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The Catholic Register.

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

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ADDRESS PRESENTED

By the Irish National Federation of America to Mgr. Cleary.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S STIRRING REPLY.

On Monday afternoon a committee representing the Irish National Federation of America waited upon Archbishop Cleary at New York and presented His Grace with the following address after Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett had spoken a few words of welcome.

Most Rev. Archbishop—We called as representatives of the Irish National Federation of America to thank you for the magnificent services you have rendered the Irish cause in Canada. We thank you not alone for the financial support rendered, but even more for that stalwart patriotism that refuses to believe that the best way to help the national cause is to desert it in the hour of sorest trial, that the best way to support the right is to abandon it the moment error presents itself, or that the best way to encourage the Irish people to suppress discord is to desert them on the eve of possible victory. Not unmindful of the weakness of human agencies in all things, you have pointed out to us that the difficulties that beset Ireland in her struggle for self government are not uncommon, but are those which afflict all people in their struggle for national freedom. In your archdiocese you have set the standard of financial support at a generous figure in proportion to the wealth of your people, and the wisdom of your counsel and the lines of present duty which you have announced, and in which you have so gallantly led your priests and people, have appealed to the heart of every Irish Nationalist. Again most Rev. Archbishop, permit me in the name of the Irish National Federation of America to thank you for the opportunity afforded us to make this acknowledgment personally and officially. (Signed) Thomas Addis Emmett, President.

Archbishop Cleary replied to the following effect:— "Gentlemen—I have had no opportunity to prepare a formal reply to your address, but I will say that it is very agreeable to me to receive such worthy gentlemen, representing the Irish National Federation of America. I do not deserve all the kind things you say in regard to my services to the Irish home rule cause. The people of Irish birth or descent in my archdiocese are comparatively poor; but they cherish the patriotic spirit of their race, and are always ready from their scanty means to contribute to the aid of the Irish national cause. They give generously for that purpose. Our French fellow-citizens also contribute freely, for, observing how Canada has prospered under home government, they are desirous that Ireland should enjoy a like opportunity for her advancement. Although some reforms have been granted her, much remains to be done. Despite Mr. Gladstone's efforts to redress Ireland's grievances, the country is still suffering under burdens which home rule would remove. As regards practical aid to the home rule movement, I would observe that Toronto

gave \$4,500 at the first meeting, when Mr. Blake and myself visited that city. Every priest in my diocese has subscribed to the home rule fund, although we have among us clergymen of various nationalities. We are united in supporting the Irish people in the attainment of their rights. We hope that all obstacles in the way of union will disappear. Success depends on it. Any man who does not see and acknowledge that fact should not be elected to Parliament. (Applause.)

It is charged that the Irish people are naturally prone to dissension. But when a movement is threatened with ruin from internal strife, that is the time for good men to rally to its support and overcome all such obstacles to its triumphant success. In the face of powerful interests hostile to home rule, it is the bounden duty of all men of the Irish race at home and abroad to combine for its support and present a solid front to their antagonists. (Applause.) When the principle is adopted that the majority must rule in order to maintain unity of action, then every member of the Irish Parliamentary party should act accordingly or resign. (Applause.) It is charged that the Irish people, through instability of character, are unfitted for self government. Tell me of any people that were oppressed as they have been that were not plagued with internal strife. Wherever a people are denied self government you will find them a prey to dissension, because such quarrels are fostered by the conditions under which the people are ruled. Other countries cannot justly accuse the Irish people with unfitness for self government because of internal dissensions. In France there have been scenes of bitter strife. England herself has had her civil wars. She cannot honestly look Ireland in the face and accuse her of inability to manage her own affairs because of differences among her people. All the great reforms won in England during the present century have been attended by party warfare of the bitterest kind. In conclusion, I thank you for the compliment you have paid me and my people. We could not do otherwise than we have done, for we cherish the motives of our childhood. The name of Ireland is interwoven with our joys and our sorrows. In this critical hour we hold that the entire Irish race should rally unitedly to secure for Ireland the inestimable blessing of home government. (Applause.)

A Recruit.

The Irish Parliamentary Party have a prominent member coming from Canada, another coming from Australia, and are soon to have one from New York. Mr. Bourke Cockran, the famous Tammany orator, has gone thither and is desirous of becoming a member of the House of Commons.

The disruption of Tammany fell heavily upon its leaders. Cockran became involved in quarrels with the sachems, the result of which was a set-back politically. He was the greatest orator in that singular political camp and by his speeches gave to its operations whatever semblance of righteousness it enjoyed. He has been an able member of the House of Representatives and would no doubt be a valuable acquisition to the Home Rulers.

TOM MOORE.

Three Entertaining Views of his Personality.

A COURTIER, A PATRIOT, AND A DEVOTED HUSBAND.

A wealth of love and understanding is often put into the abbreviation of a name. It is only in print that one ever descends to the commonplace of dignified "Thomas Moore." To all who really know and love him this bard of love, of joy and of youth is always familiar, gay "Tom Moore."

There are two word pictures of the poet which are not easily forgotten. One is given by Wals Moore's appearance at a dinner at Lady Blessington's. "Mr. Moore," cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore," cried the footman at the top, and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enters the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington he made his compliments with a gaiety and ease combined with a kind of war-hippine deference that was of a prime minister at the court of love.

Nothing but a short hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. * * He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song gets through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's, and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

This is Moore, the pet of London society, here and lion of the hour. The other picture is a simpler one but equally characteristic and given in a few words, naively enough, by himself. While living in the country his wife Bessy and he had been one day invited to a dinner at a neighboring great house (and how Bessy hated those dinners of great folk!). They started from their modest little cottage but on getting near the place found they were half an hour too early. "So," says Moore, "we set to practicing country dances in the middle of a retired green lane." The gay

little poet balancing and whirling and Bessy with skirts plucked up and cheeks aglow must have been a sight for the birds indeed. Doubtless the laziest and most impotent of them must have sat on the edge of their nests to watch, possibly to point a moral for their young offspring in this charming conjugal scene. Certes Bessy got more enjoyment out of the dance than out of the stately dinner that followed.

These two scenes give the two sides to the character of Tom Moore. His enemies, though he had but few, sometimes sneeringly said of him, "Tommy dearly loved a lord." The sneer was undeserved, but he was certainly at home in the highest society; yet he always left it gaily to return with renewed ardor to Bessy and to home. The poet of Love, he was always (O shade of Ovid!) the devoted lover of his wife!

Trinity College was, at the time of Moore's entry, the scene of many a plot and conspiracy hatched by youthful patriotism. Robert Emmet, chivalrous and fated, was the leader of the Historical Society and already in high repute not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners. Fealty to the crown was certainly not the dominant tone of that band of brilliant young Irishmen of whom Emmet was the head, and Moore tells that on one occasion as he was playing some old Irish airs, Emmet, who had seated himself beside him, suddenly started up as if from a reverie at that spirited tune "Let Erin remember the days of old," exclaiming "Oh, that I were at the head of 20,000 men, marching to that air!"

Father Phelan's Comment.

Mgr. Satolli says he can't do it; and he refers the preachers to Archbishop Keir. The insulted Christian Endeavor courting girls will now be told to ask the St. Louis prelate for our head on a dish. Failing to get it here the Asbury Park Herodians say they will demand our beautiful blonde topknot from the Holy Father himself. Do the girls want thus to silence the monitor? All this comes of the sweet dears not knowing us. —Western Watchman.

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CATHOLIC EXPLORERS.

What the World Owes to Religious Zeal.

A LONG AND HONORABLE LIST.

Far back in the sixth century we have an Egyptian monk, the learned cosmographer Cosmas Indicopleutes, who, according to Malte-Brun, a competent critic surely, was the author of the only original work of that epoch, and who as a geographer was scarcely less worthy of consideration than Ptolemy. After him came the missionaries of the gospel, who, at the command of the Popes, went on their errands of charity to parts of the world until then unknown, and on their return gave the people of Europe a knowledge of the countries which they had visited. In 1246, Father de Piano Carpino, accompanied by some Franciscan monks, was sent by Innocent IV to Kuyak Khan, the emperor of Tartary, and journeyed as far as Thibet. In 1258, Father Rubruquis, another Franciscan, went, by order of Louis IX. of France, in search of Prester John, and penetrated farther into Asia than had any other European before his time. These two apostolic friars, together with Ascelin, also a missionary, are according to the testimony of Malte Brun, as deserving of the eternal gratitude of geographers as are the Columbuses and Cooks of a later age. They stimulated others to explore unknown lands and thus contributed greatly to the advancement of geographical knowledge. Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated English traveller of the 14th century, Vasco de Gama and even Columbus were indebted to them for much information in their journeys and voyages of exploration.

But the grandest discoveries in the Orient at this period were made by the illustrious Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, whom the great geographer, Malte-Brun, pronounces the Humboldt of the thirteenth century. Going with his father, uncle, and a few monks to the Pope to receive the Pontiff's blessing, they set out in 1271 for the Court of Kublai Khan, the Tartar conqueror of China. After a journey of more than three years they reached a city near the present site of Pekin. After residing twenty-four years in the East, travelling much of the time, Marco Polo returned to his home and wrote an account of his travels which first made known to the people of Europe the existence of many of the countries and islands of the East, including Japan.

It was Columbus, sailing under the banner of the Cross, who discovered the New World; Vasco de Gama, carrying a flag on which was the cross of the military order of the Most Holy Redeemer, who first doubted the Cape of Good Hope and reached the East Indies; Magellan, following the cross and standard of Castile, who first rounded Cape Horn; and, although he did not get any farther than the Philippine Islands, where he met his death at the hands of the natives, his ship, the "Santa Victoria," continued her journey, and going by the way of the East Indies and the Cape of Good Hope, was the first to effect the circumnavigation of the globe. Cortez and Balba and their associates explored Mexico and Central America; Pizarro and his countrymen the unknown lands of South America; and De Soto the territory bordering the northern portion of the Gulf of Mexico.

The sons of Catholic France went to Canada and what is now called British America, and made known to their brethren in Europe the countries they had visited and the manners and customs of their inhabitants. La Salle and Father Marquette, a Jesuit, Hennepin and Membre, Franciscans, explored the great chain of lakes from

Ontario to Superior and the lands and tribes adjacent, and were the first to journey from the source to the mouth of the Father of Waters. We have only to look over the maps of the different countries of the world to recognize the handwriting of the children of Holy Church. Everywhere, in spite of the many changes in names that have been introduced by writers and map makers of a later age, we find cities, countries, islands, lakes and rivers bearing names that could have been suggested only by Catholic hearts and souls ever mindful of the glory of their Church and of her saints, and of the grandeur of the doctrines and mysteries which she inculcates.

The discoverers of the mainland of North America were John and Sebastian Cabot, the discoverer of Lower Canada and the river of St. Lawrence was Jacques Cartier; the discoverer of Lake Huron was the Franciscan Joseph le Caron, the discoverer of lakes Champlain and Ontario, and the founder of Quebec was Samuel de Champlain, the founders of the oldest cities in the United States, Santa Fe and St. Augustine, were Onate and Menendez, the founder of San Francisco and the apostle of California was Junipero Serra. The first maps of lakes Ontario and Superior were made by the Jesuits and are found in their Relations, the first map of Lake Erie was drawn by the Sulpician Dollier de Casson. The salt spring of Onondaga was discovered by a Jesuit; and the oil wells near Lake Erie by a Franciscan. And thus we might detail at length the achievements of the sons of the Church. We trace their footsteps from Vinland, discovered by Lief Ericson and his Catholic Northmen, to far off Alaska, the scene of the explorations and labors of the sainted Archbishop Seghers. On every page of the history of our country Catholic explorers, missionaries, and scholars have left their imprint. Verazzone, Ponce de Leon, Pineta, Gomez, Miruelo, Ayllon, Gordillo, Triston de Luna, Coronado Castanado, Du Lhut, Joliet, White, Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore—Catholics all of them—are but a few that might be named of the long list of those who by their achievements have reflected honor on Church and country.—*Catholic News.*

The Indelible Writing Fluid Used by Irish Monks.

It is impossible to read the most ancient histories of the Irish Saints without noticing how large a part books play in their lives.

In the library some cut the sheets of parchment, or even sewed together in the neatest way the old shreds (for the monk must not waste the gifts of God, especially when they are rare and dear). They polished it on one side until it was smooth, and laid it near the scribe. Others prepared the peculiar inks of the Irish writers, very much like varnish, in different colors. The red was the most beautiful, and after a thousand years it yet shines on the day it was first used. It was got from a kind of cockles collected on the seashore. Then there were black and green and golden ink, used in various thicknesses by the illuminators and the artists in miniature.

All these inks will resist chemicals that corrode iron. The ink was placed in thin conic glasses attached either to the side of the desk or to the chair, sometimes to the girdle of the writer, and often fixed on the end of a pointed stick placed upright in the ground. It is owing to this peculiar skill in making ink that so many of the old Irish manuscripts have come down to us. They were like the cloth of corduroy, unless cut up or burned up, they were bound to last for ages, and are an eloquent symbol of that tenacious love of learning, and that unquenchable faith which the hand of Patrick wrote in characters ineradicable on the very soul, in the very blood and innermost marrow of the Irish race.—*Donaboo's Magazine.*

THE GREATEST LAWYER

Frederick Coudert Awards this Distinction to Charles O'Connor.

A DEMOSTHENES IN BUSINESS.

Who is the greatest lawyer that I have known? If you will kindly tell me what you mean by "lawyer," I may answer you more readily and easily than without such an explanation. I could name several men who answer this superlative description. But the qualities that make up a great lawyer are so diverse that the question might be objected to as vague and indefinite.

Charles O'Connor was the greatest lawyer that my generation has known, in one sense of the word. He was thoroughly imbued and saturated with the law, its principles and its philosophy. He exuded law learning, as some men are said to radiate goodness. If the law had been an inflammable substance he might have been expected to perish in a blaze of spontaneous combustion, the material being furnished from the essence of numberless tomes which he had perused and digested.

The reports, text books, treatises, briefs, essays on the subject of the law which he had assimilated would in their original form have heated the baths of some modern cities, as long as the baths of Alexandria were kept in operation by the volumes that a ruthless barbarian conqueror turned into fuel.

To build up a clean-cut, technical case was as much an object of love to him as the erection of a temple would have been to an architect of old Athens. Logic was his constant companion and friend. Rhetoric he looked on with suspicion, and if at times he did allow himself to be drawn away from the mathematics of his profession it was only a short-lived truce. He did show in these brief moments of infidelity to his stern browed mistress that he might enter the lists with the best sophists of them all and gather laurels with them on the slopes of Hymettus or Parnassus. But he soon tired of the flowers that he picked and flung them aside, as though weaving garlands were beneath his dignity.

To put it in plainer prose, he sometimes gave me the impression that he was reigning in his fancy, lest it carry him away. It was a disappointment, and I longed to see him lose his self-control and give a free field to his imagination, and a touch of the spur to the poetical side of his genius. But he never yielded wholly to the temptation. He rode back in season to the beaten track and grappled with court and jury on the prosaic ground of hard, practical sense and prosaic demonstration.

As a lawyer, and simply a lawyer, he was great. If he had allowed himself to be an orator besides, he probably could have done so. Imagine Demosthenes with no Philip to denounce, and making it his business to elucidate the law of trusts, and to make contingent remainders intelligible, you have my idea of Charles O'Connor. I may add that some of his philippics are still extant, and you feel sorry for the modern Philip when you read them.

The Duchess d'Uzes, not feeling dissatisfied at her recent check at the Salon, is working at a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin for a burg in the department of the Aveyron. It is to be fifty-one feet high, and to stand on a rocky pinnacle of a mountain, which is to serve as pedestal. The pinnacle is on her own estate. Her statue will be visible for thirty miles around. The question of lighting the crown by electricity is under discussion.

BAD BOOKS AND BAD PLAYS.

Archbishop Main Favors a Ban of the Boycott Against Them

Most Rev. Archbishop John J. Kane was not inclined to talk at any great length on the subject of immoral plays and secular literature. He said, however, that he had no hesitation in condemning a large share of the literature that is published in the form of cheap novels these days.

"One of the crying evils of the day," said His Grace, "is the bad book that poisons the minds of the young. The presses to-day are teeming with literature that keeps within the bounds of decency as prescribed by law, but the circulation of books of this character is nothing less than a crime. As the law now stands their circulation cannot be prevented. While this is a land of freedom, yet license prevails to a large extent, and still, when one talks of establishing a censorship over the press he is treading on treacherous ground. But it appears to me that regulations more strict than those now in vogue could be established by which the civil authorities could be given the power to prevent the sale of a large number of books which all right-minded persons class as dangerous and debasing. Some means should be evoked to stop the spread of this immoral literature.

In this respect, I can say that I think the Catholic idea of educating the young is the best. I mean by the Catholic idea that the youth in our church have the benefits of daily religious education along with the secular. They know that they are not to worship God only one day in the week, but every day. The tendency toward secularism seems to be growing stronger in regard to education in this country, and if not checked the ultimate results will be fearful to contemplate. The Catholic church is fighting bravely against this growing tendency to secularism, because there is only a small stepping stone from secularism to skepticism. If the minds of the young are to be kept pure and holy, they must not only be given wholesome literature to read during leisure hours, but they must have religious training daily along with their secular education.

While the clergy is not in close touch with the theatre, yet I can say that there is no doubt that a vast number of the plays of the day are not of a high moral standard. Any tendency towards treating the sacredness of the marriage relation in a light and flippant manner cannot be too severely condemned, for that relation is the basis of all good government. Then the cynical philosophy and the vein of modern paganism that are found in many books and plays of the time serve to destroy the social health and obliterate the old established distinctions between right and wrong. As conditions exist at present, I see no way of placing a check upon the evil tendency of bad books and bad plays unless Christian people organize a society with the view of obtaining information on these matters and then notifying the public. Let self-respecting persons boycott the immoral plays and use their best endeavors to prevent the spread of debasing literature."

Henry George has received a windfall from a wealthy American, S. M. Burroughs, who lived in London, but died last February at Monte Carlo. Mr. Burroughs' will has recently been offered for probate and it shows that his estate amounted to \$629,630, of which four twenty-fourths are bequeathed to the widow, three twenty-fourths to each of his three children and one twenty-fourth to Henry George, of New York. Almost all of the remainder of the estate is left to universities and charities.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Sketch of Mgr. M. F. Howley.

THE FIRST NATIVE BISHOP.

The terrible commercial and financial cataclysm which recently visited the Island of Newfoundland has greatly detracted from, if indeed it did not entirely obscure, the significance of the enthroning of the Right Rev. Francis Michael Howley as Bishop of the Diocese of St. John's—an event which not only appealed to the religious sentiment of this thoroughly Catholic people, but also had the added interest and attraction naturally clustering round the fact that this much-revered prelate was the first Newfoundlander who had been honored by elevation to the episcopate. It was indeed a proud and glorious day for Newfoundlanders at home and abroad; a day of much satisfaction to those who have long known Dr. Howley as a zealous and exemplary priest, as well as the learned historian who has told the world of the tribulations of our Catholic forefathers, who "has rendered a valuable service to his countrymen and made a readable book for the intelligent reader who cannot claim that honor. We read in this volume (The Ecclesiastical history of Newfoundland) of the trials of the Catholic colonists, their fortitude in bearing the persecutions of the government in early days, their constancy in the practice of their religion, their public spirit in steadfastly resisting their oppressors, their noble generosity in condoning all past offences when peace came. All this is well told, and makes us thank God that their children are worthy of their heroic sires, as we discover from those chapters which tell of the progress of religion in later times"—Catholic World, March, 1888.

Dr. Howley was born in St. John's, September 25, 1843. He is the son of Irish parents, and often boasts that he is the son of an Irishman—though not born in Ireland. He takes the warmest interest in everything affecting the welfare of that sorely-tryed Catholic land, thus reciprocating the interest shown in, and the valuable services rendered to his own much oppressed island, by Daniel O'Connell and the other Catholic members of Parliament in early post-emanicipation days. But in patriotism, true as the needle to its pole, towards his own native land, Dr. Howley is second to none. For this reason, when he was first elevated to the episcopal office as Vicar Apostolic of St. George's (June, 1892), the whole population, Protestant as well as Catholic, were wild with delight, and spared no pains to demonstrate their gladness and satisfaction that the zeal and virtue of their compatriot had been honored in such a fitting manner.

None rejoiced more sincerely than the natives of that old land from which Dr. Howley is descended. For, as the Irish Society well expressed it in an address presented to the Bishop, his "elevation to his present dignity" was "the crowning triumph of the mission of his predecessors—the establishment of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland," and proclaimed "that the Catholic Church in Newfoundland now emerges from its youth, during which it was lovingly fostered by the dear old land of our forefathers." The various addresses presented him by the representative Catholic societies demonstrate most effectively the high place he holds in the hearts of the people.

Dr. Howley is a truly devoted ecclesiastic and is completely absorbed in the work of religion, education, charity and temperance. Of politics he scarcely thinks at all. The ordinary strife of

faction possesses no attraction whatever for him. Even on so important a question as the now hotly-debated suggestion of confederation with the Canadian Dominion, though he will as a citizen discuss the subject with other representative citizens of all shades of opinion who desire to confer with him, yet he is resolute not to permit the influence or the prestige of his official position as the highest dignitary of the local Catholic Church to be used in politics. This means a great deal in a country whose people are not second even to French Canada in their respect for traditional authority of Church and State.

On the temperance question he takes a bold and vigorous stand; a stand all the more commendable because in that remote aggregation of primitive communities the evils of the up-as-tree of intemperance do not make themselves apparent with the same hideous effrontery that they are impressed upon the dwellers in large cities. He has publicly proclaimed his willingness to actively cooperate with any or all other denominations against this hydra-headed enemy of Church and State, citizen and Christian and family. His aspirations are so far-reaching that he has boldly announced his hope that before his death he may see the liquor traffic abandoned, and the saloons closed.

The foregoing will have given the Catholic public some idea of the type of man whom the Vicar of Christ has selected for a very important office in Newfoundland at a crucial time in the history of that Island. And be it remembered that he is no narrow provincialist of restricted views and prejudices. He was educated at the Propaganda, and immediately after his ordination was chosen (in 1869) by the Sacred Congregation to go to Scotland as secretary to the Right Rev. Dr. Eyre, the newly-appointed Apostolic of the western district. In June, 1870, he went to Rome with Bishop Eyre, who was attending the Vatican Council. There he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda honoris causa—having been obliged to leave Rome on his mission to Scotland in the midst of his preparation for the examination for that degree. From 1879 to 1885 he was attached to the Cathedral in St. John's, under Bishop Power, who died some months ago. In 1885, upon the death of Mgr. Sears, the venerable Prefect-Apostolic of St. George's, Dr. Howley was appointed his successor. In 1892 the prefecture was raised to a vicariate, and Dr. Howley was appointed titular Bishop of Amastrya. On June 24 he received episcopal consecration at the hands of Bishop Power, assisted by Bishops MacDonald, of Harbor Grace, and MacDonald, of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The crowning honor came when, by Papal brief, of January 9, 1895, he was translated from the titular See of Amastrya to the Bishopric of St. John's.

This, in brief, is the outline of the active and useful life of a Catholic ecclesiastic who is not unworthy to take up the work which was begun in the dreary days of the penal laws, by outlawed Irish priests ministering to a hunted and persecuted flock. Every Catholic Newfoundlander and many who are not Catholic will heartily wish him ad multos annos.—The Pilot.

Gladstone is still an omnivorous reader. Not a novel of importance comes out in England that the grand old man does not peruse it and generally express a public opinion regarding its merits or demerits. He is very fond of the realistic pictures or romantic times that the younger men of England are producing. It is immorality in the work of fiction that enrages Mr. Gladstone. He insists upon it that no great novel is impure.

HIS LIFE FOR SCIENCE.

Dr. Byron Dies of the Disease he Investigated.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

Dr. John M. Byron, the bacteriologist, who contracted consumption while experimenting with tubercle bacilli a year ago last winter, died May 8 in the New York Hospital. In the death of Dr. Byron the medical fraternity sustains a great loss. He gave up his life to the study of medicine, never failing to get as rapidly as possible to the scene of an epidemic, so that he might better study it. Dr. Byron was known as the hero of Swinburne Island. The fearless way in which, in September, 1892, he went to the island where cholera-infected immigrants and suspects were quartered by the hundreds, and worked and studied the disease, excited the admiration of physicians all over the United States. Dr. Byron was born at Lima, Peru, on July 21, 1861. He studied medicine at Lima, and got his degree there when still a very young man. He went from one end of Europe to the other, studying and practising. When he returned to Peru yellow fever was raging there, and he lost no time in plunging into the worst-stricken districts. He seized every opportunity to study the disease, and his work attracted so much attention that he was put in charge of several large public hospitals. From Lima he went to Havana to study the malarial fevers of Cuba, and scarcely a month had passed before an epidemic of yellow fever broke out there. In an entirely unofficial way, Dr. Byron had been working among the stricken people. He went to the most infected districts and took charge of the worst cases that he could find. He was then only 24 years of age, but the local officials, recognizing his ability, superseded all the older physicians, and put him in charge of the many yellow fever hospitals which had been erected. He was finally taken down with the disease himself. Instead of worrying over this he gloried in it, saying that it gave him a better opportunity to study the disease than he had ever had before. He was treated according to his own instructions, and soon recovered. When the plague finally left Havana Dr. Byron went back to Lima and continued his studies there. On cholera breaking out in Cuba, in 1884, Dr. Byron lost no time in getting back to Havana again. Later, when he went to Europe again, his knowledge of cholera was recognized by the leading medical men of France and Germany. On his return from Europe he went to Lima and settled down there to a practice, which however, didn't suit him, and five years ago he came to New York. The salaries from the different posts were enough to support Dr. Byron and his wife in comfort, but they aggregated nothing like the amount that he could have made by private practice. The funeral of Dr. Byron was held at 11 o'clock Saturday morning in St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West 16th street. The requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Father A. C. Denny. The Rev. Philip Derdenta was deacon and the Rev. F. N. McGovern was sub-deacon. The church choir rendered the full choral service. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery. Members of the Academy of Medicine, the Society of Alumni of Bellevue Hospital and many friends of the deceased were present.

Some of the late Sir Patrick O'Brien's most famous sayings were unintentionally most diverting, as for instance, his immortal observation that "the Irish Church Act had broken down the bridge that had previously separated the Catholics and the Protestants in Ireland."

Tribute to Mr. Costigan.

The Belfast News-Letter of April 20th contains the following letter:

Sir—In your cable despatch from New York, published yesterday, it is stated that Mr. O'Brien, who is described as a "Conservative McCarthyite," having introduced a double-barrelled bill in the Canadian House of Commons providing for the abolition of French as an official language, and of separate schools for French Roman Catholics in the Northwest, in the course of his speech on the occasion "made a most violent and personal attack on Mr. Costigan who, he declared, was unfit for the post even of a third class clerk, and who had climbed into the Dominion cabinet on the strength of his religion."

In justice to the Honorable John Costigan, who, no doubt, is well and favorably known by reputation to thousands of Irishmen, allow me to state that for nearly thirteen years he has been a member of the Dominion Cabinet. In the year 1882, if I remember rightly, he was selected by the late Sir John Macdonald among the astutest statesmen of his time—for the position of Minister of Inland Revenue. When the late Sir John Abbott formed an administration as successor to Sir John Macdonald in the premiership, Mr. Costigan was offered and consented to retain that position. In the administration of the late Sir John Thompson (who it will be remembered, died whilst the guest of Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, in December last) Mr. Costigan held the position of Secretary of State; and at present, in the administration of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, he holds the important portfolio of Marine and Fisheries. Knowing something of public sentiment in Canada, I do not hesitate to say that Mr. O'Brien's abusive attack upon Mr. Costigan will prove as harmless as shooting peas at the fortress of Gibraltar; for that gentleman enjoys not only the confidence and esteem of the general body of the Irish Roman Catholics of Canada, but of his Protestant fellow countrymen, who regard him as an honest, conscientious politician, and who know him to be true as steel to any cause with which he identifies himself. As a Canadian statesman, Mr. Costigan has been among the most active of Conservative public men, ever ready at all times, in season and out of season, to render service to his party, believing that in so doing he was serving the best interests of his country. As the administrator of several public departments he has been zealous, painstaking and successful, and to the discharge of his official duties he has brought that invaluable quality—sound common-sense. He never made any pretensions to oratory—especially oratory of the "hifalutin" character—but he is a capital speaker, earnest, deliberate and logical. He does not attempt the use of rhetorical embellishment in his public utterances; but what he has to say is spoken in plain, unmistakable English straight to the point, and unambiguous.

Mr. Costigan and the present Prime Minister of Canada have long been personal as well as political friends; and the fact that Mr. Costigan is a member of Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Administration is in itself a fresh proclamation of the maintenance of that happy unity which has caused Canadian statesmen of different nationalities and different forms of religious belief to work harmoniously together in official harness for the good of their common country.

When Sir John Macdonald selected Mr. Costigan for a Cabinet position he put his hands upon a worthy representative man; and from 1882 to the present time, in four Administrations, Mr. Costigan's services have demonstrated the wisdom of Sir John Macdonald's choice.

J. J.
Belfast, April 27th.

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.

Other Items of Interest in Cities and Towns.

I. C. B. A.



C. J. McCabe, Grand President.

The Annual Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Association of Canada, was held in the I. C. B. A. Hall on May 13th, 14th and 15th, and was largely attended by the Local Branches of Ontario. The Convention was opened by Grand President McCabe, on Monday May 13th, at 2 p.m. The Credential Committee reported the following delegates entitled to seats at this Convention: Branch No. 1, Toronto, P. Shea, J. J. McArthur and E. J. Maguire; Branch No. 2, Toronto, C. J. McCabe; Branch No. 4, Hamilton, John Rankin; No. 5 Paris, Wm. Lavoie; No. 7, Cobourg, J. J. Gormly; No. 8, Port Hope, A. McDonald; No. 9, St. Agnes Toronto, Miss M. Harding and Mrs. Sylvas; No. 10, Our Lady of Good Counsel, Toronto, Mrs. Brown and Miss S. Kelly. Owing to some of the delegates not arriving the Convention adjourned to meet at 9 a.m. Tuesday morning.

2nd days proceedings - The Convention came to order at 9:30 a.m., Grand President McCabe in the chair. On motion the Convention went into committee of the whole on constitutional amendments, there being fifteen in all. Having sat all morning the Committee reported in the negative on all the amendments submitted except one, that being the changing the name of the Association, to that of the Union, so as to read the I.C.B.U. of Canada; this was carried after a very heated and lengthy discussion. The Convention then adjourned until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The first order of business was the officers' reports. After the Grand President's report, which was highly appreciated by the delegates present, was received, the Grand Secretary's report was read, showing the progress that was made during the past year, and particular attention being paid to that part relating to the agreement between the National Union of America and the Canadian Association, whereby members travelling from this country to the United States will receive all the rights of the National Union the same as if they were home. This question has been talked of at past Conventions of the Association and was brought about through the efforts of Bro. J. J. Behan of Kingston 1st Vice President of the National Union. The Secretary also brought several recommendations which were highly appreciated and acted upon. Treasurer Lavoie also made his report showing the Association in a very flourishing condition, and having a balance on hand of \$200. The following officers were then elected and installed: Grand President, C. J. McCabe, Toronto; 1st Vice-President, John Rankin, Hamilton; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. E. M. Brown, Toronto; Secretary, P. Shea, Box 395, Toronto; Asst. Secretary, Miss M. Harding, Toronto; Treasurer, Wm. Lavoie, Box 113, Paris; Auditors, E. J. Maguire and Mrs. Sylvas, Toronto; Solicitor, C. J. McCabe; Organizer, P. Shea; the Grand Officers were also elected Trustees. The Convention then adjourned until 9 a.m., Wednesday morning. In the evening of the 14th the Hall was crowded with members of the Association and their friends. Short addresses were delivered by Bro. Smith, Grand President McCabe, and Grand Secretary Shea. A stirring address was also delivered by Rev. Father Ryan, Chaplain of the Association, after which all attended a banquet tendered the visiting delegates, by Branches 1, 2, 9, 10 of this city.

The banquet hall was crowded to the doors, the Grand President in the chair, on his right being the Presidents of Branches 2 and 10, on his left the Presidents of Branches 1 and 9. After partaking of every thing in sight, waited upon by the ladies of Branches

9 and 10, the toast list was produced, and responded to by J. C. Walsh, Catholic Register, D. A. Carey, Grand President of the E. B. A., Hugh McCaffrey, A. O. H., Drs. McMahon and McKeown, John Rankin, Hamilton, W. H. Cahill, R. Smith and J. W. Kennedy, and the banquet came to a close, everybody singing "God Save Ireland," after which they adjourned to the hall upstairs, where dancing was the order until a late hour. This was a red-letter day in the history of the Association, everybody going home well pleased, and the greatest credit is due the Branches of this city, and especially the ladies' branches, for their work during the convention. The convention came to order at 9:30 a.m. on Wednesday morning, and the Resolution Committee brought in the following report, thanking the press for notices given during the convention, also the clergy, Branch No. 1, and the Branches in this city. They also resolved "That we, the Irish Catholic Benevolent Association, in convention assembled, hereby express our desire that all local Branches, compiling concert programmes, refrain from engaging talent whose elections tend to degrade the Irish race." And then was brought to a close one of the most successful conventions of this Association, to meet in Hamilton on the 3rd Monday in July, 1896. P. SHEA, Grand Secretary.

C. M. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 55, C. M. B. A., the following resolution of condolence was passed:

"Whereas it was pleased Almighty to call to his eternal reward, Mrs. Keilty, wife of Bro. Mark Keilty, District Deputy and Chancellor of this Branch

Resolved: That we hereby give expression to our sincere sympathy with Bro. Keilty in his sad bereavement; and we feel that no words of ours can add to the high esteem in which his amiable partner was held by all who knew her; who was in her life all that a good Catholic wife and mother ought to be; and who in her long sickness and death displayed that Christian fortitude and resignation which is sure to receive the reward promised by God to those who serve him faithfully in this life. May her soul rest in peace.

Resolved: That this resolution be entered on our minutes, and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, the Catholic Record, and the Canadian, and a copy sent to Brother Keilty

D. F. McCloskey, Rec. Sec.

A. O. H.

Div. No. 4 held their regular meeting on Sunday, May 12th, there being about fifty members present. The business of the afternoon was brisk and very interesting to the members. Three new members were initiated and four applications for membership received. The Picnic Committee reported progress under the heading of "Good and Welfare of the Order." The Chaplain gave a very fine address to the members. On finishing his address he urged the members to be true to their grand motto, "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity." A vote of thanks was tendered the speaker, after which the meeting adjourned with singing "God Save Ireland."

London.

For the good of the Order, a very successful smoking concert was given by Hope Court 294, London, on Monday evening, May 13th, it being the occasion of the installation of officers. The following officers were installed by High Deputy C. R. M. J. Donoghue, C. R. J. J. Clarke, Vice C. R. Del. C. P. Jento, Fin. Secy Wm. Dwyer, Rec. Secy M. J. Neville, Treas. Jno. Breen, Trustees Andrew Kenny, M. J. O'Mara, Louis Burns, T.C.R., W. J. McGinn, Del. to annual session, J. O'Donoghue. After which short speeches were delivered by Bros. J. J. Clarke, Del., C. P. Jento, J. O'Donoghue, M. J. O'Donoghue, J. Tocek and others. A splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music was furnished by the following persons: Messrs. T. Rahman, Birmingham, J. O'Neil, E. Ryan, M. McKeown, J. C. Lockhart, W. Clarke, J. O'Donoghue and a recitation, "The Sorechman's Prayer," by T. Morkin. Many enjoyed themselves playing cards. Refreshments were served by members of the Court and a very pleasant evening closed by singing God Save the Queen. In conclusion, as an invited guest, I wish to express my thanks to Mr. M. F. O'Mara and the officers and members of Hope Court for their cordial greeting and the very pleasant evening I spent with them. I also quite agree with the sentiment expressed by C.R. Clarke, that it is a pity more of these social reunions are not given to bring Catholic young men together so that the talent, "as displayed by them," could be appreciated. I was surprised to find that the Catholic societies of London have no hall of their own, viz.: for their exclusive use, as the one in which the C.M.B.A., C.O.F. etc., meet in is rented from the K. of P. This is not as it should be, and I hope in the not far distant future to hear of them having a hall, where Catho-

lic pictures and mottoes adorn the walls and furniture, that when they kneel down to recite their closing prayer, mottoes indicative of fractious Goats will not be before them.

Progress among our Catholic business men is always pleasing to note; my esteemed friend, Mr. Peter Conlon, who for the past seven years carried on a successful Grocery and Fruit business at 109 Wollington street, (London), has recently moved to more commodious premises, 601 Richmond street, known as the C.P.R. Grocery, where he has everything in his line "up to date." I wish him many years of success in his new stand. C. N. MURPHY.

C. O. P.

St. Joseph's Court No. 370 meets in Diugman's Hall 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

A very successful and interesting meeting took place on Thursday last. Business was commenced half an hour earlier, the Chief Ranger being as usual on time. Five more candidates were initiated, after which every thing was put in shape for the open meeting. The guests in the ante rooms were admitted the installation of officers occupying their close attention. Refreshments were then served by the good of the Order Committee and the following interesting programme rendered. Song by Bro. M. J. Mogan which received a hearty encore; solo by Bro. R. Howorth, recitation by Bro. John Mogan, comic song by Bro. Wright and a paper on Forestry by Bro. Oswald Pape. This opened the way for the speaker of the evening Bro. W. T. J. Lee. After an eloquent address on the "Aims and Objects" of Forestry, the lecturer concluded with an appeal to those who were not members to avail themselves at the earliest possible moment of the privileges afforded by the C. O. F. The programme was finished with a recitation by the same gentleman which brought down the house. The usual toasts were drunk and responded to after which the meeting broke up with the singing of God Save the Queen, everybody expressing themselves well pleased with the evening's entertainment. THOMAS FINLAYSON Rec. Sec.

Lady Aberdeen's Lecture.

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association have been fortunate in securing the good will and active assistance of Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen towards their work. On Friday the 31st inst., Lady Aberdeen will deliver an address in Massey Hall on the present revival in Irish literature, a reference to which is made elsewhere in this issue. When Lord Aberdeen was the popular Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his wife became interested in this as in all other leading phases of the National life. Her admiration for the old Celtic works is well known to be enthusiastic so that all who attend may expect a genuine treat. Admission to all parts of the building is fixed at 25 cts, a fact for which we are to be genuinely thankful to the ladies of the society.

Hamilton.

Last Wednesday evening the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Mary's gave an "At Home" in the parish hall. Tea was served from 7 to 9:30 p.m. Then came an excellent programme, vocal and instrumental music and oratorical talent. The hall was decorated beautifully and all the arrangements rendered the affair deserving the name "At Home" in every sense. Misses L. Riche and R. McTully had charge of programme and decorations.

Forty hours' devotion began in St. Lawrence Church last Friday evening and closed Sunday evening. Bishop Dowling was present at the close and gave a splendid sermon on Transubstantiation. He remarked that he was pleased to hear that nearly 600 parishioners received communion during the devotions, thus performing their Easter duty.

Startlingly Sudden Death.

Suddenly did the unwelcome shadow of death descend on the happy homestead of Mr. Michael O'Meara, farmer of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville Thursday evening last. Mrs. O'Meara had taken her tea, annual with the family and then went out into the garden. While there she taken suddenly with hemorrhage of the lungs. She came running into the house with her mouth full of blood, and after seating herself on a chair, expired almost immediately.

Although Mrs. O'Meara had been subject to slight hemorrhages for a year past her death came quite unexpectedly and was a very great shock to the family. She was a truly Christian woman and a kind, devoted and loving mother, and the loss is very great both to Mr. O'Meara and his family.

Mrs. O'Meara was 65 years old at the time of her death and was born in the County Tipperary, Ireland. She leaves a family of four sons and three daughters, one of whom was a member of the community of St. Joseph, Toronto. The body will be taken to the morning train, Saturday, when it will be transferred to London, Ont., the old home of the family. The funeral will take place in that city Saturday afternoon.



The contrast between disease and health is sharply marked as that between darkness and light. The sufferings of disease make enjoyment of life impossible and perfect health makes even a commonplace existence

a bright and happy one.

The truest thing about disease is that most of it is needless. Nine tenths of it can be subdued by very simple remedies. Even that most dreaded malady, consumption, can be cured in 98 cases out of a hundred, if it be treated in its early stages with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Consumption is a disease caused by impurity of the blood, and the first thing to be done in its treatment is to make the blood pure, rich and wholesome. That is half the battle. The other half is the impregnation of the blood with cleansing, healing, invigorating medicines. The "Golden Medical Discovery" does both. It first puts the whole digestive system into perfect order, rids it of all impurities, and from the vantage ground so gained, reaches out to every fiber of the body and restores all to perfect vigor. It cures many diseases simply because many diseases spring from a set of common causes. The same disorder may lead to different symptoms in different people. What might be only a little indigestion in one person, may combine with a slight cold in another and result in consumption. A treatment that tones up the whole system is always the safest. A medicine that is good for the general health is pretty sure to cure ordinary diseases. Six cents in stamps with this notice, sent to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., will bring a large 100 page book. It contains photographs and letters from hundreds who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Married

At the Catholic Church, Smith's Falls, on the 22nd of April last, by the Rev. M. J. Stanton, Ellen Norah, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Gilligan, to Thomas, son of John J. Rowan, Esq., formerly of the village of Ruan, County of Clare, Ireland; and now of the town of Smith's Falls, Ontario, Canada.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

SOME FACTS ON INSURANCE.

Experience of Mr. Alfred Orr, With a Well-Known Company.

THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR

DEAR SIR - As a large number of people in Onemee and surrounding townships are insured in the Provincial Provident Institution of St. Thomas, a history of how that company has dealt with me, will be of interest to your readers. In 1892, I insured in this company for \$5000, Mr. Isaiah Thornton acting as agent for the company; I was then thirty-one years of age, and my rate of assessment was 88c. per thousand of insurance, with a limit of ten assessments a year. In addition to this I had to pay in dues, my running expenses of the company two dollars a year for each thousand of insurance. The outside cost of insurance for \$5000 was thus \$54 a year, while in reality in 1894, I had to pay only \$40.80, as there were only seven assessments in that year. So far in 1895, there has been but two assessments. The policy issued by this company provides that in case the holder becomes disabled and thus prevented from earning his living, the Company pay one half of the face of the policy. In 1894 I lost my eyesight, thus becoming disabled according to the rules of the Company. As soon as I established to the satisfaction of the Company that I was permanently disabled by blindness, a check for \$2,500 was cashed at par in Peterboro'. I was put to no expense beyond that of medical examination which cost only two dollars, had no agent's fees, law expenses, exchange discounts, or anything else to pay, but simply sent in my claim with proofs, and the cash was paid me. Nothing could be fairer or more liberal than the treatment I received from the Company, which has my most hearty thanks for the timely relief it brought to me. I may add that although the Provincial Provident Institution aims to make the cost as low as possible to the policy holder yet by careful management it has accumulated a surplus of over \$100,000.

From my own experience I can vouch that this company fulfils its agreements with its policy holders to the letter, and so far as I am capable of judging, and I have carefully examined the working of this company and compared it with others, it is perfectly sound and safe financially.

Yours truly,
ALFRED ORR.

Onemee, Ont., May 6th, 1895.

Items from Everywhere.

Professor Oulli has been examining the waters of "the yellow Tiber," and finds that the soil and sand they carry with them contain chemical elements so powerful as practically to disinfect the whole region through which they flow, and almost exempt it from malaria. He advises bathing in the river at Rome, as the carbonates and salts in the water have many of the medicinal effects of sea water, and its density makes it almost as good as a mud bath.

An old lady of 112, named Rosowska, presented herself recently at the prefecture at Lille to draw her pension. She served as a cauteen woman in Napoleon's campaign in Russia, was under fire in twelve other campaigns, was three times wounded, and wears the silver cross for valor in the field. She acted as surgeon in a Polish regiment in 1831. She brought up fourteen children, her last surviving son dying some years ago at 80.

The late General Newton was a classmate at West Point of General Roscrans, and it is a coincidence that both soldiers subsequently became converts to the Catholic faith. General Scammon is said to have induced General Newton to become a Catholic, and General Roscrans helped to make a Catholic out of his brother, who became in after years the first bishop of Columbus. Both these Generals were at one time in the Army of the Cumberland, so that their lives had several parallels. General Roscrans outlives his old classmate, and is at present, the writer believes, out on the Pacific slope, whose climate he finds beneficial to his waning forces.

Cardinal Hohenlohe, who is said to have complimented Crispien in an address which he recently delivered, appears to have a disposition to do undiplomatic acts. Some years ago he incautiously entrusted to the Berlin authorities a paper which was only intended to be shown to the Papal household, and was unable to secure its return. The Holy Father took him to task, it is said, for that act, and now it seems that he has deemed it necessary to reprove him for what he said in public of the Italian premier. The Cardinal is, as is well known, a brother of the present German chancellor.

By instructing the Papal nuncios to notify the governments to which they are accredited that any participation by them in the celebration next September by the Italian government of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its seizure of Rome will be regarded at the Vatican as an affront to the church, the Holy See simply acts consistently with that policy which has caused it to protest on every possible occasion against the wrong which was then perpetrated. This notification may not have the effect of preventing the participation of outside powers in the September demonstrations, but the governments that take part in these occurrences cannot now plead that they did not know how the Vatican would interpret their acts.

People who may imagine that the Catholic peasantry of France has any sympathy with the impious legislation which French legislators enact every now and then, should take note of an event that recently occurred in that city of Roubaix. The mayor of that municipality, who is probably a Free Mason, issued an order that priests carrying the viaticum to dying persons should do so without attendants and without ringing a bell. One of the pastors of the place, who paid no heed to the order, was proceeding with the sacrament through the streets in the usual way when a tool of the mayor made an attack upon his attendants. Instantly the bystanders fell on the assailant, drove him off and then constituted themselves a body guard to the priest until he had discharged his duty and returned home.

Notre Dame University announces the celebration of its golden jubilee and preparations for the event are now being made. Invitations have been sent to all the prominent ecclesiastical dignitaries of the country to honor the university with their presence during the celebration, and it is confidently expected by the faculty that many of the invitations will be accepted. There is no American Catholic institution of higher learning that is doing better work than Notre Dame, which has attained a wonderful influence and won remarkable success during the half century that it has been in existence.

The opinion seems to obtain in some circles in England that the Episcopal church of Scotland is best qualified to make the first move toward that reunion with Rome in favor of which the Holy Father recently wrote his apostolic letter. A writer on this subject said recently in one of the leading Scotch papers: "It seems to me that the Episcopal church of Scotland is pre-eminently fitted to take a leading part in the great movement. Unlike her sister, the church of England, she is bound by no trammels of the state, and if I may say so she has a fuller grasp of our Catholic truths which are a bond of spiritual union among all branches of the Catholic Church." It would be strange if Scotland were to lead England back to her former allegiance toward the Holy See.

Through the kindness of Cardinal Vaughan, Mr. George Augustus Sala obtained a card of admission for the Requiem Mass in the Sistine Chapel on the last anniversary of the death of Pius IX. In describing the scene at the entrance, he tells how an English gentleman who could not speak Italian asked him to intercede for him in Italian with the Swiss Guard. This gentleman wore a Monte Carlo jacket instead of the usual evening dress coat, and the guard refused to allow him in, though he admitted his wife, whose costume was quite correct. Mr. Sala described the Monte Carlo jacket as the *ultima moda*—the latest fashion in England. The guard smiled, but did not relent. Then Mr. Sala took charge of the gentleman's wife, and gave him his carriage to drive to the hotel and borrow a dress-coat. In due time he returned. He had borrowed a "frac" from the hotel manager, but the manager was short and thin, and the ex-wearer of the Monte Carlo was tall and stout. Again the Swiss Guard smiled. The garment was indubitably a "frac," and ingress was given to the wearer.

United States Church Notes.

It seems that there was really no foundation for that story which the daily press recently circulated regarding the tenure of church property in the St. Louis diocese. Archbishop Kain declares that there is not the slightest cause for apprehension regarding that property, inasmuch as a duly made and attested will of Archbishop Kenrick, transferring it to his successor, was made years ago, and is now in the possession of Archbishop Hennessy of Dubuque. Monsignor Kain also declares that the reason of Archbishop Ryan's visit to St. Louis was not what it was stated to have been in this sensational story.

Cardinal Gibbons called a meeting of the prelates of the Baltimore province last week at his residence, being doubtless desirous of consulting with his suffragans prior to his departure for Rome, for which city he is to start this month, after he has participated in the celebration of Archbishop Williams' golden jubilee. All the prelates of the province responded to his invitation for a conference except Bishop Becker of Savannah who is on the other side of the Atlantic; and Monsignor Satolli and Archbishop Ryan were also present at the meeting. What matters were discussed have not, of course, been made public.

A Tremendous HIT IS Eclipse



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Jaunty little Sailor Suits for the Wee Fellows.

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Durable 2-Piece Suits for Town or Country wear.

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Stylish 3 Piece Suits for the Older Boys.

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College of Music.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Ass'n,
— IN —
Massey Music Hall, Friday even'g. May 31st
Reserved Seat Tickets, 25c.

Coal and Wood Contracts.

Sealed tenders addressed to the Hon. the Commissioner, at this Department, will be received until noon on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1895,

for Coal and Wood, to be delivered to the undermentioned institutions for the term ending July 1, 1895.

TORONTO	Hard coal, tons of		Soft coal, tons of		Hard wood, cords of		Soft wood, cords of	
	2,000 pounds	2,000 pounds	125 cubic feet	125 cubic feet	125 cubic feet	125 cubic feet		
Government House, about	200	30	1	1				
Old Parliament Building, about	45	6	1	1				
New Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park, hard wood, taking delivery of from the 1st of June to time to time, as may be required, up to a total of from 1,500 to 1,800 tons, and Educational Buildings, about	3,000	40	40	20				
School of Practical Science, 11 barrels of soft wood charcoal, and about	250		5	1				
Osgoode Hall, about	450	60	30	10				
OTTAWA								
Normal School, about	300	2	35	35				

The coal and wood must be delivered and stored away by the contractors in the bins or other receptacles at the respective institutions in quality and manner satisfactory to the persons in charge, and, at Toronto, at any time until the 14th October next, except that for the Government House, Osgoode Hall and the Education Buildings about one-third of the furnace coal cannot be received until after the 31st December next, and for the old and the new Parliament buildings it must be delivered from time to time in such quantities as may be required during the term ending July 1st, 1895. Coal for the Government House, old Parliament buildings, School of Practical Science, Education Department and Osgoode Hall must be weighed at such scales as shall be approved, and coal for the new Parliament buildings at the scales connected therewith. The coal and wood for the Normal and Model Schools at Ottawa must be delivered not later than 1st August next. The wood must be of good quality, the hard wood in the proportion of not less than one-half maple and the residue of birch or kinds equally good.

Forms of tender and other information can be had on application to this Department. Separate tenders will be received for the supply of any one, or more, or all the kinds of fuel required, and for any or all the departments and institutions named. The bona fide signatures of two sufficient sureties will be required for the fulfillment of the contract or for each of the contracts.

W. HARTY,
Commissioner.

Department of Public Works,
Toronto, May 22nd, 1895.

Oak Hall.

The specialties this week at Oak Hall comprise nice lines in boys', youths' and men's clothing. The prices are right at this commodious and well-stocked establishment, and the imprint of Oak Hall on the goods is a guarantee that they are first-class in every respect—in style, material and workmanship. The address is 115 to 121 King street East, opposite St. James Cathedral.

St. Basil's.

Rev. L. Brennan, C.P.B., who has but recently recovered from a severe illness, is to take a holiday within a few days. He will spend a couple of months in rest and travel, part of which will be in Ireland. On Wednesday evening a number of his friends and parishioners met Father Brennan after May devotions and presented him with a well filled purse and general good wishes. The sum was sufficient to materially assist toward ensuring a pleasant time.

THE BLACK DEATH.

The Far Reaching Consequences
of the Plague of the 14th
Century*

THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.

All who have read Edgar Poe's story of the Red Death will incline to regard many of the fantastic details of that terror inspiring tale as solely the outcome of the imagination. They who sojourned with Prince Rasselas in the valley of perpetual delight would ordinarily be considered as real as those who, flying from the plague, shut themselves up together and gave the time to revelry and enforced forgetfulness, till the dread visitant passed bolts and bars and was among the revellers in spite of all their precautions. Yet we have in Boccaccio's account of the plague of 1348 an account of just such actual devices

"Some held it best to lead a temperate life and to avoid every excess. These, making up parties together, and shutting themselves up from the rest of the world, ate and drank moderately of the best, diverting themselves with music and such other entertainments as they might have at home, and never listening to news from without which might make them uneasy. Others maintained that free living was a better preservative, and would gratify every passion and appetite."

It is not easy to obtain a mental grasp of the full magnitude of death and suffering entailed by this plague, and much less readily shall we understand the consequent derangement of social, political and ecclesiastical functions that came with its coming and remained long after it had passed. It is to the presentation of these phases that Father Francis Aidan Gasquet, of the Order of Saint Benedict, in England, addresses himself in a volume of 220 pages.

It appears, from the writings of contemporary chroniclers, that in 1346 a mysterious disease broke out among the Tartars and Saracens of those eastern countries with which European merchants already had business dealings. There was a settlement of Genoese in the Crimea, and thither came a number of Italian merchants who had been driven away by the Tartars from a place called Tana. The Tartars followed the merchants and besieged Caffa. Their vast armies encircled the town, whose inhabitants soon became pressed for provisions. Suddenly a plague broke out in the Tartar camp, and thousands were daily carried off by the disease. Terror gave place to vengeance. The infected bodies were, by the aid of engines of war, hurled into the city. From here the disease was carried by ships to Genoa.

Of the disease itself, little need here be said. It is generally admitted to have been an entirely new manifestation in the countries blighted by it. Its operation varied somewhat. Some victims were struck suddenly and died within a few hours; others fell into a deep sleep from which they could not be roused; whilst others again were racked with a sleepless fever, and tormented with a burning thirst. The sickness lasted, in the beginning, usually three days, at the end, for several months.

Father Gasquet traces the path of the scourge and quotes many illustrations of the utter selfishness and heartlessness to which it gave rise.

At Genoa hardly one-seventh of the population were spared.

In Venice seventy died in every hundred. Of twenty four renowned physicians, twenty were soon taken.

The cemeteries were filled to overflowing and in time the dead were buried together in unconsecrated trenches.

In Siena and its neighborhood about 80,000 died in seven months; in Venice, 100,000; in Marseilles, 57,000; in Narbonne, 30,000; in Avignon, 150,000, among them Laura, Petrarch's heroine; in Paris, 80,000; and so through all the cities, towns and villages of all the countries of Europe.

The plague reached England in 1348. To its ravages in that country Father Gasquet naturally devotes most attention. His independent researches amongst all kinds of documents in all sorts of places cover the ground more completely than any efforts ever before made in the same direction. Diocesan records and such records of the abbeys as remain, constitute the most valuable aid to the historian.

It would be here impossible to give even such data as are conceded to be approximately correct. Every part of England was infected and everywhere the ratio of death was maintained. It is estimated that altogether fully one-half the population, or about 2,500,000 people were carried off.

From this point begins the uprising of the laboring classes. There were not sufficient laborers to do the harvesting or the work of any of the crafts. Statutes directed against "the malice of servants in husbandry" begin to appear, and "strikes" begin their as yet unended history.

Every art and industry was paralyzed. Cathedrals partly built were left uncompleted for many years. Another notable circumstance must be mentioned. Up to the time of the plague the French language had been the vogue since the Conquest. Children were taught it in the schools. After the disease had subsided the new teachers began to conduct all school exercises in English. It may thus be assumed with reasonable probability that the perfection the English language has attained is due to this visitation of sickness. The plague of 1348 was as fatal to French in England as was the famine of 1848 to Gaelic in Ireland.

This return to the language of the masses would not however have been possible, had it not been that fully one half of the priests, who formed the great body of educators, were cut off. Fully five thousand beneficed clergy fell victims to their duty, and of those in holy orders including religious communities the total who perished must have reached 25,000.

These figures afford some slight indication of the effect of the visitation upon religion. To fill the places of the dead priests the Bishops were obliged to ordain applicants who were often sadly wanting in qualification. The number of those who were drawn to the religious life became fewer and fewer. The business of the country was to be done by fewer hands, higher wages were obtained, and the development of vocations to the priesthood was naturally impeded. What the effect upon religion would be it is not difficult to imagine. It was a long time before there was anything like complete recovery from the shock; but they in whose hands had been placed the care of the Fold of the Shepherd, strove in the sincerity of Faith and Hope, and not unsuccessfully. The work of two centuries had received a rude set-back; but the faith of the people survived and the work was begun over again.

The nineteenth century has seen many marvels of progress. The steam engine has risen to its greatness, and the intangible electricity has been utilized to an extent that not long ago would be inconceivable. Mr. Tesla and Mr. Edison, as well as many others, are at the beginnings of the solution of gigantic problems. What if within a few months one half our present population were to be effaced?

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What if one of those yet mightier visitations the like of which is thought to have extinguished the great peoples of Africa and Central and South America outright, should come upon us? Would the contents of our books be to future generations as inexplicable perhaps as the buried pyramids of Yucatan or the Sphinx itself? The marvels of the twentieth century as we to-day contemplate them, might they not by a six months' visitation like unto this, be left to the future for yet two, three, how many centuries? Why then do we sneer so lightly at the Middle Ages, the Ages of Faith indeed, but the Ages of Wars, Famines and Pestilences?

Early Gaelic Literature.

Some few years ago a number of zealous Irishmen, and Irishwomen, banded together to promote an interest in Irish literature. It was necessary for them to begin at a very elementary position. Very few indeed know that there is a native Irish literature; many of the degenerate offsprings of the Celt have come to regard the old tongue as being as barbaric almost as the Ojibway. It will be news for many of us to learn from Dr. Douglas Hyde that the old tongue is an ancient, beautiful, and highly developed branch of the Aryan division of languages and that its possibilities of further development are sufficient for any demands of even our busy time. (Public Circulating Library, No. G. 1900)

Dr. Hyde quotes the opinion of Max Muller as to the origin of myths, that they arose from variations of language, there being at various times many words which would be "understood perhaps by the grandfather, familiar to the father, but strange to the son, and misunderstood by the grandson," and says that this is precisely what is taking place in Ireland to-day. Irish literature covers a period of about 1,500 years, and the study of the mythological portion of it made in this little book is so instructive and entertaining, and withal so permeated by enthusiastic patriotism that one cannot but be interested, if indeed he do not share the author's enthusiasm, before he has done with it.

Dr. Hyde discusses the various cycles which are to be distinguished in point of time and personality, beginning with these peoples who occupied the island previous to the Milesians. Then follow the Red Branch Heroes and the Fenians. All this leads up to the work of Christian authors. The great variety, the human interest, the romantic intensity of many of these tales must commend the little work to all as a valuable key to the immense treasure house that lies beyond it. As bearing upon the importance of the Irish language, we may quote a paragraph from the preface:

"Every one knows now, or ought to know, that Irish is, like Greek, Latin, and Sanscrit, a pure Aryan language, and a highly respected and very beautiful one also. Had it not been for Auaghim, the Hoyme and the Penal laws, it would undoubtedly now be the language of all Ireland, and have probably produced a splendid modern literature. The numerous continental scholars who have studied it (and who now freely admit that Old Irish ranks near to Sanscrit in importance for the philologist) all speak of it in terms of the highest praise.



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PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FORTY-YEAR ANNUITIES.

THE undersigned will receive tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of forty years, issued by the Province of Ontario under authority of an act of the Provincial Parliament (47 Vict., cap. 31.)

The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer guaranteeing half-yearly payments at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto of sums of \$100 or larger sums, on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year for forty years from 30th day of June next, the half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1905, and for which tenders are asked is \$4,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$200 annually.

Tenders will be required, to state the capital sum which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Tenders will be received up to the 15th day of July next. Notifications of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 15th July and payments from accepted tenderers will be required to be made within ten days thereafter.

Tenders for the whole amount offered if preferred, may be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Great Britain in sterling.

The highest of any tender not necessarily accepted unless otherwise satisfactory.

R. HARCOURT,
Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's office, Toronto, May 5th, 1905.

Note—Illustrations of calculation on interest basis: At the rate of 4 per cent per annum (or in strictness 2 per cent half yearly) a present payment of \$4,987.25 would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years, payable half-yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 5 per cent off the principal sum.

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* The Great Pestilence (A.D. 1348-9) now commonly known as the Black Death. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. (Public Circulating Library, No. G., 1902)

The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

May 24—Our Lady, Help of Christians.
25—St. Gregory VII., P.
26—St. Philip Neri, P.
27—St. Magdalen de Pazzi,
28—St. Augustine, Bp.
29—St. Maximus, Bp.
30—St. Felix, P. M.

Present Political Conditions

It is worth while enquiring into the efficacy of our political institutions and the part that Catholics, particularly Irish Catholics, are playing in them.

If we begin by considering the composition of the electorate, we shall at once discover diversities so great as to perhaps explain many things otherwise inexplicable. To take an extreme case, we may learn why it was unanimously conceded that Mr. Edward Blake would be able to display his great abilities to better advantage in the British House of Commons than in the service of his own people here at home.

It is just over a century since English Parliamentary government was established in Upper Canada. The principles, the settled admissions, the concessions as to individual liberty, the agreements as to individual responsibility upon which that system is based are essentially English. Magna Charta is all English. Wars and struggles established the English Parliament and the confidence of the people in their Parliament at a time when in the rest of Europe the people yet agreed that they existed for the benefit of the King, not he for their service; when France might be hurled into war at the bidding of the King's mistress; when Venice was governed by secret and arbitrary councils; when Germany was an aggregation of large or small privateering armies; when Spain was passing through her stages of Oriental magnificence, the end of which was Oriental lassitude; when Ireland was sending generation after generation, century after century of her people along the narrow way of martyrdom.

Constituting, therefore, the mass which we are required to look upon as homogeneous, and which is to work out its destiny under our institutions, are the English, whose every fibre is tempered with the Parliamentary idea; the French, who came to this country while yet the Kings held France, whose fellows in Mirabeau's time were incapable of governing themselves by the English method, and whose fellows to-day in the old land will leave the senate house in droves if a new tribune appear on the corner or a man on a black horse ride through the streets; the Scotch, who accept English methods only when thereby they can

control the matter in hand, and who as they took control of the mother Parliament in Oatham's time, now take control of the offshoots in the colonies; the Irish, who, by English misgovernment for centuries, were forced to hold the seat of English power in execration and were by the withholding of natural liberty and education rendered to a degree unfitted for the Parliamentary system. To these must be added a generation, an admixture of all these perhaps, but still primarily and earnestly Canadian, and yet another class holding views resultant upon the study of American practices.

As between French Canadians and English-speaking Canadians the lines of divergence and the lines of assimilation, such as there be, are pretty clearly defined. It is among the other races that a common language is made, by interested persons, to obscure serious diversities of thought and existence; and the Irish Catholics suffer most by it.

In this country the day when a reputable public man would charge Irish Catholics generally with lack of genuine patriotic spirit, is happily past. Attacks upon Catholic priests and Catholic institutions are likewise abandoned. George Brown adopted that policy from the Orangemen and to them he returned it; the Orangemen put forth their Sovereigns to speak, and the Sovereigns have forgotten their instructions; from them the mission descended to the preachers for notoriety; from them to the hoodlums of the bye streets; from them to the P.P.A.; from them to Mr. Dalton McCarthy; but he too has discarded the mantle and appears in armor against the French, taking Marlborough for his prototype rather than Titus Oates.

Still, Irish Catholics are a long way from enjoying full citizenship, a long way from participating fully in the Governmental institutions of Canada.

To receive, or to repel Irish Catholic support, as expediency may dictate, has come to be a part of the plan of operations of almost every candidate or party. Seven centuries have taught English, Irish and Scotch Protestants that the part of the Irish Catholics is to hew the wood and draw the water. Unfortunately the same seven centuries, and the single Canadian century have confirmed in the Irish Catholic himself an acceptance, unexpressed perhaps, but tacit and resentful, of this condition. The Scotchman will in person demand a public position as his right; an Irish-Catholic will shame-facedly and suppliantly proffer his perhaps superior abilities. There are counties where the ranters shout loudest for common Canadianism, and where at the same time an Irish Catholic speaker would scarcely be listened to, and the ablest Irish Catholic in the Dominion could not receive a party nomination. Do we not all remember the quiet self-sufficiency of the Ontario Government when demonstrating that Catholics were not represented according to their population either in number of official positions or in remuneration for public services. Whose is the greater shame is perhaps a debatable question.

Is it any wonder that with so important an actual, though unrecognized, re-division of the enfranchised population, there should be the evils which attend our administration, and that a man like Mr. Blako should shrink from coping with him. Incapacity, false views, expensive and ineffectual civil service, corruption by wholesale and in detail, bribery to persons and to Provinces, how, if these things exist, can they be overcome when voters can be classified into herds and driven this way or that by arguments addressed to each? Quebec has an uniform electorate, and we know what happened there when evil doings were made plain to the people. It may be doubted if the Dominion could show so clear an account with conscience on such an occasion.

What is the remedy for the grievance as it exists among Irish Catholics?

To participate in all public affairs; to insist upon so doing and to be not deterred by the stare of others. Representation is but a delusion and a makeshift unless it be backed by active participation. The best way to meet the appeals of others for community of thought and of endeavour is by demanding of themselves the recognition of the common citizenship, of its rights as well as its duties.

Florence Nightingale.

The press in general is brimful of laudations of the many virtues and heroic character of the great and good woman, who forty years ago left home and friends in England to nurse the wounded and dying in the hospitals of Scutari during the Crimean war. She has now reached her seventy-fifth birthday, and hearty congratulations have reached her from many eloquent lips and pens in the British Empire. No woman's deeds of true philanthropy and self-sacrifice are better entitled to national recognition. During the painful progress of the war protracted during two severe winters, English and American journals were filled with praise of the noble woman "who lamp in hand, walked each night through the long lines of sick or wounded soldiers; and who with a few assistants ministered to the wants and assuaged the sufferings of 4,000 patients. One of the private soldiers, as reported in the Times of that exciting period said: She would speak to one and another and nod and smile to many more; but she could not to all you know, for we lay there by the hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall at night, and lay our heads on our pillow again content. On her return from her field of labour, with peace universal proclaimed, the Queen presented her with a magnificent jewel attached to which was the inscription "To Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion towards the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria R., 1855."

While the highest and most deserving encomiums are now lavished on the meritorious life and deeds of the heroic lady, and no one grudges her all the praise she may receive, it must appear strange that not even mention is made of others equally deserving. Long before Miss Nightingale reached the

scene of conflict French Nuns had been attending to the sick and wounded of the allied armies. After the Battle of Alma, the first engagement of the Crimean War, it was found that no provisions had been made for the sick and wounded. There were no doubt surgeons and their assistants in plenty ready to probe and amputate. But there were no female nurses to assist the regular doctors and administer sedatives or tender those soothing cares and attentions, which alone can give hope and bring back life.

French Sisters of Mercy however were no respectors of persons or nationality. They gave all the assistance in their power in the British hospital until the arrival of Florence Nightingale. The latter was accompanied by several lay nurses and a body of soldiers' wives who did very well for a short time. Insubordination and frequent neglect of duty with other matters of complaint caused Miss Nightingale to dispense with the services of the greater number of them, and to request of the authorities to send out to her as many Sisters of Mercy and Charity as Cardinal Cullen would dispose of. With the aid of a large number of Catholic Nuns, Florence Nightingale succeeded in her mission of heroic benevolence. But while her praises are trumpeted forth to the ends of the earth, the devotion and sacrifices of the humble followers of St. Vincent de Paul are recorded in Heaven. The very names of the Sisters of Charity who earned crowns and jewels equally with Miss Nightingale are known only to God. And it is a fact worth mentioning that some of those nuns belonged to most noble and distinguished families both in Ireland and England.

At a banquet held in Edinburgh after the war in honour of Miss Nightingale a poem was read by the Poet McNeil, of which the burden ran thus:

Oh! earth but once heard such a tale
So heavenly and so human,
As that of Florence Nightingale
The angel type in woman.

The soldier dreamt of home and sleep
Beneath the drooping willow;
He woke, she pass'd, her shadow fell,
He kissed it on his pillow.

The Catholic Citizen, at that time printed in this city, had comments similar to those we make to-day on the utter neglect and silence of the British press in regard to the great services rendered at that time by the Irish Sisters of Mercy. A correspondent sent to that paper a few lines as a set-off to McNeil's ditty:

We oft and oft hear such a tale,
As Heavenly and as human
As that of Florence Nightingale,
Proud Albion's only woman;
And every day and every night,
The orphan and the widow
May kiss such shadows as alight
With blessings on their pillow.

Speaking of the Emperor of Germany, M. Jules Simon says: "He speaks French like a Parisian. Napoleon I., who knew a great deal about literature, had a strong German accent, and Napoleon I. spoke with an Italian accent. Emperor William of Germany could have given them both lessons in French. He is also a fine English and Italian scholar.

The Weakness of Protestantism.

The Missionary Review of the World contains a remarkable article from the pen of Mr. Talions. It is entitled, "Papacy in Europe," and is copied in part in the columns of last week's Presbyterian Review of this city. "The writer," says this latter journal, "goes to the root of the matter when he points out that the decline of Faith in the Bible is the great source of danger."

We were always of opinion that the Written Word of God, if left at the mercy of human weakness, human pride and passion, would lead infallibly to skepticism and infidelity.

Not all men, however, are satisfied with unbelief. There is a craving in the human heart for truth, and for God's Truth, which is found only in religion. But if men so disposed find nothing but disappointment, dead sea apples, in Protestantism, they must seek comfort where alone it can be found. They will find all heart cravings for truth eternal fully satiated in the teachings, the worship and practice of the Catholic Church. The Bible was presented to them for examination. They were told to see for themselves in God's Holy Word. But one man took a different view from another. Various beliefs and modes of worship, very differing in meaning and very strongly opposed to each other, sprang from the same source. Who was right and who wrong? No one could tell. There was no authority to appeal to. So that every man, according to his own whim or fancy, or perhaps in view of gratifying his own darling passion, whether of lust, or vengeance, or cupidity, satisfied himself that his way of interpreting God's word was the correct way, and that any other interpretation was false and to be condemned.

Again it was discovered that some of the most profound thinkers and scholars of the day, some men of high standing and repute as Church divines, had very serious doubts as to the authenticity of many chapters and of whole books hitherto considered as God's Word. One distinguished Bishop of the Anglican Church wrote a book in denial of the facts and figures contained in the Pentateuch, the most important part of the Bible, and without which there would be virtually no Bible at all. Archdeacon Farrar, a leading luminary in English Protestant circles, has lately written a criticism on the Book of Daniel, in which, while acknowledging that its contents are "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be completely furnished to every work," yet he denies its authenticity and its inspiration. The praise he bestows on the pages of the Book of Daniel are, as the Guardian says, "sugar-coating the pill to make it pleasant." But the Christian Guardian and other Christian journals and churches, because having no authority to correct Archdeacon Farrar, are compelled nolens volens to swallow the pill.

They must let the news spread and go forth to the world that one of the great Protestant lights of the Eng-

lish church has raised doubts, a very serious doubt as to the prophetic character or inspired message of him whom the Christian world always honoured as one of God's most highly chosen and highly gifted servants.—as one of the great prophets who communed with archangels, and pointed out the precise time and circumstances of the Messiah's reign and the world's redemption. "And after sixty two weeks (of years) Christ shall be slain; and the people that deny Him shall not be His. And He shall confirm the covenant with many, in one week; and in the half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fail." (Daniel ix., 27.)

In the Thinker for May, Rev. J. H. H. Thompson, D.D., says among other things: "We further scarcely expected to find it laid down almost in terms, with certain saving clauses, perhaps that whatever the prophet did, he did not prophesy in the sense of foretelling—that what foretelling was in the message was merely an inconspicuous adjunct to his exhortation. We for our part hold that it is incumbent on Archdeacon Farrar to explain the stress laid by our Lord and his Apostles on the argument from prophecy. He would not accuse our Lord of deceiving the disciples, when on the way to Emmaus, He upbraided them as slow of heart in not believing "all that the prophets had spoken."

From all of which would appear, that Archdeacon Farrar does not attach much importance to prophecy of any kind, and that as far as inspiration is concerned, the greater portion of Holy Scripture is a closed book to him. And Archdeacon Farrar is not the only Protestant divine, or scientific lay Protestant just now engaged in the work of high criticism on God's word and man's relations to God. It is the fashion of the hour both in England and Germany. Now what are we to deduce from all this? What else but the conclusions of the Presbyterian Review, viz., that "the decline of faith in the Bible among Protestants is the great source of danger." Which means that "the Bible," being discarded and discredited Protestantism, of which it is the sole foundation, must tumble to the earth sooner or later, and that even now "want of faith in the Bible," is weakening its hold on humanity and hastening its destruction. The Catholic Church, which guarantees the Bible, proves its inspiration, and explains with authority all its mysterious events and prophetic fulfilments, must be the safe harbour of refuge for all wandering souls, anxious for truth, but tossed about on every wind of doctrine. Here is how the Presbyterian Review (of May 16) regards the question: "The mind of man demands an assurance of absolute certainty as to his relations to God, and the Bible meets that demand frankly and fully. But as Protestants lose faith in the Bible, men will find themselves more and more driven to seek assurance elsewhere. The Church of Rome offers a guaranteed ticket to a reserved seat in heaven, and many will purchase "salvation" from her rather than take any risks on the Bible in which its professed advocates do not more than half believe."

Archbishop Langevin.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface was in Toronto over Sunday, and those who attended High Mass at the Cathedral had the gratification of hearing a sermon from the youngest Archbishop in America, perhaps in the world. The character of the discourse delivered on that occasion was strictly in accord with the estimation the people in this Province have formed of the lately consecrated prelate. Those who had the good fortune to meet the distinguished visitor speak of him as a sagacious, conservative churchman, who is thoroughly conversant not alone with the conditions in the Province over which he has been called to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but as well with the general disposition of the Canadian people. If we can judge from the tone of the interviews granted to the daily press, the Archbishop fully realizes the strength of his position on the school question, and may be depended upon to accomplish all that wisdom and firmness can do under the circumstances.

A Significant Statement.

The extent of the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States is frequently spoken of in general terms. It is commonly conceded to be very great, but perhaps one concrete instance will give a clearer impression of its magnitude than pages of generalization. Speaking of the celebration of the sacerdotal jubilee of Archbishop Williams of Boston last week Cardinal Gibbons gave such an instance. His Eminence said:

"The year before your venerable Archbishop was ordained there was but one diocese in all New England, for the first Bishop of Hartford was not consecrated until 1844. There were then only fifty-three priests in New England, with a Catholic population of 75,000 souls. The Archbishop, though not yet a very old man, remembers the time when New England contained only four priests, and in 1816, when a coadjutor was proposed for the See of Baltimore, the Rev. Dr. Mareschal wrote to Bishop Flaget recommending Bishop Chevreus, of Boston, for that place, and the reason he assigned was that the illustrious Dr. Chevreus had nothing to do in Boston.

"To-day the Archdiocese of Boston is one of the most flourishing metropolitan sees in the country, with six suffragan sees. New England has to-day 1,200 Catholic clergymen with a Catholic population of nearly 1,500,000. And nowhere can a Catholic community be found more devoted to the faith of their fathers or more loyal to their grand old Commonwealth, more loyal to the flag of their country and to her civil and political institutions."

Of Sir Donald McFarlane, who is the only Catholic representing a Scotch constituency, the "Saturday Review" tells the following story: When he was contesting the constituency, it was anticipated that on account of his religion he would be heckled out of the constituency. But a heckler arose who put a fresh complexion on the matter. Was it possible, he asked Sir Donald in stentorian tones, for a Papist to be a patriotic Scotchman? With feigned hesitation and much meekness of manner, Sir Donald replied that he had always considered Robert Bruce and William Wallace to be patriotic Scotchmen, and that both these worthies had held the same religion as he did.

My Gift.

I ask a gift to me so dear—
The gift to love my native land,
To tread with reverent step the path
Where trod our forefathers hand in hand.
The swelling psalm of the hour
Hush for my heart, no glory true,
For virtue rests within the deed—
The will to act, the soul to do.

Give me to humbly kneel in prayer
Ere that I draw the sword of day,
To be the light of heavenly star
Before I walk my earthly way;
For incense from God's Altar high
Makes pure the root of daily deed,
And dews of heaven rained down thro'
prayer
Make sweet and strong the goodly seed.

I ask the gift to love my friends
And cherish them in kindly part,
To give them audience true in word
Within the chamber of my heart:
To seek no laurels dreamt of men
No niche of fame in sculptured wall;
To love the poor with kindly heart
And hearken to their daily call.

Give me the love that binds the heart
To memories of the old, old days,
And holds in kind and tender thought
Each scene, each joy with star-clad rays;
For love that holds the past in thrall
Has deepest root and sweetest bloom,
When through the gift of memory's tears
It droops above the silent tomb.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Brother Jonathan on the A.P.A.

By JAMES WHITEHEAD RILEY.

With his plain-patched, currier breeches,
an' his red and yellow coat,
He has just come up and registered and cast-
ed his just vote,
Talkin', tellin' about the Bible, an' our in-
stitooshuns grand,
An' that the Stars an' Stripes must float
from each school-house in the land!

Tearin' up an' down on platforms, lettin'
steam off acin' priests,
An' bishops, popes, an' cardinals that eat
heretics at feasts,
Sayin' now's the time er never to defend
the flag we've saved!
Our homes, our wives an' children, er by
Rome we'll be enslaved!

Well, I've stood an' I've listened till he got
his rantin' through,
An' last night I stood in meetin', and I sez:
"Why, who be you?"
Never heard on ye till yesterday'—since
that time I riz the axe
On my ole man at Concord, an' ye run to
Halifax!

"Ye were mighty still when Sumter's guns'
went shakin' up the land,
An' I had my Irish regiments march in an'
take a hand!"
Great strappin' fellers, shot right down,
with a shamrock on their breasts,
The Stars and Stripes above 'em, and a cross
inside their vests!

"The last guard of McClellan, and Burnside's
furthest dead!"
No, I guess not, stranger—jest yit; I ain't
goin' to lose my head!
Like a f' in g'in to heaven, our roads may
be apart,
But in pintin' to the general end, we're all
the same at heart.

"Some of my folks were Catholics as far
back's '76!"
An' thirty-six years later helped me out uva
nasty fix!
An' as fer Irish—in Mexico—of jall Zach's
bloodiest field,
He found at Cerro Gordo his biggest hoss
was Shields!

But the way that you've been talkin', St.
Peter raves an' swears
When comes along an' Irishman that kneels
and says his prayers,
But now I come to think on't, an' look ye in
the face,
I'll be hanged if you ain't Irish—an' no
credit to the race!

But if you come to the United States to jest
kick up a stew,
'Tween Abner Jones an' his man Mike, and
neighbor Donahoe,
"I tell ye here, right equear and now, ye'd
better shack fer home!"
I don't want imported patriots to help me
keep out Rome!"

Sir Patrick was very fond and proud
of his nephew, the famous cricketer,
who married a daughter of Sir Hum-
phrey de Trafford. On occasion as
the House was droning away in the
dog days over Supply Sir Patrick
caught the Speaker's eye. "Mr.
Speaker," he said, "we are simply
wasting our time in this. I move that
we adjourn and see my nephew bat at
Lord's." The motion was not put
from the chair.

AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

A Sketch of the Hog Mountain Range.

BY JOEL OHANDLER HARRIS.

"Why my goodness, Sis!" exclaimed Mrs. Hightower, "you look natchally fagged out. A body 'ud think you'd bin an' taken a run up the mountain. We all 'lowed you wuz in here lookin' airter your comp'ny. Wher'd you git the news?"

"From this gentleman here," Sis replied, indicating Woodward without looking at him. She was pale as death, and her voice was low and gentle.

Woodward would have explained, but the apparent unconcern of the women gave him no opportunity.

"I declare, Sis," exclaimed her mother, with a fond, apologetic little laugh; "ef you hau't a plum sight, I hain't never seed none."

"She's thes ez much like her Gran-pap Poteet," said Mrs. Hightower, "ez ef he'd 'a' spit 'er right out'n his mouth—that she is."

This led to a series of reminiscences more or less entertaining, until after a while, Sis, who had been growing more restless, rose and said—

"Good night, folks; I'm tired and sleepy. The clock has struck eleven."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poteet, "an' the clock's too fast, bekaze it hain't skacely bin more'n a minnit sence the chickens crowed for tea."

This remark contained the essence of hospitality, for it was intended to convey to Mrs. Poteet's guests the information that if they were not ready to retire, she was prepared to discredit her clock in their interests. But there was not much delay on the part of the guests. The women were dying to question Sis, an' so they said "Good night," the earnestness and quaint simplicity of the old women carrying Woodward back to the days of his childhood, when his grandmother leaned tenderly over his little bed, and whispered; "Good night, dear heart, and pleasant dreams."

Shortly afterward the lights were put out, presumably, tho' under Teague Poteet's roof addressed themselves to slumber. But what of the news that Sis had given to the winds? There was no slumber for it until it had fulfilled its mission. Where did it go, and what was its burden? Three blasts upon a horn, thrice repeated; then an interval; then three more thrice repeated. Up, up the mountain the signal climbed; now, faltering, now falling, but always climbing; sending echoes before it, and leaving echoes behind it, but climbing, climbing, now fainting and dying away, but climbing, climbing, until it reached Pallium's Summit, the smallest thread of sound. Two men were sitting talking in front of a cabin. The eldest placed one hand on the shoulder of his companion, and flung the other to his ear. Faint and far, but clear and strenuous, came the signal. The men listened even after it had died away. The leaves of the tall chestnut whipped each other gently, and the breeze that had borne the signal seemed to stray in the tops of the mountain pines as if awaiting further orders: and it had not long to wait.

High up the mountain a man with his hand to his ear slapped his companion on the back, and cried, "Poteet's!" and that was news enough for the other, who rose, stretched himself lazily, and passed into the cabin. He came out with a horn—and exaggerated trumpet made of tin,—an' with this to his lips he repeated to the waiting breeze, and to the echoes that were glad to be aroused, the news that had come from Poteet's. Across the broad plateau of Pallium's

Summit the wild tidings flew, until, reaching the western verge of the mountain, they dived down into Prather's Mill Road—a vast gorge which takes its name from the freak of a drunken mountaineer, who declared he would follow the stream that rushed through it until he found a mill, and was never heard of again.

The news from Poteet's was not so easily lost. It dropped over the sheer walls of the chasm, three hundred feet down, and refused to be drowned out by the rush and the roar of the waters, as they leaped over the boulders, until it had accomplished its mission. For here in Prather's Mill Road burned the slow fires that kept the Government officials in Atlanta at a white heat. They were burning now. If one of the officials could have crawled to the edge of the gorge, where everything seemed dwarfed by the towering walls of rock and the black abyss from which they sprang, he would have seen small fitful sparks of flame glowing at intervals upon the bosom of the deeper and blacker night below. These were the fires that all the power and ingenuity of the Government failed to smother, but they were now blown out one after another by the blasts of Sis Poteet's horn.

The news wafted down into the depths of Prather's Mill Road upon the wings of the wind was not at all alarming. On the contrary, it was received by the grimy watchers at the stills with considerable hilarity. To the most of them it merely furnished an excuse for a week's holiday, including trips to both Gullettsville and Villa Ray. Freely interpreted, it ran thus: "Friends and fellow-citizens: this is to inform you that Hog Mountain is to be raided by the revenue men by way of Teague Poteet's. Let us bear from you at once." There was neither alarm nor hurry, but the fires were put out quickly, because that was the first thing to be done.

Teague Poteet owned and managed two stills. He was looking after some "doublings" when the notes of the horn dropped down into the gorge. He paused, and listened, and smiled. Uncle Jake Norris, who had come to have his jug filled, was in the act of taking a dram, but he waited, balancing the tin cup in the palm of his hand. Tip Watson was telling one of his stories to the two little boys who accompanied Uncle Jake, but he never ended it.

"Sis talks right out in meetin'," said Teague, after waiting to be sure there was no postscript to the message.

"What's the row, Teague?" asked Uncle Jake, swallowing his dram.

"Noth' raid comin' right in front er my door," Teague explained, "an' I reckon in reason I oughter be home when they go past. They use to be a kinder coolness betwixt me an' them revenue fellers, but we went to work an' patched it up."

Tip Watson appeared to be so overjoyed that he went through all the forms of a cotillon dance, imitating a fiddle, calling the figures, and giving his hand to imaginary partners. The boys fairly screamed with laughter at this exhibition, and Uncle Jake was so overcome that he felt called upon to take another dram—a contingency that was renewed when Tip swung from the measure of a cotillon to that of a breakdown, singing—

"I hain't bin a-waitin' no mo' wises—no wises—
Sence daddy got drunk on low wises—
low wises."

"Come, Tip," said Teague, "yess shot up abop. Ef Sis ain't a caution," he said, after a while, as he moved around putting things to rights. "Ef Sis ain't a caution, you kin shoot me. They hain't no mo' tellin' wher' Sis picked up 'bout thish 'ere raid than nothin' in the worl'. Dang me ef I don't b'lieve the gal's glad when a raid's a comin'. W' Sis hit's movement, movement, day in an' day out. They hain't nobody knows that gal

less'n it's me. She knows how to keep a-gwine. Sometimes she runs an' meets me, an' says, se'ho: 'Pap, mammy's in the dumps; yess you an' me make out wo er quollin'. Hit'll sorter stir'er up; an' then Sis, she'll light in, an' by the time we git in the house, she's a-scoldin' an' a-sassin' an' I'm a-cussin', en' airter a while hit gits so hot an' natchul-like that I thes haster drag Sis out behin' the chimney and buss 'er for to make certain an' shore that she ain't accidentally flew off the han'le. Bless your soul an' body! she's a caution!"

"An' what's 'er maw a doin' all that time?" inquired Uncle Jake, as he took another dram with an indifferent air.

Teague laughed aloud as he packed the fresh earth over his fire.

"Oh, Puss! Puss, she thes sets thar a chawin' away at 'er snuff, an' a knittin' away at 'er socks tell thinks she I'm a-pushin' Sis too close, an' then she blazes out an' blows me up. Airter that," Teague continued, "things gits more homelike. Ef 'twan't fer me an' Sis I reckon Puss 'ud teetotally fret 'erself away."

"St. Paul," said Uncle Jake, looking confidentially at another dram which he had poured into the tin cup.—"St. Paul says ther' er divers an' many wimmin, an' I reckon he know'd. Ther' er some you kin fret an' some you can't. Ther's my ole'oman: the livin' human bein' that stirs her up'll have ter frail 'er out, er she'll frail him."

"Well," said Teague, by way of condolence, "the man what's stabbed by a pitchfork hain't much better of'n the man that walks barfooted in a tread-saft patch."

The suggestion in regard to Mistress Norris seemed to remind Uncle Jake of something important. He called to his boys, took another modest dram, and disappeared in the undergrowth. Teague Poteet and his friends were soon ready to follow this worthy example, so that in another hour Prather's Mill Road was a very dull uninteresting place from a revenue point of view.

Woodward was aroused during the night by the loud barking of dogs, the tramp of horses, and the confused murmur of suppressed conversation. Looking from the window, he judged by the position of the stars that it was three or four o'clock in the morning. He sat upon the side of the bed, and sought by listening intently, to penetrate the mystery of this untimely commotion. He thought he recognized the voice of Tip Watson, and he was sure he heard Sid Parmalee's peculiar cough and chuckle. The conversation soon lifted out of the apparent confusion, and became comparatively distinct. The voices were those of Teague and Sis.

"Come now, pap, you must promise."

"Why, Sis, how kin it?"

"You shall, you shall, you shall!"

"Why, Sis, now, be mought be a spy. Sid Parmalee be 'lows that the whole dad-blamed business is a put-up job. He wants to bet right now that we'll all be in jail in Atlanty 'fore the moon changes. I lay they don't none of 'em fool Sid."

"You don't love me any more," said Sis, taking a new tack.

"Good Lord, Sis! Why, honey, what put that idea in your head?"

"I know you don't—I know it! Its always Dave Hightower this, and Sid Parmalee that, and old drunken Jake Norris the other. I just know you don't love me."

Teague also took a new tack, but there was a quiver in his voice born of deadly earnestness.

"I tell you, Sis, they er boundin' airter us; they er runnin' us down; they er closin' in on us; they er beumin' us up. Airter they git your pore ole pappy an' alam 'im in jail, an' chain 'im down, who's a-gwineter promise to take keer er him? Hain't ole man Jothway Blasingame bin sent away off to Albenny? Hain't ole man Cajj Shannon a-sarvin' out his time, hump-back an' tripple ez he is; Who

took keer them? Who ast anybody to let up on 'em! But don't you fret, honey; ef they hain't no trap sot, no bobby ain't a-gwineter pester him."

"I wouldn't trust that Sid Parmalee out of my sight!" exclaimed Sis, beginning to cry. "I know him, and I know all of you."

"But ef they is a trap sot," continued Teague, ignoring Sis's tears, "ef they is, I tell you honey, a thousa folks like me can't hol' the boys down. The time's done come when they er teetotally wore out with thish 'er, sneakin' aroun' an' hidin'-out bizness."

This appeared to end the conversation, but it left Woodward considerably puzzled. Shortly afterward he heard a rap at his door, and before he could respond to the summons by inquiry or citation, Teague Poteet entered with a lighted candle in his hand.

"I 'lowed the stirrin' 'roun' mought 'a' sorter rousted you," said Teague, by way of apology, as he placed the light on a small table and seated himself on a wooden chest.

"Yes. What's up?" Woodward inquired.

"Oh, the boys—thes the boys," Teague replied, chuckling and rubbing his chin with an embarrassed air; "hit's thes the boys cuttin' up some er ther capers. They er mighty quare, the boys is," he continued, his embarrassment evident increasing, "mighty quare. They er up'd an'tuk a notion for to go on a little frolic, an' they uv come by airter me, an' nothin' won't do 'em but I mus' fetch you. S' I 'Gentlemen, they hain't no manners in astin' a man on a marchin' frolic this time er night, s'I; but Sid Parmalee, he chipped in an' 'lowed that you wuz ez high up for fun ez the next man."

Woodward thought he understood the drift of things, but he was desperately uncertain. He reflected a moment, and then faced the situation squarely.

"If you were in my place, Mr. Poteet, what would you do?" he asked.

This seemed to relieve Teague. His embarrassment disappeared. His eyes, which had been wandering uneasily around the room, sought Woodward's face and rested there. He took off his wide-brimmed wool hat, placed it carefully upon the floor, and ran his fingers through his iron-grey hair.

"I don't mind sayin'," he remarked grimly, "that I uv seed the time when I'd uv ast you to drap out'n that winder an' make for the bushes knowin' that you'd tote a han'ful er bullets in thar wi' you. But on account er me an' Sis, I'm willin' to extracise my best judgment. It mayn't be satisfacal, but me an' Sis is mighty long-headed when we pulls together. Ef I was you, I'd thes slip on my duds, an' I'd go out thar whar the boys is, an' I'd be high up for the'r frolic, an' I'd jine in wi' 'em, an' I'd rise any chance they give out."

With this Poteet gravely bowed himself out, and in a very few minutes Woodward was dressed and ready for adventure. He was young and bold, but he felt strangely ill at ease. He realized that, with all his address, he had never been able to gain the confidence of these mountaineers, and he felt sure they connected him with the revenue raid that was about to be made and of which they had received information. He appreciated to the fullest extent the fact that the situation called for the display of all the courage and coolness and nerve he could command; but, in the midst of it all, he longed for an opportunity to show Sis Poteet the difference between a real man and a feeble-minded, jocular rascal like Tip Watson.

His spirits rose as he stepped from the low piazza into the darkness and made his way to where he heard the rattle of stirrups and spurs. Some one hailed him—

"Hello, Cap!"

"Ah-yi!" he responded. "It's here we go, gals, to the wedding."
"I knowed we could count on 'im," said the voice of Tip Watson.

"Yes," said Sid Parmalee, "I knowed it so well that I fotch a extra hess."

"Where are we going?" Woodward asked.
"Well," said Parmalee, "the boys laid off for to have some fun, an' it's done got so these times that when a feller wants fun he's got to git furdur up the mounting."

If the words were evasive, the tone was far more so, but Woodward paid little attention to either. He had the air of man accustomed to being called up in the early hours of the morning to go forth on mysterious expeditions.

A bright fire was blazing in Potect's kitchen, and the light, streaming through the wide doorway, illuminated the tops of the trees on the edge of the clearing. Upon this background the shadows of the women, black and vast—Titanic indeed—were projected as they passed to and fro. From within there came a sound as of the escape of steam from some huge engine; but the men waiting on the outside knew that the frying-pan was doing its perfect work.

The meat sizzled and fried; the shadows in the tops of the trees kept up what seemed to be a perpetual promenade, and the men outside waited patiently and silently. This silence oppressed Woodward. He knew that but for his presence the mountaineers would be consulting together and cracking their dry jokes. In spite of the fact that he recognised in the curious impassiveness of these people the fundamental qualities of courage and endurance, he resented it as a barrier which he had never been able to break down. He would have preferred violence of some sort. He could meet rage with rage, and give blow for blow, but how was he to deal with the reserve by which he was surrounded? He was not physically helpless, by any means, but the fact that he had no remedy against the attitude of the men of Hog Mountain chafed him almost beyond endurance. He was emphatically a man of action—full of the enterprises usually set in motion by a bright mind, a quick temper, and ready courage; but, measured by the impassiveness which these men had apparently borrowed from the vast aggressive silences that give strength and grandeur to their mountains, how trivial, how contemptible all his activities seemed to be!

But the frying was over after a while. The Titanic shadows went to roost in the tops of the trees, and Teague Potect and his friends, including Deputy Woodward, took themselves and their fried meat off up the mountain, and the raid followed shortly after. It was a carefully-planned raid, and deserved to be called a formidable one. Like many another similar enterprise it was a failure, so far as the purposes of the Government were concerned, but fate or circumstance made it famous in the political annals of that period. Fifteen men, armed with carbines, rode up the mountain. They were full of the spirit of adventure. They felt the strong arm of the law behind them. They knew they were depended upon to make some sort of demonstration, and this, together with a dram too much here and there, made them a trifle reckless and noisy. They had been taught to believe that they were in search of outlaws. They caught from the officers who organised them something of the irritation which was the natural result of so many fruitless attempts to bring Hog Mountain to terms. They betrayed a sad lack of discretion. They brandished their weapons in the frightened faces of women and children, and made many foolish mistakes which need not be detailed here.

They rode noisily over the mountain,



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making a circle of Pallium's Summit, and found nothing. They perched over the precipitous verge of Prather's Mill Road, and saw nothing. They paused occasionally to listen, and heard nothing. They pounced upon a lonely pedlar who was toiling across the mountain with his pack upon his back, and plied him with questions concerning the Moonshiners. This pedlar appeared to be a very ignorant fellow indeed. He knew his name was Jake Cohen, and that was about all. He had never crossed Hog Mountain before, and, so help his gracious, he would never cross it again. The roads were all rough and the ladies were all queer. As for the latter—well, great Jingo! they would scarcely look at his most beautiful collection of shawls and ribbons and laces, let alone buy them. In Villa Ray (or, as Cohen called it, "Feel Hofray") he had heard that Teague Potect had been arrested and carried to Atlanta by a man named Woodward. No one had told him this, he heard people talking about it whenever he went in Villa Ray, and there seemed to be a good deal of excitement in the settlement.

Cohen was a droll customer, the revenue officers thought, and the longer they chatted with him the droller he became. First and last they drew from him what they considered to be some very important information. But most important of all was the report of the arrest of Teague Potect. The deputies congratulated themselves. They understood the situation thoroughly, and their course was perfectly plain. Potect, in endeavoring to escape from them, had fallen in the clutches of Woodward, and their best plan was to overtake the latter before he reached Atlanta with his prize, and thus share in the honour of the capture. With this purpose in view, they took a dram all round and turned their horse's heads down the mountain.

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A Glimpse at Archbishop Ireland.

The man's appearance is that of a church dignitary of highest rank, as it is, also, very characteristic. Of tall stature and strongly robust aspect, the forehead broad, hair only slightly silvered and still plentiful, an open face, with expressive features, breathing forth unquestionable frankness, as they do intelligence and goodness; bright eyes, showing just the least bit of amiable worldliness in them; the corners of the mouth drawn, a powerful torso, with small hands and feet—in brief, in personal appearance, one of nature's noblemen, as well as an ecclesiastic—such is the Most Rev. John Ireland, who lectured in the Boston Theater on Sunday evening in aid of the Working Boy's Home, one of the most deserving charities of this great city.

There is a cardinal in the United States, and there is also an envoy extraordinary here, representing His Holiness and the Propaganda, but in all the American hierarchy there is no greater or better prelate than this same Archbishop Ireland. Earnest as a church dignitary and faithful to his apostleship, he is also one of those large minded prelates who are of opinion that it is not absolutely necessary to accomplish any number of devotional acts to be considered a Catholic. Of course, he would much prefer that believers in his archbishopric should do their whole duty in this respect, but he admits that there are different categories of Catholics, and the single act of accepting the title, even when it is little practiced, is already a great deal. "With the grace of God, one can always hope the rest will follow," he once declared to a friend of mine.

I first heard of the Archbishop of St. Paul when he was a chaplain for a Northern Regiment in our civil war. I first saw this great divine in Rome three or four years ago. Then, when he was coming back from the Eternal City, where he had been invited by Pope Leo XIII., the celebrated Archbishop stopped for a week or two in the French capital, and while there he received marked attention from the best people. One evening, not long after his arrival, he delivered a lecture before the Geographical Society, presided over by Prince d'Arenberg, which was listened to with rapt attention by over a thousand people—an enormous crowd for so small a hall—and I was among his entranced hearers. The eminent prelate spoke in French, and his pronunciation and accuracy were the admiration of all present, many of whom were purists of deepest dye. He not only expressed himself almost without accent, but with a clearness and an abundance that were simply remarkable.—Boston Herald.

Referred to Archbishop Kain.

Mgr. Satolli has made an answer to the Christian Endeavor's memorial, adopted recently at a meeting here, petitioning the Ablegate to punish Father Phelan of St. Louis for his utterances touching young people of the organization.

Mgr. Satolli, after expressing regret at the attack of Father Phelan of St. Louis on the Christian Endeavor Societies, suggested that the petition that the priest be unfrocked be referred to the Archbishop of St. Louis. The Rev. J. P. Dawson of the Westminster Presbyterian Church has received the answer of the Papal Delegate. This is the letter:

"Apostolic Delegation, United States of America.

Washington, May 13, 1895.

"Rev. J. P. Dawson—Reverend and Dear Sir: I received some days ago your letter, with which you sent me the protest of the Christian Endeavors against the attacks made by the Rev. Father Phelan in his paper on the practices of that association, and

I regret exceedingly that a question of this kind should have arisen. But, after a long and careful consideration of the whole matter, I feel that it is one which belongs to the most reverend Archbishop of St. Louis rather than to me.

"With sentiments of sincerest esteem, I remain most faithfully yours in Christ. "SATOLLI."

Mr. Dawson expressed himself as pleased with the fraternal and Christian spirit of the communication, and said that the references of the matter to Father Phelan's immediate superior was what he expected. He added that, following the suggestion of His Eminence, he would immediately forward the petition to the Archbishop of St. Louis.

Mr. Blake at Hull.

The Hon. E. Blake, M.P., addressing a meeting of Irishmen at Hull on Monday night, advocated solidarity in the Liberal party, which means, of course, solidarity in the Home Rule party. They had against them the nobility, the brewers, and much of the wealth of the country. He was sorry for it, because he was a Home Ruler, not that he was a Separatist, but for the reason that this was a believer in real union between the two islands. When our blood was warmer and our impulses more generous we honestly own that we were in favour of separation, if it were possible or practicable. But for many reasons we have since admitted the folly of that course, and now we are fully disposed to welcome not a legislative union but an alliance of heart and sympathies, a partnership of reciprocal advantages, not a mere pact of binding parchments. Mr. Blake's remarks, and we are glad of it, were received with applause. But the speech we admired the most was a local one, Owen Kiernan, who appealed to his countrymen in favour of Irish legislative freedom, and followed up by asking them to join the Irish National League.—The Universe.

The best models of biography are the inspired Fenmen. They give us a faithful and accurate portrait of their most sacred subjects without any effort to hide their moral deformities or defects. David's sin, Peter's denial, Paul's persecution of the early Church, the worldly ambition of the sons of Zebedee, the incredulity of Thomas, are fearlessly recorded without any attempt at extenuation or palliation. The transgressions of these men arouse our compassion without diminishing our reverence for them and serve by contrast to lend additional lustre to the halo of their subsequent lives.

Who thinks less of Augustin and Jerome, because he sees them engaged in earnest theological controversy which almost snapped asunder the bonds of charity? Who finds his veneration and love for Basil and Gregory cooled, because of the melancholy estrangement that followed a long and tender friendship? Whoever would omit these episodes on the plea of edification, would mutilate these glorious lives! "Hath God any need of your lie," says the Prophet, "that you should speak deceitfully for Him?"

The alienation between Burke and Fox at the close of their career, though much to be deplored, does not diminish our admiration for those two statesmen. It brings out in stronger relief, the inflexible character of Burke, who sacrificed friendship on the altar of truth. It shows us that upright men may sometimes differ in conclusions without violating conscience, or incurring the unfavorable judgment of posterity.

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Or we will return your 50 cents if you get us an agent who will order a dozen beaters. Better still, get up a club of 12 neighbors and friends and send us \$3.00 for a dozen beaters, which sell for \$2.00 making a clear profit of \$1.00 for a few hours or an evening's work. One lady sent 11 in one hour. Another agent 16 in two hours and a half. Another secured a club of 12 in one evening. One man sells \$12.00 worth every day. Full particulars send for stamp.

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The weight of an ordinary ambulance when unoccupied is nearly 1500 pounds. This requires the very best material to be perfectly safe. With the advent of the rubber tires these vehicles can be made much lighter as the rubber cushions preserve the wheels from the frightful jarring that they experience. The benefit to the patients would be incalculable, as the shaking and tossing would be avoided. The obstacle is the fitting of suitable tires and the wear and tear of the rubber on the rough pavements. I trust that a successful rubber tire for ambulances is bound to come in the near future. JUNIUS.

A good book is commendable for two reasons, because of the thoughts which it contains, and because of the thoughts which it suggests.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Let us learn how precious are solitary places, and hours when others are sleeping or away in the night season; or a great while before day, when the earth and heaven are still and the busy world has not yet come abroad to trouble the creation of God.—Cardinal Manning.

I sometimes go musing along the street to see how few people there are whose faces look as though any joy had come down and sung in their souls. I can see lines of thought, and of care, and of fear, money lines, shrewd, grasping lines—but how few happy lines! The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face is the contentment of a loving soul.

The Art of Writing Jokes.

Sometimes I ask my friends in business if they like their work, and when they reply, as they almost invariably do, that only the need of the almighty dollar compels them to stick to it, then I am glad that I don't feel that way about my work, however poor it may seem to others.

I think it is a good thing if a man can love his work, and when I think how much I love mine and have been loving it for the past ten years—ever since I sent off my first piece of verse and saw it in print the next day—why it makes me think that it must be a good sort of work after all.

Then again I think of what Mr. Olemens said some time ago, that there were but twenty-six (I think his number was twenty-six) original jokes in the world, and, remembering that I have written something like 12,000 of them since I began, it makes me shudder to think how many times I must have written the same joke over again; and I wonder seriously if people have enjoyed reading them as much as I have writing them.

Yet I think that to the artists most of the credit of bringing out our ideas belongs. In writing a joke the picture, the situation, must always first be seen in my mind, and many and many a time I have been surprised to see in the illustration of my joke precisely the same picture that my imagination had wrought when I was writing it. When a joke is brought out in this way the varying expressions on the faces of the characters depicted, if there is any humor in it, will show tenfold.

A lot of jokes, dialogues, witticisms, many of them execrable puns or containing some flippant cynicism on sacred subjects, are at the most tiresome and unprofitable reading, but the dialogue that has been thought out, each word placed where it will do the most good, containing an idea that strikes right home at some human weakness, and this idea illustrated by an artist who brings out every nice shade of expression—it seems to me that this is more or less a work of art; and this, in spite of the various critics who have referred to the joke writer as being outside the pale of literature.

There are enough poor jokes, but the good ones will stand, dwarflike though they be, alongside some of the essays that have been written by more serious philosophers.

I think Phil Welch was the best joke writer we ever had, and I love to read over his work now, for it was invariably clean and wholesome. I have no patience with witticisms on subjects that ought not to be jeered at. There is enough to make fun of without raising the coffin lid. Neither do I believe in attacking a class unless they are so hopelessly bad that they ought to be attacked. Every work has a temptation, and the humorist too often allows himself to touch ground that he ought to avoid. He can be witty without being vulgar and amusing without being irreverent.

I write to make money, as every other writer does, whether he admits it or not, and I try to make all the money I can. If I used the money unwisely I should consider that I was prostituting my brain. But so long as the earnings from his pen are well spent, I consider that every writer need not be ashamed of selling his inspiration at the highest price. I do not believe in art for art's sake, and I believe the best art is produced by the greatest number of incentives to its growth, and poverty has never been the least of these.

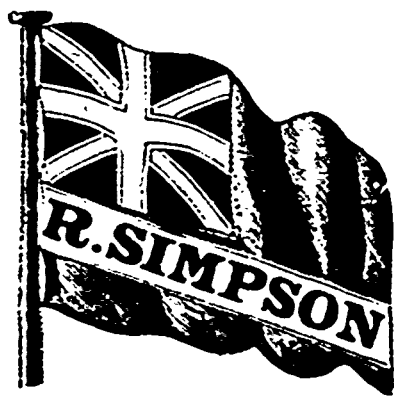
I work constantly from the time that I get up until I go to bed, and turn everything to account. The more work I can do in a day the happier I am, and I try to keep my enthusiasm at the highest pitch. My rest is change and my work is play, and what a playground the world is, anyway!—Tom Masson in the New York World.

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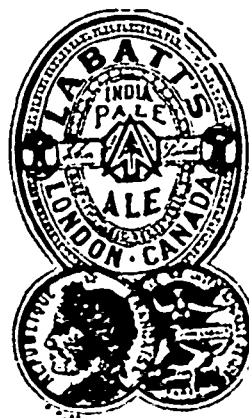
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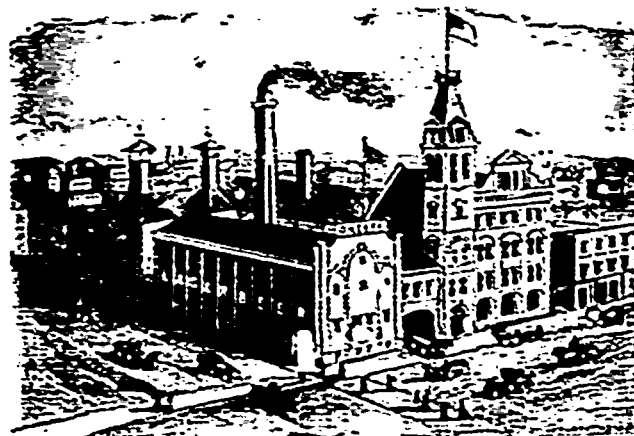
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IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

LEINSTER.

Dublin.

On Saturday evening, April 20th, about 5 o'clock, a young man, named Walker, employed in the machine room of the Independent office, Dublin, met with a terrible accident. He was about starting the machine, when his foot got caught between two of the wheels, the leg was broken, and the foot almost torn off. The unfortunate young man was conveyed to Mercer's Hospital, where he lies in a precarious condition.

Wexford.

Amongst the candidates who successfully passed the second professional examination of the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians in Ireland is Mr. Richard Creane, third son of the late Dr. R. J. Creane, Wexford.

The impressive ceremony of religious profession took place in the beautiful church of the Sisters of Mercy, Wexford, on April 23d. The young lady who had the happiness of receiving the black veil was Miss Frances Fitzgerald (in religion Sister Mary Joseph), second daughter of the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, Clonmult, County Cork. At the same time Miss Anna Fitzgerald (her sister) received the white veil with the name of Sister Mary Rose.

Wicklow.

On April 20th (election day) a terrible tragedy occurred at Wicklow, which wiped out all political considerations in the town. A shopkeeper named J. Reilly, a mason, grocer, and oil merchant, committed suicide by hanging himself with a rope in his own dwelling house, which was within a few yards of the court-house where the polling was taking place. The rope by which he hanged himself was attached to a beam in an upper room in the house, and he seems to have jumped from a box in the room while the rope was round his neck, and got strangled in consequence. The deceased was a most respectable man, temperate and hard-working. Up to the day of his death he was employed on a new building in course of erection in the town. He left off work at half past seven o'clock and went home. What motive induced him to commit the terrible act it is impossible now to say. He was close on fifty years of age, and there is great sympathy for his wife.

Kildare.

On April 24th, the Athy police, after much difficulty, succeeded in arresting a man named John Hegarty, a servant of Mrs. Fennins, Brackna, who became suddenly demented. After losing his reason Hegarty took a bicycle and went to Athy. His condition having been reported to the police, Acting-Sergeant McNally and Acting Sergeant Keilheer, followed him toward Brackna, and succeeded in arresting him as he was proceeding toward Mrs. Fennins. The police detained him until the arrival of Sergeant Breslin with a car, when he was conveyed to the police barracks. He remained quiet during the night, but during the next day he became so violent that it took four of the men to keep him from doing himself an injury. In all probability the poor man, if he had not been so promptly put under restraint, would have destroyed himself.

King's County.

On April 19th, Coroner Loring held an inquest at Cloncut, near Edenderry, concerning the death of Richard O'Brien, aged 69. Bartholomew Lynam deposed that deceased, who was a clock cleaner and a bachelor, was sitting beside him, in Mrs. O'Brien's, on the previous evening when he immediately fell off the chair without the slightest warning, and never spoke again. He seemed in his usual good health prior to this. Dr. Ryan, of Philipstown, gave it as his opinion that death was due to cardiac syncope, and a verdict in accordance was returned.

Queen's County.

The beautiful new church in Abbeyleix, which is now all but completed, will be consecrated on Sunday, May 26th.

Kilkenny.

A very joyful announcement was made on Sunday, April 21st, from the different altars of the parish of Callan, that after many years of expectation, the day had at length been fixed for laying the foundation stone of the new church at Coolaghmore, one of the chapels-of-ease of Callan parish, and that the Most Rev. Dr. Browning would on Sunday the 28th, preside and preach at solemn High Mass in the parish church, after which, accompanied by the clergy and people, he would proceed to the site of the new church. The contractor, Mr. Michael Kerwick, Callan, had been engaged preparing the ground during the week, so as to have in readiness the corner-stone to be blessed and put in position by the bishop. The event was a memorable one in the history of the locality.

Louth.

We regret to record the demise of Mrs. Kilmoney, who died on the 18th inst.

Kilcrenny, after an illness of some duration, on April 16th. Her remains were interred in Tallanstown cemetery, and accompanied to their last resting-place by a most representative concourse of people, bearing testimony to the widespread regret created by her death, and sympathy with her husband and family in their bereavement.

A remarkable instance of longevity is furnished by one Owen Galloghly, who died recently near Hackballcross, in his 95th year. He had been for 55 years a laborer with the family of Mr. Alexander Dickie, of Rochdale, and it is a proof of the healthfulness of the life of the agricultural laborer, when properly cared and treated, that he was able to attend to work up to the beginning of the winter. He succumbed to the influenza.

MUNSTER.

Cork.

On April 23rd, a serious fatality occurred near St. Ann's Hill, Blarney. One of two laborer's cottages was occupied by two old women named Mahony. One worked at a factory, the other remained at home, but on the evening mentioned, the invalid was attended by her working sister. The neighbors noticing that the doors had not been opened, as usual, forced an entrance and discovered that one of the old women was dead and the other in an unconscious condition. At the inquest, it was shown that a stove in the house was disarranged, and the fumes escaping had caused death to one of the inmates. The other woman has recovered.

Kerry.

On April 25th, an interesting ceremony took place at the Convent of Mercy, Ballybunion, the occasion being the celebration of silver jubilee of Sister M. Louis O'Callaghan. There was a large attendance of the clerk and the general public. In the forenoon the assembled priests and friends were most hospitably entertained by the Nun, and in the afternoon the children attending the Convent Schools treated a large audience to theatricals. "Tom Moore, the Tailor," being admirably performed by them. Songs and recitations were also given, and a most enjoyable time was spent. Heartly congratulations were extended to Sister M. Louis, and many expressed the hope that she would be spared to see her golden jubilee celebrated in the same spirit which characterized the present celebration.

Limerick.

A meeting of ladies and gentlemen interested in the Convent of the Faithful Companions, Laurel Hill, Limerick, has been held at St. Munchin's College, Henry street, for the purpose of taking preliminary steps for the fitting celebration of the golden jubilee of that institution. The meeting was largely attended, amongst those present being the mayor (Mr. Wm. Nolan), who presided, and a number of prominent clergy men and citizens.

Clare.

The marriage of Mr. Rochford Maguire, Redmondite M.P., for West Clare, to Miss Peel, daughter of the ex-Speaker of the English House of Commons, was a very brilliant affair, though no member of the Royal Family was present. All shades of politics were represented. Mr. Wm. Redmond represented the Parnellites, and was one of those to sign the register. Mr. James O'Connor and Mr. McHugh, M.P.s, were also present. The ceremony was performed by the Protestant Bishop of Derry, Mr. Maguire's uncle. The presents were numerous and costly. The bride looked lovely, and the bridesmaids wore trails of shamrocks on their pretty dresses. The "beat man" was the Hon. Schonberg McDonnell, youngest son of the Earl of Antrim. The London Realm is responsible for the statement that Mr. Maguire has settled £5,000 a year upon his wife.

Tipperary.

On April 20th, Mrs. Fahey, of Curranswood, widow of the late Mr. P. Fahey, who died last July, leaving five orphans, was to be erected by her landlord, Samuel Perry, D.L., of Woodruffe, for less than two years' arrears. The Sheriff's bailiff and a small party of police proceeded to the farm, to carry out the eviction, but the place was stoutly barricaded and defended, and in the end the eviction had to be abandoned. Two of the bailiffs, named Shea and Ryan, were injured. Early next morning, a large force of police arrested the widow and her three sisters, who had the previous day successfully resisted the efforts at eviction, by barricading the premises and throwing boiling water and lime on the bailiffs. A magisterial inquiry was held at Clonmel on the 23d, and evidence having been given, the four women were remanded for eight days, bail being refused.

Waterford.

On the evening of April 20th, the brig Olga, of Waterford, commanded by Capt. Kehoe, went ashore at Bromhill, close to Duncannon, and almost opposite to the spot where the American vessel, Alfred D. Snow, was lost some years ago. The Olga left Cardiff on the previous Thursday afternoon, with a crew of seven hands, including the captain, all natives of Waterford and Slade. She was bound to Waterford with coals. The crew escaped to the shore, where they were kindly received. They lost everything

they had. The Olga was the property of Mr. Spencer, coal merchant, Waterford, was 150 tons register, and uninsured.

ULSTER.

Antrim.

On the morning of April 24th, an accident of a lamentable nature, resulting in the death of two men, took place in Messrs. Martin's brickyard, off Roden street Belfast. A number of men were engaged at their brickworks, and two of them were employed in taking down the inside supports of a new brick kiln, which was built and ready for burning, when the kiln collapsed, burying both men, whose names are Richard Rowe, aged about 40, residing at 9 Durham street; and Patrick Joseph Connor, aged 20, residing at 69 Ross street. Both were killed on the spot.

Armagh.

A sad accident occurred on April 12th, to a little girl named Annie Wilson, daughter of John Wilson, railway porter, Charles street, Lurgan. The girl, who was about eleven years of age, was in the habit of staying during the day with her grandmother and grandfather, and assisted in making the meals for them. As the grandfather was weaving in a room off the kitchen, and the old woman was very ill and confined to bed, the child was in the kitchen by herself, when her clothes accidentally caught fire. Her screams attracted the attention of the old man, who set to work to extinguish the blaze, and it was only after receiving some very severe burns himself that the flames were subdued. Dr. McGennis was in prompt attendance, and did everything medical skill could devise, but without effect, as the child succumbed to her injuries about nine o'clock the same evening.

Tyrone.

The Stewartstown Orange flute-band turned out about twelve o'clock, on April 15th, and proceeded to Cookstown, playing party tunes through a Catholic quarter of the town. Some fifteen police, under the command of Head-Constable O'Neil, of Newtownstewart, in addition to the local police, were on duty. On the return journey from the laying of the foundation-stone to the Orange hall at Cookstown, the same tactics were resorted to. As the special train passed through the railway station, cursing of Morley, O'Brien, Gladstone, and the Pope was freely indulged in by a number of the excursionists; but no one took any notice of them.

Down.

At the Newry Quarter Sessions, on April 20th, County Court Judge Roche was presented with white gloves, there being no criminal business, and he was congratulated by the Grand Jury on his restoration to health.

Monaghan.

On April 17th, Mr. Thomas P'helan and a coroner's jury held an inquest at Ballatrain, on the body of an old man named Michael Hughes, who had died from injuries he sustained while going home from Castleblayney market. It seemed from the evidence that, on the occasion, Hughes had a pony and cart with him, and it was alleged, had some drink taken. A man named McNally, who had charge of a horse and cart, and who, it was alleged, had also some drink, was proceeding in the same direction as Hughes. The two it would seem, began "jockeying," or racing along the road, with the result that the vehicle on which Hughes was seated was overturned. Hughes succumbed to the injuries he then sustained. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Fermanagh.

The dead body of a man named Maguire, from Kinnawley, was found floating in Lough Erne, on April 21st, near the Kinnawley Workhouse. The unfortunate man was last seen on the Baniskillen fair day (1st March), when he came into town for the purpose of marketing, and had not been since heard of. It would appear that he must have accidentally fallen into the lake at some of the many openings leading down to it through the town.

Merry.

Within the last few weeks the eminent firm of Mayer & Co., of Munich, has been engaged in the erection of eight stained glass windows in St. Eugene's Cathedral, Derry. The good example set by Mrs. O'Neill has been quickly and generously followed by others in the city. Of the windows now erected, no less than six are the gift of Mr. Michael O'Kane, of Clarendon street. Another is the gift of the wife of Mr. Thomas O'Kane, solicitor, presented in memory of her father and mother, the late Mr. Joseph Mellan and wife. Another is erected by the Sacred Heart Society connected with the Cathedral, and under the spiritual directions of Father Quigley.

Downpatrick.

Late on the night of April 24th, information reached Carrindonagh, that a farmer named Bernard Lafferty, of the Cloghan, had, in the course of a family brawl about the division of a farm, fired at his brother with a fowling piece and wounded him dangerously. It is alleged that Bernard aimed a gun and fired a charge of sparrow shot, which entered Patrick's left leg, above the knee. Dr. O'Callaghan proceeded to the place speedily and had the sufferer removed



Dr. H. F. Merrill.

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to the Union Hospital, Sergeant McCambridge arrested Bernard, and the wounded man's deposition was taken before Messrs. White and Thompson, and the prisoner was remanded for eight days.

CONNAUGHT.

Lettism.

Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, recently visited Carrick on-Shannon, and as this was his first visit to his late parishioners, since his elevation to the Episcopacy, it was made the occasion of the presentation of a number of addresses. Before the elevation of Canon Hoare to the Episcopacy he had been parish priest in Carrick on-Shannon, for a period of seven years; and his return was therefore signalled by a spontaneous outburst of welcome on the part of the teachers and members of the institutions in the town. He arrived from Longford by the 10.30 a. m., mail train, and drove immediately to the schools of the Presentation Brothers, where the Superior, Brother Celasus, presented him with a beautiful illuminated address on behalf of the teachers and pupils attending the schools, to which the Bishop returned a sympathetic reply. The Bishop then visited the beautiful convent of the Mariast Sisters, where he was presented with addresses in both the boarding school and National school. He was also treated to short dramatic and musical entertainments by the pupils of both schools. In reply to the addresses presented him by the children of the Boarding school, the Bishop exhorted the pupils to study with diligence, in order that they might be the better qualified for whatever avocations they might adopt in after life.

Roscommon.

At the recent Agricultural Show, at Bally Bridge, Dublin, Mrs. Murrough Bernard gained second prize in all Ireland for butter exhibits from the Foxford Convent Dairy. It is worthy of note that the land on which the butter was produced is, (agriculturally considered,) amongst the poorest in the county.

Sligo.

At Sligo Petty Sessions, on April 23d, Miss Florence Smythe, of Larkhill, was put forward on remand charged with setting fire to her father's premises in Castle street, Sligo, on the 1st of April. Mr. Carden, B.L., who appeared for the Crown, applied for a remand to the 6th of May, for the purpose of obtaining further evidence. This was agreed to, and the defendant was again admitted to bail.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

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The sugar-coating on Ayer's Pills not only makes them easy to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity to an indefinite period. It dissolves immediately after reaching the stomach and thus permits the full effect of the physic to be speedily realized.

AN IRISH BISHOP.

Explains the Part he Takes in Politics.

AN OUTSPOKEN PRONOUNCEMENT.

The Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, the recently consecrated Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, delivered a stirring address last week to a large concourse of people in his native town of Ballymahon, and was loudly cheered from time to time as he proceeded.

It was the business of a Bishop not only to safeguard religion but to assist his countrymen by every means in his power consistent with the law of God to obtain their rights. He referred to the fact that his father had been in jail, and that he himself had spent one night in prison.

The man who delights in the company and conversation of good men may safely be put down as one happy and virtuous. How cunningly nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew!

Webster and Choate.

Daniel Webster was not more indebted to his book-learning for his success at the bar, than to his keen discernment of human character, and to his power to conciliate and control it.

He and Rufus Choate were once pitted against each other as opposing counsel in a lawsuit concerning an

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alleged infringement of a patent right on locomotive wheels. The wheels were before the jury. Rufus Choate, as counsel for the defendant, expended his legal acumen in a learned and labored mathematical essay, going to prove that there was an essential difference between the wheels in evidence, and, therefore, no infringement on the patent right.

The difference between these two great lawyers was, that Choate bewildered the jury by the intricacies of a vocabulary above their comprehension, while Webster gained his case by appealing to their common sense.

The man who delights in the company and conversation of good men may safely be put down as one happy and virtuous.

How cunningly nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew!

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Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton Cal., well known in Canada: "I have tried K. D. C. and also the Pills, and find them just the thing—vastly better than what the doctor ordered.

K.D.C. brings solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K.D.C. Co., Ltd, New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection finish him.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest.

The best remedy for anger is keeping a still tongue. If you say nothing you will have nothing to unsay.

Pulmonary consumption, in its early stages, may be checked by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops the distressing cough, soothes irritation of the throat and lungs, and induces much needed repose.

Steamship Booking Office.

As the Season for European travel is near those wishing passages to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paris, Rotterdam should apply as soon as possible. New York tickets. Secure your Excursion rates for Niagara Falls, Buffalo or Hamilton from Chas. E. Burns, 77 Yonge St. 3rd door above King St.

The excuse made by many that the sermon tires them, hence they remain away, means that they are afraid of the truth.

If we possess riches without having an irregular affection for them, and use them only for what is necessary, we do not lose poverty of spirit.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion.

No place, no company, no age, no person, is temptation free.

The majority of people are most generous when they have nothing to give.

They never fail—Mr. S. M. Boughner Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned."

Let your effectiveness be due to the fact that your life is practical, that you are no white washed sepulchre, full of dead men's bones, but real flesh and blood, full of the warmth and life of every day practical Christianity.

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

Table with columns for City, Class, and Due times. Includes entries for G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and R., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., and U. S. N. Y.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m. on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon.

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

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ANNUAL MEETING.

PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 24th Annual Meeting of the

Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Comp'y will be held in the

TOWN HALL, WATERLOO, ONT., on THURSDAY, May 23rd, 1895, at One of the Clock p.m. WM. HENDRY, Manager.

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will be located Toronto for season of 1895. Societies, Clubs, Organizations, Sunday Schools etc., desiring to charter us, can see the popular Steamer Garden City at the Lake Island Park, Wilson, N.Y., or any other port on the Lake, at very reasonable rates. For further particulars, apply to the undersigned, THOS. NATHAN, Mgr., W. N. HARRIS, Agt., St. Catharines, Ontario.

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Honor for a Young Canadian.

At a recent meeting of the medical Board of the Mater Misericordias Hospital, Dublin, a number of gentlemen were appointed as residents pupils for the next six months. First on the list is the name of Mr. James Devine B. A. This young doctor is a son of the late Thomas Devine, Deputy Surveyor General for Ontario, and was formerly a resident of Toronto.

House of Providence.

Archbishop Walsh will lay the cornerstone of the new wing of the House of Providence at the annual picnic of that institution on Friday next. The ceremony will be an interesting one. The committee also offer an extensive programme, including police games, two exhibitions of high wire walking by the famous Clifford Calverley, and a Ferris wheel run by electricity. The picnic should be well patronized.

Obituary.

On April 30th last there died at her residence on Jarvis St. Mrs. Annie Keilty, beloved wife of M. Keilty, District Deputy of the C. M. B. A. and storekeeper at the asylum of the insane. Deceased was the second daughter of the late John J. Hughes of Niagara Falls, a relative of the great Archbishop Hughes of New York. The illness which culminated in death was of more than two years duration. Mrs. Keilty had spent some months at St. Augustine, Florida, during the winter. Warned by a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, she returned to her home. Mrs. Keilty was a member of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, the altar society and the Sacred Heart League, and was zealous worker in all affairs of the Cathedral parish. During her illness she was constantly attended by the sisters of St. Joseph. The funeral was from St. Michael's Cathedral, where requiem high Mass was celebrated by Father Ryan assisted by Fathers Hand and Minehan. Fathers McCann and Brennan were also present. Mr. Keilty has the sincere sympathy of the REGISTER in his bereavement.

Presentation to Father McMennamin.

On Sunday last, May 19th, just before Mass was celebrated, several members of St. Mary's congregation at Simcoe gathered around the railing and presented their good and pious priest, Father McMennamin, with a richly embossed address, a beautiful set of white vestments and a very valuable stole. An address was read by W. E. Kelly, barrister of the Town. The address spoke feelingly of the good will borne by the people toward their pastor and his untiring fidelity and devotion to them and prayed that he might long be spared to them. It was signed on behalf of the congregation by John O'Heron, G. L. Goodrow, Herbert Wood, A. H. Mabce, W. E. Kelly, James Smith, D. O'Mahoney, M. J. O'Donnell, J. C. O'Neil, Mrs. Goodrow, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Mabce, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Chanda, Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. O'Neil, and was suitably replied to by the good Father who thanked all very cordially for the good words which the address contained and the worthy presents given him. He earnestly hoped to remain long in Simcoe among the people he had learned to love, and wear with pleasure and pride the gifts of his good and devoted people. The address be would always treasure as the expression of the mutual esteem and harmony of the people whose souls are dearer to him than all this world's wealth.

NOTICE.

Tenders will be received at this Department up to and including THE 4TH DAY OF JUNE NEXT for the right to cut the Pine Trees over seven inches in diameter on the stump on that part of the Township of Vaanoughnet, in the District of Alcona, lying outside the boundaries of the Hatcherung Indian Reserve except the following part sections:—S.E. 1 of Section 11, S.W. 1 of Section 12, S.W. 1 of Section 13 and the S.E. 1 of Section 25. Parties making tender will state the amount they are prepared to pay as bonus, or for the right to receive a license to cut the pine trees over seven inches in diameter on the stump, which, when cut, will be subject to the following rates of dues:—On square or waaxy timber, \$25 per thousand feet cubic, on sawlogs, \$1.25 per thousand feet board measure. No pine trees of a few diameter than seven inches on the stump shall be cut. The Department reserves all timber except the pine, together with the right to dispose of such other timber at any time, and purchasers of the other timber will have the right to make roads and to do whatever may be necessary in the premises to cut and remove the same. Terms of payment—Half cash, balance in three and six months. Notes for balance to be endorsed by parties satisfactory to the Department. A marked cheque for 5 per cent. of the offer must accompany each tender. For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to H. C. CAMPBELL, Eng., Crown Timber Agent, South Bay, or to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto. A. E. HARDY, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, April 24th, 1903.



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
A Missionary Recommends It Heartily.

St. PAUL'S MISSION, CHOTEAU Ctl., MONT., Dec. 12, '00. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in checking asthma or any nervous disorder caused by nervous debility or over exertion. Three children of my school had falling sickness, the use of the Tonic stopped the paroxysms at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. F. P. FISHER, R. J. Stretcher, Ill., Oct. 2nd '01. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine that ever cured one of our sisters who was suffering from indigestion and sleeplessness for ten years, we also recommend it to many others and it really is of the greatest effect. A lady in N. B. was suffering from epileptic fits for several years and found no relief, until she used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, three bottles cured her entirely. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

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