet, barons in rich and flowing robes, soldiers in resplendent arms, and the whole glittering crowd backed by a realistic and stately scene.

The fourth Act opens in the Castle in Normandy of the Prologue, where the fatal words of the King, "Will no man rid me of this pestilent priest?" are spoken; and closes in Canterbury Cathedral—closes on the awful death of Saint Thomas—the massive columns on either side—the long flight of steps behind—the light from the two stained glass windows falling across the floor—how well it is remembered by everyone who has stood on the historic spot in old Canterbury! All the scenes are most exquisite, and the charms of the poetic language is greatly enhanced by the perfection of every detail, the accuracy of every costume, the vigour of every actor.

So much for the mounting and general effect of the Lyceum success, and now for the greatest character of the play, the Becket of Tennyson and Henry Irving—the perfect being in the group of kings and churchmen. He stands far above the rest alone in his grandeur.

From the beginning to the end, Becket impresses one with the great idea of his loyalty to the Church, the fearless upholding of his belief, the undaunted courage of a sincere and lofty soul.

Mr. Irving's power in this character is of an intense and subdued nature, a steadily glowing fire that only breaks into flame once or twice, and then what a flame of noble rage it is!

"The State will die, but the Church never dies!" are perhaps the most fiery words of the great Archbishop; he is a very soldier in his denunciation of the barons, and in the fearless way he meets his inevitable fate—never turning aside from his one set purpose, to uphold the Church against the tyranny of the King.

Mr. Irving makes the most of every opportunity. His wonderful voice and expressive face never lose their intensity; in the Prologue he strikes the key note of the play, and the contrast between the King and Becket is sharply drawn—the one arrogant, licentious, ambitious; the other calm, determined and reserved—the news of the death of the then Archbishop of Canterbury is brought to the two friends, the King rushes away with a laughing cry, "A hawking! A hawking!" the Chancellor exclaims, "My heart is full of tears!"

Only once Mr. Irving wears the Archbishop's robes, in the first act, and after that Becket appears in the black ordinary habit of the black canons of the Augustinian Rule—it is a figure that one cannot easily forget, and the expression of the dying martyr's face lives in one's memory as simply awe-inspiring and sublime.

Mr. Irving receives loyal support from his company; Miss Ellen Terry's Rosamond is full of delight, never before has she looked more fascinating or acted with more perfect charm.

Miss Genevieve Ward as Queen Eleanor, and she is heartily welcomed after a long absence from the London stage. The powerful voice of Mr. William Terriss is admirably suited to Henry II., he looks the part, and

plays with all his usual force and earnestness.

Mr. Bishop and Mr. Haviland are excellent as John of Salisbury and Herbert of Bosham, loyal friends of Becket; Messrs. Frank Cooper, Tyars, Hague and Penival play the four knights of the King's household enemies of Becket in a sufficiently vigorous manner, and the minor characters are well played—especially good is Master Leo Byrne as little Geoffrey, a remarkably clever and attractive child.

PROBY WEBLING.

Separate School Board.

The members of the Separate School Board on Thursday evening passed a vote of condolence with the widow and family of the late M. J. O'Connor, a member of the board at the time of his death. The vote was proposed by Mr. James Ryan and seconded by Mr. Michael Walsh. The chairman, Vicar General McCann, before signing the resolution, expressed his appreciation of the faithful service of the late member. The business before the board was chiefly of a formal nature. The examination for promotion to the higher classes will be held in the De La Salle Institute on June 12, 13 and 14, and the schools will be closed for the summer on the same day as the public schools are closed. Inspector Odo says this has been the practice for years. Parents complain that St. Patrick's school is not properly graded, and the grading will be reported on. A clause that caused some debate was one in the management report asking that proper accommodation be provided in a central locality for the girls' higher classes. In the discussion on this Rev. Father Hand, in response to questions, said the present quarters at the corner of Shuter and Victoria had been condemned by the Government inspector. On motion of Mr. D. A. Carey the clause was referred back for further information. The inspector reported the number of registered pupils in the schools as 3,149 in March, and 3,271 in April. It was decided to hold an election in the First ward on May 23 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. O'Connor. The polling place will be at 723 Queen street east, and Mr. Finucane will be returning officer.

Personal.

The *Irish World* of last week says:—Mr. Hugh Ryan and wife and their two daughters, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Greene, all of Toronto, Canada, spent last week at the Imperial Hotel, New York, witnessing the Columbian demonstrations. They were returning from a Southern trip, and expressed themselves highly pleased with Washington, where they also spent a couple of weeks. Although Mr. Ryan might have long since retired from business with an abundant competency, yet he retains his place as by far the largest contractor in Canada. One of the contracts he is at present carrying out is the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie canals for the Canadian Government. This contract alone will amount to nearly five million dollars. In spite of the immense business Mr. Ryan carries on in Canada, he makes time to engage in heavy and heterogeneous enterprise in various parts of this republic, as for instance, a ranch of 20,000 cattle in Texas, a brass works in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and other big works. Mr. Ryan greatly admired the elegant design and massive and beautiful construction of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he and his party attended Mass with a few friends on Sunday.

Hamilton.

Sunday May 7, the feast of Blessed De La Salle, was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton. At half-past ten o'clock High Mass was sung, Rev. F. Kehoe being celebrant, Rev. Father Hinchey, deacon, and Rev. Father Haley sub-deacon. The music was exquisite, and rendered with the effect usual with St. Mary's choir, under its able leader, Prof. D. J. O'Brien. Rev. Father Coty, Superintendent of the Catholic schools of Hamilton, preached the sermon. His discourse was learned and eloquent, taking for his text: "They that instruct many into justice shall shine as stars to all eternity," he dwelt chiefly on the life and labors of the holy founder of the Christian Brothers. He spoke eulogistically of the superior teaching methods of the Sons of De La Salle, their numerous establishments throughout the world, and their efficiency as popular educators. He thanked Almighty God that the Christian Brothers are now engaged in educating the youth of Hamilton, and invited the congregation to pray to Blessed De La Salle that Brothers remain long in the midst of them.

Academy of Music.

Do not forget the entertainment at the Academy of Music, this evening, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Catholic Literary Association.



IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

FRUITVILLE, N. J., March 10, 91.
Nervousness and sleeplessness were ailments from which I suffered for six years, and although trying many medicines without relief, I at last, by the advice of a minister, Rev. C. Mueller, tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and my nervousness and other ailments disappeared. The nervousness without an equal.
LOUIS C. DELOSS.

Had the Desired Effect.

HAMBURG, Iowa, May, 1890.

I recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to several of my parishioners, for nervous prostration, one for alcoholism, seven for whom I am assured the Tonic was more than money or time could procure—a perfect cure in their cases. Hoping this will suffice to prove the excellent effect of the remedy, I thank you for the extreme kindness shown to the poor in the past.
REV. FATHER J. A. COOK.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients about the world—come free.
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1870, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5, Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Christ Service Gazette*
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JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS

IMPERIAL
CREAM TARTAR

BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. CILLET, Toronto, Ont.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine Warren, Pa.

POLISH PILGRIMAGE.

The Holy Father, on receiving the Polish pilgrims, replied:—"It is for us, dearest children, a great joy to see you at our side, and to look upon these many children of Poland around you, led to our feet by the desire of offering us, upon the occasion of our episcopal jubilee, their felicitations. Joy which is rendered all the more sensible to us by the words we have just heard, for they are, we cannot doubt, the faithful expression of the sentiments not only of those who now surround us, but also of all their fellow Catholic citizens, absent in body but present in heart.

"Children of those generous men who in the past did such things for the defence of religion, and who merited so frequently the praises of our predecessors, they have all the more right to pride themselves in their ancestors, because, as you recall it, and as history bears witness, they the more boldly preserved the faith and virtues, especially respect and obedience to the Apostolic See, centre of Christian unity. Whatever may be the vicissitudes of time, it is always in their power to keep intact in our time the true glory of their nation by continuing to profess the faith courageously, and by conforming their whole life to its maxims without any obstacle preventing them.

"Furthermore, dearest children, this constancy of your ancestors in the faith is proven in a touching manner by your pilgrimages from the countries of the North to the holy City in order to honor here the very author of our faith in the person of His Vicar. You prove it also by the prayers you send up to heaven to draw upon the head of the Church the graces which his sublime and tremendous ministry requires. You prove it to us, in fine, by your zealous participation in the joys of our jubilee, by your generous offerings, and by the complacency with which you recall all our efforts for the good of the Church and the world. These testimonies of faith and filial piety we accept with paternal affection and sincere gratitude. And, on our part, we will omit nothing to extend our deepest solicitudes for the Catholics of Poland, and protect as far as lies in our power, their dearest intent—as we have never ceased to do, all malevolent insinuations to the contrary notwithstanding. At the same time, according to the desire you express, we will not forget to address our most fervent prayers to God that He may deign to turn a propitious look upon you, may overwhelm you with his favors, multiply good works upon you, and cause examples of all Christian virtues to shine."

Home Influence.

What amount of influence does the home circle exert on the careers of our young people? This is certainly a question of the most vital importance; a question which should tower aloft over all the problems of the day; a question which should be thoroughly studied—first, last and always—by every parent in the land; a question which, if duly weighed, would serve to effect an almost incredible amount of good; and yet, alas! a question, which, in spite of its momentous import, is very seldom seriously considered by the vast majority of parents.

"Its education forms the common mind, And as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Ponder well this self-evident maxim. God has imposed on parents the obligation of educating their children. Does the smattering of knowledge acquired in the school room release them from this weighty obligation? Certainly not. Education does not consist in any amount of mere book-learning. It consists in the drawing forth of all the faculties; and to accomplish this object the home influence must work in unison with the school, and must be ever superior to it, since it is the most

important factor in true education. But, to make home influence attractive the domestic hearth must be made cheery and attractive; else the child will have no relish for home. To make a home all that can be desired it is necessary that the atmosphere be thoroughly Christian; that the spirit of peace and good will abide there; that the parents be exemplary and cheerful. As extremes are always dangerous, there should be neither undue rigor nor excessive indulgence. Both are equally to be feared. Paritanical rigor cramps the mind and heart, and is no less injurious in its effects than softness or over-indulgence, which causes the child to lose all regard for his parents. The child desires relaxation; and he will have it at any cost. If he cannot find innocent amusement at home he will seek some sort of diversion abroad. He will very likely fall in with bad company and be quickly dragged to ruin. As a preventive against this dread evil give him every change you can possibly give to find ample means of diversion at home.

Then as regards reading. How many children acquire a baneful habit of desultory reading; or worse, a mania for reading the most trashy, sentimental "dime novels," simply because their reading is not properly directed; because they cannot find good interesting books at home. And how difficult it is to correct this pernicious habit in after life only those who have had experience can tell.

If parents are often disappointed in their children it is because they have not given sufficient attention to this most momentous question. Certainly now and then you will find a black sheep even in the very best regulated families, but this is an exception.

As a rule, children correspond to home influence; they are good or bad according as the influence exerted on them is good or bad, and the majority retain the good habits formed in early youth, for "the child is father of the man." If parents would only adopt the plan which is here briefly outlined, in the management of their homes, they would soon see its beneficial results. Their children would learn to love them, to confide to them their trials and troubles and to follow their wise counsels. They themselves would be spared many a bitter pang, many a sleepless night; they would do their duty to God and their children and they could not fail to be gladdened by the happy results of that inestimable influence which a truly Christian home ever exerts on the hearts and minds of youth.—*Catholic Mirror*.

The parishes of New Bedford Mass., have undertaken an excellent work in providing a home for aged and destitute Catholics in that city. The two English-speaking churches, St. Lawrence's and St. James', unite with the Portuguese parish, St. John's, in this movement, and its success would thus seem to be assured. These three parishes formerly constituted but one, in the day when Bishop McMahon of Hartford was the rector of St. Lawrence's Church; and the manner in which they are now co-operating in this worthy work shows that they have not forgotten their former relations.

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, Hammon, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammon on Missions.

There is good reason to believe that the spring mackerel fishery promoted by the Congested Districts Board of the West of Ireland has again been highly successful. The success of this fishery last year has attracted a large amount of independent enterprise to the headquarters at Galway and the Arran Isles, providing considerable additional employment for the people of the neighborhood, and the Board are now engaged in endeavoring to stimulate the enterprise at other parts of the coast.

The Blessed Virgin.

"In thee, O Mary, is fulfilled, as we can bear it, an original purpose of the Most High. He once had meant to come on earth in heavenly glory, but we sinned; and then he could not safely visit us, except with a shrouded radiance and a bedimmed Majesty, for He was God. So He came Himself in weakness, not in power; and He sent thee a creature, in His stead, with a creature's comeliness and lustre suited to our state. And now thy very face and form, dear Mother, speak to us of the eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us still as thou hast led, in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to our Lord Jesus, guide us home."—*Cardinal Newman*.

An infidel writer thus writes of the Blessed Virgin's influence upon European civilization:—

"For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man, no longer associated with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman rose in the person of the Virgin-Mother into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being; a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilization of the past. In the pages of the living tenderness which many a monkish writer has left in honor of his celestial patron; in the millions who, in many lands and in many ages, have sought with no barren desire to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens who for the love of Mary have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fastings and vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of society—in these and in many other ways we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered round it, and its origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

A Sure Remedy for Languid Stomachs.

Almoxia Wine is especially recommended for constitutional debility, and particularly where the blood grows poor and thin, and for persons suffering from languid stomach, and where their sleep is agitated and uneasy; also for mental exhaustion and bodily weakness. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

Mr. J. H. Howard died a few days since at Portumna, aged 42 years.

Mr. Kirwan, Patrick street, Waterford, is a candidate for the vacancy in the Councilship of the South Ward, caused by the death of Michael Greene. Mr. L. C. Strange is his opponent, but the probabilities point to Mr. Kirwan's election.

A report is in circulation that one John "Ortilly," a Limerick man, died recently in America, leaving \$1,000,000 to his brother Michael, whose whereabouts seems unknown. A writer in the *Munster News*, referring to the rumor, says that the correct name is O'Rahilly or Rahilly; that their father and mother lived on a small farm in Ballinagole, not Dongerry, now part of his brother's holding, and that the brothers, John Rahilly, the oldest, and Michael, the youngest, emigrated to America about the date stated.

Kiss No More.

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

THE WAY OUT



of woman's troubles is with Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Safely and certainly, every delicate weakness, derangement and disease peculiar to the sex is permanently cured.

Out of all the medicines for women, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only one that's guaranteed to do what is claimed for it. In all "female complaints" and irregularities, periodical pains, displacements, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Anything "just as good," or as sure to bring help, could be, and would be, sold in just that way.

This guaranteed medicine is an invigorating, restorative tonic, especially adapted to woman's needs and perfectly harmless in any condition of her system.

So sure to cure every case of Catarrh, is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy that its proprietors make you this offer: "If you can't be cured, permanently, we'll pay you \$500 in cash."



NO my son, this gentleman has not been placed in a corner until he promises to "be good." In a moment of temporary aberration he yielded to the promptings of a false economy, and decided to lay his own

carpet; the result will be as anticipated by all who have done likewise.

Carpets cleaned by latest process, and re-laid by competent workmen. Restuffing and altering a specialty. Upholstering, Furniture re-covered, Mattresses re-made. Lowest rates. Best work.

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Is the only rapid and Certain Healer for
Scratches, Corks, Galls, Sore Shoulders
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Ask your dealer for TEXAS BALSAM, and take no other. Or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents, by

C. F. SEGSWORTH,

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Toronto Savings & Loan Co.

10 KING ST. WEST.

FOUR PER CENT. Interest allowed on deposits from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for 6 or 12 months.

Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks.
ROBERT JAFFRAY, A. E. AMEY,
President. Manager.

ON AN IRISH MOUNTAIN.

A correspondent at Cahirciveen, County Kerry, sends us the following, dated Easter Monday:

Since the erection of this memorable Way of the Cross four years ago, the pious people of this parish have been in the habit, both on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and which is also the patron feast of the parish (14th September), and also on Good Friday, of making pilgrimages and performing the Way of the Cross on this historic mountain. The Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, who erected them, desirous of promoting this most salutary devotion, announced his purpose this year of accompanying the pilgrims on Good Friday, but the weather not being favorable deferred it to last Sunday, which was most propitious for the occasion. There is at present sojourning in Cahirciveen, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, of the Smithsonian Institute, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, America, who with his wife, who accompanies him, are accomplished artists and photographers, and have evinced the warmest interest in these stations, and, also, in everything connected with the O'Connell Memorial Church. Mr. Curtin being unable to leave town on Sunday, Mrs. Curtin most kindly expressed her willingness to accompany the pilgrimage, and to take the views of the Stations and the Holy Way. Accordingly, a large concourse of the parishioners assembled at the foot of the mountain at 11.30, accompanied by the Very Rev. Canon, who performed the Way of the Cross at the several Stations to the summit of the mountain. Mrs. Curtin taking the views as they proceeded along. It may be here remarked that this magnificent mountain, stands 2,226 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest peak in this part of Kerry, whilst the Stations of the Cross, fourteen in number, stand apart about a quarter of a mile from each other, and traverse about four miles in extent to the top. A short distance from the fourteenth Station, right on the very summit, stands the great Celtic Cross, which is twenty-five feet high, and one solid block of concrete weighing thirty-seven tons, in the composition of which more than two tons of cement were used. As regards the smaller crosses, which are of the same solid material, each weighs five cwt. They were constructed in Cahirciveen, and borne on the shoulders of the sturdy inhabitants of the district to their destination on the mountain. Having arrived at the summit, the Very Rev. Canon addressed the multitude in a few stirring words suitable to the grand occasion, in which he eulogized the noble instincts and devotion of the people to the great mysteries of their holy faith and the heroic traditions of their forefathers, and also paid a well-merited tribute to Mrs. Curtin's generous assistance. It is remarkable that amongst the pilgrims were children of five years of age from Cahirciveen, who walked the whole way and back, and also old venerable men and women close upon 80 years. It was truly an impressive and solemn sight, and most worthy of the faith and piety of the people. Mrs. Curtin, who is a native American, performed her part most nobly, and I understand that the views taken by her are likely to prove of immense interest and gratification, and I am happy to state that not the slightest hitch or accident occurred, whilst all who took part in this remarkable proceeding returned to their homes delighted and happy.—*New World.*

True Worth.

It is not the place we are set to fill, but the way in which we fill it, that makes our worth, and that is likely to give us our position in history, as God sees history. Ruskin calls attention

to an illustration of this truth in the story of St. Zita, of Lucon, in Italy, who lived and died a servant girl, simply doing her best to fill her sphere and because of her success in this endeavor became the patron saint of the city in which she lived and died. "Santa Zita," he says, "was a real, living, hard-worked maid servant in the town you still know as a great olive oil mart in the thirteenth century. As real a person as your own kitchen-maid, and not a bit better, probably, than yours is, if she's a good one. . . . She became a very notable creature, indeed, and one of wide practical power throughout Europe, for though she lived and died a servant of all work at a clothier's, thirty years after her death Dante acknowledges her the patron saint of her city, and she has ever since been the type of perfectness in servant life to the Christian world." No one of us does as well in his present sphere as he might do, yet many of us are thinking we might do better if we had a better sphere. If, instead of wishing for another sphere, we were to set ourselves to filling the sphere appointed to us, we might become a good deal more like a saint than we yet are in the community where we live, even if we had no prospect of being reputed a saint by those who come after us.

Servia.

The *coup d'etat* by the young King of Servia was certainly not lacking in originality. Having invited his Ministers to dinner, he coolly announced his determination to be master in his own house and ruler of his own kingdom. This was certainly a bold step for a boy of seventeen; but it was probably as wise a proceeding as he could have adopted under the circumstances, though the motives of his advisers can scarcely have been disinterested. King Milan and Queen Nathalie have for a number of years made themselves the laughing-stock of Europe. The quarrels, intrigues, reconciliations, and matrimonial unhappiness have had the effect of arousing sympathy for their son if it excited only contempt for themselves. The mutual distrust of Russia and Austria will ensure a comparatively pacific reign for King Alexander until the sword is drawn, and then we are afraid Servia becomes the spoil of one or other of these two great grasping powers.

The Very Rev. John Gunn, for many years officially connected with St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, died a few days ago, at Kingstown.

A few days ago the Newport and Castleconnell police, while acting under a search warrant, seized a still which they discovered concealed in a clump of furze on the farm of a man named Bourk, on the borders of Tipperary and Limerick.

Sister M. Berchmans Wall died recently at the Mercy Convent, Carrick-on-Suir. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. Peter Wall, Ballyquin, Carrick, and sister of the Rev. J. Wall, C.C., of that town. Sister Berchmans was only in the 31st year of her age, and the tenth of her holy profession.

The consecration of the new bell for the Church of Ballingarry, took place recently. The Right Rev. D. O'Donnell, assisted by Rev. T. R. Shanahan, P.P., Rev. J. S. Flanagan, P.P., Adairo; Rev. Denis R. Shanahan, P.P., St. Patrick's; Rev. Thomas Liston, C.C., Rathkeale; Rev. M. McCoy, C.C.; Rev. S. Culhane, C.C., Ballingarry; Rev. J. Murphy, C.C., Rathkeale.

The death of Captain Arthur Brooke, Flag-Captain to the Duke of Edinburgh, Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, is announced. The deceased naval officer was the second son of the late Mr. George F. Brooke, of Ashbrooke, County Fermanagh, and Lady Arabella Brooke. He was married on the 17th of March, 1892, to Blanche Rosalie, only daughter of Mr. J. Vaughan, Divisional Magistrate, Bow street.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds, and affections of the throat, lungs, and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?
COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?
COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?
COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?
COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?
COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude
Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?

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N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
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Howarth's Carminative Mixture.

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Assurance in force, Jan. 1, 1893,	\$16,122,195
New Assurances taken in 1892,	2,651,000
Cash Income for 1892,	614,951
Cash Paid to Policy-Holders in 1892,	214,320
Assots, December 31, 1892, over	2,253,984

The 20-Year SURVIVORSHIP DISTRIBUTION POLICY now offered embraces all the newest features and is the best form of PROTECTION and INVESTMENT money can buy. It has no rival. Guaranteed values, attractive options, and liberal conditions.

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THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

May 18—Octave of the Ascension, S. Venantius, Martyr.
19—S. Peter Celestine, Pope, Confessor.
20—Vigil of Pentecost—Fast Day.
21—Pentecost Sunday.
22—Pentecost Monday.
23—Pentecost Tuesday.
24—Pentecost Wednesday—Ember Day.

CIRCULAR

— OF —

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO,

— TO THE —

CLERGY OF THE CITY.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

You will please inform your people, at the various Masses, on Sunday next, that we have bought a property in the eastern suburbs of this city, for the purpose of an Industrial school for such boys as may be fit subjects for such an institution. According to the Industrial School Act in force in this Province, boys under fourteen years of age, who belong to any of the following categories, may be committed to a certified Industrial School:

- (1) A boy who is found begging or receiving alms;
- (2) Who is found wandering and not having any home, or settled place of abode, or proper guardianship, or not having any lawful occupation, or visible means of subsistence;
- (3) Who is found destitute, either being an orphan, or having a surviving parent, who is undergoing imprisonment;
- (4) Whose parent, step-parent or guardian represents to the Police Magistrate that he is unable to control the child, and that he desires the child to be sent to an Industrial School under this Act;
- (5) Who, by reason of the neglect, drunkenness or other vices of parents, is suffered to be growing up without salutary parental control and education, or in circumstances exposing him to lead an idle and dissolute life.

Hitherto our Catholic boys belonging to any of the aforesaid classes have been committed to a Protestant Industrial School at Mimico, as there existed no Industrial School under Catholic auspices. There are at present, we have been informed, twenty-two Catholic boys in the Mimico institution, and it is computed that since its establishment about eighty Catholic boys have been sent to it. We advisedly call the Industrial School at Mimico a Protestant institution. Its management is Protestant; its officials, teachers, etc., are Protestant; the religious services, at which all are bound to assist are Protestant; in a word, all the influences that colour the thoughts, and form the convictions, and mould the character of youth are entirely and thoroughly Protestant. We are not finding fault with the management of that institu-

tion, nor do we say that there is a deliberate attempt made to proselytize our children; but, the facts being as stated, you might as well expect that a boy plunged into the waters of Lake Ontario can be taken out without being wet, as to expect that a boy detained for a considerable time in that institution will come out of it anything but a Protestant in religion.

Such being the case, we have felt it to be a grave obligation of conscience, and an imperious duty of our office as chief pastor of this Archdiocese, to protect the faith of these exposed children of the flock, and to provide for them a home in which they will be taught useful trades that will enable them to earn a decent livelihood in their mature years. In order to procure a suitable place for this purpose we have been obliged to incur a very heavy debt, and we shall also be necessitated to incur further pecuniary obligations in order to fit and equip the requisite buildings for the proposed institution.

For the means required for this work we depend, in the first place, on the merciful providence of God, who never yet failed us in our undertakings for His glory and the salvation of souls; and secondly, on the inexhaustible generosity and charity of our faithful people. At some suitable time we will appeal to our flock for direct subscriptions and contributions for this necessary work; but in the meantime, as there will be a great deal of preliminary expenses, we propose to hold a grand Pic-Nic for all the Catholics of this city, to be held on the grounds of the proposed institution on next Dominion Day, 1st of July. We call on all the various societies of this city to join, heart and hand, in a combined effort to make that Pic-Nic a grand social and financial success. We expect pastors of the various congregations to organize committees of ladies and gentlemen for the purpose of preparing refreshment tables for each parish, getting up games, &c., for the occasion. In a word, we invite not only our own people, but the citizens generally, to patronize and encourage the good work, and to come out to "Blantyre Park" on Dominion Day, where they can spend a pleasant, enjoyable holiday, and at the same time give a helping hand to a work of charity and mercy.

Earnestly confiding the success of this undertaking to the hearty good will and zeal of the clergy and laity of this city,

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

† JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace,

Toronto, Feast of the Ascension, 1893.

It is some years ago since the Catholics of Copenhagen were allowed the privilege of opening their first church since the "reformation," and now it seems that they have been permitted to publicly announce their worship by the ringing of a bell, as one was placed in the tower of their church recently and rung, the first time such an event has taken place since 1535, when Catholicity was suppressed in Denmark.

Philosophical Talks.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

This is the age of words, of the use and abuse of words; and few words are more used and abused than these words—"liberty of conscience." But their frequent use and more frequent abuse show that these words are important and popular, and therefore deserve a place in philosophical talks to the people. And because what is true about these words is to most people new, a good talk about them is just the thing for a Catholic newspaper. For the peculiarity and the power of a Catholic newspaper is, that its theology gives the latest and best news about the next world, and its philosophy the latest and best news about this. The reason the judicious Editor of this excellent and popular paper gives a leading place to our talks is, that they really belong to the news department. Now, the news about "liberty of conscience" is, that the words have no definite meaning at all; or if they sometimes have a definite sense, that sense is worse than nonsense.

In writing of intellectual education as "a discipline in accuracy of mind," Cardinal Newman said: "When I hear speakers at a public meeting declaiming about 'large and enlightened views,' or about 'liberty of conscience,' or about 'the Gospel,' or about any other popular subject of the day, I am far from denying that some among them know what they are talking about; but it would be satisfactory in a particular case to be sure of the fact, but it seems to me that these household words may stand in a man's mind for something or other very glorious indeed, but very misty, pretty much like the idea of 'civilization' that floats before the mental vision of a Turk—that is if, when he interrupts his smoking to utter the word, he condescends to think whether it has any meaning at all."

If many of those who utter the words "liberty of conscience" would condescend to reflect, they would find that the meaning they attach to them is very misty indeed. Liberty, they know, means freedom. But liberty of conscience means freedom of what? and freedom from what? How many would answer: "freedom of everything and freedom from everything? Liberty of conscience, they will say, means freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of action, freedom of worship, freedom of religion. Now, whatever else liberty of conscience may be, it can certainly be none of these things, for the simple and sufficient reason that conscience is not thought, nor speech, nor writing, nor living, nor loving, nor religion; and therefore even if conscience could be free, it would not be free thought, nor free talk, nor free writing, nor free love, nor free living, nor free religion. Conscience may have much to say about all these things, but conscience itself is not any of them, no matter how free it may be.

Conscience, as we have seen, is a practical dictate of reason, telling every man, in particular cases, what is right and what is wrong. Conscience is the practical conclusion which is

every man's immediate rule of right action. For instance, right reason sees the general principle that everyone should get his own. Facts prove that this particular article of personal property belongs to Peter. Well, then, concludes conscience, Peter should get it, even though it be an umbrella! Where is the place for freedom here? Freedom from what? From coercion or compulsion? Conscience cannot be coerced. The body may be coerced: the soul cannot. I may be compelled to walk or to eat. I cannot be compelled to conclude. Oh! but I can. Authority, truth, right, reason, will compel me to conclude.

But does liberty of conscience mean freedom from authority, truth, reason and right? Surely such freedom would be something worse than folly in a man who is not a fool. But I am free not to follow my conscience. I can keep Peter's umbrella. Yes, you can, but not because of your freedom of conscience, but because of your free will, which is quite another thing. And as your free will walks with Peter's umbrella, or his purse, you shall find this out; for conscience, supposing of course you have a conscience, will keep crying out: "thief." You may quiet the cry, but only when you have killed your conscience—or returned the umbrella.

Is there no such thing, then, as liberty of conscience? Not in the popular sense in which these words are for the most part used. There is a limited and special sense in which the words may have some meaning. Liberty of conscience may mean liberty of religion, that is, the freedom to profess and practice the faith that conscience tells me is true. It will be readily seen that this is rather freedom of worship than freedom of conscience, and of this freedom of worship we shall have something to say in a future talk. Liberty of conscience may also mean freedom from ignorance, error, or evil. There is such a thing as an erroneous conscience, a false conscience, and a bad conscience.

But in these cases the fault is really not in the conscience. The conscience always does what it can with the materials it gets and makes the best of the reasons given it. But prejudice or passion may distort or prevent the reason from which conscience concludes. If the error is wilful, it is the will that is the slave, and needs to be freed from the evil influence. If the error is not in any way wilful, it is said to be practically invincible, and an invincibly, inculpably, erroneous conscience is practically free and to be followed. If those who talk of liberty of conscience mean freedom from culpable error and evil, freedom from prejudice, passion and sectarian spirit, then we say these words have meaning, and we tell the talkers to talk on and prosper till they have all consciences free from everything, except authority, truth, right and duty.

It must be gall and wormwood to the A. P. A. organ of St. Louis, which is said to be the principal one of the pestiferous publications of its class, to have the governor of Missouri a Catholic. Yet the Western Watchman is authority for the statement that for the first time in its history a Catholic now occupies the gubernatorial chair of that western commonwealth.

Pentecost.

Sunday next is the Church's own Feast—the day on which she was baptized with fire and the Holy Ghost, when the eternal uncreated flame of God's love, the Paraclete, the Spirit of truth, descended from heaven to fulfil the merciful intention of our blessed Lord. It is the day on which the divine Legislator enters upon that law of charity and sanctification whose beginnings are in time and whose perfection is in eternity—whose endeavors are on earth, but whose reward and crown are in heaven.

Jerusalem was filled with pilgrims; the disciples were gathered in prayer with the holy Mother of God awaiting the anxious hour. At length when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind, and there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak. Thus from the beginning the apostles taught all nations; thus in the days of St. Augustine the Church, spread in different countries, spoke all languages; and to day, with children in every land, with a teaching episcopate in every nation, there is no need of the power of tongues—but the marvelous work of the Holy Ghost abides, guarding ever the covenant of truth, speaking the word of faith, the worship of sacrifice, the devotion of sacraments—and everywhere the Church of God speaks the language of praise and prayer, and each of the faithful hears it in his own tongue in which he is born. O Church of the living God, how beautiful are thy steps through the centuries, shod, as thou art, with the Gospel of truth! O last and noblest creation of the Holy Spirit, immortal Society fighting, struggling here, triumphing in heaven! It is well for us, thy children, to turn and contemplate the glorious day of thy birth, to renew its memories within our soul, and ask the Holy Ghost to come and fill our hearts and kindle them afresh with the flame of divine love.

The work of the Holy Ghost is two fold—his work in every individual soul and his office in the mystical body of Christ. The latter fills the temple preserving the Church in the unfailing and complete knowledge of God's truth and revelation, ever guiding its voice and impressing the mark of holiness upon it by the union of that Holy Ghost with the Church of God for all time. The former is the mighty task of sanctification which He worketh in us, and which we hope He will perfect unto the coming of the Lord Jesus. It is the ministry of grace which transforms us from children of wrath to children of complacency, makes us heirs of God—co-heirs and brethren of our Lord, fills us with that life which our Saviour came on earth to give in greater abundance. Grace is no part of man's nature; it is a pure gift direct from God. It steals down into the deepest recesses of our nature, adorning our whole being, raising it to a higher level, and energizing all our faculties with a power without which they are infirmities.

No creature, however exalted, can give us grace—not even enough to say the Lord Jesus. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, resting like a fertilizing rain-cloud upon the tops of the hills; that heavenly dew descends into the powers of the soul, filling the intellect with a new light by which it views time, God, the world, eternity, strengthening the will, purifying the heart's affections, and placing upon soul and sense the sweet yoke of Christ's law.

Virtues and special gifts are infused into us by the action of God's Holy Spirit in the great work of sanctification—Fortitude for the Martyrs, Wisdom for the doctors, Counsel for the confessors, Piety for all. Thus it was that the Holy Ghost rested upon our Lord, anointing Him, above His fellows, with the fulness of grace. Of that plenitude we have all received. It is something more than a garment hiding our nakedness; and yet with it we are clothed as with a robe of beauty. It is the root and principle of those thoughts, words and actions which, we trust, will issue in life-everlasting.

Thus illumined, thus attracted by these gifts, the soul gives itself up to the voice of that Spirit who leads it to the desert of penance, to the world of active charity, to the hill of suffering and self-immolation, on to the glory of a life of closer union with the God of holiness. May the Holy Spirit lead us thus, and communicate Himself to us more abundantly at the holy time of Pentecost.

Our New Governor General.

A feeling of self-congratulation finds expression in almost every public journal, and in every quarter, at the official announcement now made, that the Earl of Aberdeen is to be the Governor General of Canada, in succession to Lord Stanley of Preston, now Earl of Derby. We unite heartily with our fellow-citizens of this young Dominion in according a generous welcome, a *cord mille failtha* to the noble Earl, who thus far, although but comparatively young in diplomacy, has won for himself a reputation for magnanimity of soul and gentleness of heart that entitles him to the admiration of all liberal-minded men, and to the gratitude of millions. Irishmen can never obliterate the grateful remembrance of his urbane, conciliatory and sympathetic administration of public affairs during his short but successful career as Lord Lieutenant, when his mild, pacific rule formed so striking a contrast to the stern, unbending display of authority manifested by Earl Spencer, whom he succeeded in Dublin Castle.

This latter nominee of the Liberal Government was favourably disposed, but the unfortunate assassination of his predecessor in Phoenix Park had soured his naturally mild disposition, and forced him to deal harshly and even mercilessly with agrarian criminals and political leaders of the people, against whom he exercised the law of coercion to its utmost limit. Baffled in his honest but too severe efforts to reduce the Irish people to absolute submission to British domination, he retired in disgust, and

returned to England a convert to Home Rule, as the only possible means left to maintain Ireland as a contented, loyal and trusted appanage of the British Empire. It is our firm conviction that Earl Spencer's enlightened experience in Ireland, and his persuasive representations to England's Prime Minister, were the deciding arguments that convinced the Grand Old Man of the absolute necessity of Home Rule for Ireland, as the only policy practicable and conducive to the peace and strength of the Empire, and to the contentment and happiness of the Irish nation.

One fact of history is very patent; not many days had elapsed after the retirement of Earl Spencer from the Lord Lieutenancy when it was proclaimed to the world that England's Prime Minister had adopted Home Rule for Ireland as the policy of the Liberal Administration; and the Earl of Aberdeen, the most large-hearted and generous-minded Lord of the British lineage, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. And well and faithfully did the representative of the newly accepted *regime* respond to the wishes of the Liberal Prime Minister. Lord Aberdeen and the high-minded, accomplished lady whom he had chosen as the sharer in all his views and wishes, went as messengers of peace and distributors of needed assistance to every remote corner of Ireland. They brought comfort and hope to the famishing districts; they encouraged native industry in towns and cities; they conferred with priests and bishops on the difficulties and grievances of the distressed and poorest localities; they suggested improvements, and aided with their patronage and their purse incipient attempts at home manufactures. Thus did Lord and Lady Aberdeen prove themselves real benefactors and friends of the Irish people; and not even is Gladstone himself more honoured or loved to-day in Ireland than are Lord and Lady Aberdeen, whom the commissioned to carry out his policy of conciliation, and win with humane treatment the kindness the affections and loyalty of the Irish people.

No stronger argument in favour of Home Rule could be adduced than the sudden change which Lord and Lady Aberdeen's brief stay in Dublin Castle wrought in the hearts of the whole population. From being adverse to the English name, and suspicious of some latent evil design in every act of Parliament passed in their favour—according to O'Connell's motto—*"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"*—the masses of the Irish people began to look upon their British rulers as friends and benefactors. Ovarions were given to Lord and Lady Aberdeen in every village or city which they honoured with their presence and made happy with their benefactions. Hope, trust and loyalty took the place of suspicion and hatred in every breast; indeed it might be said that Ireland was "conquered at last."

Once Lord and Lady Aberdeen became acquainted personally with the character and disposition and shortcomings of their Irish proteges, a strong feeling of interest and attachment grew up in their noble hearts for the Celtic race. They have assisted,

more than any others in England or Ireland, in bringing to perfection and to the world's notice the peculiarities, and simple industries, of the Irish peasantry in the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. They have made common cause with the Irish exhibitors, and have given a tone and a character to Ireland's portion of the grand Exhibition that attracts attention and invites the admiration of all those who visit the World's Fair.

The London *Saturday Review*, which essayed to minimise the enthusiasm which Hon. Edward Blake's eloquence and statesmanship aroused in English circles, has been trying its worst to lower the excellences of Lord Aberdeen's grand character. It says in its latest issue: "It is announced that Canada is to be blessed with a Home Rule Viceroy in the person of Lord Aberdeen. The Dominion is not to be congratulated, unless it has an appetite for well-meaning feebleness and fuss in its Government House."

The London *Free Press* says: "All this may be, but Canada will prefer to judge the noble Earl, as it judges any public official, upon his personal record, and the results of his administration, rather than by the harsh standard of a possible malignant."

Welcome Home.

We are delighted to see that his Lordship Bishop Dowling of Hamilton and Mgr. McEvay are safe home. Elsewhere will be found the account of the Bishop's arrival. It is very evident that his priests were in his Lordship's mind and heart while away; for, besides the honors to Monsignore Heenan and Monsignore McEvay, we are pleased to learn that Rome has conferred the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity upon Father Bardou of Cayuga, with the title of Missionary Apostolic. Archdeacon Bardou graduated in a French University before coming to this country, and has been a devoted student all his life. We extend him our sincere congratulations upon the well deserved distinction with which, at the request of Bishop Dowling, he has been honored by the great centre of Christian learning.

When emperors open their mouths let no dog bark. but the Emperor of Germany is no ordinary character. He delivered a speech on the 9th instant to the officers of the Imperial Guard which has caused the whole Empire to howl and bark. Bitterly disappointed at the defeat of the army bill, he boldly expressed his determination to stake all in his power to obtain its enactment, since it is a guarantee for the peace of Europe. He feels that he is in sympathy with the princes of the federal states, the people and the army. Imagine the discussion of a Government defeat in the British Parliament discussed before army officers by the Commander-in-chief.

Another speech which is causing excitement in Germany is that of Dr. Lieber, leader of the clerical party. It was called forth by a remark of a Catholic nobleman, Baron Schorleimer, that the house of the Hohenzollerns were the preservers of the monarchy in Germany, if not in all Europe. This, Dr. Lieber claims, is not endorsed by the clerical party. "I acknowledge," he said, "that the house of Hohenzollern is the guardian of the imperial constitution. At the same time, however, I proclaim that no lapse of time can make right those wrongs of which that house has been guilty in the past."

GLADSTONE AND O'CONNOR.

A correspondent writes: "An interesting spectacle was witnessed in the division lobby the other evening when Mr Gladstone encountered for the first time Mr James O'Connor, the ex Fenian prisoner, who was returned in the new Parliament as member for Wicklow. The G. O. M. was resting himself on one of the benches in the lobby when, suddenly looking round, he recognized Mr. O'Connor, whom he greeted, at the same time asking him had he not been in jail for Fenianism.

"Mr. O'Connor said that he had spent about three years in Pentonville, nine months in Portland and eight months in Millbank, from which the Premier himself had released him. 'You mean,' observed Mr. Gladstone, 'my Government,' and then asked if Mr. O'Connor had been in Portland when he visited it in 1869; but, as the member for Wicklow put it, in those days a prisoner knew very little about the visit of any one to the jail, for he was confined to a dark cell for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

"As the Premier and the ex-political prisoner walked along the lobby many eyes were cast upon them. Mr. Gladstone having expressed the opinion that Fenianism had been the outcome of the refusal of the government to concede the demand of O'Connor for justice to Ireland, Mr. O'Connor observed that it was directly the offspring of the corruption and treachery of the Brass Band of Sadlier and Keogh.

"And O'Flaherty,' quickly added the Premier, whose mind at once reverted to the period, for O'Flaherty's name is but little remembered in Ireland. Then shaking his head mournfully he said: 'Yes, that was the only Irish party that ever yielded to corruption in this House,' and so saying parted with the former political prisoner as they left the lobby. Mr. James O'Connor has been all his life a journalist, and was associated with Mr. William O'Brien, Member of Parliament, when the latter conducted *United Ireland*. When Mr. Parnell seized on that journal after the 'split,' Mr. O'Connor left and threw in his lot with the Anti-Parnellites."

A Tour of Inspection.

I started out on a conscientious tour of inspection yesterday," said a New York woman to the fashion writer of the *Tribune*, "to gain reliable information about the fashions for a friend of mine who lives in Baltimore, and for whose benefit I make a point of gathering up the crumbs which fall from the tables of the rich in the way of hints about the latest styles, twice or thrice a year. By great good luck, a friend who had just received one or two things from Paris, asked me to come and look at them, and as she is the most generous and good natured person in the world, she actually let me make a drawing of one of the prettiest capes I had seen this season. As it came direct from Worth, it must be quite the correct thing. I must confess that when I measured the fulness at the bottom, which was exactly four and a half yards around, I should have hesitated to wear such a very voluminous garment without his sanction; but it is really very pretty and becoming to a slender person, whose hips look all the smaller from the contrast. The idea seems to be now to have the waist and hips look as small as possible and the shoulders very broad, with skirts broader still, so that the effect is not unlike an hour glass.

"The material in this special instance was of heliotrope cloth, lined with heliotrope silk shot with gold; but my friend told me that this model looks wonderfully well in black satin lined with a color, and that in Paris black satin capes and jackets are both considered very chic." As I was

about to leave the house a mutual acquaintance came in, who had on such a very pretty street dress that I took mental notes of it for the benefit of my Baltimore correspondent. It was a tailor made gown, but quite without the mannish effect which sometimes renders costumes of that kind so trying. The skirt was perfectly plain, gored tightly on the hips with a few folds at the back, and cut with a considerable flare. The short-waisted sleeveless jacket was quite novel, being double breasted, and fitted closely to the figure, and was made of yellowish whipcord, like the skirt, with rovers of brown velvet. This was worn over a shirt of golden brown silk, which formed the sleeves of the costume and showed below the jacket. The hat to match this outfit was of brown straw trimmed with yellow flowers, and the whole effect was very simple and stylish and in excellent form.

"I was very pleased to find among the ancient fashions redivivus the old-time shoulder-capes, which are either knotted in front with long ends or crossed at the waist. These will be very pretty adjuncts to summer wash-dresses. One with three full ruffles was especially dainty and fresh-looking. The skirt was also trimmed with the ruffles at the bottom. In softer fabrics these capes are very graceful made to fold at the neck with the under edge somewhat longer than the upper, and in dotted Swiss muslin trimmed with a deep fall of lace they make a charming toilet when worn with light silks."

The approaching celebration of the centennial of the establishment of the see of New Orleans will undoubtedly attract to the Crescent City a notable number of western and southwestern prelates. The original limits of the Louisiana archdiocese comprised a vast extent of territory, and over the district its first prelate governed there are now distributed a score of other episcopates, all of which were at one time included in its area, to participate in the centennial celebration of the mother church.

April 16, marks an epoch in the history of St. John's Church of Pittston, Pa. The magnificent house of worship which this congregation has just completed and paid for after three years' hard work was consecrated with elaborate ceremonies, in the presence of an immense throng of people. The formal consecration services began at 6 A. M., and continued for three hours and a half. Only the celebrant and the clergy were permitted to enter the church during this period. At 10.30 o'clock Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Bishop O'Hara of Scranton assisted by Very Rev. Father Finnen of Pittston, assistant; Father Brodrick of Susquehanna, deacon; Father Philips of Plains, subdeacon, Father Coffey of Carbondale, master of ceremonies and Fathers Goulden of Scranton, assistant. Bishop Keane of the Catholic University, Washington, delivered the sermon, who took for his text, 'Know you not that you are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you.' In the evening Pontifical Vespers were sung and Bishop Horstmann preached. A special choir of 30 voices, led by McDougall's orchestra, furnished the music. The work of erecting the building was commenced during the summer of 1889, and the corner-stone was laid with elaborate ceremonies on September 22, of that year. The cost will not fall far short of \$100,000, which figure does not include the site.

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Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of W. H. Marshall, Architect, Brandon, on and after Friday, May 5th, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signature of tenderers.

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

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 1st May, 1893.

- Church Pews -

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

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"THE MEMORARE."

I happened to be in Naut, a little town in Aveyron, while there I met a poor woman whose advanced age and sad appearance struck me. I soon learned that she had lost her only son, and, so wishing to show her my sympathy, I spoke to her of her sorrow. Here is nearly word for word what she told me:

"I had an only son, whom I fondly loved, and he loved me too, this son of mine. He was clever, so I kept him at school for a long time, where he carried off all the prizes. Perhaps I was too proud of him. He went up for an examination in Marseilles, and passed it. Everyone predicted a brilliant future for him; so I consented to let him go from me as I thought it might be for his advantage. When parting from my child I said to him, 'You love the Blessed Virgin, my boy; do not fail in remembering that she never abandoned those who have recourse to her. You promise me this, Charles!' and he answered: 'Yes, mother,' as he left me to enter upon his new life. He went to Marseilles. At first he wrote to me often, and his letters were most affectionate, but by degrees they became rarer until—I wept, I prayed, I waited, but alas! nothing came. One day—oh, a long time afterwards—I received a telegram which said: 'Come quickly, your son needs you.' I went off at once, and in twenty-four hours I was in Marseilles.

"I went to the house where Charles was lodging. The servant who opened the door did not wish to allow me to go up to him.

"I am his mother,' I cried, as I rushed upstairs like a mad woman. I went into my son's room in spite of two men who wanted to keep me out.

"Poor Charles, my dearest child, was very ill. He clasped me in his arms as he said:

"I have implored of Our Blessed Lady to send me a priest, and it is she who has sent you, mother.'

"I calmed him, and then he told me what had happened to him. He had fallen into the company of men without any faith; he had become a Freemason, and had sworn to live and die without God. However, when sickness came upon him and he saw death approaching quickly, he remembered that he was a Christian. He asked for a priest but his request was refused. Two of his friends were stationed as sentinels of the demon to prevent a priest coming near to my son; even the nurse girl refused to bring him one! And thus was Charles dying when he recollected my parting words, and the 'Memorare' rose to his lips; he repeated it unceasingly and aloud. A lady—or, rather—an

angel. I should call her—passing by the door of his room heard him pray. During the absence of the nurse she approached my child, and, touched with pity, she sent me the telegram which enabled me to save him and free him from his wicked friends by my presence.

"Imagine, mother,' he said to me, 'they wanted my body, in order to inter it with their ceremonial; they pressed me to sign a paper which would have given it to them. But I did not do that. You would have died from sorrow, mother, if I had.'

"A priest, whom I asked to follow me, came immediately. He heard my son's Confession, and gave him much comfort and consolation. I remained two days with him; at the end of the second he called me over to him and whispered into my ear:

"Mother, it was Our Lady who sent you.'

"A moment afterwards my poor dear boy was dead."

If ever a man feels like "a poor worm of the dust," it is when he suffers from that tired feeling. Ayer's Sarsaparilla removes this discouraging physical condition and imparts the thrill of new life and energy to every nerve, tissue, muscle, and fibre of the whole body.

Cloaks and Capes.

Especially in the matter of capes, cloaks and mantles velvet and satin are the materials that lead in the race for public favor, though the little capes now so much in favor can equally well be made of the stuff of the dress. A charming cape, to which has been given the name of an artiste whose dancing in gossamer-like garments and in the play of multi-colored electric projections, has been drawing all Paris for some time past, is made in black satin and lined with rich black silk. It is edged all round with scallops of bright jet and a binding of mirror velvet in an exquisite shade of reseda shot with ruby. The same lovely velvet is used for the yoke, while the neck ruffle is of fine black lace.

An exquisite little mantle is made of dark emerald green mirror velvet, lightly shot with a lovely shade of ruby, a combination of color which is indescribable in effect. It is arranged in front with a long collar reaching to the waist, and turning back to show a vest of velvet veiled with a pleating of fine black Mechlin net. The small epaulettes rest upon two deep flounces of net and finely embroidered lace, the latter forming the sleeves. The back is cut like a square zouave and trimmed with bands of jetted passementerie and a pretty rosette bow of black satin ribbon. The hat designed for this mantle is of black chip, lined under the brim with a wide band of Tuscan straw and arranged with a small crown of the green shot velvet and long black ostrich feathers.

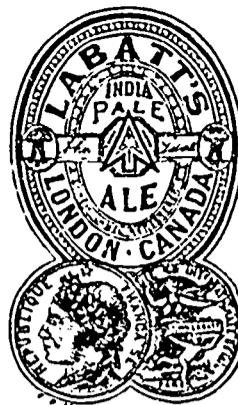
A charming combination of colors is seen in another mantle, which has a yoke piece made of alternate frills of rather coarse ecru lace and fine Brussels net in black. From this flows to the hem of the garment a finely jetted net round the hem, with ruffles of black spangles, and the sleeves are of cerise-colored velvet. This is somewhat on empire lines, and another empire coat is of scarlet brocade faintly patterned in black falling from a yoke of jet passementerie and set in panels alternating with pleats of black lace. A black satin drapery is brought into a band over the arms in the middle of the back and front of this.

Neat as could be is a cloth coat of a light shade of fawn, with three revers in the front, each one edged with black and gold braid, and sleeves falling very full just above the elbow, and the back corded and striped with braid.

They are canvassing the chances of the creation of additional French cardinals in Paris, in consequence of the vacancy created in the French representation in the sacred college by the recent death of Cardinal Placide Monseigneur Perraud, the bishop of Autun, is considered a prominent candidate, thought it is hinted that his monarchical leanings may cause the government to antagonize his selection for higher ecclesiastical honors. The archbishop of Bordeaux, to which see this archdiocese gave Cardinal Cheverus early in the present century, Monseigneur Lecot, is also mentioned as a likely nominee.

The Holy Father evidently takes an active and keen interest in the successful work of the Washington University, and misses no opportunity of commending it to the Catholics of this country. This is but natural, however, for Leo XIII. is, before all things else, a lover of learning and science, and a firm ally of all educational institutes. His latest utterances in the study of the sacred scriptures are ample proof of his desire that Catholics should keep abreast of the best thought and highest knowledge of the day, and they are in full keeping with many former declarations made by His Holiness on the same issues.

At New Inn, Cahir, May 7th, the Rev. Fathers Fabian and Constantine, Passionists, will open a fortnight's Retreat.



LABATT'S LONDON ALE & STOUT.

For Dietetic and Medicinal use the most wholesome Tonic and Beverage available

Eight Medals, Ten Diplomas, at the World's Great Exhibitions

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JAMES GOOD & Co.,

Cor. Yonge and Albert sts. AGENT, - - TORONTO.



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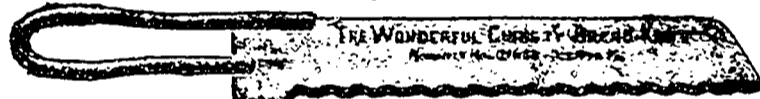
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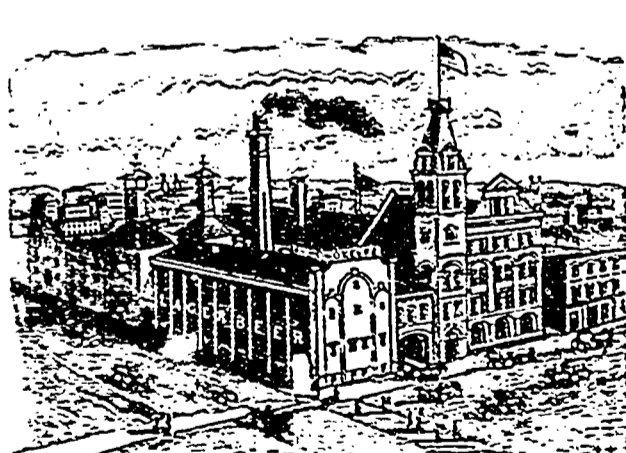
"A Brilliant Idea Successfully Developed for the Million."



Read what MRS. EMMA P. EWING, late Professor of Domestic Economy in the Iowa Agricultural College, Iowa, and in Purdue University, Indiana, and now in charge of the School of Cookery at Chautauque, N. Y., writes:

"Those Wonderful Christy Knives do the work for which they are designed, in an admirable manner, and should have a place in every well-ordered family. I take pleasure in recommending them to housekeepers everywhere. EMMA P. EWING."

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Ulcke Bourke, Esq., (resident magistrate at Bray) to be a resident magistrate for the county of Antrim.

The late Premier of New Zealand, Mr. John Ballance, who recently died, after a critical operation for the relief of a serious internal malady, was a native of the county Antrim.

On the 18th of April, the dead body of an unmarried man named Lowry, living with his widowed mother, at Craigtown, on the road from Port Lart to Portrush, was found, in a flax-dam at the edge of the lane, in which were the horse and cart which he had been driving at the time when it is supposed he met his death.

Armagh.

On April 24th, Mr. John F. Small, Coroner for South Armagh, held an inquest, at Crossmaglen, on the body of the farmer named Chas. Ferris, who had died suddenly on the previous Sunday morning. Deceased, who was about eighty years of age, was suffering from bronchitis for a considerable time past, and was attended by Dr. McBride, who deposed that, in his opinion, deceased died from an acute attack of bronchitis. A verdict in accordance with the medical testimony was recorded.

Cavan.

The result of the voting on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was awaited with the greatest anxiety by the Nationalists of Cavan. When the telegram came bringing the glad tidings of its successful passage the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. At once all was jubilation, and tar-barrels were set burning on all the surrounding hills.

Clare.

On April 25, in Cork, a man named James Hahir, aged about 35 years, a compositor, and a native of Clare, was knocked down by a runaway horse and sustained such severe injuries that he died the next day.

On April 21, another unexpected descent was made on the Bodyke tenantry. Mr. S. MacAdam, the agent, accompanied by three bailiffs, all armed, drove to Kilkusheen, where they were met by a force of about 40 police, in charge of D. I. Feely (Tulla) and McDonald (Kildare). There were also three bailiffs from Ennis. The party proceeded to the farm of James Burke, but did not succeed in seizing anything. At Patrick McNamara's seven cows were seized. A plough and cart were seized at James Connors, Ballymacdonnell, but on an affidavit being subsequently sworn that they were not his property, they were released.

Cork.

James Power, residing in Johnson's lane, off Clarence street, Cork committed suicide by cutting his throat on April 25.

Mr. Timothy O'Leary, commercial traveller was knocked down by a bicycle in Great George's street, Cork, on April 28, and died soon after.

A house at the southern side of Queen street, Queenstown, was burned down on April 28. It was occupied by, and the property of Mr. Tonzon Rye.

The ceremony of the reception of a religious into the Middleton Convent took place on April 26. The young lady who made her vows was Miss Kate Nagle, daughter of Mr. Edward Nagle, of Ballyclough, near Mallow, and her name in religion is St. Anthony of Padua.

Derry.

The intimation of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, on April 22d, was received by the Nationalists in Derry with the utmost gratification. At night, in the Nationalist quarter of the city, tar-barrels were set ablaze and general illuminations and rejoicings prevailed.

Donegal.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Mrs. McAdam, wife of Mr. John McAdam, editor and proprietor of the *Donegal Vindicator*, which took place at Strabane, where Mr. McAdam had lately gone to reside. The deceased lady was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances both in Ballyshannon and Strabane.

Down.

The news of the successful passage of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons gave general satisfaction to Nationalists of all shades in Newry. The Monaghan row (St. Patrick's) and Church st. (St. Joseph's) Nationalist Flute Bands, followed by large crowds, made a circuit of the principal streets in the town, playing national airs. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed among the Nationalists of the town and district, while the Tories remained sullen and crestfallen at the splendid majority recorded for Home Rule.

Dublin.

Mr. John Flood, who for a long time was connected with the box-office department, of Leinster Hall, Dublin, died on April 21, after a brief illness. By his unvarying courtesy and assiduity he made himself very popular with the habitués of the establishment. Mr. Flood was also widely-known and respected in legal circles, having been conducting clerk for several leading solicitors.

On April 27th a number of the friends of Mr. W. J. Leahy, T.C., assembled in the

Vardon House, Dublin, for the purpose of presenting him with an address and testimonial as a mark of their appreciation of his public services. The address was beautifully illuminated. The testimonial was in the shape of a valuable pony and trap. Mr. P. Shelley, President of the Trades Council presided.

On the evening of April 24th, a man named Bennett, a groom in the employment of Capt. Crofts, of the Cornwall Regiment, stationed at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, while riding a horse in the barrack grounds was thrown from the animal's back and sustained severe injuries. He was immediately conveyed to the Meath Hospital in an ambulance wagon and attended by Drs. Power and Watkin, who declared him to be in a precarious condition.

Fermanagh.

The fortieth annual report of the Omagh District Asylum, for the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, for the year 1892, states that the number of patients in the asylum on Jan. 1, 1892, was 306 males and 207 females; total 513. Of these 433 were chargeable to the county of Tyrone and 162 to the county of Fermanagh. During the year 104 males and 79 females were admitted, making a total of 648 under treatment during the year. Of these 41 males and 24 females were discharged recovered; 17 males and 10 females were discharged relieved; 7 males and 12 females were discharged not improved.

Galway.

The passing of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was celebrated in Galway, on April 21st, with public rejoicings. The town was brilliantly illuminated, and tar barrels were burned in several of the streets. An oil painting of Mr. Gladstone was exhibited in Henry street, where tar barrels were burned, and enthusiastic cheers were given for the Grand Old Man, for Mr. Morley, and also for the leaders of the Irish Party. A band paraded the streets and playing patriotic airs, and there was a large torchlight procession.

Kerry.

At the election, on April 26, for a Coroner for the West Division of Kerry, rendered vacant by the death of the late Captain Thomas Spring, Dr. John R. Hayes, Tralee, was the only person nominated, and he was declared elected.

Mr. William Quinlan, Rate Collector of the Castleland Division of the Tralee Union, and brother to the esteemed clerk of that institution, died on April 26th, at his residence, Farran, near Castleland, after a brief illness. Deceased succeeded to the rate-collectorship about twelve months ago, after the death of his father, who held the post for many years. He had been only about twelve months married and leaves a young wife to mourn his early demise.

Kilkenny.

On April 25th, the solemn ceremony of religious profession took place at Mount St. Annes, the Milltown Park Metropolitan House of the Irish Order of Charity. The young ladies who were received into the Order are—Miss Agnes Comerford, daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Comerford, Kilkenny, in religion Sister M. Celestino; and also Miss Carow.

Limerick.

Regret is felt at the death, on April 27th, of Canon O'Keefe, pastor of Coatbridge, Scotland. The deceased was a Limerick man, had exceeded his seventieth year, and was ordained at All Hallows, forty-eight years ago. He had labored ever since in Scotland, and by his energy out of Coatbridge he created six parishes. The Canon was an ardent Nationalist, and both by voice and pen supported the Nationalist movement.

Longford.

On the night when the announcement of the passage of the Home Rule bill through its second reading was made known the whole county Longford, as far as the eye could see, was ablaze with bonfires in rejoicing over the result. In the town of Longford the houses were illuminated, and bonfires were blazing in different parts of the town. The Longford fife and drum band paraded the streets, followed by a large crowd, cheering enthusiastically for Home Rule, Gladstone, Davitt, Healy Sexton, Dillon, and O'Brien. Everything passed off peacefully, no word being said to offend any person.

Louth.

James Connick died at Dundalk, on April 18. He was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Connick, the efficient and courteous managing director of the Dundalk and Newry Steam Packet Company. He was a young man in the prime of life, with every prospect of an honorable and prosperous career before him.

Mayo.

The Rev. M. O'Donohoe, the esteemed and popular parish priest of Carnacon, and late P. P. of Arran, died on April 25th. Father O'Donohoe was a universal favorite with all classes, and the poor fishermen of the Arran Islands will especially deplore his death, as to them he was a benefactor, faithful and generous, always desirous for their welfare and prosperity. Father O'Donohoe was closely associated with Sir Thomas Brady, the fisherman's friend, and his efforts to secure for his people boats and gear should

be lasting monuments to his goodness of heart and hand. His death was expected for some time, notwithstanding the best medical skill was employed to avert it. Solemn High Mass of Requiem, for the repose of his soul was celebrated on Friday, April 27th, in Carnacon parish church, and the interment took place immediately after the sacred services.

The death of the Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Bishop of Killala (which has already been noted in our Cable despatches), caused the most profound sorrow among the people of the diocese over which he presided. The deceased was a native of Erris district, where his father held the position of a substantial tenant farmer, and was greatly esteemed and respected. Designing his son for the Church, he sent him to Ballina to be educated at the Seminary. The young student, by his gentle disposition and winning qualities, at once attracted the notice of the then Bishop of the diocese, Most Rev. Dr. Waldron, and an intimate friendship grew up between them, which only terminated with the latter's death. Devoting himself with great zeal to his studies, Dr. Conway passed at an unusually early age into Maynooth, in which famous seat of learning he was regarded as a model student. He won the highest distinctions in his classes, and was promoted to the Punboyne establishment. A vacancy having arisen in the diocese Dr. Conway was recalled from Maynooth, and appointed to the curacy of Lacken, thence to Killecommon, and afterwards to the cathedral parish, becoming subsequently Administrator. In 1849 he was made Parish Priest of Skreen, to which Dromard Parish was afterwards added. He remained there for 23 years, loved, trusted and honored, till he was appointed Coadjutor to the late Dr. Feeney, whom he succeeded as Bishop within a year. The lamented Bishop died surrounded by his faithful priests, and attended by his zealous and distinguished coadjutor, Most Rev. Dr. Conmy. The remains of the departed prelate were removed to the cathedral on April 25th, and next day the interment took place after the Office and High Mass, at which the Archbishop and all the Bishops of the province with a large body of the clergy were present.

Meath.

The dead body of Mr. P. Pentony, of Navan, was found floating at Bettystown, on April 20th.

Monaghan.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mrs. McKenna, which occurred at her residence, Derrava, Errigal, Trugh, April 25th. The deceased lady was the mother of Rev. Felix McKenna, Administrator of Clogher, and of the Rev. John McKenna, C.C., Belleek, and Sister of the Rev. George McMoel, Administrator of Monaghan.

Roscommon.

No better evidence could be given of the utter depreciation of farming interests in Ireland than the fact that, on April 28th, in the Dublin Land Court, attempts were made to sell some excellent properties in the county Roscommon, but not a bid could be obtained.

Tyrone.

There has just died an old woman named Eliza Murray, of Ballyvera, near Stewartstown, at the advanced age of ninety years. Deceased retained possession of all her faculties to the end.

Waterford.

The Catholic population of Dungarvan numbers 5,050; the Protestant, 120. Within a recent period the former have decreased 25 per cent. and the latter increased 38 per cent. The former pay rates on property valued at £7,553, the latter on property valued at £440 17s. There is at present on the Municipal board a Protestant representative who was elected by a majority of votes over a Catholic opponent. The Protestant shopkeepers, whose co-religionists are one of 42 of the population are all prosperous. One of them has invested thousands of pounds in house property in the town since the adoption of Home Rule as part of their policy by the Liberal Party in 1886. The population of Waterford county, of which Dungarvan is one of the chief towns, is 93,130, consisting of 96,000 Catholics and 2,100 Protestants. The grand jury, which is the most powerful of the local governing bodies, consists of 21 Protestants and 2 Catholics. It spends rates annually to the amount of £38,000, chiefly contributed by Catholics. Nevertheless nine tenths of its employes are Protestants. There are 101 magistrates in the county; 50 are Protestants and 93 Unionists. All the bank managers in Dungarvan are Protestants, and the Catholic patrons of the banks have never raised the question of their religion.

Westmeath.

On April 24, a revival of steeplechase gathering at Athlone took place with great success. There was a large attendance, and the fields ruled of good strength.

Wexford.

Mr. A. B. Choery, manager and brewer for the firm Choery Brothers, New Ross, died at his residence, Priory street, New Ross, on April 27th, of pneumonia, aged 49 years.

On April 21st, Dr. Cardiff, coroner for South Wexford, held an inquest at the house of John Carney, Paradise row, touching the death of an old woman named Margaret Radford, who had died suddenly the pre-

vious day. Deceased was 89 years of age, and had formerly been a servant, but lately owing to old age, she had become incapable of doing anything, and had been supported by charity. She was in receipt of 3s. a week from the Sisters of the Convent of Meroy, and 1s outdoor relief, and the neighbors were very kind in looking after her wants. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased had died of old age and natural debility. She had passed away in her sleep.

Condolence.

The following resolution was passed at Monday evening meeting of Division No. 2, A.O.H., Toronto:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call hence by death Miss Mary Hyland, sister of J. A., M. F. and J. J. Hyland, respected members of this Division, we beg to tender the bereaved Brothers our deepest sympathy in their sore affliction.

Be it therefore resolved that this expression of our sorrow be conveyed to the family of the deceased, entered on the minutes, and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

M. J. RYAN, Secretary.

At the last regular meeting of our Lady's Branch, No. 31, C. M. B. A., Guelph, held on the 6th May, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

Moved by George Urquhart, seconded by Theodor Heeg, that:

Whereas God, in His infinite wisdom, has been pleased to remove by the hand of death our esteemed brother, William Kennedy, therefore be it

Resolved that, while humbly submitting to the will of the Divine Redeemer we sincerely regret the loss of an earnest and devoted brother, and we desire to convey to his wife and family our sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved that the charter of our Branch be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Branch; that a copy of the same be presented to the widow of the deceased, and forwarded to the *Catholic Record* and THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication. JAS. KENNEDY, Sec'y.

League of the Cross.

The regular weekly meeting of St. Paul's Branch, League of the Cross, held on Sunday afternoon, was largely attended. A committee was appointed to co-operate with Archbishop Walsh in making the proposed picnic at Blantyre Park, Dominion Day, a success. Several young men took the pledge and were enrolled members of the League. The rapid increase of membership and the universal good this Society is doing in the city is gratifying indeed to true Catholics. After other business was disposed of an entertaining programme was contributed by Messrs. Sullivan, O'Farrell, Cahill, Wallbridge and Fox.

A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIR,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children. MRS. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N. S.

Miss Josephine Sullivan, of the Royal Academy of Music, Dublin, Ireland, daughter of the late A. M. Sullivan, accompanied Lord and Lady Aberdeen to the opening of the World's Fair. Miss Sullivan is a distinguished harpist.



A well known Berlin physician states: "A healthy stomach is cholera-proof." K. D. C. will restore your stomach to healthy action and fortify you against cholera.

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DIVIDEND NO. 67.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. Tuesday, June 6th, at the office of the company for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board,

J. C. WOOD, Manager.
Toronto, 19th April, 1893. 17-3

Farm Notes.

In starting an orchard do not get too many varieties. Have some of the earliest, and some of the late keeping varieties that you may have fruit from the first week in August until the last week in June. Let your principle crop be not over four varieties.

When you cut the wheat, says the *country gentleman*, leave quite a high stubble; it will furnish protection to the young grass or clover if a heated spell comes, and often prevent its being burned out by the sun, and is worth more on the land than in the barn.

The general rotation in the dairy region around Philadelphia is a ten-year one; that is, one-tenth of the farm is broken each year and put in corn, followed by oats, then grass - seven years. This does not yield enough for cows, Dr. J. Price, of West Chester, is testing a two-year rotation of corn and clover.

Trials to determine the effect of covering the seed from one to six inches deep showed the best results from the shallowest covering. The average results from trials for five years show a steady decrease in yield from shallowest to the deepest covering. In 1891 the best results came from covering two inches deep.

The *Husbandman* says: "Trees along a highway are an evidence of high civilization, and some writer has also said that the condition of roads is an index to civilization. If then trees are seen along highways that are in excellent condition, it is reasonable to infer that such a community is extremely highly civilized. On the other hand there are those who are opposed to having shade trees by the side of highways, and applying the rule above, these would appear to be none too well civilized. We could not put it in that way, but would prefer to say they err in judgement."

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It has been proved over and over again that Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, headache, scrofula and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. Try it. Every bottle is guaranteed to benefit or cure when taken according to directions.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, May 17, 1893.

Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 70	0 71
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 00	0 64
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Barley, per bush.....	0 39	0 44
Oats, per bush.....	0 00	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	8 00	8 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 60	0 75
Geese, per lb.....	0 05	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 22
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 12	0 13
Paraley, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 35	0 40
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 80	1 00
Celery, per doz.....	0 50	0 60
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 10
Radishes, per doz.....	0 50	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 90	1 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 50	2 50
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	13 00
Straw, sheaf.....	8 00	9 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO May 16.—We had a considerable trade doing in export cattle at about 4½c per pound; for choice lots 4½c was frequently paid and occasionally 5c. Butcher's cattle were selling at from 3½ to 4c for the best, and a few picked lots bought 4½c per pound. Common cattle sold at from 2½ to 3c per pound.

Sheep and yearlings were in very small supply, as only about seventy came in, and prices were not notably changed; there is just now scarcely any demand for either yearlings or sheep, and spring lambs are apparently not much wanted; the few here to-day found a slow sale at from \$4 to \$5 each.

Stockers sold at from 3½ to 4c and are in good demand. Milkers are wanted; only eight were here this morning, and they sold at from \$35 to \$50 each.

Calves are wanted, if of good quality; there were only about fifty here to-day, and most of them were of very secondary grades.

Close upon nine hundred hogs came in, and prices were a shade easier; for the best from \$6.50 to \$8.00 was paid; for stores from \$8 to \$8.25, and around \$6 for stores.

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TO ARTISTS.

THE Government of Canada propose erecting in the grounds of the Parliament Buildings, at Ottawa, a bronze statue, nine feet high (9), of the late Sir John A. Macdonald.

Artists are invited to submit models, 2 ft 3 in. in height, which must be accompanied with proposals for the bronze statue complete.

A premium of five hundred dollars will be paid the artist whose model and proposal are accepted. \$300.00 will be paid for the model considered next in order of merit, and \$200.00 for the next successful model.

The models must be delivered to the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on or before the 1st day of November next, and the premium models will remain the property of the Department. The others will be returned to the artists, if they so express their desire when submitting them.

Copies of the conditions, &c., may be obtained on application at the office of the High Commissioner of Canada, No. 10 Victoria Chambers, London, S.W., England, Hon. Hector Fabre, 10 Rue de Rome, Paris, Direction generale des Beaux Arts, Department of the Interior, Brussels, and to the Secretary of the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Canada.

E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 17th, 1893.

F. ROSAR, UNDERTAKER,

210 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. Telephone 1034.

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA, DIVIDEND No. 36.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. and a bonus of one per cent. upon the capital stock has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after

Thursday, the 1st day of June next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, both days inclusive.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders will be held at the Bank on Wednesday, the 21st day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the board. D. R. WILKIE Cashier. Toronto, April 27, 1893.

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

	CLOSE	DUE
	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	6.15	7.45
O. and Q. Railway.....	8.00	8.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	5.25
N. and N. W.....	7.20	4.10
T. G. and B.....	6.50	4.30
Midland.....	7.00	3.35
C. V. R.....	6.30	4.00
G. W. R.....	6.15	4.00
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15	12.00
U.S. West'n States	6.15	12.00

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

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

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RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Ay," said old Marda, who had seen all this for days back, "ay, she has wasted away this last week like one in a fever, sure enough; I have seen it. It must be she is starving herself to death."

"Indeed, she has not eaten for ten days—hardly since that day," and Margarita and her mother exchanged looks. It was not necessary to further define the day.

"Juan Can says he thinks he will never be seen here again," continued Margarita.

"The saints grant it, then," said Marda hotly, "if it is he has cost the Sonorita all this! I am that turned about in my head with it all that I've no thoughts to think; but plain enough it is he is mixed up with whatever 't is has gone wrong."

"I could tell what it is," said Margarita, her old pertness coming uppermost for a moment; "but I've got no more to say, now the Sonorita's lying on her bed, with the face she's got. It's enough to break your heart to look at her. I could just go down on my knees to her for all I've said; and I will, and to Saint Francis too! She's going to be with him before long; I know she is."

"No," said the wiser, older Marda. "She is not so ill as you think. She is young. It's the heart's gone out of her, that's all. I've been that way myself. People are, when they're young."

"I'm young," retorted Margarita. "I've never been that way."

"There's many a mile to the end of the road, my girl," said Marda, significantly; "and 'It's ill boasting the first day out,' was a proverb when I was your age!"

Marda had never been much more than half-way fond of this own child of hers. Their natures were antagonistic. Traits which, in Margarita's father, had embittered many a day of Marda's early life, were perpetually cropping out in Margarita, making between the mother and daughter a barrier which even parental love was not always strong enough to surmount. And, as was inevitable, this antagonism was constantly leading to things which seemed to Margarita, and in fact were, unjust and unfounded.

"She's always flinging out at me whatever I do," thought Margarita. "I know one thing; I'll never tell her what the Sonorita's told me; never—not till after she's gone."

A sudden suspicion flashed into Margarita's mind. She seated herself on the bench outside the kitchen door, to wrestle with it. What if it were not to a convent at all, but to Alessandro, that the Sonorita meant to go! No; that was preposterous. If it had been that, she would have gone with him in the outset. Nobody who was plotting to run away with a lover ever wore such a look as the Sonorita wore now. Margarita dismissed the thought; yet it left its trace. She would be more observant for having had it: her resuscitated affection for her young mistress was not yet so strong that it would resist the assaults of jealousy, if that passion were to be again aroused in her fiery soul. Though she had never been deeply in love with Alessandro herself, she had been enough so, and she remembered him vividly enough, to feel yet a sharp emotion of displeasure at the recollection of his devotion to the Sonorita. Now that the Sonorita seemed to be deserted, unhappy, prostrated, she had no room for anything but pity for her; but let Alessandro come on the stage again, and all would be changed. The old

hostility would return. It was but a dubious sort of ally, after all, that Ramona had so unexpectedly scoured in Margarita. She might prove the sharpest of broken reeds.

It was sunset of the eighteenth day since Alessandro's departure. Ramona had lain for four days well nigh motionless on the bed. She herself began to think she must be going to die. Her mind seemed to be vacant of all thought. She did not even sorrow for Alessandro's death; she seemed torpid, body and soul. Such prostrations as these are Nature's enforced rests. It is often only by help of them that our bodies tide over crises, strains, in which, if we continued to battle, we should be slain.

As Ramona lay half unconscious—neither awake nor yet asleep—on this evening, she was suddenly aware of a vivid impression produced upon her; it was not sound, it was not sight. She was alone; the house was still as death; the warm September twilight silence reigned outside. She sat up in her bed, intent—half alarmed—half glad—bewildered—alive. What had happened? Still there was no sound, no stir. The twilight was fast deepening; not a breath of air moving. Gradually her bewildered senses and faculties awoke from their long-dormant condition; she looked around the room; even the walls seemed revived; she clasped her hands, and leaped from the bed. "Alessandro is not dead!" she said aloud; and she laughed hysterically. "He is not dead!" she repeated. "He is not dead! He is somewhere near!"

With quivering hands she dressed and stole out of the house. After the first few seconds she found herself strangely strong; she did not tremble; her feet trod firm on the ground. "Oh, miracle!" she thought, as she hastened down the garden walk; "I am well again! Alessandro is near!" So vivid was the impression that when she reached the willows and found the spot silent, vacant, as when she had last sat there, hopeless, broken-hearted, she experienced a revulsion of disappointment. "Not here!" she cried; "not here!" and a swift fear shook her. "Am I mad? Is it this way, perhaps, people lose their senses, when they are as I have been?"

But the young strong blood was running swift in her veins. No! this was no madness; rather a newly discovered power; a fulness of sense, a revelation. Alessandro was near.

Swiftly she walked down the river road. The farther she went the keener grew her expectation, her sense of Alessandro's nearness. In her present mood she would have walked on and on, even to Temecula itself, sure that she was at each step drawing nearer to Alessandro. As she approached the second willow copse, which lay perhaps a quarter of a mile west of the first, she saw the figure of a man, standing, leaning against one of the trees. She halted. It could not be Alessandro. He would not pause for a moment so near the house where he was to find her. She was afraid to go on. It was late to meet a stranger in this lonely spot. The figure was strangely still; so still that, as she peered through the dusk, she half fancied it might be an optical illusion. She advanced a few steps, hesitatingly, then stopped. As he came out from the shadows of the trees she saw that he was of Alessandro's height. She quickened her steps, then suddenly stopped again. What did this mean? It could not be Alessandro. Ramona wrung her hands in agony of suspense. An almost unconquerable instinct urged her forward; but terror held her back. After standing irresolute for some minutes she turned to walk back to the house, saying, "I must not run the risk of its being a stranger. If it is Alessandro he will come."

But her feet seemed to refuse to move in the opposite direction. Slower

and slower she walked for a few paces, then turned again. The man returned to his former place, and stood as at first, leaning against the tree.

"It may be a messenger from him, she said; "a messenger who has been told not to come to the house until after dark."

Her mind was made up. She quickened her pace to a run. A few moments more brought her so near that she could see distinctly. It was—yes, it was Alessandro. He did not see her. His face was turned partially away, his head resting against the tree; he must be ill. Ramona flew, rather than ran. In a moment more Alessandro had heard the light steps, turned, saw Ramona, and, with a cry, bounded forward, and they were clasped in each other's arms before they had looked in each other's faces. Ramona spoke first. Disengaging herself gently, and looking up, she began: "Alessandro—" But at the first sight of his face she shrieked. Was this Alessandro, this haggard, emaciated, speechless man, who gazed at her with hollow eyes, full of misery, and no joy! "O God," cried Ramona, "you have been ill! You are ill! My God, Alessandro, what is it?"

Alessandro passed his hand slowly over his forehead, as if trying to collect his thoughts before speaking, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on Ramona, with the same anguished look, conclusively holding both her hands in his.

"Senorita," he said, "my Senorita!" Then he stopped. His tongue seemed to refuse him utterance; and his voice,—this strange, hard, unresonant voice,—whose voice was it? Not Alessandro's.

"My Senorita," he began again. "I could not go without one sight of your face; but when I was here I had not courage to go near the house. If you had not come I should have gone back without seeing you."

Ramona heard these words in fast-deepening terror. What did they mean? Her look seemed to suggest a new thought to Alessandro.

"Heavens, Senorita!" he cried, "have you not heard? Do you not know what has happened?"

"I know nothing, love," answered Ramona. "I have heard nothing since you went away. For ten days I have been sure you were dead; but to-night something told me that you were near and I came to meet you."

At the first words of Ramona's sentence, Alessandro threw his arms around her again. As she said "love," his whole frame shook with emotion.

"My Senorita!" he whispered, "my Senorita! how shall I tell you! How shall I tell you!"

"What is there to tell, Alessandro?" she said. "I am afraid of nothing, now that you are here, and not dead, as I thought."

But Alessandro did not speak. It seemed impossible. At last, straining her closer to his breast, he cried: "Dearest Senorita! I feel as if I should die when I tell you—I have no home; my father is dead; my people are driven out of their village. I am only a beggar now, Senorita; like those you used to feed and pity in Los Angeles convent!" As he spoke the last words he reeled, and, supporting himself against the tree, added, "I am not strong, Senorita, we have been starving."

Ramona's face did not reassure him. Even in the dusk he could see its look of incredulous horror. He misread it.

"I only came to look at you once more," he continued. "I will go now. May the saints bless you, my Senorita, always. I think the Virgin sent you to me to-night. I should never have seen your face if you had not come."

While he was speaking, Ramona had buried her face in his bosom. Lifting it now, she said, "Did you

mean to leave me to think you were dead, Alessandro?"

"I thought that the news about our village must have reached you," he said, "and that you would know I had no home, and could not come to seem to remind you of what you had said. O, Senorita, it was little enough I had before to give you! I don't know how I dared to believe that you could come to be with me; but I loved you so much, I had thought of many things I could do; and"—lowering his voice and speaking almost sullenly—"it is the saints, I believe, who have punished me thus for having resolved to leave my people, and take all I had for myself and you. Now they have left me nothing," and he groaned.

"Who?" cried Ramona. "Was there a battle? Was your father killed?" She was trembling with horror.

"No," answered Alessandro. "There was no battle. There would have been, if I had had my way; but my father implored me not to resist. He said it would only make it worse for us in the end. The sheriff, too, he begged of me to let it all go on peaceably, and help him keep the people quiet. He felt terribly to have to do it. It was Mr. Rothsaker, from San Diego. We had often worked for him on his ranch. He knew all about us. Don't you recollect, Senorita, I told you about him, how fair he always was, and kind too? He has the biggest wheat ranch in Cajon; we've harvested miles and miles of wheat for him. He said he would have rather died, almost, than have had it to do; but if we resisted he would have to order his men to shoot. He had twenty men with him. They thought there would be trouble; and well they might—turning a whole village full of men and women and children out of their houses, and driving them off like foxes. If it had been any man but Mr. Rothsaker, I would have shot him dead, if I had hung for it; but I knew if he thought we must go, there was no help for us."

"But, Alessandro," interrupted Ramona, "I can't understand. Who was it made Mr. Rothsaker do it? Who has the land now?"

"I don't know who they are," Alessandro replied, his voice full of anger and scorn. "They're Americans—eight or ten of them. They all got together and brought a suit, they call it, up in San Francisco; and it was decided in the court that they own all our land. That was all Mr. Rothsaker could tell about it. It was the law, he said, and nobody could go against the law."

"Oh," said Ramona, "that's the way the Americans took so much of the Sonorita's land away from her. It was in the court up in San Francisco; and they decided that miles and miles of her land, which the General had always had, was not hers at all. They said it belonged to the United States Government."

"They are a pack of thieves and liars, every one of them!" cried Alessandro. "They are going to steal all the land in this country; we might all just as well throw ourselves into the sea and let them have it. My father has been telling me this for years. He saw it coming; but I did not believe him. I did not think men could be so wicked; but he was right. I am glad he is dead. That is the only thing I have to be thankful for now. One day I thought he was going to get well, and I prayed to the Virgin not to let him. I did not want him to live. He never knew anything clear after they took him out of his house. That was before I got there. I found him sitting on the ground outside. They said it was the sun that had turned him crazy; but it was not. It was his heart breaking in his bosom. He would not come out of his house, and the men lifted him up and carried him out by force, and threw him on the ground; and then they threw out all

the furniture we had; and when he saw them doing that, he put his hands up to his head, and called out, 'Alessandro! Alessandro!' and I was not there! Senorita, she said it was a voice to make the dead hear, that he called with; and nobody could stop him. All that day and all that night he kept on calling. God! Senorita, I wonder I did not die when they told me! When I got there some one had built up a little booth of tulle over his head, to keep the sun off. He did not call any more, only for water, water. That was what made them think the sun had done it. They did all they could; but it was such a dreadful time nobody could do much; the sheriff's men were in great hurry; they gave no time. They said the people must all be off in two days. Everybody was running hither and thither. Everything out of the houses in piles on the ground. The people took all the roofs off their houses too. They were made of the tulle reeds; so they would do again. Oh, Senorita, don't ask me to tell you any more! It is like death. I can't!"

Ramona was crying bitterly. She did not know what to say. What was love, in face of such calamity? What had she to give to a man stricken like this?

"Don't weep, Senorita," said Alessandro drearily. "Tears kill one, and do no good."

"How long did your father live?" asked Ramona, clasping her arms closer round his neck. They were sitting on the ground now, and Ramona, yearning over Alessandro, as if she were the strong one and he the one to be sheltered, had drawn his head to her bosom, caressing him as if he had been hers for years. Nothing could have so clearly shown his enfeebled and benumbed condition as the manner in which he received these caresses, which once would have made him beside himself with joy. He leaned against her breast as a child might.

"He! He died only four days ago. I stayed to bury him, and then I came away. I have been three days on the way; the horse, poor beast, is almost weaker than I. The Americans took my horse," Alessandro said.

"Took your horse!" cried Ramona, aghast. "Is that the law, too?"

"So Mr. Rothsaker told me. He said the judge had said he must take enough of our cattle and horse to pay all it had cost for the suit up in San Francisco. They didn't reckon the cattle at what they were worth, I thought; but they said cattle were selling very low now. There were not enough in all the village to pay it, so we had to make it up in horses, and they took mine. I was not there the day they drove the cattle away, or I would have put a ball into Benito's head before any American should ever have had him to ride. But I was over in Pachango with my father. He would not stir a step for anybody but me; so I led him all the way; and then after he got there he was so ill I never left him a minute. He did not know me any more, nor know anything that had happened. I built a little hut of tulle, and he lay on the ground till he died. When I put him in his grave I was glad."

"In Temecula?" asked Ramona.

"In Temecula!" exclaimed Alessandro fiercely. "You don't seem to understand, Senorita. We have no right in Temecula, not even to our graveyard full of the dead. Mr. Rothsaker warned us all not to be hanging about there; for he said the men who were coming in were a rough set, and they would shoot any Indian at sight if they saw him trespassing on their property."

"Their property!" ejaculated Ramona.

"Yes; it is theirs," said Alessandro doggedly. "That is the law. They've got all the papers to show it. That is what my father always said—if the

Senor Valdez had only given him a paper! But they never did in those days. Nobody had papers. The American law is different."

"It's a law of thieves!" cried Ramona.

"Yes, and of murderers too," said Alessandro. "Don't you call my father murdered just as much as if they had shot him? I do! And, O Senorita, my Senorita, there was Jose? You recollect Jose, who went for my violin? But, my beloved one, I am killing you with these terrible things! I will speak no more."

"No, no, Alessandro. Tell me all, all. You must have no grief, I do not share. Tell me about Jose," cried Ramona breathlessly.

"Senorita, it will break your heart to hear. Jose was married a year ago. He had the best house in Temecula, next to my father's. It was the only other one that had a shingled roof. And he had a barn too, and that splendid horse he rode, and oxen, and a flock of sheep. He was at home when the sheriff came. A great many of the men were away, grape-picking. That made it worse. But Jose was at home; for his wife had a little baby only a few weeks old, and the child seemed sickly and not like to live, and Jose would not leave it. Jose was the first one that saw the sheriff riding into the village, and the band of armed men behind him, and Jose knew what it meant. He had often talked it over with me and with my father, and now he saw that it had come; and he went crazy in one minute, and fell on the ground all froth at his mouth. He had had a fit like that once before; and the doctor said if he had another he would die. But he did not. They picked him up, and presently he was better; and Mr. Rothsaker said nobody worked so well in the moving the first day as Jose did. Most of the men would not lift a hand. They sat on the ground with the women, and would not see. But Jose worked; and, Senorita, one of the first things he did, was to run with my father's violin to the store, to Mrs. Hartsel, and ask her to hide it for us; Jose knew it was worth money. But before noon the second day he had another fit, and died in it—died right in his own door, carrying out some of the things; and after Carmena—that's his wife's name—saw he was dead, she never spoke, but sat rocking back and forth on the ground, with the baby in her arms. She went over to Pachanga at the same time I did with my father. It was a long procession of us."

"Where is Pachanga?" asked Ramona.

"About three miles from Temecula, a little sort of canon. I told the people they'd better move over there; the land did not belong to anybody, and perhaps they could make a living there. There isn't any water; that's the worst of it."

"No water!" cried Ramona. (TO BE CONTINUED)

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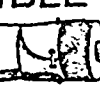
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CATHOLIC NEWS

According to the latest published list, the subscriptions already received for the Church of St. Joachim, Rome, the Pope's jubilee church, amount to very close on 500,000 francs.

The annual retreat of the Children of Mary of the Convent of Notre Dame, Boston, began Tuesday evening, May 2, and ended the Saturday morning following. It was conducted by R.-v. George B. Kenny of Guelph, Ont.

Mr. Joseph Fleckenstein of Fairbault, Minn., has a curious old German Catholic Bible that he intends sending to the World's fair. It is large—it weighs fourteen pounds—and was published shortly after the so called Reformation.

The Jesuits are to build a \$250,000 church in Milwaukee, which, when finished, will be the finest edifice of religious worship in Wisconsin. The new structure is to have five altars, marble floors and is to be lighted by electricity. The highest tower will be 250 feet, and the church will be called the Gesu. The Jesuits have already two churches, both attached to Marquette College, in Milwaukee.

At the Catholic educational exhibit at the World's fair there will be displays from the deaf, dumb, blind, mute, negro and Indian schools, in addition to the regular parochial school exhibits. Nearly all the religious orders in this country will, through their schools, academies and colleges, be represented in his Catholic exhibit, which promises to be one of the most interesting and successful features of the fair and whose success will reflect great glory on the Catholic American church and bespeak its zeal in education.

The visit which the German Emperor made to the Vatican is not apt to have any important consequences, for the reason that Leo XIII. refused to discuss political matters with his imperial visitor. It would, doubtless, have been extremely gratifying to William II. to carry away from the Vatican an assurance that the influence of the Holy See would be exerted in favor of his pet military measures, now unable to secure enactment at Berlin, but as long as Germany upholds Italy in her present occupation of Rome, her Emperor can hardly look for any favors of a marked character from the Sovereign Pontiff.


Cardinal Sepicci, whose death was announced the other day, was a great favorite with Leo XIII., to whom he owed most of the honors that came to him during his ecclesiastical career. The deceased cardinal belonged to the Augustinians, and his knowledge of canon and ecclesiastical law was very extensive. The Pope thought some of sending him over to preside as delegate at the last Baltimore council; but desisted from doing so through apprehension that the sending hither of an Italian prelate would be misjudged, an apprehension which the cordial reception tendered to Monsignor Satolli would seem to indicate was unfounded.

One feature of the Emperor's visit to Rome was noteworthy. At the dinner at the Prussian legation he had on his right hand Cardinal Ledochowski, the prefect of the Propaganda, with whom he conversed during nearly the entire dinner, and to whom he made a valuable present before quitting Rome. Yet Monsignor Ledochowski is the prelate whom, when he held the archbishopric of Gnesen and Posen, the Emperor's grandfather, through Bismarck, deposed from his see in 1875, for resisting the Kulturkampf, and afterwards imprisoned. The policy of Berlin toward Rome has plainly changed during the past eighteen years.

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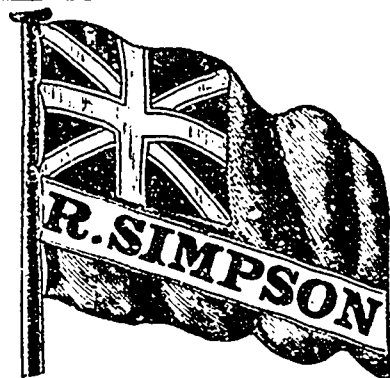
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- English Washable Prints, fancy, 5c.
- Scotch Zephyrs, 12 1/2c.
- Ceylon Flannels, 20c.
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- Black Satins, 24 in., 45c.
- Black Corded Crystal Bengaline, \$1.12 1/2.
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- 42 in. Estameno Serge, 25c, were 40c.
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