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The Catholic Register.

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

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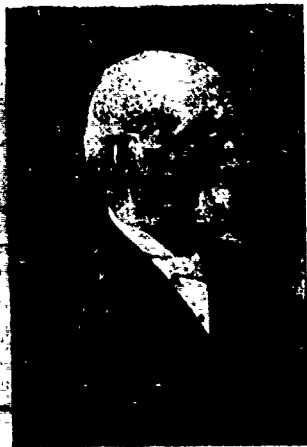
IMPENDING REVOLUTION.

The Break up of the Monarchy in Italy.

Crispi as Dictator

(American Press Correspondence)

In the time of the Roman Emperors the most noted physicians of the day employed all their time and science to preserve an imperial majesty's life for more than thirty years. The doctors now gathered around the deathbed of the Italian monarchy and government seem to be content with prolonging its existence for a week or a



FRANCESCO CRISPI.

month at a time. Italy is on the eve of dissolution, utter dissolution; the long series of crises, financial, political and personal, have weakened her to such an extent that the next attack from whatever reputable or disreputable quarter it may come, must topple her over. Here are some of the "signs of the times":

The King has become so desperate as to place his private fortune with foreign bankers, preparatory to flight.

Crispi is scheming to secure the Presidency, if not the dictatorship of the republic for which he is working, having given up all hopes of saving Umberto.

Admiral Brin, until recently Queen Marguerite's faithful friend, has joined the army of rats that is leaving the sinking ship of state.

The Italian Parliament, once voted the most able and patriotic of the Continent, according to the latest developments is composed largely of hribetakers and blackmailers, while Italy's credit is on a par with that of Greece and Portugal.

And in its bewildering state of cowardice, scheming, unfaithfulness, crime and calamity, only one "reassuring factor" "The German Emperor," the official papers announce to-day, "will visit Italy in the Spring."

"Will he," say the Liberals. "Dare he come?" growl the Radicals, Socialists and Anarchists.

A REPUBLICAN NEXT.

A few days before the latest attempt on his life I heard Signor Crispi say "I never go to the Chamber without a brace of revolvers." That may be reassuring to Madame Lena, but the days for individual affrontery, or sacrifice for that matter, seem passed. Maybe the Savoy dynasty will continue for another month between sobs of the starving and the hoarse cry of the

Extremists, but its speedy doom is as inevitable as was that of Louis the Saint's successors after centuries of systematized self aggrandizement and financial embarrassments.

"And when the cloak has fallen and after it the sovereign"—in this case Crispi and Umberto—what then? A republic, of the Pope's blessing, or anarchy? The spirit is for the first, but the flesh is weak and in Italy ever ready to group itself round the meat pots of "one's betters." Archibald Forbes recently expressed the conviction that in case of a popular uprising in Rome, the Vatican was sure to be sacked first. Maybe he is right. The Pope's residence promises a far bigger haul than the Quirinal, but a nation can not live on freebooting forever. There will be a reign of terror, a short season of reckoning, perhaps a skirmish with Germany if she should endeavor to interfere in favor of the monarchy, or with Austria for the possession of Trieste, but the logical termination will be a republic and an alliance with France. And then the Church, always a sure winner, because it knows enough to abide the proper time, will loom up triumphantly in a way, first, perhaps, in a small way, placing one gloved hand on the popular pulse, but with the moral support of France, its grip will tighten until the Latin Union becomes a Roman confederation with the Holy See as arbiter.

RADICAL CHANGES DEMANDED.

One need not be a reactionary to agree with the only respectable and uncompromised party in Italy, the New Conservatives, who flaunt the Republican banner over a platform demanding abolition of the House of Savoy, abolition of the anti-Christian system of education, distribution of taxes upon rich and poor alike, greater freedom of municipal life, simplification of bureaucratic methods and a cessation of hostilities against the Church.

The present Government itself recognizes the urgent necessity of a change of front in some respects. It has come to the conclusion, for instance, that an army pivoting on the monarchical idea alone, without Christian belief to counterbalance its dogmas, is a dangerous plaything, that at ecstic schools propagating anarchy, and that without centralization it will be impossible to continue the Government in machine running for any length of time. But all these good intentions go to waste in the face of Parliamentary opposition.

THE KING'S PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT.

Nobody will deny Umberto personal courage and rare fighting qualities, inherited and acquired. His Majesty has deposited the \$50,000,000 of available property he owns with the London Rothschilds, and thus seems to indicate that in his estimation the very last resources of resistance are exhausted. That he has taken this precaution cannot be denied. The transfer was effected some months ago, and ever since the attitude of the populace towards their Majesties has become more sullen and outspokenly rude. Umberto looks haggard and wretched, and the Queen is but a shadow of herself. Poor, luxury loving Marguerite, she will regain the energies and joyful sentiments of her youth when the Alps separate her from the vicissitudes of kingship.

Was there ever a queen so fond of brilliant society, so particular as to old-time notions of royal prerogative, who had to content herself with a court such as is forced upon Marguerite? Irresponsible writers like to dwell upon "the democratic aspect of the Quirinal." It is indeed democratic, but not from choice of its guiding spirits. When the nobility of the realm hold aloof, more civilians must be welcomed to their accustomed places. Napoleon I created dukes and marquises and counts and barons to surround himself with company befitting his rank. Umberto dare not follow this august example, even assuming the willingness of intended victims, for an Italian degree of nobility is equal to a public insult, so he is constrained to treat as relatives a whole horde of commoners, sporting the Order of St. Amanzista (which confers upon the incumbent the title of "His Majesty's cousin"), while Mme. Lena, otherwise Mme. Crispi, Mme. Minghetti and Mrs. Caroll, wives and widows of plebeian Ministers, respectively, constitute the Queen's guard of honor on official occasions.

A FIFTY PAIR.

A fine "maid of honor" this Mme. Lena! She seems to have taken it upon herself to bleed the Banca Romana independently of the other members of her family charged with the crime that will figure in history as the prime reason for Italy's dissolution. Her frantic declarations that ex Premier Giolitti's letters bearing her signature and evidences of her handwriting are forgeries strike one almost as funny. If a man goes about falsifying documents, there is a certain limit to his working power. Who could invent 120 different private epistles and write them in Mme. Crispi's hand? And what about her debts at milliners, drapers, watering place, etc.? They were paid by the managers of the Banca Romana, where the lady does not seem to have had an account.

The King finds it actually impossible to fill the post of Minister of the Royal House in the manner intended, that is, by the nomination of some Roman grandee. The office has gone a-begging for the last three months, ever since the dismissal of Rattazzi. Each candidate professes to be delighted with the prospects, but after a little while sends in his regrets. At the present time Prince Doua-Lampigny has the matter under consideration, but it is ten to one that he declines the honor. All these people believe in the imminent downfall of the Savoy, and the restoration of the Holy See. They refuse to implicate themselves.

CRISPI AND THE ISSUE.

Why Crispi's sudden submission to the dictates of the Church? The Vatican press organs and some of the Cardinals are protesting vigorously against this compromise, but Leo certainly knows his own business best. If the monarchy falls and Crispi assumes the dictatorship he would have to look to the Pope for support, for he stands isolated nowadays. The Vatican's power, on the other hand, is now greater in Italy than it has been for the last twenty five years. The Pope could easily do or undo Crispi as a dictator.

When he seems to favor him, one must necessarily assume that Crispi

has made decisive promises that may lead, in a measure, to a restoration of Papal temporary power during Leo's lifetime. There is not an able diplomat in Europe than the Pope, and not a more cunning, more desperate politician than Crispi.

As if all these incidents and occurrences were not enough to furnish food for reflection and darken the political horizon, our noble brigands make of late special efforts to give as a taste of "the state of the future," anticipated by many and dreaded by the majority of law-abiding people.

Sardinia keeps up her reputation for superior brigantaggio against all newcomers, uniformed or ununiformed. One of the local prefects wrote the other day to the Minister of the Interior

BRIGANDS EYES IN PARLIAMENT.

"I am more than willing to run down the lawbreakers in my district, but can do nothing until their chief, member of Parliament, N. X., now in your city, has been apprehended." If you authorize me to do so, I will arrest him the next time he appears in this neighborhood at the head of his band."

It is generally understood that the mayors of the smaller towns and cities, the lower clergy, gendarmes and school teachers are in the pay of the brigand chiefs, but members of Parliament were thought to keep aloof from the national business up to now. The latest reports from Sardinia say the great Bonifacio, County Commissioner of San Mauro, has been caught. Bonifacio is a regular comic opera Fra Diavolo, a dach, sporting silk knickerbockers and pumps, and ladies pet. He is credited with twenty seven murders, and among them with the following especially atrocious crimes: burning of a supposed spy at the stake, torture of a small boy, in hostage for his father (Bonifacio ordered that the child's tongue should be cut out, then his feet and hands amputated successively, these were sent to his family to induce the people to disgorge more money, the shooting of a whole family of eleven, and the garroting of two priests.

And Italy has but recently abolished capital punishment.

And with blackmailers, thieves and brigands on its benches the Italian Parliament has the effrontery to issue a proclamation in which it says "in honor of the Deputies is unsold." A protest against being isolated. The Parliament is robbed of the privilege of constituting the hope of the Italian people."

Conan Doyle's Religion.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir: After the resignation of Mr Harry Furniss from the staff of Punch last year the fact was noted in the press as the second instance of the kind in the history of the great comic weekly. The other was the resignation of Dick Doyle, the father of I am not mistaken and not the uncle of Dr Doyle) who gave up his position on Punch on account of the intense bigotry of Mr. Pouch's opposition to the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England.

In the July 1891 number of the Pall Mall Magazine there is an illustrated article on Stowbury Court, written by an old scholar of the institution. Among the old boys who have become famous the name of Dr Conan Doyle novelist is mentioned and a portrait accompanies the reference.

The authority of the Magazine is sufficient in regard to the novelist a few years ago.

W. V. L. L.

Landsay, Ont. Jan. 20 1895.

IRISH LANDLORDISM.

William O'Brien, M. P., Discusses the Question.

A Burning Arrangement.

Mr. O'Brien's second letter in the series on "Irish Landlordism Up to Date," which he is writing for the Dublin Freeman's Journal and the London Daily News, is a very interesting document. He begins as follows:

My first letter gave some notion of the actual condition of the mass of the Marquis of Sligo's tenantry, living on mere morsels of mountain or bog land, tied together in co-operative misery and associations by means of the legal monstrosity called "tenancies in co." and their spirit broken and their bodies wasted by exact ones which, in any well governed country, would be criminal offences. Let me show you the companion picture to the tenants' present degraded condition those traces of desolate green pastures which lie in the same county, in the same parish, sometimes in the same electoral division with the congested patches of tillage in which the population swarm and slave. Within the past week the Marquis of Sligo carried out an eviction which has sent a thrill of joy throughout West Connaught. He has taken up possession of the enormous stock farm, more than 10,000 acres in extent, which the late Captain Houston and his successors accumulated from the evicted holdings of Lord Sligo's and Lord Lucan's estates of the great famine of 1846-48. The eviction of the great Houston ranch will be a golden date in the history of the Irish congested districts. It marks the definitive breakdown of the conspiracy formed by the Irish landlords after the famine year to convert Ireland into vast pasture farms by the simple process of banishing the existing population by the hundred thousand to America, or to use the workhouse, or to the bare mountain ridges where even the greedy eye of the landgrabber did not think it worth while to pursue them.

Mr. O'Brien then speaks of other clearances in Mayo similar to the Houston ranch. The after-famine poor rates, he says, had to be paid by the landlords. So these worthies, in order to escape the burden,

CLEARED OUT THE TOWNLANDS.

by whole townlands, and turned over the large areas to Scotch graziers. After giving in detail the townlands which were depopulated to make room for Captain Houston's cattle, Mr. O'Brien continues as follows:

About 6,000 acres of the above are on the estate of the Earl of Lucan, whose predecessor in title, Sir Richard Bingham, Elizabeth's infamous governor of Connaught, would seem to have sat down one night with Lord Sligo's progenitor, and gambled for the barony of Murrisk, townland by townland, with varying fortunes, and with the bizarre result that the two lords cross and re-cross one another's estates in a sort of proprietorial rundale. It is not difficult to realize for oneself what a hecatomb of skulls it took to build these Tamerlanes of consolidation their trophy; how many agonized hearts, of which each separate evicted townland represents the breaking; how many despairing, hungry groups by the ditch side in the pitiless winter morning; how many footsore journeys to the workhouse, to the slums of some English manufacturing town; how many corpses, strewn along the Atlantic; how many blooming young Irish maidens preserved for a fate still more bitter; how many sworn enemies of England made ready to the hand of the rebel and the dynamiter. It was from the ruins of an evicted Mayo village like unto these that Michael Davitt arose to make Irish landlordism tremble to its guilty soul.

TALK OF ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

as indignantly as you will, but pray not with overmuch self-righteousness

in an empire where you can still talk with men whose eyes have seen all these things brought to pass under the free flag of England.

One of the pet pleas of Irish landlordism is an appeal to English prejudice against the innate criminality of the Irish tenantry. Whoever takes the trouble to look up the facts knows that, on the contrary, it is the Irish peasant who never strikes back, who is most mercilessly wasted, and that the only indulgence Irish landlordism has ever voluntarily yielded has been yielded within range of the Tipperary man's blunderbuss. It is nonsense to attempt to blink the fact. I have inquired diligently without being able to discover a single instance in which a life was taken on Lord Sligo's estate during the whole agony of these hearth quenchings, uprootings and banishments. Captain Houston's cattle were not more guiltless of blood than the men whose hearths they grazed over. Captain Houston lived for twenty years and died in peace in the midst of the people on the ruins of whose villages he was thriving. It is painful to think that the only reward of the people's self-restraint was a book by a member of the family libelling them as savages.

The great experiment of black cattle as rent payers vice men flourished apace. Lord Sligo received his rent in one big nugget, instead of drawing it like drops of life blood from a thousand peasants with blighted potatoes and hungry children. Results, it is true, were not so satisfactory for the peasants. Such of them as could not be packed into the American sailing ships

OR INTO THEIR GRAVES.

hovered on the out-kirts of the Houston ranch. They were disposed of in two ways. Some found refuge on the already overcrowded estates of smaller and more compassionate landlords in the neighborhood. An example is the congested village of Shraleen, the most woe-begone in the parish of Aughagower. The landlord was a kindly man, and did not repulse the homeless wanderers from the Erriff valley. Shraleen became as overcrowded as the Erriff valley became desolate. The villagers got sunk in misery, and the landlord drifted into the court of chancery, and the shallow political economist visiting Shraleen to day will think he has mastered the whole problem when he points to the thickly huddled cabins and throws up his hands with a cry of "over-population."

A much larger body of the Sligo tenantry were suffered to remain upon such ineligible bits of bog or mountain as did not excite the cupidity of the great graziers. Whenever, by force of reclamation or otherwise, it became worth while to incorporate one of those co-tenantry holdings with the great stock farms, nothing was simpler. Some member of the co-tenantry partnership was always sure to be in arrears. The co-tenancy was evicted, the land transferred to the grazier, and any of the co-tenants who were especially good payers were transported to some new and wild mountain strips where they had to begin the world all over again, against heather, rock and storm. This was the origin, recent or remote, of many of the settlements in impossible corners of the district well called Tirnacruacha (the country of the mountain peaks) under shelter of cliffs called after the eagles who preceded Lord Sligo's tenants in possession.

I have already laid bare the system upon which these poor inheritors of the homes of the eagle are dwelt with—bound together,

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

in co-tenancies which secure that everybody shall be as miserable as his neighbor, and in that impoverished condition compelled to pay the poor rates which the law directs to be paid by the landlord, and at the same time

deprived of the franchise by a landlord who pays no rates, but elects guardians of his own nomination to spend them. The more I learn of these co-tenants the less I am inclined to abate anything I have said of the incredible inhumanity of the system. In fact, many of the black details have yet to be filled in. The six co-tenants of Derryculish were possessed for a year and a half's rent. They offered to pay a year's rent—men with not more than a month's supply of potatoes in their pits, and to whom government relief will have to be presently administered. The offer was refused, and a bill of law costs run up against them. This is, however, too common a story to be worthy of special remark. There are two circumstances in which their experiences even surpass those of Boulabrian. The Derryculish men's valuation exceeds £1 a piece. They pay all the poor rates. On almost any other estate with which I am acquainted, even Lord Lucan's, the landlord returns half the poor rates thus paid by the tenants. Lord Sligo returns nothing. The Derryculish men pay it all. They pay the whole county cess in addition, which is this year at the rate of 1s. 9d. in the pound—the cess which repairs the roads and bridges and sustains the lunatic asylum and guarantees light railway dividends, in all of which Lord Sligo's brother, Lord John Browne, is the disposing power as foreman of the grand jury, and in all of which the Derryculish co-tenants, who supply the cess, have no more voice than they have in the march of the planets. But

THIS SITUATION OF THE POOR.

is never without the touch of irony, for, while the peasant has to pay the whole county cess of 1s. 9d. in the pound, there is an additional levy of 114 pence for the relief of distress, and the landlord out of his bounty solemnly returns the half of the 114 pence for the relief of distress, while he leaves the emaciated villagers to pay the 1s. 9d. Surely here is a stroke of grim humor worthy of Mephistopheles at his gayest.

But the Derryculish co-tenants have had another appalling experience, which, I am afraid, is not theirs alone. They assure me (and I can find no reason for doubt) that they have been legally evicted twice over already in the course of the past ten years! That is to say, at the end of their six months' period of redemption the sheriff took legal possession, and when they were re-admitted it was no longer as tenants, but as mere caretakers and moveable chattels, subject to the payment of whatever rent the landlord chose to name, and to expulsion whenever the landlord saw fit to chase them! The most fearful thing that has occurred, all silently and unnoticed in Ireland since the seventh section of the Tory land act of '87 was passed, is that what has happened to the Derryculish co-tenants has happened, according to my best belief, in at least 30,000 cases throughout Ireland, and that, unless Mr. Morley's bill comes to their relief, all these thousands of co-tenants will have been excluded for aye from the benefits of Mr. Gladstone's land legislation, and will remain as absolutely the creatures of the landlord's will and pleasure as the pheasants in his coverts.

Time has brought its revenge, however, to the evicted of the Houston ranch—at least to those sparse ones who have survived famines and coffin ships and forty years of hungry sorrows. The American and Australian cattle trade rose up to dissipate

THE LANDLORD'S DAZZLING DREAM.

of a county of great graziers. Captain Houston's son fell into difficulties and quitted the country. Mr. Houston-Howell, his successor, convinced him self by a short experience that fifteen miles of mountain pastures, vast as they looked, were no match for the

illimitable American prairie that competed with them. Another source of condemnation came from the very heart of nature itself. The best portion of the stock farm was in the Erriff river valley, which was reclaimed by the tillage tenants of old. It is a recognized fact here among agriculturists that the reclaimed lands are less fruitful than the cold and sparsely soils of the neighborhood in their natural condition. But the reclaimed lands in their untilled condition withered under the feet of the grazier. It is not a metaphorical but a well known fact. The old tillage became overspread with tuesses, which choked the natural grasses, so that neither the dairy or the white clover which are, so to say, the richest colors of a bountiful pasture, upshot was that, forty years after the great crime of the famine cleared, Lord Sligo was last week obliged to bundle out the big grazier in turn, and this enormous tract of people's inheritance is at this moment without a tenant.

The event is a memorable one which marks once for all the collapse of the policy of bullocks runs to which hundreds of thousands of Irish tenants were sacrificed. Will it mark also the beginning of the reverse policy of restoring the land to the people? In any other country it would be easy to return a confident affirmative. Here within the bounds of one horizon, we have the bane and antidote.

OF WESTERN MISERY.

set forth side by side; the congested villages harried for rent arrears while they are crying to the government for food, and, not a rifle shot away, thousands of acres of good tillage land and tens of thousands of sound mountain pastures idle under the eyes of men to whom they would mean bread farms and rustic plenty. Some of those who were crying in the wilderness on this subject for many a day are quite solitary now.

Whatever may be the defects of the congested district board as it was constituted by Mr. Balfour's act, the board has begun to realize the mockery of State remissions for quinquennial famine in the West, while the people are locked out of the good and sufficient lands which are temptingly set forth before their eyes, and which our small cultivators who are their own laborers will ever succeed in turning to adequate account. The board has already made one successful experiment on a small estate in Galway. It is about to make another on Clare Island—so long the theatre of rent collecting expeditions of war by British gunboats. Can it be possible that government and landlord will madly let Captain Houston's 42,000 acres in derelict or slip away to some other fatuous landgrabber, while the men who could enrich them and whom they could enrich lie wretched, cribbed and congested at the other side of the boundary fence? In Ireland only could such a thing happen; but in Ireland, where the veto of a man with

LORD SLIGO'S INSANE DISREGARD.

for his responsibilities to the country to which he owes his revenue equal without rhyme or reason negative any attempt of the congested districts board to restore the Houston ranch to the people. Lord Sligo's veto on any such project is just as likely as his brother peers' veto on a home rule bill.

It is too sad for words to think what a change for the worse the lapse of more than a hundred years has made in the Westport district since Arthur Young paid his visit. Young found that Lord Altamount of his day (the family had not yet sold their county and their country to Castle Reach for a marquise of Sligo and £15,000 cash) "an improver whose works deserve the closest attention" busy among his tenantry, immersed in all sorts of schemes for reclamation and improvement, established a linen

hall and a bleaching green in Westport, building comfortable cottages for the workmen and subsidizing the linen trade of Westport to the extent of £4,000 a year. More than a century passes, and so does the act of union with its corruption and its absenteeism, and its curses on the lads who went and on the people who stayed. The head of the house who sold their seats in the Irish Parliament for Castleknock's pieces of silver is now an unknown stranger in a London back street. The only experiments he carried on upon his estate are in the extent to which human misery can be pushed without slaying the rent makers outright. The £100 or £500 a year of tolls and market dues which, if municipalized, might build habitable houses for the half fed and not half-occupied laborers of Westport, go with the rest of his £20,000 per annum to the Marquis of Sligo's bankers by the Thames. The only visible monument left by the century since the union is a lofty column in the octagon of Westport to the glory, not even of a dead marquis, but of one of their ruthless agents, where it stands like a sort of Gessler's cap to receive the homage of succeeding generations of slaves. Westport House, which might easily enough be the noble seat of a great proprietor imparting and receiving happiness from a simple, gracious and worshipping peasantry, is furnitureless and occupied only by a caretaker. And for the £1,000 a year spent by Arthur Young's anti-union lord in

NOURISHING THE INDUSTRIES

of Westport the only mention of a large sum that has passed for many a year between Westport and its lord might be taken for one of those sardonic jokes with which Irish landlordism not unfrequently seasons its barbarities.

The river which drains the little town was, in its passage through Lord Sligo's park, obstructed by artificial barriers for the purpose of forming an ornamental lake and waterfalls. Lord Sligo, who has not, I believe, laid eyes on Westport House for the past fifteen years, has suddenly discovered that the obstructed town sewage offends his nostrils 400 or 500 miles away, and has threatened to take legal proceedings to compel the unfortunate Westport rate payers—already distracted with their financial burdens—to spend £8000 or £10,000 to relieve his lordship's ornamental ground of its unpleasantness by building a subterranean sewer under Lord Sligo's park down to deep water! And while Englishmen will, perhaps, open their eyes wide to read that, after twenty years' English pottering at Irish land legislation, such pranks can be still played under due legal warrant upon crimeless, patient and laborious lived men, I am afraid the feeling of Irish readers will rather be one of impatience that it is only possible to pillory one transgressor when they could so easily supply us with a rival oppressor, if not a grosser one, from their own sombre experience far and near.

An extraordinary concert and ball took place on in the Hungarian town of Teinevar. The audience listened by means of telephones distributed around the room to a military orchestra playing in the town of Arad, duets and songs in Szegedin, a chorus by a glee club at Szabodka, and popular songs by celebrated artists in three theatres in Buda-Pesth. A quartette at Arad was as distinctly heard as the Rakoczy march telephoned from Szegedin. Finally, the young people present danced for hours to music alternately played in all three towns.

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

AN ARTIST'S LIFE STORY.

G. P. A. Healy's Interesting Career.

The art life of Paris has for the uninitiated something of the charm of Paradise for the wearied Peri gazing wistfully at the gate. This charm Du Maurier gave us in that gay bit of writing, *Trilby*, especially in those exuberant first chapters, buoyant and aglow with the joy of life ere the shadow of life's problems had been cast across the lintel and darkened little Billie's youthful brow. The charm, to go farther back, Marie Bashkirtseff pictured in her naive pages, albeit Marie Bashkirtseff was too much of an aristocrat, too prone to the adoring attitude of Narcissus, of egotistical memory, to catch its true spirit. The charm is evident too, though in quite a different degree in Mr. Healy's delightful *Reminiscences*.

Dante longed to paint an angel, Raphael yearned to write a sonnet, so our friend Browning says, and Browning is an authority on all such occult matter as the longings and yearnings, often unexpressed, of the world's great men, so it is perhaps not so singular that two of the best known of our modern artists should in later life diverge into the realm where the pen, not the brush, is king.

The name Du Maurier inevitably suggests a comparison. Healy, like Du Maurier, was a Catholic, like him a painter. But here the likeness ends. In Du Maurier's water color in words there is no trace of Catholicity, indeed there are many evidences that faith has been eclipsed by skepticism, as in Little Billie's cogitations on the Christmas sermon; in Mr. Healy's equally delightful *Reminiscences*, faith like a silver thread runs through every page.

There is an ideal way of reading every book, and the dainty white and gold colored volume lettered "*Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter*" seems to plead for a great arm chair by the fireside, when the shadows are lengthening in the west, where one can dream of studios and salons, of courts and pageants and almost fancy those dreams are real as one listens to the familiar recollections of that courtliest of gentlemen whom the world so lately mourns, Mr. George P. A. Healy. Alas! that figure familiar and dear to many of us is gone, the world has but those few scattered reminiscences, a few immortal canvasses that the brush of genius has touched and to those who knew him, a memory fragrant as the breath of lavender in some old English wood.

Mr. Healy's pictures show forth the artist; his book, as is fitting, reveals the man. It is thoroughly human, fresh, naive, a fund of Celtic humor in those descriptions of the make-shifts of his early days. George P. A. Healy, the eldest of five children, was born in Boston in 1813. Evidently the government and support of his family depended mostly on his mother, and comical are the stories young Healy tells of those early days. From his parents he inherited his many Celtic traits of character, doubtless the ardent faith that animated his life, but of worldly goods his inheritance was small.

At the age of 18 he ventured to hire a painting room in Boston. He was the happy possessor of an easel, paint brushes and canvasses, and he nailed outside his door a board with his name and profession printed in very big letters. All he needed was sitters, but the sitters were few and far between. No wonder the modest family mourned over a son and brother who had embraced such a profession.

However, the young man's novitiate was not long. Through one of his patrons he received an introduction to that beautiful woman, Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis, and his portrait of that lady

in the act of laughing at once attracted attention. By April, 1834, he had scraped together enough money to provide for the support of his mother for a year or two and to pay his own passage to France, where he established himself in that Mecca of artists, Paris, and in the atelier of Gross.

The atmosphere of a Paris studio seemed to be then as now a mingling of hard study, gay bohemianism and glorious camaraderie. Perhaps it was Mr. Healy's faith that kept him in a measure apart from the bohemianism of Paris, for in all bohemianism it is to be feared there is some trail of the serpent. This faith and also, almost as potent, the beginning of life's romance. The story of how he met his wife is told very simply, reminding one of the quaint recital of Jules Breton painting the girl he loved. The young American was in London doing some portraits, among them a Mrs. Hanley. One day the lady brought her young sister with her to the sitting. "I met them on the stairs as I was running to keep some engagement. I gave them the key of the room and excused myself. But the glimpse on the stairs was enough to fix my future destiny. A miniature painter named Dubourzal, my dearest and best friend, had accompanied me to London. He asked permission to make a water color drawing of this young girl. I still have the portrait. The costume of the day, with the high comb, the soft ringlets on either side of the face, the old dress, low necked and with big puffed sleeves, all this seemed to me then, and seems to me still, perfectly charming. I followed the progress of the work with great interest, and somehow the young sitter was almost as often in my painting room as in my friend's to that friend's great annoyance."

The romance ripened and culminated, as romances should, in marriage. "We had no time to make wedding preparations, and we were both too poor to think of anything but our happiness; which, perhaps after all, was not a bad way of beginning life. A folly can sometimes prove to be wisdom itself. It was with a hundred dollars in my pocket, by way of fortune that I took my wife, who had not a penny of her own to Paris. The journey was a hard one and my bride was a sorry traveler! In spite of it all we began life in perfect faith in each other and confidence in the future. When I see young people, in our practical age," Mr. Healy goes on to say, "hesitate to marry because their means will not allow them to have a fine house and every comfort from the first, I cannot help thinking of our modest beginning in the Rue de l'ouest, near the Luxembourg gardens.

Delightful are the stories of the little suppers on gala nights when, their own stock and silverware being limited, Dubourzal mysteriously brought his dozen forks and spoons concealed in his coat pocket. And the episode of the goose that the young couple had rashly undertaken to cook in the only stove they had, which was in the studio. "The bell rang and a gentleman entered. He was an important personage, very rich a possible sitter, one to be well received by a struggling young artist! He was a prolix talker. Soon we were launched into an interminable discussion on art—art in general, art in the past, art in America, art everywhere. In the midst of it there was a sizzle, then a veritable spluttering. But a well-trimmed talker is not to be stopped by trifles. Once or twice our visitor looked up a little startled at the strong odor; but I suppose he concluded that the kitchen was inconveniently near at hand, and the discussion went on. When at last the visitor left, we both rushed to the stove; the singing had ceased; the goose was little more than a cinder!"

These are homely stories, but they give a very human touch to the book.

The young painter, however, was gradually gaining recognition. The American minister at the court of France was then General Cass, and he used his influence to further the interests of his compatriot, who had already painted many Englishmen of note. The king had seen and admired several of Healy's portraits in the salon, and crowning triumph, at the solicitation of the minister, consented to give the young American a sitting. The days of sizzled goose were forever over!

The king was pleased with his portrait and commissioned him to go to America to make other pictures for him. From this time Mr. Healy's success was assured. His after career may be found in the pages of his book. As some one has said it would be easier to name the royal personages whom he did not paint than those whom he did. Among the notable people were Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Carmen Sylva, His Holiness Pope Pius IX., Guizot, Thiers, Bismarck, Gambetta, Longfellow, La-zt, Webster, Clay and Adams. He gives interesting accounts of these sittings, anecdotes pathetic and gay. Of his meeting with the genial Pius IX, he says: "I was introduced one morning into Pius IX's library, a pleasant room, simply enough furnished, full of books, and the table covered with papers. The Pope was dressed all in white cloth, with scarlet shoes, the hair was white, the face rather pale, with very bright eyes not incapable of sparkle, for His Holiness knew how to take a joke. He was a pretty good sitter but somewhat restless and curious also as to what his painter was about. On one occasion he arose from his seat to look over my shoulder. When I earnestly at work I wish my sitters to help me, and do their duty by remaining in the attitude I have chosen. I exclaimed, perhaps, a little abruptly: "I beg your Holiness to sit down!" The Pope laughed and said: "I am accustomed to give orders, not to receive them. But you see, Mr. Healy, I also know how to obey," and submissively went back to his chair.

"I like," Mr. Healy, "to feel as though the hours spent in his presence, had cast a glow on my later years, as the glorious setting sun behind St. Peter's throws a glamour over Rome, its domes and gardens. I often think, also, of Pius IX's gentle reproach to one of my countrymen who, in his American pride, refused to bend before him: "My son, an old man's blessing never did harm to any one."

Perhaps the recollection one likes best of Mr. Healy is one that is not in his book—the recollection told by a friend of how going one wintery morning when the snow was on the ground, to attend the six o'clock mass at the Cathedral of Chicago—a city over dear to Mr. Healy's heart—he found standing in the cold waiting for the doors to open, a solitary figure. It was Mr. Healy, then in his 80th year. This is the memory one cherishes most, that solitary figure standing at the door.

It was a great thing to have painted noble portraits, a great thing to have been the intimate of the world's great men, but greater than all to have preserved through life that beautiful, simple, childlike faith that kept him waiting that winter morning at the portal of God's church alone beneath God's stars. May we not hope that as he entered into that sanctuary then he has entered into the Holy of Holies now? MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

The Rev. Dr. Kirby, emeritus of the Irish College, Rome, is dead.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL has nothing in common with the in pure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious, relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

MGR. SATOLLI ON EDUCATION

The True Function of the School.

Learning and Religion.

Mgr Satolli recently delivered an address on the subject of education in which he said

"Cicero has said that it is the delight of old men to be in the midst of young ones, and the young men to cluster around the honored old ones. Long before Cicero, the inspired author of Ecclesiastes had taught the same truth, by whom, however, is meant by old man, the man who is wise and virtuous and the model and teacher of youth. There are many reasons why the old and young should thus find joy and satisfaction in one another's society. In the first place, the old feel keenly the natural desire to prolong life and find the greatest pleasure in seeing reinvigorate itself in the new germs of humanity springing up around them; and in these germs they seem to behold their own existence perpetuated. Then, too, it gives them great pleasure to communicate to the young what they themselves have learned by hard study and the long experience of life.

"But perhaps most of all do their interest and delight come from the fact that in the young men about them they see founded all the hope of the family, of society, of their country, and they are inflamed with the desire to see these young men develop such a moral and intellectual temperament as will best assure the future welfare of human kind.

"Look at these same reasons from the opposite point of view and you will see in them the motives which incite you to seek the company of age and to delight in converse with those experienced in virtue and wisdom, and nothing can be more promising and reassuring than to see a young man draw close to the venerable age and try to learn the lessons of life. These, too, are the reasons why we find so great pleasure in being here to night and seeing ourselves surrounded by so many bright, cheerful, earnest young men who are getting ready to take up the work which we must soon expect to lay down, who are to carry humanity forward in its next step of progress.

"The school for the instruction and education of youth in every land is of no less importance than are the tribunals of justice or the provisions for military defence. The end and object of all is the same—the public peace and welfare. The method of obtaining it alone differs. Education of the young is as important a safeguard of the nation as are courts and armies. It is of great moment, then, that we should understand in what true education must consist.

"Some one has said that education is that training of men which makes them free. We accept willingly such a definition. True education makes men truly free. True freedom is the power of choosing and selecting at all times that which is best and most profitable. To possess this power one must know what is best and then tend towards that alone, leaving all that is less good, however enticing, that is, his intellect must be trained to know the best and his will must be trained to choose it. Such training is true education; such training makes men indeed free.

"If man is a microcosm, a little universe in himself, it is evident that true education must extend itself until it provides for all the capability of the human spirit with all its aptitudes and natural inclinations. Man is made to the image and likeness of God. In him shine forth the perfections of the Divinity, and true education will bring out as much as possible all the manifestations of that Divinity. In God are all the perfections of Being, Truth, Goodness and Beauty;

and perfect human knowledge is to be acquired only by the study of Him as He manifests Himself through these perfections in the created universe.

"The sciences study the manifestations of His being, metaphysics search out the traces of immutable truth and the relation of created things to the all-creating intellect, the moral sciences regard the participation of God's goodness in creation, and, finally, aesthetics contemplate His beauty as found in His works. Besides, in the human mind exists the faculty of investigation, by which it proceeds from the clear knowledge of great first principles to that of consequences more or less remote. To guide this process and preserve it from falling into error we need the science of logic.

"But still other faculties and capabilities of human nature need training that the education of the whole man may be complete. When we have come to know the perfections of God in the created universe we naturally desire to describe them with our words and even to imitate them in the works of our own hands; and hence the study of letters and arts. Finally there remains the practical direction of man's life, private and social, which is accomplished by the political and economic sciences. From the outset, therefore, he who is going to assume the task of instructing and educating the young must have clearly before his mind this vast field which is presented to humanity, and labor to prepare from afar and draw near step by step the minds and hearts of his charges.

"Everything stands between the point from which it started and the end towards which it tends. For man, however, the source he has derived all his nature and all his faculties, as well as the one last end towards which he is moving, can be nothing else than the Supreme Intelligence, the Highest Intelligible, since in that alone can he hope to reach the fulness of being, of truth, of good, of beauty, which he finds but in scattered particles in created nature.

"Here, then, I would reflect that in this consideration is to be found the strongest argument against atheism and agnosticism on the one hand, and on the other against that system which would attempt the education of youth without illuminating it with the knowledge of the countless relations which man has with God as his beginning and end. And from this same consideration we can easily form a just and wise criterion for judging and deciding on the programme and method of study best adapted and most advantageous—that which promises most for public and private welfare.

"And if the Catholic schools of this country differ from the public schools simply in that besides what is taught in the latter, they give the youth a sound moral training and instruct them in the Catholic religion, who will dare to complain of that or call it a defect? Surely the State desires that its youth should not only be instructed in that which it ought to know, but should also be educated in that which it ought to perform; and the State is worthy of all praise in doing all it can to bring about such a result.

"But youth and general mankind have greater and higher needs which cannot be satisfied without a moral and religious education, which cannot be had without the aid of those institutions which care especially for moral and religious training. In brief, just as instruction separated from moral education turns out vain and often disastrous, so a moral education without the spirit of religion is a work which makes a man exteriorly moral but not altogether and thoroughly honest.

"I would conclude these reflections by remarking:

"First, that for these reasons the instruction and education of the young is a work of the highest importance;

"Second, that the young should be educated both in mind and heart, according to the constitution of the State, according to the great principles of morality and according to a true religious spirit;

"Third, that all good men should cooperate in this great work, so that the American people from generation to generation may remain always safe in its political and social institutions, sincerely honest and faithfully religious.

"One who cannot see, or would venture to deny the justice of these considerations would merit no attention from reasonable and well-thinking men.

"I have been most happy to accept this reception, and it has given pleasure to the superiors of the institution to offer it to me, since in my unworthiness I have the honor of representing the Holy Father as his delegate. In the midst of the cares of his spiritual government, which extends itself to all the nations of the earth, for the safety and profit of the institutions proper to every one of them, he has no dearer object nor greater joy than in promoting in every possible way the education of the young.

"That is the work which he has most warmly recommended to the Bishops, and to participate in that work is the greatest and surest title of his esteem. One might well put into the mouth of the Holy Father the words of St. John

"Majorem gratiam non habes quam ut audiam filios meos in veritate ambulare. (I have no greater grace than this, to hear that my children walk in the truth.)

"I will add that it is well that young men should have from their earliest days a just idea of what the Pope is, how lofty his dignity, how great his authority, how beneficial his actions. His dignity and his power come directly from Christ, and the exercise of this power can only be for the benefit, religious and social, intellectual and moral, temporal and eternal, of humanity.

"I could not more fittingly conclude than by expressing this just idea of the Pope in the words of the illustrious Cardinal Newman, who beautifully describes what the Pope is viewed from a social standpoint, just as St. Bernard beautifully describes him from a theological point of view. Cardinal Newman says

"Detachment, as we know from spiritual books, is a rare and high Christian virtue. A great saint, St. Philip Neri, said that if he had a dozen really detached men he should be able to convert the world. To be loosened from every tie which binds the soul to the earth, to be dependent on nothing sublunary, to lean on nothing temporal; it is to care simply nothing what other men choose to think or say of us; to go about our own work because it is our duty, as soldiers go to battle, without a care for the consequences.

"Now, this detachment is one of the special ecclesiastical virtues of the Popes. They are of all men the most exposed to the temptation of secular connections, and, as history tells us, they have been of all men least subject to it. By their very office they are brought across every form of earthly power, for they have a mission to high as well as low. Under such circumstances any men except they would have a strong leaning towards what is called conservatism, and they have been, and of course are, conservatives in the right sense of the word; that is, they cannot bear anarchy, they pray for the peace of the world and of all Christian States, and they effectively support the cause of order and good government. The name of religion is but another name for law on the one

hand, freedom on the other; and at this very same time who are our professed enemies but Socialists, Anarchists and rebels? But a conservatism in the political sense of the word commonly signifies something else when the Pope never is and cannot be. It means a man who is at the top of the tree and knows it, and means never to come down, whatever it costs him to keep his place there. It means a man who upholds government and order and the existing state of things, not because it exists, not because it is good or desirable, because it is established because it is a benefit to the population, because it is full of promise for the future, but rather because the man himself is well off in consequence of it and because to take care of Number One is his main political principle. It means a man who defends religion not for religion's sake, but for the sake of its accidents and externals, and in this sense conservative a Pope can never be, without a simple betrayal of the disposition committed to him.

"Such is the political and social character of a Pope, and such a Pope if ever one existed, is Leo XIII.

Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Girardot of Sandwich celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage on Saturday the 12th inst. The many friends of Mr. Girardot, who is mayor of Sandwich this year by acclamation and who last year won a great victory against the P. P. A., joined with the family and relatives in making the occasion one of great interest. The evening was very pleasantly passed with music and speeches. The host and hostess were made the recipients of very many handsome presents of chiuaware. Among those present were

Senator and Mrs. Casgrain, Mrs. John Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Luc Montreuil, Inspector Girardot, W. J. McKee, M. L. A., and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Guindon, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ouellette, Mr. and Mrs. John Marentette, Victor Janisse, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Reaume, Mrs. Martin Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Odette, Councillor and Mrs. Soper, D. McGlashan, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ashdown, Wm. Jacquemin, jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Piquegnot, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cheviron, Mr. and Mrs. Glan, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jacquemin, ex Ald and Mrs. Bauer, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Aikin, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. DeGurse, Mr. and Mrs. Vier, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Viger, Mrs. and the Misses Paye, Mrs. Auisanuel, Prof. and Mrs. C. M. Vet Mrs. A. J. Viger, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Girardot, Thos. Condon, P. H. Sullivan, and Dr. F. J. W. Maguire of Hamilton.

Numerous telegrams of congratulation and letters of regret for not being able to attend were read from, Hon. G. W. Ross, Toronto; T. G. Bright, Toronto; J. D. Rollaud, Montreal; P. L. N. Beaudry, Montreal; J. A. Langlais, Quebec; L. N. Farcotte, Drummondville; R. Reaume, Detroit, and many others too numerous to mention.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

Prof. Moritz Carriere, the distinguished German Litterateur and administrator of the academy of Fine Arts in Munich, who has been suffering from paralysis, is dead.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly a remarkable preparation and nothing like it has ever been produced. No matter how wiry and unmanageable the hair may be, under the influence of this incomparable dressing, it becomes soft, silky and pliable to the comb and brush.

Agents Wanted
To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

The Catholic Church and Christian Art.

An Address by the Archbishop.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh lectured to the open meeting of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association on Tuesday evening on the relations of the Catholic Church to Christian art.

Before treating directly of the subject, said His Grace, it might be well to recall the various reasons why she calls everything that is beautiful in nature and art into requisition for the ornamentation of her churches and the adornment of her sanctuaries.

With such treasures in it any wonder that a loving and adoring Church should call all that is beautiful in nature and art into requisition to elevate heavenward the hearts of her children and to render suitable homage to that God who humbles Himself to the condition of a victim that His Father might be adored in spirit and in truth.

Christian art, said His Grace was essentially different from Pagan art. The pagans were materialists in the strictest sense of the word. Content with the things of earth and uninfluenced by higher and more celestial aspirations, they gave expression to the religious ideals in long horizontal temples that scarcely rose above the earth's surface.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

towards Heaven and God. Catholic music is the child of Catholic aspiration. Thus, for example, the organ is essentially Catholic in its origin and use. Its many stops and pipes of different tones and calibre, yet all combining to produce a sweet and solemn harmony is a beautiful image of a Catholic congregation.

Be proud of such a church! Love yourselves Catholics in every circumstance of your daily lives and by striving to become honorable and practical members of the church militant on earth you shall gain the celestial honor of having your names enrolled in the Book of Life, thereby becoming glorious children of the Church triumphant in Heaven.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 3, A. O. H., a resolution of condolence to Bro. Bryan Mulhern was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, that a copy of the resolution be spread on the minutes, a copy forwarded to Bro. Bryan Mulhern and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Record.

Twenty students of the Moscow University have been expelled from that institution for making demonstrations against a professor. They have also been prohibited from ever entering any High school living in any university town.

E. H. A.

On Tuesday, Dec. 17th, an open meeting was held by St. Helen's Circle, No. 2, and Davitt Branch, No. 1, Front St. Over 200 members and their friends being present, including the Grand President, Grand Marshal and J. J. Nightingale, District Organizer, J. J. Maloney, Chancellor of No. 12, the officers and members of St. Helen's Circle, No. 3, and St. Cecilia's Branch, No. 29, B. Morris, Esq., and several others.



J. J. NIGHTINGALE, Organizer Toronto.

Morris, Mahoney, Breen, Bark, Rafferty, O'Neill and M. Delory. The Grand President delivered a very eloquent and able address on behalf of the Association that was fully appreciated as evidenced by the frequent applause during its delivery.

A social entertainment under the auspices of St. Mary's Branch, No. 24, was held in the Town Hall, Almonte, on Thursday evening, the 17th, several prominent citizens of other denominations being present, showing the good feeling that exists between them and the Catholic portion of the community.



J. J. HAGARTY, Organizer, Stratford.

D. A. Carey, Grand President, was for an address, but greatly to the disappointment was not present, owing to circumstances over which he had no control. At his request the Gray Treasurer represented him; and can safely say that although he was poor he did the best up for the disappointment, kindly gave very great marks as to the aims Association and it is expected will follow. The Very Rev. occupied the chair and in his opening remarks expressed his satisfaction with the Association, and bore testimony to the good done by the Branch, and hoped the visit of one of the Grand officers would put fresh life in it and be the means of increasing its membership. Piano solos were given by Miss Fey, songs by Miss I. Nagle, Miss K.

C. Heare and Mr. D. Sheppard, recitation by Miss B. Dowdall, Miss C. Nagle and Mr. W. Gallagher and a face entitled 'A Close Shave,' by the members of the Branch. The various numbers received well merited accolades that were kindly responded to.

The members of Our Lady of Good Counsel Ben. Society, Branch 10, will give a treat to their friends on Tuesday next (29th) in the form of a musical and literary entertainment. The proceeds go to the library fund of the Branch.

The Emerald Beneficial Society, Branch No. 8, I. C. B. A. of Canada, Cobourg, have elected the following officers for the ensuing year

President, J. J. Gormly; 1st Vice President, John Gordon; 2nd Vice President, John Dolan; Recording Secretary, Hugh Dolan; Financial Secretary, Felix Rooney; Treasurer, Ed. Gordon; Master of Ceremonies, Thomas Fitzgerald; Sergeant at Arms, Patk McDonough; Marshal, Patrick Nolan; Assistant Marshal, Andrew Burns; Librarian, Patrick Murphy.

W. LANE, G. S. T. & O. C. O. F.

The regular monthly meeting of Sacred Heart Court 201, C. O. F., was held in their hall Thursday last, a large attendance being present, John J. Mander presiding.

We are pleased to say that Bro. Malloy, who was sick so long, is able to be out again and will soon be able to attend his business.

Several important questions were dealt with which ended satisfactorily.

Our next meeting will take place Thursday, February 7th.

The following resolution of condolence was moved by Bro. Fletcher, seconded by Bro. Brady and unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by the hand of death, the beloved father of our esteemed Bro. Ph. DeGruchy. Resolved that we the members of Sacred Heart Court 201, do hereby tender to Bro. DeGruchy and members of family, our heartfelt sympathy in the sad loss with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Bro. DeGruchy and family, spread on the minutes of this Court and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.

The following resolution of condolence was proposed by Bro. Lonergan, seconded by Bro. Jocy. That we the members of Sacred Heart Court 201. Resolve

Whereas Almighty God in His Divine Providence has seen fit to take unto Himself the mother of our esteemed brother, Ambrose Madden.

Be it therefore resolved that we extend to our Brother and family in this the hour of their sad bereavement, our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of this Court, and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record. ANDREW KEER, Rec. Secretary.

I. C. B. A.

The following officers for 1895 were elected at the last regular meeting of O'Connell Branch, No. 8, Port Hope:

President, T. O'Neill; Past President, James Horgan; 1st Vice President, R. Cooke; 2nd Vice President, Wm. Dungan; Master of Ceremonies, A. Gordon; Recording Secretary, M. O'Neill; Financial Secretary, T. Bradshaw; Assistant Financial Secretary, W. McLermont; Treasurer, M. Curran; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. Fallon; Marshal, John Horgan; Assistant Marshal, P. Kennedy.

St. Patrick's Branch, No. 4 Hamilton,

scientific research in the whole realm of medical sciences, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Debilitated and Debilitated Constitutions Parralee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Casa Braccio.

It is not always safe to supply motives for a statement. Nevertheless, when Mr. Marion Crawford says that Casa Braccio is the most powerful of his recent works, one is inclined, after having read the first three instalments to give Mr. Crawford credit for a very acute sense of literary judgment, from a commercial standpoint. In that exhilarating game of "Aunt Sally" known to country fairs and the exterior of the circus there is a practical demonstration of the same kind of wisdom. "Aunt Sally" offers her venerable head as a target for some baseball marksman. Every time the head flaps black some one has achieved a triumph. The interest grows, the crowd grows, the profit grows; but "Aunt Sally" comes up for martyrdom as often as the case demands. So Mr. Crawford set up Casa Braccio, and kind people were expected to abuse a little, so that other folks might be induced to draw nigh and watch. This it will easily be seen, makes readers anew. Mr. Maurice Francis Egan was the first to take up the fight. The game is not done yet, and although other critics may not damage "Aunt Sally" so often as Mr. Egan, they are satisfied inasmuch as such could not be expected.

THE STORY.

As far as the story has gone, we have a quaint old Italian town, in which wonderful things were done long ago. In fact the murder was there committed which was the beginning of the end of those fabled of Beatrice Cenci's father. The town has a potentate who is a Cardinal and as well a scion of one of the old princely houses. A man of the world, we are told, is this Cardinal. Then there is a convent, a Carmelite convent, and a relative of the Cardinal is abbess. And there enters the convent another and younger relative who has ways of sitting out on the back step, and singing death songs, and communing with her own spirit about suicide and such. She wears the habiliments of the order, including a veil with which she covers her face just when you think it would be as wise not to. The practice of reading religious works and meditating on subjects of devotion, even that of reciting the office seems to have had no particular part in this convent. Maria Adolorata—that is the sweet liquid name of the nun—had spent a year in "the world," and but for her costume might very well be there yet.

It has been a tradition that when over a member of the princely house was in the convent, she became abbess. From this we may suppose that these princesses were more than ordinarily endowed with the talents necessary for the guidance of the convent's affairs. Mr. Crawford presents the present abbess in such a light that a very irreverent person would think her an old fool, perhaps if Maria were not so young and beautiful, one might think something of the sort about her, too. And one cannot refrain from remarking this fatality even in the case of the Cardinal whose many years of experience and knowledge of hearts and minds and passions, did not stand in the way of his forcing this girl into the convent when she had no inclination for it and not the smallest trace of a vocation. One of the girls who carried the fresh washed lincens to the convent said that Sister Maria Adolorata "lived in her throat," out of which each of us takes his own meaning and all agree to have been highly improper.

This is the basis for Mr. Crawford's story. The times were sadly out of joint. The folly of the case was pretty complete. Things were as they should not be. Poor Maria had entered into the religious life absolutely unfitted for it. A soldier entering upon duty in a citadel should be

at least devoted. Were his heart overflowing with sedition there would be all times ahead for him. Thus it was with Maria.

Dickens told Poe that Godwin wrote a novel backwards, first getting his characters into a hopeless tangle and then accounting the best way he could for what he had done. Mr. Crawford's imagination having conjured up these details of folly already mentioned, he betook himself to the top room of a sky scraping New York building last mid summer, and there proceeded to develop the story now running in the Century. It is naturally to this part of the story, which after all is the essential part, that Catholics like Mr. Egan object. A convent is a reality, a fact which Mr. Crawford seems to have lost sight of. Putting aside all argument as to their usefulness, it is well known that order and discipline and prevailing common sense enter into every detail of their little governments. All this is as well known to Mr. Crawford as to another, and the fact that he who is a Catholic presents a picture of convent life which could have been as easily done by an imaginative Protestant who never saw a convent, and never saw more than the picture of a nun, gives other Catholics good cause for complaint.

Apart from these haunting fallacies which are ever cropping up in the course of it, the story is very well constructed. Mr. Crawford certainly knows Italy, as anyone who has read Saracinesca is ready to believe. There is that hot blooded girl, for instance, who is in love with the Scotch surgeon, and who puts a stiletto some inches into old Sor Tommaso's side because he laughs at her. It looks likely that Dalrymple himself will be in danger of the same chilly token some day. He does not know about the wash girl's love; he is too busy snatching kisses from the prioress that is to be, the girl who masses on death and waits for him in the ante room. Maria Adolorata must go too, one shudders to think, probably by her own hand. What a carnival of blood there is in prospect. In Italy above all places violent delights have violent endings.

MORAL.

One does not object to a liberal clearing off of dramatis personae in the last act even at the point of rapier or dagger, but to intrude these things in to a convent where holy women pray for them that are living in strife, and by so intruding there giving generous Protestants another hold upon their old prejudiced views about convents, this was too bad—for a Catholic. What a pity Mr. Crawford did not go canoeing in Muskoka last summer instead of climbing up and down those dozen flights of steps in New York.

CYMRU.

Brittany is going to send monks to Wales to labor for the conversion of its people to their ancient faith. The statement has been made that had the church a supply of missionaries who could speak to the Welsh people in their own language, to send among them, the country would be soon brought back to the Catholic fold. The established church has been steadily losing ground there of late years, and the dissenters fail to hold the people. If these monks from Brittany can only acquire the use of the Welsh tongue, their labors in Wales may be attended with great results. The English bishops have for years been desirous of inducing some religious order to undertake the work of converting the Welsh people back again to the faith of St. David.

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LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XXIV.

HAMILTON, March, 18—

DEAR FRIEND—I have tried to give you an idea of the Penal laws so cruelly enforced in the 16th century, though that infamous code almost surpassed the eloquence of Burke to describe it. "It had," Burke says, "a vicious perfection. It was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and the debasement of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

This code prevented the accumulation of property and punished industry as a crime. This code enforced ignorance by statute law and punished as a felony any effort to acquire knowledge, and yet the descendants of the parties who inflicted this "code" are actually in the habit of reproaching the Irish with wilful ignorance and wilful squalid poverty.

"During the reign of Elizabeth, Grey (the Deputy) used such inhuman, unrelenting brutality, whereupon the Queen was assured that soon there would be but little left for Her Majesty to reign over but ashes and carcasses!" So says Rev. Dr. Leland, Protestant historian, Book IV., Chap. II. This was the consummation of the subjugation of the Irish after 100 years of war, famine &c.

"Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honor, glory and rule above the rest)
He overwhelmed and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name and all oppressed.
Famine and fire he held, and there withal
He razed towns and threw down towers and all."

It seems strange that the poet Spenser should have suggested this cruel plan for the subjugation of Ireland. He recommended that 20 days be given the Irish to submit; after which time the army marched on Ireland destroying and burning all before them, creating a famine and ensuring pestilence. But let me give the words of the gentle Edmund, the writer of "The Faerie Queen." "The end will (I assure mee) bee very short, for, altho' they should not all bee slaine by the soldiers yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from ranning abroad to feed, by this hard restraint they would soone consume themselves and devour one another!" (Spenser's Ireland, page 165.) Hollinshed states, VI., 427: "As they (the army) went, they drove the whole country before them into the Ventrice. They took all the cattle in the country, 8,000 kine besides horses, garrons, sheep and goats, and all such people as they met were put to the sword and the rest were left to die of faunne—for want of victuals." They wasted and foraged the whole country, so that the poor people were driven to devour dogs, horses, carrion, &c. But I will quote Spenser again: "Notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corne and cattel, yet ere one yeare and a half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs would not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death. They spake like ghosts crying out of their graves. . . . A most populous and plentiful country suddently left voyde of man or beast or corne." (Spenser's State of Ireland, p. 165.) Sir John Davies said: "The people were brayed as in a mortar with famine, pestilence, pillage and the sword,

and submitted themselves at last to the English government."

In 1612 the Statute II., James I., Chap. V., was enacted. The Irish being now subjugated this Statute "abolished all distinctions of race between English and Irish," with the intent, as the statute expressed it, "That there might be an utter oblivion of all differences and discords betwixt them."

When the Penal laws against Catholics were enforced, the Statute was ignored. The distinction of race was lost, Irish and English who were Catholics were obliged thenceforth to endure oppression and spoliation under the name of rebels and malcontents because they would not "deny Christ before men" and abandon the faith of their forefathers, the faith of St. Patrick.

Thou fair Religion wast designed
Dutious daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind
And make men happy, good and wise.
To point where sits in Love arrayed
Attendant to each suppliant call
The God of Universal aid—
The God, the Father of us all."

From 1688 the great principles of Parliamentary power is dated. Public liberty was protected from any possible abuse of the royal Prerogative especially with regard to pecuniary matters. William III. complained that he was king of Holland but only Stadtholder of England.

Ireland, however, did not share in the so-called "Bill of rights," a *misnomer* in one point, as religious intolerance was established by Law and the Sovereign was obliged to swear to maintain the Protestant religion. Religious dissensions were fostered by English rulers for the benefit of English rule. Ireland had no bill of rights; none of those statutes which were considered bulwarks of public liberty were copied into Irish statute books. But the great principles of civil and religious liberty, immortalized in the eloquence of Grattan, were written in latter days in characters of fire on the Irish heart by the burning words of the great O'Connell.

The following are a small part of Catholic grievances of that period: "All Catholics disqualified from voting. Catholic peers could not sit in the House of Lords. A Catholic could not hold office. Catholic priests or Bishops were considered as traitors and banished or hanged, drawn and quartered. Any one harbouring a priest or assisting at Catholic worship were treated in a similar manner or crushed under weights to death, as in the case of Mrs. Chtheroe."

Shortly after the treaty of Limerick, 1695, this law was again enacted that Catholic peers and gentlemen could not sit in Parliament. To their credit be it said that seven Anglican Bishops and six peers entered a strong protest against this unjust statute. The law was dead against Catholics obtaining land in any way. If a Catholic bought land, or was left it by will, or given it at all, any Protestant could take it from him and enjoy it himself. A Catholic might lease a farm for 81 years and if by labour and industry he improved it so as to yield a profit equal to one-third of the rent, any Protestant might by law evict him and take the land away and use it for the residue of the lease. If a Catholic had a horse worth even £100 (\$500) or more, any Protestant tendering him £5 could take the horse and keep it. If a Catholic, having a valuable horse, concealed it to keep it, he was liable to be imprisoned for three months and to pay a fine three times the value of the horse. If a Catholic taught school he could be banished or hanged as a felon.

It was a crime for a Catholic to have his children taught to read in Ireland, and it was also made penal to seek education abroad. To the parent the penalty was \$100 fine, and to the child loss of inheritance, &c. Any reproach on Irish ignorance comes

with an ill grace from those whose ancestors did their best to render the Irish people a nation of ignorant slaves.

In 1708 it was enacted that no Catholic could be guardian to, or have the custody or tuition of any orphan or child under the age of 21 years, and that the guardianship, when a Catholic was entitled to it, should be disposed of by the Chancellor to the nearest Protestant relation of the child, or some other Protestant, who was required to bring up the child in the Protestant religion. An offence against this law was punished by a fine of £500. Catholics were not permitted to be guardians to their own children until the Act was passed in 1782 which permitted that.

The wise Sully, regarding the ceaseless fermentations of the French, is said to have given this *mot* to posterity: "People do not revolt from fickleness or the mere desire of change; revolts are produced by the impatience of intolerable suffering." The iron hand of despotism, which presumed to point out the way to Heaven and crushed all who did not follow that law-appointed road, weighed heavily upon Ireland for several centuries. Looking back at the establishment of the Anglican Church, which gave the death blow to liberty of conscience, at the penal laws, which inflicted such suffering on a helpless people; at the violation of the articles of Mellfont in the reign of James I.; at the cold-blooded atrocities of Cromwell and his puritans, by whom, according to Sir William Petty, over 80,000 Irish men, women and children were shipped to Virginia and the West Indies and sold as slaves to the planters.

I will mention incidentally that those of the poor peasantry who survived the "process of collecting" (tearing them from their families, separating husbands from wives, children from parents and plighted lovers parted forever) were embarked in transports to these islands, and in six years out of eighty thousand only twenty individuals were living! "Murder most foul as in the best it is."

"If crimes like these hereafter are forgiven, Judas and Cromwell both may go to Heaven. The latter laid schemes for death, to slaughter turned his heart, And fitted murder to the rules of Art."

Over three hundred priests with their Bishops were executed for exercising their ecclesiastical functions during the five years of the protectorate; and at the robbery and spoliation of the Irish nobility and landed proprietors by "Praise-God-bare-bones," and his Parliament, we turn with abhorrence from this gloomy record of terrors and fanaticism, bespattered with the blood and tears of the Irish, to behold the annihilation of their transient hopes by the violation of the treaty of Limerick in the reign of William III. The blind and furious bigotry which prevailed at this period may be exemplified by the following circumstance:—A few days following the treaty of Limerick—which was signed on Oct. 3rd, 1695—Dopping, Protestant Bishop of Meath, preached before the Lords Justices on the *crime of keeping faith with Papists!*

"What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text."

All Protestant ministers however, were not so devoid of honour and sense as this Dopping. One conscientious minister had the courage to preach a sermon in contradiction to Bishop Dopping; others also pleaded, but in vain.

"Th' with our judgments, as our watch is:
none
Are just alike, yet each believes his own."
Yours, PLACIDIA.

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ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE

To Creditors of John Noonan, late of the City of Toronto, laborer, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to R. S. O. cap. 110 that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named John Noonan who died on or about the 7th day of November 1894 are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to the undersigned administrators or their solicitors a statement in writing containing their names, addresses, and full particulars of their claims with vouchers if any, duly verified by statutory declaration on or before the 1st day of February 1895, after which date the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not have had notice at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto this 20th day of December, A.D., 1894.

The Trusts Corporation of Ontario, Administrators, of the Estate of John Noonan, deceased. By

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

Jan. 25	Conversion of St. Paul.
26	St. Polycarp.
27	Feast of Holy Family.
28	St. John Chrysostom.
29	St. Francis de Sales.
30	St. Felix.
31	St. Peter Nolasco.

The New French President.

The fact of the lately elected President of the French Republic being a Protestant by profession has given rise to varied discussions in the press and among political circles in England and America. In both those nations, the overwhelming majority being non Catholic, the election of a President of the Catholic faith is an utter impossibility. In England the sovereign is obliged to make oath of allegiance not only to the observance of the constitution of the realm, but also to the maintenance of the Protestant religion, and to a solemn declaration of sincere and conscientious attachment to all its principles and teachings whatever these may be.

There are certain oath-bound secret societies, Orangeism for instance, whose members insist upon the Sovereign being professedly of the Protestant Faith, and not only that, but they swear also, that should the King or Queen for conscientious or other motives turn Catholic or cease to maintain Protestant ascendancy in Ireland and a *tertium* in England, they would forswear their allegiance and consider themselves justified in rebelling against the royal authority and person. In the United States no Religious Test-oath is required of the newly elected President, but bigotry is yet so rampant and so widespread in that free republic, that a man or patriot of Catholic convictions and practice would not have a ghost of chance of securing a majority on the day of election.

It appears from the announcement of the nation's choice of Francis Felix Faure as President of the great French Republic that no such law or objection obtains in France. Some of our contemporaries express their astonishment at such toleration on the part of the French people. Others attribute the fact to the progress of liberal ideas and to the advancement in the ways of toleration by the Catholic masses of the French population. Mr. Faure is Protestant say they, but the number of his co-religionists in that country is only about three quarters of a million in a total population of 30,000,000. Indeed the Roman Catholic population is almost 80 per cent. of the total. "It appears that not since the days of Henry IV., away back in the sixteenth century has the head of the Government of France been a Protestant."

In the political turmoil and constant change of cabinets and Presidents in the French capital, it really does not seem to matter very much what party has gained or lost, or what figurehead stands before the people as holding power from on high. All power is from God, and all Catholics are taught to obey the civil authority not for "wrath indeed but for conscience sake." However reprehensible and open for criticism French laws may be, there is one grand principle in the nation's ruling that England and America must sooner or later adopt, viz. that no man's religion should debar him from power or position of trust in the service of his country.

Of all the presidents and party leaders that have risen to eminence in France during the last quarter of a century, Marshal McMahon alone was a practical Catholic. Messrs. Thiers, Greevy and Carnot were, no doubt, born and brought up as Catholics. But if their practices of daily life and their public acts are considered, they might as well have been heathens or Hottentots. They allowed the most objectionable and odious laws to be enacted and put in force against the Church, of which their wives, perhaps, and children were devout members. Ferry, Gambetta and Boulanger were no better. Gambetta, the most eloquent orator, was for a short time the people's idol. But he declared open war against the Church and caused the word *clericalism* to bring Christian morals and teachings into disfavor with the masses. He drove the recluses from their monasteries, banished the cross from every school and the name of God from every text book. Gambetta and Boulanger died miserable, disgraceful and premature deaths. In the midst of such heathenish legislation by so-called Catholics, or rather, fiendish apostates, an honest Protestant or a sincere Christian of any denomination is a God send. But Mr. Faure, be he Protestant or Catholic, will command the respectful obedience of all true men who love their country and serve their God. Henry IV., King of France, changed his religious views and convictions with mature deliberation, and after long consultation with Protestant and Catholic divines. The story is told of him, that he sent for a leading Protestant Minister of his day and asked him to say on his word of honor, if a man could save his soul in the Catholic Church, to which the Minister replied, most certainly he can. The King then called a Catholic Bishop and asked him the same question, to which the Bishop replied, most certainly he can, and ought to. You all agree, said the King, that I can be saved in the Catholic Church? Then in the name of God, I will join it.

According to the historian Rhorbacher, King Henry IV. treated his abjuration of the Huguenot faith far more seriously and with much solemnity. He says:

On the 23rd of July the king sent for the Archbishop of Bourges, the Bishops of Nantes and of Maine and the Bishop-elect of Evreux, Mgr. Duperron, and conversed with them on the important affair of his conversion. He explained to them his state of mind and the several points on which

he required satisfactory explanations. The Bishops discoursed with him frankly, solving all his doubts and perplexities. The conference lasted fully five hours, at the end of which King Henry acknowledged himself perfectly satisfied and willing to sign his profession of faith in the Catholic Church. Two days afterwards, the King's abjuration was solemnly made in the Church of St. Denis 25th July, 1593.

On bended knees King Henry IV. made his professions as follows: I declare and vow in the presence of God all powerful, that I will live and die in the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion, that renouncing all heresies I will protect and defend against all the same Catholic Roman Apostolic Faith at the peril of my blood and of my life.

It may be objected that Henry IV. changed his religious views through wise policy and that he never was a Catholic at heart. All must confess, however, that it was very good policy for him to be of the same religious belief and practice as twenty-five millions of his subjects, especially seeing that the Huguenots whom he left were a disturbing element, and at war with their monarch and their Catholic fellow countrymen. Henry IV. had honesty and bravery for his distinguishing characteristics; he was most popular and most beloved of all the French Kings. It is scarcely credible that he would belie all his good acts and sully his grand record for truth and manliness by perjuring himself before God's altar on the day of his solemn abjuration. It was the same King Henry who issued the Edict of Nantes allowing liberty of worship to all Huguenots and Calvinists and granting them unusual immunities and privileges in the cities of Bordeaux and La Rochelle. Would that Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned in England, imitated his example and ceased to persecute for conscience sake.

It was King Henry IV. who prayed that he would live to see the day when every French peasant would have his *pot* or meat for dinner every day in the year except Friday.

The Late Cornelius Donovan.

The life of the Inspector of Separate Schools who died during the past week was one from which the young Catholics over whom he was placed may well draw wholesome inspiration. He made his own way by dint of sheer ability and constant application to study. He began as a printer's boy; he taught school for awhile; without attending the exercises of the University he took his degree; he attained to a considerable fame as a writer and as a scholar; and when he was appointed to the position of Inspector of Schools, the appointment was received with general satisfaction. An admitted fitness for the post seemed to commend him to the good will of every one. By students he was held in high esteem by reason of the eminent fairness of his mind. His examination papers were always well within the scope of work prescribed for study.

In the great task of placing the standard of Separate School education at its present height much of the

work of systematizing and directing fell to the inspectors. To say that this work has been faithfully and wisely done is after all the highest praise that can be awarded. Let one's best sincerely and conscientiously whatever be the work in hand, accomplish the highest requirements of duty.

The Ethics of Production.

Doubtless we are all familiar with the method of the Frenchman who copied Demosthenes' advice about action as the first requisite of oratory by advocating boldness, always boldness as the secret of success. There is another process highly recommended: "Always do that which you are afraid to." A much more attractive way to look difficulties in the face and pass by. An example of this latter order of tactics appeared in last week's issue of Saturday Night. Says Don:

"The Manitoba School Act is looming again and is just as welcome on one side of politics as on the other. Neither broad politicians care to try with this disturbing feature. It is bundled into our midst and is not to become a feature in our general elections, not because the people of Canada want to chew the rag of disunion, but because the reverend gentlemen at the head of an ancient and powerful Church propose to have what they want or raise a row."

It is questionable which of the sections referred to in this extract will feel most flattered. It is scarcely the highest criticism which consigns all discussion of public affairs into the two categories of "broods of politicians" and people who "chew the rag of disunion." A more dignified estimate, and one which in part offsets this rather wholesale contempt for people who have views on public matters appears later, as thus:

"I think I speak for the citizens of this country generally when I say we would thank persons and prelates to be kind enough to keep their creeds out of our political hab."

This lays the flatteringunction rather near to the soul.

"As a politician once said in Illinois when addressing a temperance audience, 'It would be better in this state if we raised more hog and less hell.'"

One of the requisites of a proverb is that it express a truth. From the evidence, the Westerner was a little remiss in this particular. King Charles I. might have been greatly pleased if John Hampden had raised turnips instead of talking sentiment about that ship-tax. King John would no doubt have felt better humored were it not that certain barons and certain "reverend gentlemen at the head of an ancient and powerful Church (one Stephen Langton, Cardinal, for instance) proposed to have what they wanted or raise a row."

"In the North West if they would raise more wheat and less disturbance we would be content."

The statement is not so apposite to that of the Westerner as it might look. The Westerner enunciated false doctrine. This statement about the North-West is of itself very truth; the disingenuous part of it is that the blame for the Manitoba and North-West disturbances is by implication thrown upon the Bishops. And yet everyone knows that the Bishops only wanted the Catholics to have been continued in their rights and that it was their enemies who introduced disturbing elements into a system that had been in operation for the twenty years since Manitoba came into Confederation. And "Don" thinks that

the Bishops should go off in a pout and make no effort to resist what they deem to be injustice nor seek to obtain the legislation the Privy Council admits they have a right to ask. Here is the doctrine of non-resistance glorified indeed.

"Yet principle cannot be sacrificed for the sake of avoiding these bumpings up against creeds."

That is the essential point of the argument. When the Bishops have a grievance it is sound policy for them to say nothing about it, but once "Don's" omniscience is called in question, then it is on with the armor and invoke the goddess of Liberty. The good gentleman who wrote objecting to some reference to Methodists will no doubt realize the tremendous responsibility of "Don's" position and the stern necessity for his grouping people into "broods," calling political discussions "chewing the rag of dissension," designating the appeal of the Bishops as "raising a row." What more can our Methodist friend want than that humble declaration "I think I speak for the citizens of this country generally?"

Dr. McGlynn's Restoration.

Just as Dr. McGlynn's separation from the Church eight years ago was looked upon with feelings of regret that so able and apparently so devoted a man should have been lost to the priesthood, so has his full restoration to all his prerogatives been received with universal rejoicings. On Christmas day Dr. McGlynn celebrated his first high mass since the unfortunate difference with his Archbishop. Shortly afterwards he attended at the ceremonies of blessing his old church of St. Stephen, which has just been placed out of debt by his successor. For the first time in eight years Archbishop Corrigan and Dr. McGlynn knelt at the same altar step. Dr. McGlynn has now been placed in charge of a parish. He has secured perhaps, something of a personal triumph; but his spirit is not of the narrow order that would rejoice over it. Neither can it be said that the reputation of Archbishop Corrigan as a great Churchman has suffered.

An Earlier America.

Out of the Vatican Library have come some documents which throw a new light upon the early history of North America. From these it becomes evident beyond doubt that the Icelandic Norsemen who had settled in Greenland became Christians about the year 1025 or nearly five hundred years before the voyage of Columbus. The bishopric of Gardar was there established early in the twelfth century and was continued by a line of bishops until the beginning of the fifteenth century. All this time there was continuous intercourse between the bishops and the Holy See. In 1492, just before Columbus sailed, a bishop was appointed to the see by Pope Alexander VI. About 1282 the See of Gardar being a suffragan see to Drontheim in Norway, the Archbishop of Drontheim was ordered to collect the Peter's Pence throughout his province. He desired to be dispensed on account of the great lengths of the journeys in the diocese of Gardar. The letters of

dispensation speak not only of Greenland but also of the other islands and neighboring territories which must have been Markland, Helluland and Vinland, which latter is mentioned in Icelandic literature as a place to the south-west of Greenland from which timber and furs were often brought. This settlement of Vinland which was thus so long ago part of a diocese claiming the sovereignty of the sea is one whose location has been pointed upon. A writer in a recent number of the Canadian Magazine gave reasons for believing it to have been in the neighborhood of Boston.

Hard at Work.

Late Irish papers show that Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Brien have entered vigorously upon an educating campaign in preparation for the coming election. One of Mr. O'Brien's letters concerning the evils of landlord administration will be found elsewhere in these pages. The state of affairs thereby revealed is one which challenges belief. Were it not that the evidence in support of Mr. O'Brien's conclusions is everywhere visible; did we not know that millions of the Irish people have left that island which possesses the most productive soil and the fairest climate of all the world, to face the miseries of a new struggle in this continent, did we not know that during even the last ten years of comparative freedom from famine and disturbance, the population has nevertheless been wondrously diminished, we might be inclined to doubt the justice of Mr. O'Brien's charges against the landlords. As it is we must agree with him that the surmise of some of the economists as to the soil being crowded beyond its capacity for supporting human existence is wrong, and that Ireland under a rational and coherent system of administration is capable of sustaining in comfort a population largely in excess of any it has yet known.

Mr. Sexton, who is by common consent the greatest master of economic subjects has recently spent much time in the study of the report of a special commission sent to investigate the social condition of the island, in order that he may be prepared for a thorough and enlightened discussion of the new land bill which Mr. Morley proposes to introduce at the next session, a bill which has already met with the approval of large numbers of the Protestants of Ulster.

Mr. Healy on the 4th instant made two very important speeches at Crossmaglen. In one of them he pointed out the facts that butter comes fifteen thousand miles from Australia, eggs come three thousand miles from Canada, oats come from Russia, and wheat from India and South America, all cheaper in Ireland than similar articles of native production.

"In point of fact, instead of paying a rent it is an almost sufficiently hard thing in many places to make the rates out of the land. Now what is our modest demand? The modest demand we make is this--and for it we are called robbers, brigands, murderers and miscreants--our modest demand is that the improvements you made in the soil and the buildings you built upon the soil for your inhabitancy shall be relieved from the imposition of rent. And that the men paid by the State at a thousand a year each to fix these rents upon you shall not be drawn almost without exception from the

landlord, the agent and the bailiffs class. That is our modest demand."

Later in the same speech, after enumerating hardships to which the tenants are put by usurping landlords he said

"I only wish to say this, that we look with confidence to such a measure being given us in the coming session as will once for all prevent any further tinkering with the laws affecting tenure in Ireland. Accordingly, as land and agriculture is the staple industry of Ireland, and as the farming class are the backbone of the community, we rejoice that the Government is now proposing to devote a large portion of the next session to a Land Bill which will redress all their grievances. We shall be there to attend to your interests. We deeply hold the belief that it is only in a contented peasantry and a prosperous middle class that the foundations of a nation the foundations of public liberty, can be laid.

Thus far there is no appearance of difference between Mr. Healy and his colleagues. But in the other speech made the same day he strikes out with that boldness which has made him the terror of those who affect to treat Irish grievances lightly. He points out the trend of events in connection with the failure of government to do justice by the Christian Brothers. So powerful is the arraignment, so utterly severe upon the ministry that the speech has caused a sensation. The Liverpool Catholic Times looks upon the speech as an admission that the Tories are coming back to power and that Mr. Healy is reminding them of their past promises. Some ultra Unionists have become very much scared over the possibility of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour "dishing the Whigs," in "D'Israeli" fashion and giving Ireland Home Rule disguised as a local government measure, and a Land Bill. Politicians are recalling Parnell's statement that he expected Home Rule to be eventually accomplished by the Tories.

Father Allard's Petition.

The energy displayed by the administrator of the Archdiocese of St. Boniface in making a tour of the Province of Quebec at this season of the year in order that the petition to the Governor General in Council may be presented at the earliest possible date, is deserving of all admiration. It was one of the sorrows of the life of the late Archbishop Tache that some people thought he had neglected some part of his duty in not ensuring the disallowance of the Manitoba legislation. Clearly enough the contrary was the case. Nothing that the venerable Archbishop could do was left undone. He was one of those who spared no amount of personal discomfort when his activity could be used for the benefit of the people committed to his charge. Father Allard, upon whom the duties of the Archbishop devolve pending the appointment of a successor, shows by his present endeavors that the Catholics of Manitoba, suffering from the injustice perpetrated upon them, will receive that support from their pastors for which Catholics the world over have never looked in vain.

The sympathy of the REGISTER and its readers will be extended to Rev. Father Hand of St. Paul's Church, who on Monday celebrated Mass for the repose of the soul of his mother, who died a few days before at her home in Ireland.

Vicar General McCann has been appointed pastor of St. Mary's Toronto, and Father Francis Ryan becomes rector of the Cathedral and chancellor of the archdiocese. These appointments, it is almost needless to say, will be received with general satisfaction. Rev. Dr. Treacy, who has been assistant at St. Mary's, also goes to St. Michael's.

Kate O'Connor.

For the Register.

There never was another
By Barrow, Bann, or Boyne,
That troubles proved, and neighbors loved
Like Katie from Mooneoin.
'Tis no *psalm* I'm tellin',
God's blessing be upon her
For 'Tis no *psalm*'s the dwellin'
Of little Kate O'Connor.

'Tis nearly two years now, since she first
complained about it,
And the doctors said it kindly as we could
no longer do it,
Some trouble with the spine, and maybe
cat-r might pull her through it,
Mum! we'd give each heart beat and the
blood drop if they'd do it.
She was the only one was left, the only one
of seven,
Troth 'she was all we had on earth, except
the love of Heaven.

Her brow was white as *anabun*, or wheat-
field swept by storm,
And every pulse would flush it, like the
light on Carn-gorm,
Her eyes were blue as Sair, when the sun is
straight above it,
And her voice like cry and sorrow, so the
very winds would love it,
The blackest hair and longest, like the frame
around a picture,
St. Patrick 'twould remind you of the
Jewish maid in Scripture!

'Tis no *psalm* I'm tellin'
I giv' my word of honor
For 'Tis no *psalm*'s the dwellin'
Of little Kate O'Connor.

'Tis no *psalm* I'm tellin'
I giv' my word of honor
For 'Tis no *psalm*'s the dwellin'
Of little Kate O'Connor.

Go! 'tis sure we had no pride, nor prized
her for her beauty,
We'd think as soon of stayin' from Mass or
missin' th' Alister duty,
'Twas just herself, the soul of her, made us
adore and love her,
And, avin' reverence, barely put the blessed
saints above her,
The neighbors, aye for miles around, and
farther if I said it,
And Father Phil, God bless him, didn't
think it too much credit,
"Ah! *psalm* 's she!" I heard him say,
'Tis no *psalm* I'm tellin'
I giv' the duties once a week, you all the
time are *psalm*!"

'Tis no *psalm* I'm tellin'
Our soggarts to dishonor
For 'Tis no *psalm*'s the dwellin'
Of little Kate O'Connor.

I saw the tears the neighbors shed, her
dearest wish was granted,
I knelt beside her coffin while the *Psalm*
was chanted,
And after that I saw the hills, the hills of
holy Erin,
And *psalm* at the sunshine their hoary
heads were bearin',
And then one day, 'twas like a song I used
to hear her singin'
Of sun and Sair and ancient times and hope
for ever springin',
As plain, I said, as promise of our Resur-
rection given,
The *Psalm*'s at this minnit singin' down to
me from Heaven.

'Tis no *psalm* I'm tellin'
The light of God shine on her
For 'Tis no *psalm*'s the dwellin'
Of little Kate O'Connor.

There never was another
By Barrow, Bann, or Boyne,
That troubles proved, and neighbors loved
Like Katie from Mooneoin.
—William Dollard.

Cold Weather.

For the Register.

Times ain't like they used to be
'Bout twenty years ago;
No sech sun as we had then
A playin' in the snow.
Out on grandd's biggest hill,
Girls an' boys together,
Woollen mitts an' mufflers on—
Who cares 'bout cold weather?

Mr on a shinin' clear and bright,
Home made sleds a flyin'—
Bill sez he jist beat us all,
An' wusn't half a tryin'.
"Clear the track" shouts Bill, an' Hank
On that new sled of his'n
Beat Bill 'bout a yard, they say;
Gee! but they went whizzin'!

We jist havin' lots o' fun,
No cuss words or fightin'—
Mind that root the next down,
Or else you'll go a-kittin'!
Up the hill we haul our sleds,
Puttin', checks aglow—
Times aint like they used to be
'Bout twenty years ago.

—C. N. M.

The German Government intends to construct four large ironclads, a cruiser, and a despatch boat, the cost of which is estimated at more than 30,000,000 marks.

The Petition.

Following is the petition now being circulated by Father Allard in support of the appeal of the Catholics of Manitoba and the North-West:

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE,
OTTAWA, January, 10th, 1895.

To His Excellency the Governor General in Council:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—
We, the undersigned Catholics of the Dominion of Canada, and loyal subjects of Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, respectfully beg to state the following:

That during the session of the Dominion Parliament of 1894 a petition asking for the redress of the grievances of which the Catholics of the Canadian North-West complain, in the matter of education, and signed by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec and by all the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada was presented to His Excellency the Governor General in Council and to the members of the Senate and to the members of the House of Commons.

In language full of dignity and truth, the Canadian Episcopacy exposed clearly the rights of the Catholics, their duties as well as their grievances. It showed how the Catholics of Manitoba, after having enjoyed until the year 1890 the right of bringing up their children and having them educated in schools kept according to their religious convictions, they were dispossessed of them in an unjust and arbitrary manner. It showed how their situation has been gradually aggravated by time and by the effects of new laws. It drew attention to the severe blows likewise dealt at the rights of the Catholics in the North-West by the ordinances of 1892, which deprived the Catholic Schools of their liberty of action and special character. Then, establishing with the authority that belongs to it and with the acumen by which it is distinguished, the doctrine of the Catholic Church in the matter of education, it mentioned that parents have at the same time, the right and the duty, both by natural and divine law, of giving their children a Christian education according to their Catholic belief. It recalled, also, that the exercise of this right and the free fulfilment of those obligations had been guaranteed to the Catholics of the Canadian North-West, by promise the most solemn, which they did not hesitate to violate in order to impose upon our co-religionists the vexatious laws, opposed to justice and to all legitimate liberties, which to-day plunge the country into the most deplorable dissensions. As the petition of our Bishops truthfully declared, the Catholics of the Dominion resent the injustice done to their brethren of the North-West, and we here reiterate their forcible statements and their requests, desiring to confirm in a signal manner the truth of their words that pastor and flock are but one, and that together they are determined to reclaim their rights by all constitutional means in their power. Our pastors have constituted themselves the enlightened interpreters of these rights; we shall be the devoted champions of them. Therefore we protest against the fallacious and disloyal reply of the Manitoba Government, dated the 25th of October, 1894, to the order of His Excellency the Governor General in Council, dated July 25th, 1894; and, adopting the conclusions, etc., of the petition of their Lordships, the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada, with them and like them, we humbly pray for the redress of the grievances of the Catholics of Manitoba and the North-West, by the disallowance of the law of 1894, and by all other constitutional means, according to law, in regard to those laws and ordinances concerning which the prerogative of disallowance can no longer be exercised, and your petitioners will ever pray until justice be done them.

A WIFE WOMAN.

She Was Weak, Nervous and Disturbed, and Found no Benefit From Doctors' Treatment She Was Induced to Give Pink Pills a Trial and is Again Enjoying Health.

From Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

We are often asked, "Do you think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are any good? Do you think it is right to publish those glowing accounts of cures said to be effected by the Pink Pills?" Of course, we think the Pink Pills are good, and if we did not think it right to publish the testimonials we would not do it. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that people ask such questions, when they hear of clerks being employed to write up fictitious testimonials to the efficacy of some cheap and nasty patent medicine. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. do not follow that dishonest practice as there are few places in the Dominion where the marvellous efficacy of Pink Pills has not been proved. Their method, as our readers may have observed, is to publish interviews which representatives of reputable and well known journals have had with persons who have been benefited by a course of Pink Pills, thus giving absolute assurance that every case is genuine. Several such cases have come under the notice of the Canadian Evangelist, the latest being that of Mrs. T. Stephens, of 215 Hunter street west, Hamilton. Mrs. Hunter is quite enthusiastic in her praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is very positive that they have done her a great amount of good. Her trouble was indigestion and general debility. For about a year she was under a physician's care, without deriving any benefit therefrom. About three years ago she was induced by a friend to give Pink Pills a trial. When she began their use, she says, she felt dreadfully tired all the time, was weak and nervous, had a pain in her chest and was very downhearted. Her father told her she looked as though she was going in "a decline." She replied that she felt that way, whether she looked it or not. It was not long after she began to take the Pink Pills she experienced an improvement in her health and spirits. The tired feeling went away and her strength returned, the extreme nervousness vanished and her spirits revived. It is now about two years since Mrs. Stephens ceased taking the Pink Pills. She has had no return of her former troubles during all that time. She is now strong, healthy and cheerful and is very emphatic in declaring that she owes to Pink Pills her present satisfactory state of health, and has, therefore, no hesitation in recommending them to those afflicted as she was.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of January, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.	Dep.
G. T. E. East	7:30 a.m.	7:45 p.m.
O. and Q. Railway	7:45 a.m.	7:55 p.m.
G. T. R. West	7:30 a.m.	12:40 p.m.
N. and N. W.	7:30 a.m.	10:10 a.m.
T. G. and R.	7:00 a.m.	10:55 a.m.
Midland	7:00 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
C. V. R.	7:00 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
G. W. R.	6:30 a.m.	10:45 a.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6:30 a.m.	12:00 a.m.
U. S. West States	6:30 a.m.	12:00 a.m.

English mails close on Monday at 11 a.m. and on Thursday at 11 a.m. Mails for Montreal close on Monday and Tuesday at 11 a.m. Mails for London close on Tuesday and Thursday at 11 a.m. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of January: 1st, 4th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 22nd, 25th, 28th, 31st.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transmit their Savings Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at each branch post office.

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Frischmann's Yeast... half a cake
Sugar... two pounds
Labwarm water... two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be made in all drug and grocery stores in the United States, in bulk lots and by retail.

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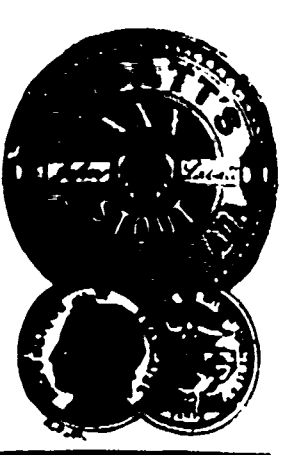


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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

At Gracehill, on Christmas Day, the body of a soldier named William Kilpatrick was found by his brother John on the banks of the Maine, and on the latter attempting to lift the body out of the water he, too, fell in and was drowned.

Armagh.

Mr. Small, of Markethill has allowed 3s. in the pound to his judicial tenants Knockbarrow estate near Rossvor. Mr. W. Carvill, Rathgar, Dublin, has also allowed 3s. in the pound to his judicial tenants on the Ballyvalley property. Mr. Murray, Castlewellan, has offered 1s. in the pound to his tenants on his Killowen property.

Clare.

With deep regret we have to announce the death of the Rev. Michael Quinlivan, the respected parish priest of Kilkree, who took place at the Presbytery, Kilkree, on December 26th. Father Quinlivan took ill about a fortnight before Christmas, suffering from an attack of bronchitis, but seemed to be rallying until the 20th, when paralysis supervened, to which he succumbed. Father Quinlivan was about eighty years of age, and through a long ministry was most energetic both for the spiritual and temporal interest of his flock. He saw successfully accomplished the last ideal of his life, the construction of a railway to Kilkree, for which he strove successfully for years before it was carried through. He was a great supporter of every useful movement for the welfare of the people and erected numerous schools in every parish where he had control. He was ordained in 1837, and was a native of Ballyroshan near Newmarket on Fergus. His first curacy was in Clare Castle, and he was afterwards for a long time curate in Ennis, from whence he was promoted to be Administrator of Quin, and afterwards was sent to West Clare as parish priest of Kilmacodane.

Coek.

Two farmers named Donovan and Sullivan have been arrested by the Skibberene police, charged with assaulting and endangering the life of another farmer named Looby, whose dispositions have been taken.

Derry.

A Lloyd's telegram from Drummore states that a steamer, supposed to be the Oswald of Whitby from the names picked up on boards, was totally wrecked three miles north of Port Logan, Wigtownshire. All hands have been lost. The vessel was broken in two, and a quantity of wreckage had been washed ashore. The Oswald left Derry, on December 5th, for Cardiff.

Down.

A telegram from Barton port states that a large quantity of wreckage had been washed ashore there. The stern of a jolly-boat bore the name, "J. Cambridge, Hartlepool." The wreckage included seventeen hatches, and was distributed over a large portion of the coast. Inquiries show that a Cambridge boat builder sold the jolly boat named above to the captain of the steamer Bordeaux, in February last. A steamer of this name belonging to Glasgow, sailed from Troon for Limerick, on December 18th, and would have been off the Donegal coast about the time mentioned.

Down.

After a short illness Lora Trevor has died at the advanced age of 75. For 25 years as Mr. Arthur Hill Trevor, he sat as member for the County Down, being elevated to the Peerage in 1850 as Baron Trevor, of Brynkinalt, Dunblugh. He was the third son of the third Marquis of Downshire, and just half a century ago was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Hon. Arthur William Trevor, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Life Guards, succeeds to the title.

Dublin.

Mr. Arthur Cleary, Q. C., a member of the Irish Bar, has recently been admitted a member of the Bombay (East India) Bar. Mr. Cleary was called to the outer bar in Ireland, in 1864, and to the inner bar in 1865. As a Queen's Counsel he had a "right to precedence" over all counsel practicing in Bombay, save the Advocate-General. Mr. Cleary wrote, however, to the Secretary of the Bombay Bar, offering to waive his right of precedence in respect of those called to the Bar before his own calling, 1865. The question was considered at a meeting of the Bombay Bar, when the members present decided to interfere in the matter, and record of that in their opinion Mr. Cleary was entitled to precedence over all counsel except the Advocate-General.

The Local Government Board for Ireland has forwarded to the Boards of Guardians a circular on the subject of the potato failure in certain parts of Ireland, stating that "Her Majesty's Government has realized the necessity for granting some means by which the owners of small holdings might be able to obtain a sufficient supply of seed potatoes for the coming year." The Guardians were instructed by the above communication that the seed potatoes "could be supplied to persons whose valuations did not exceed £15 and that the maximum quantity, in descending order, was 120wt. If the guardians considered there was an urgent need for a seed potato supply in the Union, a loan would be granted by the Board of Works, to defray

the cost of such supply, the same to be repayable by annual instalments!"

Galway.

On the first of January, 1895, the Galway and Clifden Railway was opened by the Midland Great Western Company, for goods and passenger traffic, between Galway and Oughterard a distance of seventeen miles. The rest of the Railway, from Oughterard to Clifden, is in a forward state toward completion, and will be open throughout before long. The total length of the line is 40 miles. It is being constructed by the Midland Great Western Company, on the same gauge as their own railway, and will be of great benefit to the districts served, which have been so long dependent upon road communication.

Kerry.

Doctor John R. Hayes, District Coroner, held an inquest at Kean, near Killorglin, on December 27th, on the body of a farmer named John Teahan, aged 66. The evidence showed that the deceased left his home for Killorglin on Christmas Eve, and not having turned up at the expected time in the evening, his family became alarmed and went in search of him. They did not, however, succeed until next day, when they discovered his dead body in a shallow pool near the side of the road, with the face immersed in the water. Dr. Dodd, Killorglin, attributed death to suffocation, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Kildare.

We regret to announce that Mr. Richard Newcomen, of Turf Lodge, Curragh, the owner and breeder of Crohan-towns, who so recently defeated a large field of horses at Manchester, England, is seriously ill. Mr. Newcomen is one of the oldest and most respected residents in the County Kildare. Dr. Thunder, of Newbridge, is in attendance and doing all that medical aid can to ensure his patient's recovery.

Kilkenny.

On December 26th, intelligence reached Kilkenny of a serious shooting affray which had taken place on the previous Friday night at Kilmacow. It appears that a respectable farmer, named Nolan, had some altercation with a man servant named Fahy. Words led to blows, and Nolan proceeded to his dwelling house, returning with a revolver. It is alleged that he immediately opened fire on the servant, one of the bullets lodging in the head of latter. The local constabulary arrived on the scene immediately after the occurrence, and medical assistance was procured from Waterford. The injured man's wound was dressed, and he now lies in a rather critical condition. Nolan has been placed under arrest.

Lettism.

Mr. Lynch Local Government Board Inspector, recently visited Manorhamilton Union, with a view of reporting on the condition of the crops. He was accompanied by the relieving officers of the district, Messrs. Kelly and Keany.

The news of the recent decision of the Local Government Board Inquiry, at Droonah, was received by the inhabitants of that village with general evidence of satisfaction and rejoicing. Most of the windows were illuminated, a bonfire was kindled in the Market square, and a large crowd assembled outside Dr. Carroll's house and cheered and congratulated him on the happy termination of the inquiry.

Limerick.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. F. W. McCarthy, auctioneer, Limerick, which took place on December 29th, at his residence, 17 The Crescent, after a very brief illness. He was a gentleman of the highest character and probity in his profession, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. The deceased was the second son of Mr. Peter McCarthy, the extensive cabinetmaker and furniture dealer, whose house is one of the most extensive in the south of Ireland, and is ably conducted by Mr. Stephen McCarthy, the elder brother of the lamented deceased.

Longford.

At the last meeting of the Granard Town Commissioners, Mr. P. O'Reilly, Chairman, presiding, the Dublin Corporation "No Confidence" resolution was rejected by 5 votes to 2.

Louth.

In the Christmas announcement, the Sisters of Charity, Drogheda, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £5 from Mrs. MacCabe, Edinburg. The Treasurer (Edward McDonough), of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, also acknowledges donations towards the funds of the society: Mrs. MacCabe, Edinburg, £5; and George Daly, Esq., £1.

Lurg.

The police have been valuably dragging Lough Mullard, near Kesh, Newport road, for the body of the missing man, Peter Gibson, of Ringarosa, ever since his hat and bundle were taken out of the lake. The man's home was near Bolanra, the very opposite side of the country.

Monagh.

On Monday, December 24th, Mr. Reilly, Coroner for Monagh, held an inquest in the school-room of the Drogheda Workhouse, on the body of a female inmate of the Lunatic Asylum, named Catherine Dempsey, who

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HUGH O'CONNOR JOSEPH O'REILLY, D.L. SIR GEORGE B. OWENS, M.D., J.P. THOMAS PIM (Pim Brothers & Co.) JAMES TALBOT POWER, D.L., Merchant, (John Power & Son) EDWARD ROBERT READ (Joseph Watkins & Co.) J. HAMILTON REID, M.A. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Director of the Bank of Ireland, Director of the Great Southern & Western Railway Company, Director City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. GEORGE BLACK THOMPSON (Thompson, D'Olier & Co.) GAVENSWAN WARREN, Director of the Dublin & Kingstown Railway Company, HAROLD ENGELBAUGH, Secretary.

General Agent, J. H. EWART, General Agent, Offices - 16 Wellington St. East, Toronto. Correspondence is invited as to Agencies at unrepresented points in Ontario.

had died on the previous Saturday. The deceased had been an inmate of the lunatic ward for the past three years. Verdict was returned that her death was due to natural causes.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Patrick Keenan, of Mile-End House, Carrigane, Emyvale, as magistrate for county Monaghan.

At the last meeting of the Monaghan Poor Law Guardians, Mr. William Murray, J. P., in the chair, the Master reported that the nuns of the Convent of St. Louis had provided all the pauper inmates of the Workhouse, at Christmas, with a plentiful entertainment, consisting of tea, currant cake, jam, fruit, and other dainties, and that a very pleasant evening was spent by young and old in the house. The apartment in which the entertainment was given was neatly decorated with evergreens. Four of the Sisters attended and acted as hosts, being assisted by young lady boarders from the convent. A cordial vote of thanks was passed by the Board to the good Sisters.

On Christmas Day, in Maryborough, considerable excitement was caused by the conduct of the police, acting, it is stated, under the directions of a local J. P., in endeavoring to prevent a local fife and drum band from parading the streets. The band turned out at 6 a.m. and marched down Main street. When passing the police barracks, the police rushed out and took hold of the first members of the band. Things looked serious for some minutes, but eventually the police withdrew and the band played across the Square. As they were about going home an attempt was made to arrest the drummer. It is expected that some explanation will be demanded from the authorities.

The action brought by Mr. William O'bert, Clerk of the Boyle Union, against the Board of Guardians, for the sum of £120, which he claimed to be due him for six years' salary as Secretary to the Rural Board, was heard recently, in Dublin, before Justice Andrews and a jury. They decided to offer £30, holding that this was sufficient. The Mr. O'bert declined to accept and duly issued a writ, whereupon the Guardians lodged the £30 in court. In the result the jury found for the plaintiff, allowing £60, which carried full costs against the Guardians.

With feelings of profound regret we have to announce the death of Mrs. Carol, Ballinacarrow, which occurred on December 13th. Deceased, who had scarcely reached her 50th year, was the only daughter of the late Thomas O'Connor. A few days previous to her death she had given birth to a son, and all thought of danger was abandoned, when bronchitis supervened, and she peacefully passed away. Her demise is keenly regretted by her husband and her widowed mother and a large circle of friends. The interment took place on December 15th, in Kilvarnet cemetery, and the large and respectable cortege which followed the hearse testified the esteem in which deceased was held.

We regret to announce the death of Archdeacon Ryan P.P., Fethard, which took place at the Presbytery, Fethard, on December 22d, after a protracted illness. The deceased was an alumnus of the Royal College of Salamanca, and afterwards Vice Rector of that celebrated seat of learning. His funeral to the Parochial Church, where his grave was prepared for the reception of his remains, was attended by the illustrious Archbishop of Cashel and a very large number of the clergy of Cashel.

On December 24th, an elderly widow lady, named Mrs. McNeill, residing at the institution, Danganman, was observed to fall on

the pathway near the Orange Hall. A man named Charles Meek, who was passing, ran to her assistance, and found that she was insensible. She was conveyed to the residence of the Rev. I. Huggard, close by where she died in a few minutes, before Dr. Twigg, who had been sent for, arrived. Mr. John Malone, coroner, held an inquest. A verdict of "Death from syncope" was returned.

A terrible fatality occurred in Tramore on Christmas Day, a young man named Michael Glynn, of Managhue, losing his life under exceptionally fearful circumstances. He left some friends in the town about one o'clock, and an hour later his mangled body was found at the foot of the cliffs near the Royal Naval Reserve Battery, on the Donessale. There was no suspicion of foul play, and at the coroner's inquest a verdict of accidental death was returned.

Ballycullane Post-office will shortly be opened for money order and savings bank business, and about the end of March next the telegraph system will also be extended to that place.

The extension of the line of the Dublin and Blessington Steam Tramway Company from the Blessington terminus to Poulaphuca is being proceeded with steadily, and the Directors expect to have it completed in time to secure a large amount of next Summer's traffic. The extension is 1 1/2 miles in length, and the portion that yet remains to be laid presents no special difficulty. When it is completed not only will the beautiful fall of Poulaphuca be brought within easy and comfortable reach of Dubliners, but a most picturesque part of Wicklow, which lies further south, will be opened to tourists, and the extension is likely to prove a valuable feeder for the parent line.



DISEASED LUNGS CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I felt what is often done by those who have contracted a cold. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did not do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and in four days I had finished the bottle. I was cured. - A. J. PEARSON, Water Street, Orangeville, Ont. Highest Awards at World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cure Constipation.

C. M. B. A.

Election of Officers.

The following have been elected officers of the local branches of the C. M. B. A. for 1895:

BRANCH NO. 3, AMHERSTBURG.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. P. Ryan, P.P.; President, John B. Robidoux, jr.; 1st Vice President, Dr. T. James Park; 2nd Vice President, William J. H. McBride; Recording Secretary, Lambert Bertrand; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Richard; Financial Secretary, Wm. J. Smith; Treasurer, Simon Bertrand; Marshal, Alex. Reaume; Guard, W. J. Burley.

BRANCH NO. 7, SARNIA.
President, M. Lysaght; 1st Vice President, James McDonald; 2nd Vice President, Edward Scanlan; Recording Secretary, Rev. Joseph Bayard; Assistant Secretary, John Buckley; Financial Secretary, D. McCart; Treasurer, John Dougan; Marshal, Hugh O'Riley; Guard, James Boyle.

BRANCH NO. 142, MONTREAL.
Chaplain, Rev. M. Auclair; President, Lucien Forget; 1st Vice President, C. P. Duvaucou; 2nd Vice President, Charles G. Prevost; Recording Secretary, N. P. Lamoureux, 399 Laval avenue; Assistant Recording Secretary, W. H. Auclair; Financial Secretary, Joseph Desrosiers; Treasurer, J. B. A. Quenel; Marshal, Thos. Lamanque; Sentry, Edelman Bazinet; Trustees, W. H. Gravel, Eug. Forget, Alm. Gervais, A. Dumouchel, Dr. A. Gervain.

BRANCH NO. 24, THOROLD.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. T. J. Sullivan; President, Matthew Battle; 1st Vice President, Joseph Sanders; 2nd Vice President, Michael McCarthy; Financial Secretary, Archibald McKague; Recording Secretary, John Francis Joseph Heyael; Treasurer, James Battle; Guard Francis Poulin; Marshal, John McNulty; Chancellor, Joseph Battle; Trustees, John Corbett, John Bunyan, Matthew Hart, Patrick McMahon, Richard Commarford.

BRANCH NO. 106, PARRY SOUND.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. P. J. McGuire; Chancellor, Robert I. Clarkson; President, John Edward McGee; 1st Vice President, James Lynch; 2nd Vice President, D. Burns; Recording Secretary, P. J. Dwyer; Assistant Secretary, R. I. Clarkson; Financial Secretary, T. Yates; Treasurer, R. I. Clarkson; Marshal, Joseph Bossette; Guard, Joseph Dube; Trustees, Joseph Dwyer, Dennis Burns, Joseph Bossette, R. I. Clarkson, Thomas Yates.

BRANCH NO. 131, NORTH SYDNEY, C.B.
Joseph McPherson, President; Arthur McDermott, 1st Vice President; Cornelius Gannon, 2nd Vice President; Richard Hickey, Recording Secretary; A. McDonald, Assistant Recording Secretary; James Desmond, Financial Secretary; Rev. D. J. McIntosh, P.P., Treasurer; James Gonnell, Marshal; James McPherson, Guard; Dr. H. B. McPherson, James Connell, R. Hickey, Trustees.

BRANCH NO. 278, QUEBEC.
Was organized by Grand Deputy, C. D. Herbert, of Three Rivers, P. Q., on October 27th.

The following are its first officers:
Chancellor pro tem., Rev. J. O. Guimont; President, J. Aime Lanthier, M. D.; 1st President, Edward Albert Label; 2nd Vice President, Amable Joseph Caron; Rec. Sec., Joseph Hector Chouinard; Fin. Sec., Joseph Emile Roy; Treasurer, Jos. E. Fochand; Marshal, P. O. Dupuis dit St. Michael; Guard, Albert Wm. Dunn; Trustees, Louis P. Berlinguet, L. F. L. Stein, Chas. J. Dunn, E. A. Label, A. J. Caron.

Bro. Lanthier, late of 104 and formerly a very active member of 101 Three Rivers, with the assistance of Bro. Hebert, has worked up this branch in a good parish, and in the hands of Bro. Lanthier, assisted as he will be by the splendid staff of officers selected, this new branch must make good progress.

Bro. C. D. Hebert has already a splendid record in organizing work, much credit is due him for the progress of the Order through out Quebec, and we believe the coming year will find him extending the cause in many districts as yet not entered by our Association.

The members of Branches 132 and 160, Halifax, N.S., beg to intimate to the members of the C. M. B. A. throughout Canada that any members visiting Halifax will find a welcome in their rooms, Anderson's Building, corner Duke and Harrington streets.

BRANCH NO. 195, MARLBOROUGH.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. George Cicari; President, Michael Fitzgerald; 1st Vice President, Matthew Wringe; 2nd Vice President, Thomas J. Hayes; Recording Secretary, James Farrell; Assistant Secretary, Patrick Farrell; Financial Secretary, Andrew Mason; Treasurer, John Fitzgerald; Marshal, Joseph Lavack; Guard, James McGrath; Trustees, Bernard J. Lacey, Patrick Farrell, Jeremiah Harrigan, James Mason, John Quinn.

BRANCH NO. 37, HAMILTON.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Chancellor J. J. Crave; Chancellor, J. B. Labrie;

mouille; President, Charles Shields; 1st Vice President, J. M. Brown; 2nd Vice President, Chas. Mooney; Recording Secretary, A. Bourque; Assistant Recording Secretary, W. J. Ryan; Financial Secretary, J. A. Sharp; Treasurer, John Ronau; Marshal, Wm. McGough; Guard, George Knappman; Trustees, J. W. Coffey, T. Mullens, D. Galvin, C. Mooney, T. Murphy

BRANCH NO. 83, MONTREAL.
Chancellor, C. Dandelin; President, L. O. Borvin; 1st Vice President, S. Gauley; 2nd Vice President, P. A. Bouchor; Rec. Secretary, E. H. Gauthier; Asst. Recording Secretary, T. A. Dandelin; Fin. Secretary, Horace Howison; Treasurer, Jos. Archambault; Marshal, A. Alex. Dandelin; Guard, Jos. Marchand; Trustees: P. Ayes, C. Dandelin, S. Gauley, L. Tougas, J. B. Archambault.

BRANCH NO. 108, QUEBEC.
President, James John Timmons; 1st Vice President, Richard Timmons; 2nd Vice President, Lawrence Stafford; Rec. Secretary, Patrick Kirwin; Asst. Secretary, Edward Neilan; Fin. Secretary, Thos. V. Scully; Treasurer, John W. Proctor; Marshal, Francis Proctor; Guard, Daniel Byrne; Trustees: C. McNamara, Patrick Hogan, John Hogan, Thomas Kelly, Joseph Deapey.

BRANCH NO. 87, MONTREAL.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. R. Hillard; Chancellor, Jos. Beland; President, M. A. Campeau; 1st Vice President, Doctor F. Jeannotte; 2nd Vice President, H. A. Archambault; Recording Secretary, Joseph Courtais; Assistant Recording Secretary, J. E. Dupont; Financial Secretary, J. A. Denigee; Treasurer, Alp. Desjarjins; Marshal, Gilbert Saulnier; Guard, Sev. Picard; Trustees, A. Bourdon, Joseph Maille, J. E. Morin, C. B. J. McKecher, Joseph Rene de Cotrel.

BRANCH NO. 195, PETIT ROCHER.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. John Carter; President, J. A. Langis; 1st Vice President, Isidore Roy; 2nd Vice President, J. A. Laplante; Rec. Sec'y, M. H. Levasseur; Asst. Rec. Sec'y, J. A. Boudreau; Fin. Sec'y, Jerome A. Doucet; Treas., Jerome H. Comeau; Marsh., Francois N. Boudreau; Guard, Peter P. M. Doucet; Trustees, Joseph F. Comeau, Jerome D. Roy, Laurent Mateyer, Jerome A. Doucet, Francois N. Boudreau.

Branches 15 and 57 will give a complimentary smoking concert in St. Vincent's Hall, corner of Victoria and Shuter streets, on Wednesday, January 30th, at 8 p.m. The committee have arranged a fine programme of songs, instrumental music, recitations and speeches, and refreshments will be served. An invitation is extended to the members of the C. M. B. A. in Toronto, and especially their friends who do not yet belong to the Association, but are between the ages of 15 and 50 years—eligible for membership. A large attendance is expected, and the evening will, no doubt, be very enjoyable.

Reception at St. Joseph's Convent.

The interesting ceremonies of reception and profession took place in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel on Saturday morning the 5th inst., at the early hour of nine o'clock. The following young ladies were admitted to receive the Holy Habit: Miss Farrell, in religion, Sister Mary Genevieve; Miss Larkin, Sister Mary Macarina, and Miss Prud'homme, Sister Mary Alice.

On the conclusion of the Reception Ceremony, three Sisters advanced within the sanctuary railing and pronounced their holy vows: Sister Mary Clotilda, Sister Mary Hilary and Sister Mary Clementina.

In the absence of His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh, the officiating clergyman was Very Rev. V. Marjion, Provincial of the Basilian Fathers.

An elegant and instructive sermon was delivered by Rev. Father L. Mach, C.S.S.R., who dwelt on the advantages and obligations of the religious state in so masterly a manner as to hold the rapt attention of a large and appreciative audience. The holy sacrifice of the mass was then offered by Rev. James Walsh, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes' church. The other clergymen present in the sanctuary were Rev. Father Frachon, C.S.B., Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., and Rev. J. J. Carbery.

Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every well hotel and club is now handling them, and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

During the year 1894 England imported from Canada 28,771 tons of hay.

Always on the alert for the Biggest Bargains.

LET FACTS TALK!

No long-winded arguments necessary to enhance our sales. The sharp, decisive low prices given below will bring the closest buyers of Toronto to our counters.

GENUINE BARGAINS IN

SILKS AND VELVETS.

- 22 inch Colored Corded Silks, odd shades, worth \$2, for 1.25c
22 inch Colored Moire, worth \$1, now 50c
22 inch Black Broche, worth 65c, now 40c
22 inch Black Surah, special, 40c
24 inch Figured Japanese, worth 85c, now 60c
22 inch Colored Dress Silks, worth \$1.30, now 75c
Colored Silk Velvets, odd shades worth \$1.25, now 45c
Colored Velveteens, worth 75c, now 25c

GENUINE BARGAINS IN

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

- 44 inch German Henrietta, worth 35c, for 1.00c
44 inch Striped and Figured French Novelities, worth 25c, now 1.20c
42 inch All Wool Storm Serge, worth 45c, now 25c
48 inch Silk Finished Henrietta, worth 50c, for 25c
45 inch Silk Finished Henrietta, worth 75c, for 40c
48 inch Storm Serge, worth 60c, for 30c
48 inch Silk Finished Henrietta, worth \$1, for 60c
54 inch Finest Quality Ladies' Cloth, worth \$1.25, for 60c
Choice of any Silk Finished Henrietta or Cashmere, worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50, for Remnants Beaver Cloth 3 to 5 yd. lengths, worth from \$1.25 to \$2, for 80c

GENUINE BARGAINS IN

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

- 40 inch Henrietta, worth 25c, now 12c
40 inch Fancy Goods, worth 25c, now 12c
40 inch Figured Crepons, worth 25c, now 12c
40 inch Navy Suits, worth 37c, now 1.00c
40 inch All Wool Serge, worth 37c, now 1.00c
40 inch All Wool Plaid, worth 35c, now 1.00c
44 inch Fancy Tweeds, worth 60c, now 25c
40 inch Tail Tweeds, worth 50c, now 25c
42 inch Stripe Serge, worth 60c, now 25c
40 inch Novelty Suiting, worth 60c, now 25c
52 inch Broadcloth, worth 60c, now 30c
40 inch Silk and Wool Suiting, worth 75c, now 30c
44 inch Storm Serge, worth 60c, now 30c
60 inch Cravenette, worth \$1.50, now 40c
44 inch Broadcloth, worth \$1, now 40c
44 inch Silk and Wool Tweeds, worth \$1, now 40c
44 inch Fancy Tweeds, worth \$1, now 40c

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

- Ladies' All Wool Hose, worth 25c, for 12c
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, worth 45c, for 25c
Children's Lamb's Wool Hose, worth 40c, for 25c
Children's All Wool Ribbed Hose, worth 25c, for 10c
Boys' Knickerbocker Hose, worth 40c, for 25c
Ladies' Garters, worth 75c, for 50c
Children's Vests and Drawers, worth 25c, for 15c
Ladies' Fine Black Underwear, worth \$2, for \$1
Boys' Heavy Shirts and Drawers, worth 50c, for 25c
Ladies' Flannel Lined Vests, worth 75c, for 37c
Ladies' All Wool Vests and Drawers, worth \$1.25, for 75c
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, worth 25c, for 15c
Ladies' All Wool Ribbed Vests, in white or grey, worth 15c, for 10c
Ladies' Fancy Wool Jackets, worth 75c, for 25c

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

- Men's Socks, worth 20c, 3 pairs for 50c
Lined Kid Gloves, worth \$1, for 50c
Linen Collars 5c

LINEN DEPT. SPECIALS.

- 54 inch Unbleached Table Linen, worth 25c, for 25c
62 inch Bleached Table Linen, worth 50c, for 25c
Lace Curtains, 5 1/2 yards long, a pair for 25c
Lace Curtains, cream and white, 5 1/2 yards long, worth \$1.50, for \$1

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

- Fancy Braids and Gimps, all colors 1c
Jut Trimmings 3c
Wide Jet Trimmings, worth 15c a doz., for 5c
Buttons, 2 1/2 inches, worth 15c a doz., for 1c
Fancy Gimps, worth 25c, for 3c
Point de Ireland Laces, worth from 25c to 25c, for 10c
Black Silk Houndton Laces, 3 inches wide, worth 60c, for 15c
Lace Collars, worth 25c, for 8c
Point Lace Collars, worth 75c, for 25c

Closing out our stock of Mantles. Only about 300 left. Choice of any Mantle in our house, worth \$20, for \$3.

C. S. HERBERT, 219 & 221 YONGE ST.

VIN MARIANI.

For Body and Brain.

Since 30 years, all eminent physicians recommend

VIN MARIANI.

The original French Coca Wine, most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere. Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes, Strengthens the entire System: most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation.

PALATABLE AS CHOICEST OLD WINES.

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & Co., Sole Agents in Canada for Gold Leaf Sec Champagne, 20 and 30 Hospital Street MONTREAL.



PARIS, 12th OCT., 1892.

Of all the tonics, and I have tried about all, including the most recent, none equal "Vin Mariani," so highly esteemed by the medical profession in France and other countries. I use it personally and for my family, and prescribed it during more than twenty years with unvarying satisfaction to myself and patients. DOCTOR CH. FAUVEL.

Hamilton.

The earthly remains of the late Mr. Donovan were laid in the grave on Thursday, 16th. The large crowd of all denominations evidenced his popularity. Requiem High Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, at 9 o'clock, by Rev. Father Craven, assisted by Fathers Coty and O'Rielly. Bishop Dowling and all the city priests were present. His Lordship made a few eulogistic remarks on the deceased gentleman, holding him up as a man worthy of being imitated in every particular. All then proceeded to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, where the last ceremonies were performed.

The pall-bearers were W. Harris, J. Ronan, J. O'Neil, T. Lawlor, C. Moynahan, R. Laville, and M. Hauley. Monsignor McEvay began last Sunday a series of sermons on his visit to Rome. The Rev. Father has a conversational style which holds the congregation in interest and attention from beginning to end.

SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD ORGANIZATION.

The Separate School Board met on the 16th, for the purpose of organization. The energetic and efficient chairman of last year Mr. H. N. Thomas was honored by being unanimously re-elected. All the members were present. Mr. Thomas thanked them warmly for their acknowledgement of his services, and promised that he would try to make the future even better than the past. It was moved and seconded that Rev. Father Coty be re-appointed Secretary; that F. Ronan be treasurer; Rev. Father Coty was also re-appointed superintendent of schools; J. Moran and J. O'Brien, auditors; E. Furlong, High School Trustee; Committee for striking standing Committee, T. Lawlor, W. Baley, F. Harris, H. McIntyre, W. Kavanaugh, J. Blake and J. Rowan.

Mr. Kavanagh read the striking Committee's report as follows:

Internal Man. Com.—T. Lawlor, C. Shields, P. Arland, O. Leyden, J. V. Kavanagh (Chairman), J. Blake, and J. Rowan.

Finance, Com.—W. Baley, A. O'Heir, (Chairman), F. Harris, O. Shields, H. McIntyre, T. O'Dowd, and P. Ronan.

A resolution was passed that the City Clerk be required to give the Board a written statement of the names of all persons on the assessment rolls for the current year who have sent in the required notice as supporters of the Separate Schools, and the amount rates for each according to Sec. 9, Chap. 72, Ontario St. 1890.

It was resolved that Rev. Father Coty and Messrs. Thomas, Lawlor, J. Ronan and O'Heir draft a resolution of condolence with the wife and family of the late Cornelius Donovan, Inspector of Separate Schools. They also decided to attend the funeral.

The workers for Rev. Father Brady's Christmas Entertainment, and the members of the choir were given a jolly time on the 16th. About five sleigh loads went to Dundas, had supper at the House of Providence and had a general good time.

Please inform your readers that we are prepared to make them the following liberal offer:—To those who have Catarrh and desire to be cured without risk of losing their money we will send a Germicide Inhaler and medicine for the cure of that disease without asking a cent of pay in advance. After a fair trial has been given and the remedy found to be genuine, \$1 can be sent us to pay for the treatment. However, should the remedy fail in giving satisfaction in every respect, the Inhaler can be returned at our expense and no charge whatever will be made. Could anything be more fair? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. If the remedy is not what we claim, we are the losers, not you. We ask no deposit, no security, nothing but the privilege of sending this grand remedy on trial. Just think of being cured of Catarrh for \$1, and that on such reasonable terms: Order to-day. For remedy on above liberal terms address—

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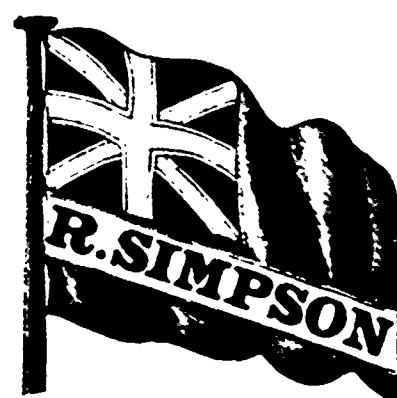
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 - 44 in. All wool Fouts Serge 60c. Choice
 - 44 in. All wool Tartan Plaid 75c. Year choice
 - 44 in. German Fancy goods \$1.25. Choice
 - 44 in. All wool Panama cloth 75c. Choice
 - 44 in. All wool Coating Serge 75c. Choice
 - 45 inch Hosiery, all wool, 30 shades, 60c. year choice, 25c.
 - 45 inch All Wool Scotch Tweed, \$1.25, for 60c.
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Sold in the Head and How to Cure It.
One of the most unpleasant and dangerous maladies that afflicts Canadians at this season is cold in the head. Unpleasant, because of the dull, heavy headache, inflamed nostrils and other disagreeable symptoms accompanying it; and dangerous, because if neglected, it develops into catarrh, with its disagreeable hawking and spitting, foul breath, frequent loss of taste and smell, and in many cases ultimately developing into consumption. Nasal Balm is the only remedy yet discovered that will instantly relieve cold in the head and cure in a few applications, while its faithful use will effectually eradicate the worst case of catarrh. Capt. D. H. Lyon, president of the C. P. R. Car Ferry, Prescott Ont., says:—"I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of cold in the head. Two applications effected a cure in less than twenty-four hours. I would not take \$100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid at 5 cents per bottle, by addressing G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.
24, John, N. B.
Messrs. T. O'Brien & Co., the well-known Catholic booksellers, stationers, etc., at St. John, N. B., are our agents in that city for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. They are authorized to receive subscriptions and renewals from present subscribers. Single copies can always be had at their store, 82 Germain street.
The death is announced of Prof. Charles Secretan, the philosopher. He was born at Lausanne, Switzerland, January 19, 1815. In 1836, he was appointed to the chair of philosophy in the Academy of Lausanne, which professorship he held at the time of his death. He was an author of many philosophical works.

The Riforma (Rome) announces that negotiations for a treaty of commerce between Italy and Canada will be opened immediately.
Prince Louis of Battenberg, brother of Prince Henry of Battenberg, son in law of Queen Victoria, has invented an indicator which will accurately inform navigators when a ship is out of her course. The invention has been tested by the Admiralty, who have ordered that the instrument be supplied to British warships.
AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical advisor and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. Signed, JEAN VALCOURT, Wotton, P. Q. General Merchant.

THE MARRIAGE FAIR.

And How an Irish Girl's Will Undid the Matchmaking.

It was the last Thursday in Epiphany, and fair day in Gurteen.

The one and only street the village boasted of was thronged with folks laughing and chattering as none but an Irish crowd can laugh and chatter; indeed, so great were their numbers that to get along at all you had to turn aside and scramble through the shingle, where the boats laid within shouting distance of their owners' doors. But there was little buying and selling that day in the tiny hamlet on the ocean's edge, for all men knew that "match-making" was the real business of today, the last fair day before Lent, and so the last great chance to make a match.

While Blind Larry "ris jigs" for the fair a party of four people were taking solemn counsel in a little shanty by the beach. This was Andy Lyneham's forge, and Andy himself was in the midst of the conclave. Not that he took any part in it; he had nothing to say, as a rule—and now he listened sullenly while his old mother was making a match for him with the daughter of Terence Flannigan, who, with his wife, completed the number of conspirators.

"Andeed, Mrs. Lyneham, ma'am," Mrs. Flannigan was saying as she threw back the great hood on her long cloak, "andeed, ma'am, 'tisn't like as if me dater Kattie hadn't ne'er a boy at all after her; there's whips av thim waitin' her."

"There is that!" corroborated her husband, emphatically.

"But ye see, ma'am," she went on, "me an' me husband wants some one that have a thrade; times is so bad wid the land."

"Thru fur ye, Mrs. Flannigan, ma'am," said the other woman with garrulous politeness. "Thim as has land is robbed intirely these times. 'Tis well fer ye, Terence Flannigan, that ye've been puttin' by a bit av money thim thirty years," she added cunningly.

"Little enough, ma'am, little enough, said Terence; "but I'll give Kattie's man a hundred poun' the day after the marryin'—divil a pinny more."

"Faix, thin, 'tis no great match after all," said Mrs. Lyneham, gathering her heavy cloak closer about her as if it go.

"Look at that, now!" cried the other woman, flaring up; "may be ye wouldn't get an offer like it so handy again. Where would the likes av ye git a hundred poun', or half av it?"

"An' where would ye git a fine, hearty lamp av a boy like my Andy? The best smith that ever dhruve a nail in a shoe!" cried Mrs. Lyneham, fairly dancing with rage.

"Howld ye're whisht, mother. Ye've a dale too much chat out av ye," said the bone of contention, rising from the anvil where he had been sitting, chewing a long straw in silence. "I'll take the girl, Terence," he went on; "the owld woman wants help in the house; and 'tis time I tuk some one, I suppose."

"'Tis sure," said Terence. "Give me a howld av ye're hand, Andy. There, now," shaking the blacksmith's fat heartily, "I won't break me word to ye about the money."

"I believe ye," said the blacksmith, lounging out of the door.

"Well, there, now, the match is made," said Mrs. Lyneham smoothing back her gray hairs under her snow-white mutch, "an' divil a steadier boy there is in Gurteen than Andy. 'Tis the lucky girl ye're darter is this day, Mrs. Flannigan."

"Faix, ma'am," answered Mrs. Flannigan, bridling, "I know thim as would give golden guineas to be matched with Kattie; though, andeed, ma'am,"

she added, softening, "I have no word to say again Andy."

"Deed, he minds his business well, an' never touches a sup o'dhrink," said the fond mother, proudly. "Only if he wouldn't spend so much time foosthering about with thim little hins, bad luck to thim, that lays an igit no bigger than a marble," she added, reflectively, as the trio started down the village street.

The "little hins" alluded to were the one extravagance, the sole form of dissipation that the burly smith allowed himself, and were a thriving family of hantama that he loved as his life. With his own hands he had made a wire enclosure for them behind the forge, that none but himself might feed them. His thrifty mother had a huge contempt for his "little owld chickens," as she called them, for by their fruits she valued them, and Julia Brannigan at the corner shop gave only four-pence a dozen for the dainty eggs.

But while the plotters plotted in the grimy forge, the victim of their machinations was out on the green demurely footing it opposite Patsy O'Rourke, her partner in that "Pattern."

She was a tall, slim maid, with the jet-black hair and exquisite gray eyes seen so often in the south; he was an immense young fellow, red-haired and freckled like a wren's egg, with eyes that looked as innocent and simple as a child's. When at length the trippings to and fro, the "linking partners" and mad whirls in the middle of the floor, and the stately courtseys came to an end, Kattie whispered to her big partner as he handed her cloak to her: "Come here, beyant, a minnit."

Patsy's eyes danced with joy at the prospect, and seeing an air of mystery in the girl's matter, he assumed such a knowing expression on his guileless countenance that made him look more like a very wicked baby than anything else. Soon the pair had wandered away up the hill behind the gray old chapel, and stood by the wishing well, where a thousand little rags of all colors and texture fluttered from the boughs of the hawthorn bush, each the record of some wish accomplished by the good St. Bridget for one who drank from her holy well in perfect faith. Then they halted; the girl sitting on the low wall that went half way round the edge of the water, while her companion stood awkwardly by, with a dumb adoration written in every line of his simple, manly face.

"Tuesday is Shrove," said Kattie suddenly, intently watching the fall of a pebble into the clear water.

"Eh!" said Patsy, mystified, and he bent over to watch the rings that formed where the stone had fallen, looking from them to Kattie's face in a vain endeavor to see how her speech applied.

Kattie gave a short sigh and tried again.

"I've see the chapel below!" looking down herself to where it leaned against the hill.

"I do that," answered Patsy, with relief, feeling that he had failed miserably before.

Then there was a pause. "Well!" said Kattie, a little crossly, flinging a whole handful of pebbles into the water.

Patsy's face fell again. He thought it easy to look down at the chapel, but he evidently had not done all that was expected of him.

"'Tis a mortal nate roof," he hazarded, looking inquiringly at his companion: "Twas Paddy Cullough's father-in-law put the slates on it."

Kattie blushed to the tips of her pretty ears, and her lips trembled, while Patsy, who, dense as he was, saw her distress, looked piteously around him for inspiration, finally blurting out:

"I'm almost sure he was his father-in-law."

Another silence, and then Kattie, bending her head very low, said, hardly above a whisper:

"I'll be there—in the chapel—Tuesday mornin'."

"Will ye now?" cried the unfortunate Patsy, his honest face lighting up. "Goin' to see the wedding? Sure, I'll be there, too."

"'Tis to be married meself I'll be goin'," cried the girl, looking up with burning cheeks.

"Ye—ye to be married!" gasped the man, so white that the freckles seemed to increase and multiply to an alarming extent.

"Yes, me," cried Kattie, beginning to grow cool as soon as he lost his head.

"Be the holy ——" burst out Patsy.

"Whisht! Ye mustn't curse," said she, quickly.

"An' who to?" he asked in a choking voice.

"Andy, the smith."

"I have no word against Andy," said he, slowly; "only—oh! Kattie, asthore!" stretching out a great, brown hand.

"Why didn't ye say that long ago?" said Kattie, stealing a glance with eyes full of tears as she laid her hands in his.

"Kattie, dear, why would ye marry him?" said Patsy, looking the picture of abject misery.

"Maybe nobody else would have me," said she, with a mischievous smile.

"Nobody else!" almost shouted he. "Sure, wouldn't I —?"

"Be aisy, will ye," warned Kattie, with the common sense that rarely deserts her sex on these occasions. "Be aisy; ye needn't tell the whole parish. Listen to me," she went on quickly; "'tis only to-day the match is making, but well I know that Andy's owld mother won't let the chance pass. And Andy himself, dacint boy, don't care who he gets to redd up the house for him. So ye'll see me married to him 'a Tuesday if ye don't —"

"Don't what?"

"If ye don't be said by me."

"Sure, I will. Only tell me what to do."

"Faith, ye wan't some one badly to mind ye; 'tis little since av ye're own ye have," said Kattie, looking with love in her eyes at the eager face that confronted her.

"Well, I'll be said by ye," said Patsy firmly. "Only spake the word."

"Well, thin," said the girl, looking down, "be nixt to me over right the altar 'a Tuesday, an'—an' bring—a ring wid ye."

"Ay, faith, will I," said Patsy emphatically; "an' what will happen thin?"

"Lave that to me, ye omadhaun," said Kattie, giving his hand the tiniest squeeze as she turned to go. But Patsy laid his hand on her arm, and, with his honest face full of joy, asked in an incredulous tone:

"An' is it me ye want, Kattie dear?"

"Divil another," said Kattie, looking up fondly. "Look at that now!" exclaimed Patsy delightedly; "an' ye love me?"—as if it were too good to be true—"me! An' the red head av me an'—all!" he repeated.

"Ay, do I! Have conduct, now, will ye?"

But it was too late, and there was nothing to do but to smooth her hair as she walked on by his side.

A bright March sun shone on the little gray chapel on the morning of Shrove Tuesday. Everybody was on the green. Little Timsey Dwyer had come all the way from Berehaven, wearing the whole of his wardrobe—four waistcoats and three coats—which was his conception of a gala costume. He was the merriest soul on the countryside, as ready for fun as many a man at half his age, and now he was

come, by special invitation of the bride-elect to see Terence Flannigan's daughter married.

He came to meet Kattie with a series of curvets like a rather staid but highly mettled steed, at the same time waving his hat round his head. He soon put an end to this display and turning him sharply around, led him away among the people. When they appeared again the girl's eyes were full of eager expectation, while Timsey's comical old face was screwed up to an expression of intense enjoyment. Then there was a general movement toward the chapel, for the all important hour had come.

With jokes and laughter the crowd slowly crushed itself in through the open door until the building was densely packed—but with a dull-roted congregation from that which a few minutes before had chattered outside, for in his church the Irish peasant is the most devout and reverent of worshippers. As she entered, Kattie had called Patsy to her side with a look, and now he stood close behind her at the altar steps, while behind him Terence Flannigan and his wife were helping Mrs. Lyneham to lead her son forward.

Timsey Dwyer had disappeared.

Presently the ceremony began, and the priest, a stranger doing duty for Father Murphy—who was in Macroom, marrying his sister's daughter to a policeman—began at one end of the row of couples before him. Kattie stood trembling, and casting glances of agonized expectation over her shoulder toward the door; Patsy still kept his position behind her, watching her intently, and by her stood Andy, but he seemed to listen to something outside. Father Gallagher had come within two couples of her, and was putting all-important questions to the man in his rich Kerry brogue. In another minute it would be for him who was to marry Kattie Flannigan to express his willingness to receive her as his "lawful wife according to the rite of the holy mother Church."

One last despairing glance over her shoulder. Ah! her face brightens at last, and her pale cheeks glow once more, for there is a movement in the crowd that packs the aisle, and little Timsey Dwyer forces his way to where Andy Lyneham is standing; he gives a tremendous wink, that completely obliterates half his face, at Kattie, then, standing on tiptoe, whispers in Andy's ear. As he did, the lazy blacksmith seemed roused from his lethargy at last, and, muttering, "Sure, I thought I heard thim," turned inconspicuously from the altar and fairly plunged through the people down the aisle, followed by Terence and Mrs. Flannigan, who brought him in loud whispers to come back, and pulling his mother after him, who, with great presence of mind, had firmly grasped the tails of his coat. Meanwhile Father Gallagher had reached the spot where the truant had stood, and while he paused for the little tumult to subside, Kattie quietly motioned her Patsy to the vacant place next her; so when the crowd closed behind the struggling quartet he found a demure-looking maiden and a man of 6 feet 2, with red hair and a face like a child in surprise, awaiting his services.

"Ye're name, me good man?"

"Patsy O'Rourke, ye're reverence," answered the bridegroom, who had darted a look at the bride, for directions. Then the ceremony proceeded.

"Are ye, Patrick O'Rourke, willing to receive Kathleen Flannigan, here present, as your lawful wife, according to the rite of the Holy Mother Church?"

"I beg ye're reverence's pardon!" said Patsy.

"I will, I will," whispered Kattie, jogging him with her elbow.

"I will, I will," echoed Patsy, loudly, and turned to her again for further instructions; but she was listening while the priest put the question to her, and

as she answered "I will," in a low voice, there arose outside a sound of eager voices mingled with shouts of laughter and the shrill "Kick-kick-kick-kyar" of a bantam cock in sore distress, while a voice that was unmistakably that of Gurteen's blacksmith cried piteously, "For the love of hiven, don't ye pull the illegant tail out av him, Tim Dwyer!" A subdued titter ran through the chapel, and some one said in a loud whisper, "Tis the way Andy's little hins is got out"—a speech that was followed by a decided movement toward the door by the younger members of the congregation.

Again Father Gallagher had to pause until the commotion subsided. During the pause Katie flashed a look of triumphant meaning up at her betrothed, over whose innocent face the light of understanding gradually stole, and soon his great body was shaking with only half-suppressed laughter, that threatened to become so violent that she had to punch him viciously to bring him to his senses. Then the rings were given up to be blessed, Patsy producing his from the lining of his hat, and dropping it twice afterwards before Katie managed to run her finger deftly through it.

There was nothing left to do now but to sign the register, but before that could be, the hunting party had returned to finish the ceremony. The first to appear was Mrs. Lynham, her gray hair straggling over her face, and breathless with the chase. Under one arm she held a bantam hen, that covered her with its yellow feathers in its struggles; with the other she dragged her son forward, who gave all his attention to mollifying the feelings of an irate cock half hidden in his bosom. Timsie Dwyer, who had obligingly joined the rescue party, brought up the rear with two more or less suffocated bantams under each arm.

"Here he is for ye," panted Mrs. Lynham; "'twas the way—what are ye laughing at, Patsy O'Rourke!" for the newly-made bridegroom was grinning gleefully behind the newly made bride.

"I don't want him," said Katie boldly, "I have no mind for a boy as goes huntin' hins whin he ought to be marryin' before the howly althar."

"Arrah whisht," said the old woman coaxingly; "the prashte will come back agin and say the words for ye."

"Tis too late ye are, ma'am, said Katie, tossing her head. "I couldn't be waitin' for the likes av him, so I just took this dacint boy that was standin' be me," and she put her hand saucily through Patsy's arm.

"Tis no marriage," cried Mrs. Lynham with spirit, while Terence and his wife stood amazed.

"Tis the only marriage I'll ever make," said Katie, drawing closer to her husband, and looking with burning cheeks straight at her mother.

"Have ye nothing to say!" cried Mrs. Lynham, turning to Andy.

"Let her kape Patsy O'Rourke, if she wants him," said Andy simply; "'tis ye made the match for me, tho' I towld ye I had no mind for marryin' at all at all!" and he fell again to stroking the little bantam that tried to peck his way through his coat.

"Lave it as it is, Terence," said Timsie Dwyer, coming forward and squeezing his hins tight with his elbows so that they should not interrupt him. "Lave it as it is, man, an' give Katie the hundred pou' all the same."

But honest Terence felt he had been fooled and shook his head obstinately, until Katie cast such a piteous look of beseeching at her mother that the good woman's eyes filled with tears, and she whispers:

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Cornelius Donovan.

The death of Cornelius Donovan, M. A., Inspector of separate schools which took place last week will bring sorrow to the heart of every Catholic in Ontario.

Without possessing any prestige as a stepping stone or vantage ground Mr. Donovan by sheer industry and perseverance rose to a foremost place among the Catholic laity of Ontario and through his fine qualities of head and heart won for himself in his native city of Hamilton as well as throughout the Province generally the esteem and respect of not only his fellow Catholics but all classes with whom he came in contact.

Commensurate with the development of his gifts step by step grew the sphere of his activities in noble labor and good works. The touch of his ready and willing gifts was felt in the school, in societies having for their purpose the advancement and uplifting of his fellow Catholics as well as care for the needy and indigent, in the different periodicals which he edited even when his physical condition made that good work laborious and in the silent charities which he practised as a faithful child of mother Church.

Deceased was a lifelong resident of Hamilton, where he was born, Oct. 16th, 1847. His parents, Patrick Donovan and Mary Ann McCarthy, were both natives of Bantry, county of Cork, Ireland. They arrived in Canada about Oct. 1st, 1847. From his childhood he developed a strong taste for literary pursuits, and his success evidenced natural ability far above the average and an energy and determination sufficient to overcome all disadvantages with which he had to contend in acquiring first, an education, and afterwards a position in life.

of 1882-4 in Colorado, and on his return in April of the latter year was appointed Provincial Inspector, a position for which his practical experience as a teacher, his high literary attainments and his deep interest in the cause of education, rendered him eminently fitted, and the duties of which he discharged with great ability, as well as with decided advantage to the Separate school system of the Province. As Inspector he was distinguished for his untiring efforts to increase the efficiency of the schools.

Ladies' Altar Society.

On the 15th instant there was a solemn Requiem Mass celebrated in St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, for the deceased members of the Altar Society. Rev. Father Fraying was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Treacy and Cruise, as deacon and subdeacon respectively. There was a large attendance of the members and their friends. The solemn ceremonies on the occasion were an agreeable surprise, and were, doubtless, as encouraging to the living as they were advantageous to the deceased members.

The Altar Society is an organized body of ladies of the parish who meet monthly; their director is the Rev. Father Cruise. As their name indicates, the members of this association consecrate their leisure time in providing requisites for the altar, such as candles, flowers, altar linens, vestments and sacred vessels. Those snowy surplices and tidy soutanes of various colors, worn by the sanctuary boys when serving in the sanctuary, have also been procured and are kept in good condition by this energetic society.

While utilizing their spare time in furnishing and embellishing the surroundings of our Prisoner of Love, those ladies make no parade of their success. Their only ambition is, that, having succeeded in doing good and securing the spiritual treasures at the disposal of each, their deeds be recorded by the angelic amanuensis.

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J. H. BENTON, Solicitor for said Trustees. Dated at Toronto, January 2nd, 1901.



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