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

VOL. IV.—No. 49

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents.

The issue by The Barrows Brothers Company of Cleveland, of all the documents usually designated as The Jesuit Relations along with a most important collection of hitherto unpublished papers, to complete and unite the story of new France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries must be regarded as all American scholars as one of the greatest literary enterprises of the new world. The story which the fathers of the black gown have written of the French regime on this continent is unmatched for dramatic interest perhaps by any other page of human history. For half a century the world has wished for such a work as the Cleveland publishers announce, and the first volume of which they have now produced. The following is a copy of the title page:

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Travels and Explorations of the French Jesuits Missionaries, from the Lakes of Ontario to the North and North-Western States of the United States 1610-1791. With numerous historical, geographical and ethnological notes, etc., and an analytical index. Under the editorial supervision of Reuben G. Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. An exact verbatim and literal reprint of the very rare French, Latin and Italian originals, both MS. and printed, accompanied page for page by a complete English translation by John Cutler Cooper, assisted by Mary Sifton Pepper, and others. Illustrated with numerous facsimiles, portraits, maps, etc.

The edition will be limited to 750 numbered sets; about 60 volumes, 8vo., of about 300 pages each; price \$3.50 per volume. The Barrows Brothers Company, publishers and booksellers, Cleveland, U.S.A.

We are indebted to the publishers for one of the unnumbered review volumes of this invaluable work. The succeeding volumes will, we understand, be issued at the rate of one a month until the entire series is complete. We are bound to say that the magnificent quality of the paper used in the volume before us, exceeds even the expectations we had formed from the original announcements of the publishers some time ago. The paper used is a special brand of Dickinson's hand-made, deckled edges, and the binding is polished buckram cloth, uncut, top edge gilt. Obviously this most scrupulous precautions have been observed to secure accuracy of the French, Latin and Italian originals. The translations are in good English, and all doubtful points of rendering have been settled by reference to the most eminent specialists of the day. The editor has written an admirable introduction to the general reader, and other useful features are: (1) a preface to each volume giving the history of the manuscript and the printed originals, (2) biographies of the Jesuit fathers, (3) archaeological, historical, geographical, geographical and ethnological notes of the Jesuit missionaries, (4) reproductions of the title pages of the Grammoire series of the Relations [Paris 1632-72] and all other available title pages, facsimile reproductions of various original MSS., reproductions of all the prefaces, facsimile reproductions of all the maps contained in the original editions etc. We mention the foregoing points to give our readers some sort of idea of the rich contents of the series and the beautiful form in which the work comes from the hands of the publishers. This is all the more necessary in a newspaper review, as the edition of each volume is strictly limited to the number who have subscribed for the entire series, and there is consequently no possibility of opportunity of acquiring a copy at any book-store. The chronological order of the series begins in 1610 with Lescurat's La Conversion des Sauvages, [Paris: Jean Millot] and continues down to the letter of Bishop Walsh, the superior of the Society of the Holyalls, the last Jesuit of Montreal [M.S.]. Some additional unpublished manuscripts may, however, be added as the publication proceeds.

We now come to consider the contents of vol. I, containing the general preface and introduction by the editor, in which he makes acknowledgments to the following Canadian scholars, amongst many others, who have not spared themselves in giving whatever aid was in their power to the work. The Reverend Arthur B. Jones S. J., archivist of the College Montreal, L. P. Sylvestre, assistant librarian of the parliamentary library at Ottawa, C. H. Gould, librarian of McGill University, Montreal, and his assistant Henry Mont, Mr. Donald G. McNeil, of Montreal, Abbe F. Hunter of Barrie, Ontario.

The volume has five beautiful photographic facsimile illustrations. The introduction by the editor is a comprehensive paper of four and a half pages presenting a summary of the history of New France and New England from the time of Cabot onward. Here we have a luminous sketch of each of the Indian missions. Mr. Thwaites pages cannot fail to be helpful to every reader of the Relations. The Conversion des Sauvages, the first of those reports, throws a strong sidelight upon the condition of religion in France at the opening of the 17th century. More than thirty years before the drama of

Christian colonization had shifted to the boards of North America, the Huguonot refuge in Florida had fallen in ruins around those unhappy Protestant exiles. Strange, indeed, that the first attempt of France to plant Christianity in the north should have been entrusted to Protestants! It is a pity that the Jesuit Relations, and a stranger still that they should be written by a man who had no love for the ancient faith of his race, should have the unnatural condition imposed upon him of instructing his savage converts his ministers might make in the Catholic faith. Of course no missionary work was done, or could be done, under those circumstances. The Sieur de Pontreucourt, who is spoken of with admiration in the first of the Jesuit's letters, held under De Monts the patent for Port Royal, the half-fur trading, half agricultural, French post of the Acadia country near where is now Annapolis Nova Scotia. He left the cause of Christianity, Protestant and Catholic, go to the dogs, and it is hard to see how he could have done otherwise. Whether this was expected of him to some extent or not it is hard to say; but certain it is that the condition of the colony becoming known to the French court, Pontreucourt changed his policy of neglect for one of bayonet thrusts. He brought out a scullion priest, Jesse Flecho, who on June 21, 1610, baptized twenty-two Abenakis, including the sagamore or chief. The account of this hasty baptism is the first of Lescurat's documents, addressed to the French court, and speaks of Port Royal, the house of Pontreucourt as "the most beautiful earthly habitation that God has ever made." At that time the fame of the Jesuit missions in Asia, Africa and South America had already reached the ears of the Italian Calvinists of Port Royal, who dreadfully dreaded their advent in Acadia. Accordingly we find in this letter "in regard to the conversion and baptism of the grand sagamore of New France," a warning to the royal court to give the Jesuits any foothold at Port Royal.

Now for the present, there is no need of any learned doctors who are more useful in combating vice and heresies at home. Besides, there is a certain class of men in whom we cannot have complete confidence, who are in the habit of converting every thing that they see in harmony with their maxims, and wish to rule wherever they are. It is enough to be watched from abroad without having these faint flinders of their own, come near enough to record every movement of our hearts and souls."

Nevertheless two of the Jesuit fathers, Pierre Biard and Edmond Masse arrived at Port Royal on June 12, 1611. Pierre Biard wrote one letter, and Masse gave an account of some difficulties experienced before the voyage began. The Dioppe merchants who had contracted to load and equip the ship, declared they would have nothing to do with the vessel, as it was going to carry a national flag, the merchants even refusing to take advice from the Queen on the subject. Finally the marchioness de Guercheville, first lady of honor to the Queen, begged on behalf of the Jesuits to buy the vessel, and all; and so it was that "La Gracoe du Dieu" was permitted to begin her memorable voyage which planted the first mission of the Jesuits in Canada. The H. J. vessel, of about sixty tons burden, sailed from Quebec on the 12th of June, and after narrowly escaping shipwreck in the breakers off the Isle of Wight set out for the Azores, that being the course taken by mariners in those days, as we are told:

First in order to avoid the north sea which is very stormy they say, they sailed by the Azores, which usually prevail there; third to be sure of their reckoning, for otherwise it is difficult to take their bearings and arrange their route without error."

But La Gracoe du Dieu had a rough and long voyage of it in spite of all precautions, and evidently the good weather was not to last. The vessel was blown off her anchor by the force of the wind, and was driven to the rocks of the Azores, where she was wrecked. The crew, however, were saved, and the vessel was refloated. The Jesuit fathers, however, were not so fortunate. One of them, Father Biard, died of the fever which had broken out on the voyage. The other, Father Masse, died of the same fever a few days later. The Jesuit fathers, however, were not so fortunate. One of them, Father Biard, died of the fever which had broken out on the voyage. The other, Father Masse, died of the same fever a few days later.

The pleasures of the voyage of La Gracoe du Dieu may be surmised from the fact that:

Good Father Masse suffered a great deal. He was ill for about forty days, eating very little and seldom leaving his bed; yet notwithstanding all this he wanted to land.

The letter gives an interesting account of New France and of the Jesuit fathers who were "unemployed" in contact with the white man. Father Biard writes (page 179):

The nation is savage, wandering and full of bad habits; the people few and isolated. They are, I say, savage, hunting the woods, ignorant laws and rules that to a doctor, neither home nor relationship, neither possessions nor love of country; as a people they have bad habits, are extremely lazy, gluttonous, and given up to all kinds of lewdness, men and women alike, the men having several wives and abandoning them to others, and when they strike each other, they do not quarrel, but they quarrel unmercifully, and who dare not complain; and after being half killed if he please the murderer, they must laugh and dance them.

Overlooking the "bull" this then was the character of the rudeness as the Jesuit missionaries found him. To make him receive the Christ-

ian doctrine the Jesuit accompanied him in all his wandering, enduring privations which the Relations only faintly portray. These letters are never lacking the strong flavor of religious enthusiasm, yet they were written without opportunity offered of a life of increasing toil and constant peril. Father Biard, before coming to Canada had taught theology at Lyons. A year had elapsed when Gilbert du Thiet was sent out, and next came Father Quentin in 1611; but they were not long arrived when they found the Jesuit provisors along the coast more to be dreaded than the savages. They were attacked, du Thiet was murdered, Ma-se set adrift in a boat, and Biard and Quentin taken prisoners, first to Virginia, thence to Acadia. From there the mission was obliterated with fire. Such was English influence in the civilization of the world in those days. A remarkable fact is that the English captain who brought the Jesuit prisoners to England was much impressed by their integrity and heroism that he pleaded for and secured their restoration to France upon landing.

It was the heroism that never flinched in the face of punishment, and never desisted from the strictest integrity to escape it, that finally crowned the success of the Jesuit missions in Canada, though many of the missionaries literally walked through fire, and burned at the stake, or were forced to cast their bodies before the work which their Relations describe was accomplished.

Death of an Esteemed Clergyman. The Berlin Record of Nov. 27 says: "The sad intelligence of the death of Father Halter, at Guelph, came as a great shock Thursday evening and spread rapidly this morning. Not alone among the students of St. Jerome's and the parishioners of St. Mary's, but the news which they read in the papers by the whole community, for he was deeply esteemed by the citizens of Berlin generally."

Rev. Joseph Halter, an esteemed member of the staff of St. Jerome's College and St. Mary's church, died on the 25th inst. at his residence, 20th, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph. The deceased, son of Mr. Edward Halter of New Germany, was born in New Germany on March 4th, 1857. Having received an ordinary education in his native village, he spent several years of his youth in commercial pursuits in Guelph. Then he resolved to take a classical course of studies, which he did at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and St. Jerome's College, Berlin. He then returned to Rome, Italy, where he joined the Order of Resurrection, completed his philosophical and theological studies in the Gregorian University and received Holy Orders June 10th, 1889.

Having completed his studies he was sent by his superiors to act as professor at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Ky. A few years later he was called to Chicago, where he founded St. Stanislaus College, which he directed for two years, in 1891 he returned to Berlin, where he labored as master of studies and professor of the College, and as assistant in the parish of St. Mary's.

The deceased was a deep student and ripe scholar, a thorough and efficient preacher and clear logical and convincing lecturer and pulpit speaker. Being endowed with the finest qualities of mind and heart, and an indefatigable worker, he was eminently successful in whatever he undertook, and was esteemed and loved by all who came in contact with him.

His giant frame and sound constitution seemed to promise a long life of exceptional usefulness. But a very severe attack of the grippe in 1895, which he contracted in 1896, undermined his health, and gradually brought on heart disease, resulting in dropsy.

In order to give him all the care and treatment possible, he was taken to the St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, where his condition rapidly worsened, and he breathed his last about 8 o'clock Thursday evening, November 26th.

He bore his long, and at times severe illness, with great Christian fortitude and cheerfulness, retaining consciousness to the end.

He will be buried at New Germany on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. May he rest in peace.

Mrs. Lucy Franklin. At St. Basil's church Madame Lucy Franklin, the celebrated contralto, rendered Rossini's "O Salutaris" in a most artistic manner. Madame Lucy Franklin has recently arrived in Toronto from New York and is already favorably known here. Those who had the pleasure of hearing her in the "Stabat Mater" were well convinced that the lady was an artist of the first rank. Madame Franklin proposes to give a concert in this city, and the ladies of the St. Basil's choir have been very successful in their efforts to secure a satisfactory. The members sang the different solos admirably.

Oak Hill. Amongst the novelties at Oak Hill, 115 to 120 King street West, is an assortment of Kudu's vests, designed especially to those liable to colds in the changing temperature. These vests are made from the best finished velvet cover, and lined with flannel, with an interlining of fibre chambray, which renders the vest warm and comfortable in the coldest weather. They range in price from \$2 to \$3.50.

Image Worship and Catholic Theology.

Dr. Tracy's brilliant essay under the above heading, and in reply to an Anglican clergyman who he does not name, but whom we all know is remarkable for its clearness force and beauty of style. Why it may be asked, Catholics always obliged to be on the defensive? Why waste so much precious time trying to show that we are not quite as black as we are painted? That we are not bigots, that indulgences are not a bundle of rags, that confession is not that we do not pay for our sins? Why again and again, over towards the close of the nineteenth century, should we be obliged to deny that we give to material images the worship that is due to God alone? It is not a stigma that such denial should be necessary. It is to be hoped that Dr. Tracy may proceed to arraign the Rev. Dr. Roundtree and other owners of the true faith and compel them to defend themselves against the charges of rebellion, malice and falsehood. Dr. Tracy has shown us the learning and eloquence to the task of carrying the war into Africa. The secular press of Toronto published those attacks on Catholics, and surely they cannot consistently refuse to give space for the other side of the question.

Let Dr. Roundtree be called upon to defend a so-called Church, which was, to use the language of Cobbett, "engendered in beastly lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perjury and cherished and fed by plunder, domination, and by rivers of innocent English and Irish blood." It was not enough that Catholics on the principles of the Protestant Reformation were deprived of their civil rights, but they must be slandered, and the world be led to believe that they were a filthy, ignorant, and superstitious race. Let Dr. Roundtree be called upon to defend as a Church, an institution which is no church in a teaching, divine sense, whose history has been selfish and persecuting, and whose philosophy is a jumble of contradictions. How can the Church, which has established itself in the world, unless it is conceded that acts of Parliament are spiritual dogmas, and that Queen Elizabeth had the power to make a religion and enforce it?

How account for the elasticity that institution must admit, the widest possible divergence between bishops, priests, deacons and lay; an establishment which was designed by Queen Elizabeth for the happy combination of all opposites and for the generous compromise between the highest and the lowest in the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, and those who call that belief gross idolatry may equally be within her pale. How can a contradiction, like this be a divine authority for the world? Let us have a pope to explain. This Pope of Toronto, this rival of Leo of the Vatican, but far surpassing the latter in pretensions to infallibility, was sorely grieved, his ritualistic feelings were outraged by the recent decision against the validity of Holy Orders. It was this circumstance that made him revolt and quote St. Thomas of Aquino to prove that Roman Catholics, as he would call them were idolaters. But why should our Anglican Pope be so sensitive on this point, which he knows so well that his ancestors in the ministry from the time of Elizabeth till very recently have practically denied and repudiated the possession of priestly orders? These orders have been always associated in our minds with the things which which, till recently—and even now by only a few—have been repudiated in the Church of England: the sacrifice of the Mass, the real Presence on the altar and absolution in the sacrament of Penance. Before the reign of Elizabeth, and for many years after, priests have been hanged, drawn and quartered for saying Mass? The Anglican clergy did not pretend to offer a sacrifice, but characterized the practice as unlawful and impious.

That being so, how does that now become sacred and holy, which till recently was idolatrous? How many ministers in the diocese of Toronto, believe they are priests? How many people in the congregation of Dr. Roundtree who believe that he is a true priest? But suppose they believe in the real Presence, while he is not a priest, would it not be well for him to cure them of the sin of idolatry before he gives so much of his attention to that alleged sin in the Catholic Church? Dr. Roundtree, the priest, who does his bishop think of this? Does his bishop say Mass? Does he believe in it? What would his clergy think of such a performance? Why in their eyes it would be no better than a pantomime. This is the position of the Rev. Dr. Roundtree, the alleged incumbent of those who declared the Mass sacrilegious and idolatrous, of those who accused real priests to be put to death for offering the holy Sacrifice, now saying Mass themselves. The thing is too absurd to be a fact during the long reign of Elizabeth, and for many years after, priests have been hanged, drawn and others too numerous to mention he will have something to attract his attention from the idolatrous practices of the Church of Rome.

A Challenge by Rev. Dr. Tracy. In resuming the theological discussion on the doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding the veneration of images, I may venture the remark that the foregoing statement in the Summa Theologica, which implies the

identity of worship of the image and of the person represented is liable to be misconceived, especially by non-Catholic writers, who are not familiar with the reasonings of the Angelic Doctor.

Nevertheless the only meaning that can possibly be attached to these words—that meaning which has been put upon them by generations of Catholic theologians and commentators—is that which we have stated above, the worship given to Christ as represented by his mental concept of Him, and the honor given Him as He is represented by the image are practically the same and differ only in the manner in which they are elicited. The discrepancy of thought on relative and absolute worship arises solely from misconception of terms. Absolute worship is that worship given to the person of Christ on account of the infinite perfections of the Godhead. In such worship the sentiments of honor and veneration which are excited are aroused by the consideration of His goodness, power and glory are concentrated on the person of our divine Lord. In absolute worship there is no mental concept of the person of Christ, except the mental concept, in which we contemplate His adorable attributes. The religious sentiments of veneration pass into the person of the worshipped: the person of Christ or our Lord, who solve worship therefore the personal perfection of Christ are not only the occasion of our sentiments of veneration, but they are the objects on which those sentiments are concentrated.

Relative worship is the veneration which is given indeed to the image, but only inasmuch as it is the mental concept of the person of Christ. In relative worship our religious sentiments are elicited and excited by the sight of the image, but no sooner are they aroused than they are immediately transferred to the person of the person of Christ, who solve worship therefore the personal perfection of Christ are not only the occasion of our sentiments of veneration, but they are the objects on which those sentiments are concentrated.

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Consequently when Catholic theologians speak of the relative worship of the image of Christ they understand that transient, passing reverence which is terminated finally in the person of Christ, who solve worship therefore the personal perfection of Christ are not only the occasion of our sentiments of veneration, but they are the objects on which those sentiments are concentrated.

DEAN HARRIS ON IRELAND. And the Irish Race Convention—History of Home Rule and the Present Position. There was a large crowd in the Opera House, Brantford, Tuesday evening, 24th, to hear the Rev. Dr. Henry Tracy, of St. Catharines, deliver a lecture upon the Irish race convention. Mr. Robert Henry, M.P., occupied the chair, and upon the platform beside him were Rev. Father Langtry, Rev. Dr. Flanagan, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mr. Cutmore, and Rev. Dr. Cochrane, who came in a little late. Dean Harris, who is a handsome man, of some six feet, squarely built, with a

fine face and shapely head, stepped quickly forward at the call of the chair, says: The Brantford Exporter, and in pleasant and sonorous tones, in which there were distinct traces of an Irish accent began his "talk" upon the Irish question. He is a ready and able speaker, using choice language, and his words were carefully listened to by all who were present. He is full of ideas, and as a gift of eloquence and a sparkle of true Irish wit.

The Dean said that while ten years ago the Home Rule party numbered a solid phalanx of eighty-two members to-day it was divided and shrunken until reduced had 11. Tim Healy, 19; and John Dillon, 18 or 20 followers. This was a lamentable state of affairs, and it was more to be regretted than now. The condition of Ireland was not improving. He did not accuse Englishmen or the English House of Commons of willfully harassing or neglecting Ireland. The simple fact was that they did not understand the Irish people, and they did not know anything about the real condition of Ireland. There was no more just and honorable people in the world than the English; and if they knew the real needs of Ireland, the claims of that country would be attended to at once. The state of Ireland's charities and asylums was a disgrace to civilization, while at the same time every paltry little Irish measure had to go to the Imperial Parliament before it became law. The result was there was always a lack of business in the House, and Irish affairs were consequently neglected.

The Irish Home Rule movement needed moderate men, and above all things, moderate advice. It was the wildest nonsense imaginable to talk of wresting it from the English people. A government at whom call 2,000,000 fighting men would spring to arms to defend the integrity of the empire, which he hoped would never be assailed, was not to be scared by the talk of a few hot-headed Irishmen.

After sketching the rise and growth of the movement, the dean took up the consideration of the elements in Ireland for and against the movement. The Tory party, he said, were always against the cause of Ireland. So were 35,000 soldiers, and the landed gentry, the post-office, and indeed, all the official classes in the land. They were all committed to the condition of things now existing.

Another, and more deadly enemy of the cause was the physical force party, or the hillside men, a body of large hearted, generous, but misguided men, who had led the cause of Ireland by their impetuosity.

The Convention was held in the Leinster hall, and was presided over by the Bishop of Raphoe a great handsome man of commanding appearance, and of a commanding intellect, and of a noble bearing. The Irish dispersion, as the archbishop called the foreign delegates, took their seats upon the platform, while 2,000 delegates filled the audience room. As he looked upon that gathering of intelligent faces of the Irish people, who were composed of the body of the membership, he felt that the cause of Ireland was not defeated, only postponed. The first man to enter after the chairman was, Hon. Edward Blake, a man who was named in the Irish heart, and who had made wonderful sacrifices for the Irish people. The dean found that Mr. Blake was paying \$1,000 a year out of his own pocket to pay the expenses of another member in the House of Commons. This was no honor, one tithe of his generosity to the cause. On the other side of the chairman sat, Hon. John Costigan, who had been elected leader of the Canadian delegation, and an excellent Irishman, a man who was named in the Irish heart, and who had made wonderful sacrifices for the Irish people. The dean found that Mr. Blake was paying \$1,000 a year out of his own pocket to pay the expenses of another member in the House of Commons. This was no honor, one tithe of his generosity to the cause. On the other side of the chairman sat, Hon. John Costigan, who had been elected leader of the Canadian delegation, and an excellent Irishman, a man who was named in the Irish heart, and who had made wonderful sacrifices for the Irish people.

In eloquent terms, the dean described the convention, its difficulties, the gross misrepresentation to which it had been subjected by the English press, and without the Irish camp, to the work accomplished and to the definite and final assertion that "the minority must stand by the majority." That was the key note of the whole affair, and that was the principle that they felt must be accepted by the whole Irish party if success was ever to be attained. The convention had done a great deal of good and the fruits of it would yet be made manifest.

A humorous sketch of a visit to Belfast, and the anomaly of a Catholic carrying a banner in a procession from the Orangemen of Belfast, was dwelt upon, and created a good deal of merriment. The rev. gentleman concluded a most eloquent, interesting and instructive address amid loud applause.

Rev. Dr. Cochrane, in a few graceful and humorous words, moved a vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening, Mr. Cutmore seconded.

Rev. Dr. Flanagan, of St. Thomas, gave a short and racy address, during which he moved a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, which was warmly accorded.

The excellent orchestra of Mr. Hastings was present, and rendered some delightful music.

Diploma for Separate School. The Toronto Separate School Board has received from Hon. G. W. Ross the World's Fair diploma awarded the Ontario Separate schools for their splendid work.

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "LILIAS."

The Liberal newspapers all over the Dominion are hugging themselves over what they choose to consider the significant and important settlement of the Manitoba school question. Now this is the first and last time that I shall ever allow political questions to rattle the calm placidity of this column, politics are not women's sphere, of which I am firmly convinced, but, and but it is a big one—there are, on other occasions, fortunately extremely rare, when questions arise in the political arena which concern women most vitally, and I believe the Manitoba school question is one of these.

The ladies who had charge of the Annual Christmas Sale on behalf of the Sisters of the Precious Blood are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts. The spacious hall presented a very pretty effect, the different stalls being tastefully disposed upon them so as to show to the best advantage. Indeed, if one went in with the intention of merely looking around it was necessary to blink one's eyes lest one should be dazzled, otherwise the eye would be certain to light upon something impossible to resist, with the result of a purchase. The Ferris wheel, the large doll's house, and the doll table were a source of constant delight to the children, whose happy little faces made everyone feel nice and happy too, and think with regret of the time when Santa Claus was something more to them than a discommoded spirit.

Catholic mothers of Canada, whom shall your children serve? God or Mammon? You must choose, they cannot serve both. But how can we do anything to prevent the political influence of our right and wrong educators of our children. We can do much, we can influence those who have votes to use them in the cause of Catholic education, we can raise our voices on every possible occasion, we can give double care to our children in the home and on every possible occasion to prevent their contamination. More than all, we can pray. O! for the golden pen of St. Teresa, that the writer, her unworthy namesake, might write in letters of fire that should inflame each heart of the office that lies in the power of the State.

The signs of the times are gathering thick and fast around us everywhere, infidelity and atheism are being openly flaunted where, but a few years ago, they scarcely dared to lift their heads. Now creeds, plausible and fair seeming even in the eyes of the most faithful, are arising on every hand and with their dangerous lures of friendship and the universal brotherhood of man, and amalgamation of beliefs, are striving to lead astray the weak and unwary. We are slowly losing sight of the spiritual; the concerns of this world are important to us; we are gradually forgetting our true destiny and striving vainly after the baubles that can never satisfy. Fashion, pleasure, society, show, drop the time that we are gradually stealing away our thoughts and desires. I do not hesitate for one instant to say that the latter sin especially is the bane of the women of this country. The inordinate love of dress and show is the element which saturates the citizen of woman's heart and plants there the seeds of pride, envy, contempt of the poor and a hundred and one other sins that are fatal barriers to the grace of God.

Believe me, in this matter we must face the grave responsibility. Each one of us is answerable for the part she is taking, the matter, either by wasting money and time, by setting a bad example and arousing the envy of others, or last, and worst fault of all, across beyond their station.

The ladies who had charge of the Annual Christmas Sale on behalf of the Sisters of the Precious Blood are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts. The spacious hall presented a very pretty effect, the different stalls being tastefully disposed upon them so as to show to the best advantage. Indeed, if one went in with the intention of merely looking around it was necessary to blink one's eyes lest one should be dazzled, otherwise the eye would be certain to light upon something impossible to resist, with the result of a purchase.

Attention to rules is requested. Correspondents will kindly limit number of queries to two. Questions will be answered in the order in which they are received. No questions replied to by post. Letters will be returned to the Editor of the Catholic Register, 40 Lombard Street.

Had L. GRIPPE.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "I am writing you to thank you for the copy of the Herald which you sent me. I have read it with interest and it has done me much good. I have learned what the creed of that family is. I have looked through several copies of the Herald and I have seen, &c., but cannot find it. If the matter is of importance to you, you might write to the Herald's College, London, Eng., who will look the crest up for you. I fancy the fee is two guinea, about \$6.00.

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The Catholic Register.

Published Every Thursday. No. 40 Lombard Street Toronto. Approved and recommended by the Archbishop...

Subscription rates in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Advertising rates on application.

The Catholic Register Co., 40 Lombard Street, Toronto. Master taken for the Editor should be addressed to the Editor...

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Dec. 3 - St. Francis Xavier. 4 - Fast Day. St. Peter Chrysologus. 5 - St. Stanislaus Kostka. 6 - Second of Advent. 7 - St. Ambrose. 8 - St. D. Fast. 9 - Immaculate Conception. Holyday of Obligation. 10 - Fast Day. St. Eustachius, P.

The name of Dr. Goldwin Smith appears for \$100 among the subscriptions to the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Never a year it is absent.

The illness of the Archbishop of Montreal is regarded with considerable anxiety. Prayers for the venerable prelate were offered up in all the churches of the archdiocese on Sunday last.

The intelligence that Mr. John McKeown, the learned and respected County Crown Attorney for Lincoln, is lying ill at the Hotel Dieu hospital, Kingston, will occasion general regret and anxiety.

Startling disclosures have been made in England and in Ireland in connection with the spy "Jones," produced in the dynamite trial of Ivory. The Crown put forward this man as an agent sent to the United States for the express purpose of manufacturing a plot.

Mr. John Redmond is in New York, where as an Irishman and one who has done years of active and fruitful political service for the National cause, he was sure of a hospitable reception. So far as we have been able to gather from the newspaper reports Mr. Redmond has not abused that hospitality by treasuring over again the pros and cons of his differences with the National Parliamentary Party.

The continued defeats inflicted on the Spanish forces in Cuba by the insurgents have led some observers in America to expect that the upshot

will be a revolution in Spain. We have the advantage of receiving private correspondence from a well informed Spanish source, which leads us to a directly contrary expectation. Whichever way the fighting in Cuba may eventually end, Spain will emerge from her trials a stronger and a safer power.

The Montreal Star publishes a telegram from Winnipeg, adequately reporting the sermons on Sunday last of Archbishop Languevin and Father Cherrier. The Archbishop summed up the whole situation when he said: "If the Catholics should accept this settlement, which did not give them even the shadow of their rights, they would abandon their position and condemn themselves."

Mrs. Sullivan, a respectable resident of this city, has been rescued from the long term of imprisonment imposed upon her because she carried away a few charred sticks from a ruined structure near where she lives. The decision of the police magistrate construed as a heinous crime set which the woman herself did not dream was wrong, and which no one else could see the seriousness of.

The Hamilton Herald, always fair and independent in its utterances, thinks The Register has been a severe critic of Judge Robertson's language at Guelph. The impression of our contemporary is that the remarks of the Judge were intended to be jocular. We do not know that The Herald's impression is very much different from our own.

The Minister of Justice could not remove Judge Robertson from the bench because of a few lightly-spoken and perhaps unfortunate words which, though they wounded a certain class of citizens, were not intended to wound; and it is not at all likely that the Minister of Justice would take such a course over it.

This is not the first time in this province that judicial jealousy has given offence to the Irish Catholics. S. H. I. K. when he was vice-chancellor, offended them by indulging in some coarse strictures at the expense of two Sisters of Charity who were called as witnesses in a case which he was

trying. It would perhaps be safer, when occupants of the bench are tempted to show the indignities of their wit and humor to play around subjects which in character and religious politics, to refrain. There is always danger that the lightning may strike a powder magazine.

We are not inclined either to doubt the soundness of The Herald's opinion as to what view the Minister of Justice would be likely to take of the matter, nor yet to question the friendly spirit in which it tells Judge Robertson to apologize.

A False Alarm.

The satisfaction of our Orange fellow-citizens with the "settlement" was momentarily ruffled by a false alarm raised in the columns of The Mail and Empire last week. Some mischievous correspondent in that paper asked how could the Orangemen be content when a provision was made for the compulsory appointment of a Roman Catholic teacher in every city school where the attendance of Roman Catholic children is forty and upwards, and in rural schools where the attendance of Roman Catholics is over twenty-five?

The Orangemen jumped to their feet at once, and it was feared would have repudiated the "settlement" on the spot. But wiser counsels prevailed. There is not the slightest danger that any Catholic appointments will be made in the public schools of Manitoba. In the first place the "settlement" will not be accepted by the Catholics, and their children will not attend the schools. While they are taxed for the maintenance of public education, they are conscientiously debarred from sharing in the advantages which their money helps to provide.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the farcical "settlement" should be given a fair test by the Catholics of the west, what would happen? Are any of us so innocent as to imagine that the average Orangeman would tolerate the tuition of his child by a Roman Catholic? Oh no! That is not the Orangemen's idea of equal rights. Look at the danger his child would be exposed to. Why a musquito might hop in off the prairie, and after refreshing himself in the Papist blood of the teacher immediately proceed to communicate the virus of Romanism to the innocent little children in the class. A germ scare like that would make more consternation in Manitoba than an early frost.

But our Orange friends could easily put aside such fears. They could, as they no doubt did, reflect that they have the remedy for the vaguely possible evil mentioned by The Mail and Empire in their own hands. The school districts could be gerrymandered in such a way that the Catholic attendance in any school would not come up to the statutory number. But even supposing that were not done, the school boards would hold the key to the situation. Admission to public schools is by application, and wherever the Catholics were becoming perilously numerous they could be excluded. We are convinced that under no circumstances would Protestants allow their children to be instructed by Roman Catholics. And yet, in the name of equal rights, they are not only ready and willing but insistent that Catholic children shall be put under the care of Protestant teachers. O, the temptation to proselytism!

Ontario or Quebec.

Last week we warned the Catholic people of Ontario that the second political triumph, which, thanks to Mr. Laurier, the anti-Catholic forces have won in the West meant renewed strife in Ontario over the school issue. Since then a sign has been given in Quebec that the next engagement will be fought across the Ottawa river. It is likely that the provincial elections there will precede the local campaign in Ontario. The Liberals are already organizing, and Mr. Tarte, a Federal minister, says he will be in the thick of the fight. The impression is not concealed that the elections will turn on the school issue, and will test the opinion of Quebec on Mr. Laurier's policy. With Liberals, as well as with Conservatives, the treatment of Catholic minorities in the Protestant provinces is simply a question of political expediency. At present the dispute in Manitoba is more unsettled than ever before, and Quebec must speak out. The province must either be for Catholic education or against

it. If French Canada makes no uncertain sound not only will Mr. Laurier take the hint, but political calculations in Ontario will have to be reconst. If Quebec speaks out for justice and the constitution, we may expect to see a change come over the spirit of Liberal political dreams. The school of Blake and Mills will come to the front once more, and the Tartes and McCarthys will retire. These men are not Liberals; both are bolters from the brigand element of Toryism. No wonder Hon. David Mills is reported to say in the bitterness of his heart that the traditions of Liberalism in Canada have been disgraced, when the now leaders of the old party have deserted the constitution of the Dominion.

They are Happy.

Our respected Protestant contemporaries are all naturally elated over the "settlement." Their comments are most interesting. The Canadian Baptist is content, because "Baptists as a body do most certainly want purely secular schools." The Evangelical Churchman is candid, painfully so. "The settlement," it says, "maintains intact and inviolate the public school system," consequently it "will be extremely distasteful to the Roman Catholic hierarchy." The Presbyterian Review sees eyes to eyes with ourselves, that the settlement effectively maintains the character of the schools "as provided by the act of 1890"—the Martin act. The Orange Sentinel is so pleased that it undertakes to be witty over The Register's observation that the question has been settled to the satisfaction of the fanatics. Its good humor, of course, only bears out the truth of our remark. Laugh on good friend; but do not hurt yourself, remember the laugh has been on your side six years now.

Our serious and respected neighbor, The Christian Guardian, manages to discern in the Laurier-Greenway understanding an endorsement of Methodist principles. We are not able to follow its reasoning as well as we would wish; but what it says is this. The British Weekly, of London, England, is a well recognized organ of secularism in education. The Catholic Register voices the Catholic platform. Although the Britisher and ourselves are as wide apart as the poles in our conception of the respective places of church and state in regard to the diffusion of education, we both distrust the teachers in the public schools. The Guardian, on the other hand, has complete confidence in the public school teachers that they will see to religion in the schools anyhow. This is really where the whole trouble comes in. The teacher must, almost of necessity, be one of two things. He must either be a secularist, or he must have some sort of religious convictions. To say that the parent who insists upon the rights of conscience is a "secularist" is nothing more or less than a denial of the rights of conscience. Mr. Laurier's "settlement" can never settle anything, because it drives conscience out of the schools.

Whitewash Won't Stick.

A feeble effort was put forward last week to whitewash that wonderful "settlement" of the school question. The artists chosen for the work out such a silly fable, however, that the thing was almost immediately abandoned. In Toronto the brush was thrust into the hands of Mr. F. A. Anglin, a rather inconsiderate thing at a moment when a good many people are asking themselves what is "offensive partisanship?" But we hardly feel like characterizing Mr. Anglin's partisanship as offensive. We do not take it seriously; even if his interview in The Globe was not on its face provocative of a smile, we would not feel inclined to attach the least importance to it. So, let it pass. We are rather sorry for Mr. Lefchford, of Ottawa. He is a young man with a great deal of political promise. He is a thorough-going Liberal; and we suppose he has a perfect right to put himself forward as a Catholic Liberal. But when he assumes the role of a representative Catholic while advancing a political plea which every representative Catholic man in the Dominion regards with contempt, his zeal as a Liberal is leading him astray. To be just to him, however, we must not omit to add that he used the whitewash brush clumsily and apologetic-

ally. Mr. O'Reilly, of Prescott, completed the trio of satisfied (self-satisfied) whitewashers. We presume they are not to be recalled, as the Quebec Liberals seem to have changed the tune of pretended satisfaction with the "settlement" for the more warlike music of a struggle with the Church.

Mr. Laurier and Archbishop Languevin.

The notorious Quebec paper L'Electeur asks how could Archbishop Languevin have expected to be consulted by Mr. Laurier about the terms of the "settlement" after the efforts made by his Grace to rouse Quebec against the Liberal leader? The school of Quebec journalism to which L'Electeur belongs may recognize partisan reprisals as proper warfare under all circumstances. But moral considerations apart, the upshot of Mr. Laurier's policy towards the Catholic schools simply justifies the mistrust of that policy which Archbishop Languevin expressed during the campaign. Archbishop Languevin must have had some good reason for expecting that Mr. Laurier would go back on his pro-election eloquence. No one can entertain any doubt now that the Liberal leader was resolutely falsifying his attitude on the question to gain the support of the Quebec voters in the election. He spoke on platforms where the Liberal candidates were pledged in writing to support remedial legislation. What about those pledges today? and what about Mr. Laurier's promises to satisfy the constituencies that demanded those pledges?

Society Notices.

We have received an angry letter from Mr. Hugh McCaffrey, Provincial President of the A.O.H. He is apparently under the impression that the letter from him which appeared in the last issue of The Register was altered in this office. In that he is most certainly mistaken. He now says: "To put down the A.O.H. at 20,000 members is simply trifling with their name." We are glad to make the correction; but the error was Mr. McCaffrey's. We have investigated the matter, and can only say that if Mr. McCaffrey dropped a 0 from his figures, writing 20,000 instead of 200,000, he might have rectified the error in a brotherly way this week. Having the warmest feeling of admiration for the A.O.H. we were glad to insert the original letter, and would have had no objection, of course, to correct an accidental slip in the manuscript.

Mr. McCaffrey's letter, however, is but an extreme instance of the return which a Catholic newspaper is accustomed to receive for the invariable hospitality of its columns given to notices which are understood on all hands to be business puffs of the insurance features of Catholic societies. The space of The Register is limited, and in the past we have not stinted the room made for stereotyped communications relating to the societies. Our American contemporaries charge a regular advertising rate for all such notices, and upon this basis there can be no misunderstanding. The Register, being a friend of our Catholic societies, will in the future as in the past insert all society news when condensed in news form. But all stereotyped puffs and resolutions can only be inserted at advertising rates. We are compelled to adopt this policy, first in justice to our readers, and secondly in our own right to avoid such misunderstandings as Mr. McCaffrey's recent letter has created.

Advent.

(FOR THE REGISTER.) Low the winds whisper, "Will the Bridgroom come?" The silent world is sleeping cold and still, The trees and flowers are dead, the birds are dumb, No more is heard the vagrant bees soft hum, Winter hath cast its mantle o'er the hill. Behold! is the Bridgroom cometh even now, To claim His Bride, O, Erin awake arise, Drap thee about with virgin robes of snow, And with thy fairest jewels crown thy brow, The sapphire, set in golden mistle of skies. And thou, fair Church of Christ, Bride of the King, Thine eyes, with watching lilt lit up on high, Hark to yon angel host on radiant wing, Loudly "Hosannah to the Prince!" they sing, "Prepare the way of the Lord, for He is nigh." T. J. M.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

The Catholic Order of Foresters held their third annual concert and social on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 24th last, in Pigeonshaw Hall. This event was one of the most successful in their history in Toronto.

The committee was composed of energetic members, no doubt, as no pains or expense were spared in compiling a first class programme for the occasion which met the approbation of the public. Members representing the committee are as follows: C. J. McCabe, Chairman; M. J. Cannon, Sec. II. Sloman, Treasurer; Messrs. J. W. Mojan, P. Shea W. Brooks, J. Cadzett, M. Powers, Wm. Mitchell, D. Murphy and J. Cullen. As a great deal of work was required to complete arrangements, the committee had an unusual number of meetings, all were attended.

The best talent selected was procured at an early date, and a first class orchestra secured for the social "hop," which was patronized by a large number of handsomely dressed and gentlemanly educated to the art. At an early hour the people began to assemble and by the commencing of first act the hall was filled to the doors. Good talent is the best drawing card and the C.O.F. always attracted for the best musical regardless of social and complimentary were sent out to the clergy, the mayor and other distinguished gentlemen. The mayor and a few others responded, sending their regrets at not being present owing to previous engagements, and the committee for the kind display and recognition from our noble order. Between first and second part the Chairman, C. J. McCabe, addressed the audience, thanking them for their presence in such large numbers, and felt sure from the manner of the ladies and gentlemen that the first part the second would be long enough. He paid a brief tribute to the order which is increasing in numbers rapidly both in this city and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The second part was then opened, including Messrs. H. J. Cameron, R. Hursey and D. J. Davosay. Each in turn received loud applause, laughter and accolades to an echo. Immediately as the concert concluded the hall was soon changed to fit the occasion in which the young people kept up till an early hour in the morning. M. J. CANNON, Sec. Con. Com.

St Peter's Church.

On last Sunday evening a branch of the League of the Cross was established in St. Peter's church, Bathurst st. The sermon on the occasion was given, and the crosses blessed and distributed by Rev. Father Walsh, pastor of the church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. His text the epistle of the day, the preacher began by referring to the great approaching festival, for which Advent is a preparation. The nature of this preparation was set forth by St. Paul in the words just read. Men should arise from the sleep of the day, they should put off the works of darkness, put on the armor of light. One of the works of darkness, and one of the most destructive, was the sin of intemperance. The preacher showed its effects on a man's health, and how it debilitated the resolution it brings to the foundation of society. Next he dwelt on the injury this vice inflicts on society in general. All these points were excellently brought out and illustrated by some very telling examples. Lastly the preacher gave an account of the League of the Cross, and highly commended the means it adopts (namely, prayer and the reception of the sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist) for the repression of the vice of intemperance.

London Catholic Club.

The London Catholic Young Men's Club met in their spacious apartments, at 355 Richmond street, on Friday evening last for the first time. There were about 200 present, and among these were some of the most prominent men in the city.

Already the first installment of handsome furniture has been placed in the reading room, and the upper rooms, which will be used for purposes of numerous meetings, are being put into shape. The meeting was most of a business character. Mr. T. J. Murphy, president of the club, took the chair, and addressed those present in a very forcible and impressive manner.

Rev. Father Tierman congratulated the club on the great success it had attained thus far, saying it would certainly prove an immense advantage to the Catholic young men of London. The executive committee held a meeting afterwards for the further consideration of important business, such as the nomination committee for the different departments. This committee includes Messrs. Thos. J. Murphy, C. J. Wright, J. M. Daly, W. Corcoran, George Aust, Martin O'Sullivan, Wm. E. Mullins, Jor. McDonald, and James Ward.

Obituary.

Mr. David McCaffrey, who had enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens for over fifty years, died at his residence McMillan street, on the 28th ult. Mr. McCaffrey was born in Liverpool 70 years ago, nearly sixty of which were spent in Toronto. He was one of our old Catholic members, and a very active one when a good cause appealed to his bounty. His love of faith and race was always fresh and warm; and whether the call of duty came from the Church or the Fatherland, he was over to the front leading of his assistance according to his means. Mr. McCaffrey's death will be deeply regretted in the circles in which his name had long been familiar. May his soul rest in peace.

DOMESTIC READING.

Some people give their confidence as others give presents—for the sake of what secrets they will be told in turn. There are some men so modest that they hide even their virtues, and do it in such a skillful way that nobody ever discovers them. Heaven's stronghold is hard to conquer. That is true, but who would not draw his sword when he knows that a kingdom is to be won? If you are rich, you have eccentricities or peculiarities, and are, nevertheless, a good fellow; but if you are poor, these same eccentricities are downright bad habits, and you are a boor. Beware of money and the desire for it, of carefulness and mistrust of God; labor in your lot; be content with such things as you have, and be careful for nothing. The only sure investment for our worldly goods is in the works of mercy to the poor of Christ.—Cardinal Manning.

How bleak and cold the word absence sounds; and yet, bleak and cold as it does sound, how infinitely short it falls of the reality! When at a distance from those we love, although surrounded with all the heart could wish for, how futile seems every enjoyment, and uninteresting every pleasure!

How nice it would be if we could think as well of ourselves as we can make others think of us. It is so easy, by a little favor done here, a little dissimulation practiced there, to make nearly everybody pleased with us, and all the time we know in our hearts just how wrong is the estimate in which we are held.

It must always be remembered that the actions of public men will be subjects of thought to a future period, when interest is stilled and passion is silent; when fear has ceased to agitate, when discord is at rest, and when conscience has resumed its sway over the human heart. Nothing but what is just, therefore, can finally be expedient, because nothing else can secure the permanent concurrence of mankind.—Sir A. Alison.

The noble nature loves monotony no more than it loves darkness or pain. But it can bear with it, and receives a high pleasure in the endurance or patience, a pleasure necessary to the well-being of this world; while those who will not submit to the temporary season, but rush from one change to another, gradually dull the edge of change itself, and bring a shadow and weariness over the whole world from which there is no more escape.—John Ruskin.

A large proportion of people are greatly lacking in downright honest moral courage. Many times it has been the case that one man, having rugged moral courage, will boldly speak out his mind on some unpopular question concerning which a dozen of his neighbors have the same opinion, but dare not openly declare it, from sheer cowardice.

Labor is of Divine origin. The Almighty was the first laborer; in the beginning he created the earth, and framed the mechanism of the universe. The obligation of man to labor has been stamped both by precept and example upon all the works of the Creator; it has been implanted deep within the laws which control the physical mental and moral constitution of the human race; "Six days abate thou labor," was written by the finger of God upon tablets of stone, and proclaimed amid the thunders of Mount Sinai.

One day a visitor to the school found Sydney Smith during the play hours absorbed in the study of Virgil, gave him a shilling, and with it a few kind words of sympathy. "Clever boy clever boy!" exclaimed the stranger, "That is the way to conquer the world." Such unlooked for encouragement broke like a gleam of sunshine across the dreary and troubled life of the neglected boy, and roused within a capable heart the laudable ambition for distinction. Sydney Smith never forgot that man, and to the end of his life praised his deed. The stranger went his way little dreaming of the good his pleasant words had accomplished, while the lad he had cheered soon afterwards rose to the proud position of prefect of the school.

Scott's Emulsion. Has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your Doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish. Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

FIRESIDE FUN.

The best book for a love-stricken young man is a cheque-book. "I'm completely done up!" said the white shirt, as it left the laundry. The more a woman's waist is shapely like an hour-glass, the quicker the hands of her life run out. A photographer has a way of taking things that would not be tolerated in any other line of business. "Successful writer: 'I got all my cheques from editors.'" Unsuccessful Ditto: "So do I." He: "There is one word in the English language that is spelled atrociously." She: "What is that?" He: "Atrociously."

She: "Do you believe in football for ladies?" He: "Yes indeed I do." She: "Then you're a new man, I suppose?" He: "No, I'm a surgeon." "What a noble fellow Giles is! I asked him why he didn't wear an overcoat, and he said he had given it to a relation." "Yes, to his uncle."

Captain Instructor: "Why is the barrel made round?" Sergeant D.: "So that a square bullet won't fit it." Total eclipse of Captain Instructor. Baron Franchetti sent his servant to the railway station to see when the last train started for Naples. After an absence of two hours the man returned. "Goodness!" exclaimed the Baron: "why, it has taken you an age!" "O, Signor, I had to wait. I couldn't trust any of those railway fellows, and I wanted to see the train start with my own eyes."

Some years ago Lord Bullock, on the morning subsequent to his marriage, communicated his happiness to his friend, a then Duke of Dorset, in the following laconic epistle: "Dear Dorset—I am the happiest dog alive—Yours, Bullock." To which the answer was: "Dear Bullock—Every dog has his day.—Yours, Dorset."

At one of the London theatres an actor who is playing the part of the villain in a sensational melodrama recently received the following letter: "Take warning by this. For a long time I have bore your acts with my patients, and so as many others. Your a sneak and a skoundrel. I don't see how the folks worse than the theater puts up with your acts. The way you prowl about that poor young lady every night is outrageous, and I want you to stop. If you don't, I will lay for you when you come out of the theatre sum nite and sock you."

A shrill voice in the audience interrupted the fair orator: "Mrs Lettorgo says you're a turncoat." With flashing eyes Mrs. Skingdom, candidate for Assemblyman, turned towards the quarter of the hall from which the interruption had come and pointed a long finger at the offending party. "The candidate of the opposition," she said, in a ringing voice, "retreats the old and outworn charge that I have changed my political principles. She calls me a turncoat, does she? You tell Mrs. Lettorgo I have never yet been driven to the necessity of turning my winter cloak four years in succession, until the nap was all worn off from both sides of it, as everybody knows she has had to do."

WITH INTENSE PAIN BEYOND ENDURANCE

In This Case Local Physicians Failed and Life Not Worth Living.

WELL UP IN YEARS

His Cure Complete and Permanent—Dodd's Kidney Pills Triumph Again.

CONVOY Nov. 30 (Special)—No end of quiet talk has been created in this town and its immediate farming suburb in the vicinity of the old Court House and Jail.

This was the out-come of something concerning Mr. Alex. Russell, a wealthy farmer, who, though well up in years, has been cured of a long standing kidney disease from which he had endured great distress.

Of his case he says:—"I have been troubled for many years with a kidney and urinary disease which in spite of medical treatment continued to torment me beyond endurance. "My trouble was bladder and urinary difficulty. Was subject to acute attacks of inflammation and intense pain in passing urine."

"Local physicians failed to help me and friends interested advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, of which I have used one dozen boxes."

"As a result of using this medicine I have been completely cured and I believe permanently so. The relief and ease I enjoy is worth a hundred times its cost."

"Such a medicine as Dodd's Kidney Pills should be used by every aged person, as I believe that all of us need kidney treatment."

"I say all this in the hope that it may be published, and thus prove to be the means of guiding others."

"No, thank you, I've got some money of my own," said little Tommy politely, as the contribution plate passed in front of him on the occasion of his first visit to church.

10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver Ills. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a visit—40 doses.

FARM AND GARDEN.

It is a common mistake to suppose that all weeds are killed by frost, and when a good freeze has come they give the weeds in gardens and among hood crops no further attention. The truth is that some of the worst weeds are not injured by light frosts, but are thereby invited to produce a few seeds to perpetuate their species the following season. Very small weeds, only two or three inches high, will do this. The safest way is to plow or cultivate them under the soil. The seed in connection with the plant being then green will often rot, while if the seed drops to the ground from the frosted plant it will not easily rot, but is sure to give trouble in future years.

A correspondent of The Rural New Yorker thinks that carrots are the most valuable of all the roots usually grown for stock, and recalls that one failure to get a stand in an experience of fifteen years. His best crops in field culture have been on clover sod plowed in the fall. He always orders seed early, and never depends on what may be had at the village store. The Chantonay is his favorite variety; it is stump rooted, much like the Ox heart, only five grained, and not so likely to crack open while growing. Unlike the long sorts, it requires no thinning, and will produce a crop of about the same size throughout. The tops are light, yet strong enough to pull by if the ground is moist from rain, as it usually is in late October. He has discarded the long varieties, because so expensive to dig, and hard to top.

In the winter your poultry is compelled to be under shelter much of the time, and you should see to it that the poultry house is put in proper condition for them before severe weather sets in. Put on the whitewash wherever it will stick, walls, roof, nests and all; see that the perches are in good condition, free from sharp edges, nails or any other thing that might injure the fowl. Have your perches all on the same level to avoid crowding at the top. Don't have them too high, one and a half or two feet is sufficient. Where perches are too high, fowls, especially the larger varieties, are apt to injure themselves in flying up or down. See that the nest boxes are all right, easy of access and clean, with good fresh straw in them occasionally. It is a good idea to place nest boxes in the darkest part of the house, as it is the hen's nature to hide her nest, and the more seclusion you can give her at the laying hour, the better she likes it.

When we think of the many animals that will have to stand tied up by the head in ill-controlled tie-ups, half frozen, with a half bushel of filth on each animal, we are led to the conclusion that there is still need of improvement along the line of caring for stock. I have never had any experience in feeding unthreshed grain, but think threshed straw of some value, especially when fed in connection with ensilage, supplemented with grain. We feed largely of shorts, some cotton seed meal, gluten meal, oats, etc. Grain is the cheapest ever known and should be fed liberally the coming winter, and the manure therefrom carefully preserved, thereby transferring some of the fertility of the western prairies to our own out fields, making two crops of green grow where none grows now, and causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose. I have grown and fed root crops in years past, and thought them very valuable. In short, let us raise more of all these crops, buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining; then shall the poor be set on high from affliction and given families like a flock, the righteous shall see it and rejoice, and all iniquity shall shut its mouth.—A. K. P. Googins, Hiram.

Every breeder should have a hog house easy of access, properly constructed feed troughs, and above all clean quarters and perfect sanitation, fresh water, shade in abundance, and lots large enough for plenty of exercise. By providing the above, kept clean with disinfectants, the fight is half won. Regarding care and sanitation, the best preventatives of disease; keep a quantity of lime, a preparation of crude carbonic acid, and use freely as a disinfectant. Do not permit hogs to have foul wallows; fill them up, using lime freely. Remove the bedding often, burning it. Disinfect pens and sleeping places. Care is the best preventative. Clean troughs, correct kind and amount of feeding, controlling the times of eating, with sanitary conditions of the pen, we can grow pigs less subject to disease. In closing I give the following preparation as a preventative of cholera, highly recommended and used by me with good results, and no doubt familiar to most of you; but worthy to repeat for future use: One peck lime, one pound sulphur, one pound copperas, dissolved in five gallons of water, enough shelled corn added to absorb liquid. Give one pint shelled corn twice a week. Keep plenty of coal before them."

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 pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

Chats With the Children.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

In the ghostly light I'm sitting, musing of dead December, While the fire-dial shapes are fitting in and out among the umbra On my heartstrings in mad races, and I marvel, for in seeming I can dimly see the faces and the accents of which I'm dreaming. O golden Christmas days of yore! In sweet anticipation I lived their joys for days before Their glorious realization; And on the dawn Of Christmas morn My childish heart was knocking A wild tattoo, As 'twould break through, As I unbutton my stockings.

Each simple gift that came to hand, How marvelous I thought it! A treasure straight from Wonderland, For Santa Claus had brought it, And my cries Of glad surprise The others all came flocking To share my glee And view with me The contents of the stocking.

Years ago—I left each well-loved acre In Northern wilds to roam, And there, 'mid tossing pine trees green, I made myself a home. We numbered three And blithe were we, As adverbs fornaus mocking, And Christmaside By our fire-side Found hung the baby's stocking.

Alas! I within our home to night No sweet young voice is ringing, And through its silent rooms no light, Free, childish step is springing. The wild winds rave Or baby's girns Where plumy piners are rocking, And cross at rest On marble breast The hands that filled my stocking. With misty eyes but steady hand I raise my Christmas chalice; Here's to the children of the land In cabin or in palace; May each one hold The key of gold The gates of glad unlocking, And hands be found To fill the Christmas stocking. —Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

Marion Crawford, the novelist, has a great pity for the children of the rich. In the present number of The Century she says:—"Then there were children, conspicuous among them the vulgar little children of the not long rich, repulsively disagreeable to the world in general, but pathetic in the eyes of thinking men and women. They are the sprouting shoots of the gold-tree, beings predestined never to enjoy, because they will be always able to buy what strong man fight for, and will never learn to enjoy what is really to be had only for money; and the measure of value will not be in their hands or head, but in bank-books, out of which their manners have been bought with mingled affection and vanity. Surely, if anything is more intolerable than a vulgar woman, it is a vulgar child. The poor little thing is produced by all nations and races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the Slav. Its father was happy in the struggle that ended in success. When it grows old, its own children will perhaps be happy in the sort of refined existence which wealth can bring in the third generation."

"If you had the wealth of the world you could not equal that first Christmas gift," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "Girls and Their Christmas Giving," in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "And you can't imitate it by giving your gift a pure one, and making it with love. You want to share, this Christmas, your faith, your hope and your charity with those you love. You want to make your very 'good-morning' tell of that good morning that came so many hundred years ago when the little Child first wakened on this earth. You want to thank of the gifts that we brought to Him and what they typified. You want to have your heart full of joy, and love, and hope—so full that it will bring over and the rest of the world share it with you. You want to tell, in your speech and in your eyes, and from your heart, of the gladness of the time. You want to make this gladness go out to some one who is in grief. These are the days when you must needs give of your good things, and among all your possessions there is nothing so good as a belief in God and a hope for the future. That was what the little Child came to tell about. Surely the Christmaside is the feast of all others that appeals to women, and as the story is told again and again by the bells as they ring, by the scrolls as they are sung, by the preacher from the pulpit, we know that Unto us a Child is born, and peace and good will reign all over the land. Let peace and good will be in your heart, and from you they will go and spread all over the land. It is to the women, thank God, that the happiness of the Christmaside special-ly comes."

A BIT OF LIFE.

A maiden sat within the door And sang as many times before. A man to dally told passed by, No love nor pleasure lit his eye, But when he heard the merry song He whistled as he went along. A woman by the window sat For one who in the churchyard slept, But when upon her hearing fell That tune she knew and loved so well, The flood of burning tears was stayed, And soon a song her lips essayed. Her neighbor heard the tender strain, And softly joined the sweet refrain. Thus, all day long that one song bore Its joyousness from door to door. —Ladies' Home Journal.

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think it is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and beloved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth. Boys, do be truthful. Keep your work as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the church and her services. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be and do good.

LETTER WRITING.

There is nothing in this world that can be so easily abused as letter writing. When one inscribes his name between the folds of a sheet of paper, and sends it out on its wandering, low careful he should be of what goes before it! If it be untrue, unjust, unkind, it is too late when it is gone to remedy the great wrong. It has gone on its unfriendly, hurtful mission, and who knows where it will end! Hasty, unkind letters are responsible for many broken hearts, for the alienation of friends, and for great hurt to the world in general.

MY MOTHER.

Not fair is she, yet good to look upon, A tender, calm-eyed woman whose low brow Faint lines of past and present cares doth show, Her life hath not in pleasant places run. So low her voice, so holy-sweet her smile, Your soul is lifted up within your breast, You feel a sense of grateful, soothing rest, And better, purer thoughts are yours the while. I cannot always linger at her side, However much my heart-strings draw me there; Absent, I breathe the spirit of her prayer, And daily hurry to heart with her alide. —Mrs. J. Whinn.

DAILY INSPIRATION.

Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "See some good picture—in nature, if possible, or even canvas—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself."

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how oft it doth creep In cadence on my lonely hours, Like healing sent on wings of sleep. Or dew on the unconscious flowers. I might forget her melting prayer, While pleasure's pates madly fly; But in the still, unbroken air, Her gentle tones come stealing by; And years of sin and manhood flee, And leave me at my mother's knee!

HOW TO BE A MAN.

Truth, my boy, is the only foundation on which manhood can be entered; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter how good material they may be by 't, the edifice—character, manhood—will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes. Alas! my boy, the world is full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first to be thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to be otherwise than you are.

Piles Cured in 3 or 4 Nights.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 6 Nights. One Application brings comfort. For Blisters and Bleeding Piles it is perfect. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cts.

Professor O'Brien.

The far famed and most successful Phrenologist and Scientific Painter, is now on his second year in Toronto, where his success has been unparalleled. Don't fail to consult him for your own interest. Patronized by the Elite. Photos read free to patients, hours 1 to 2 and 7 to 11. 114 Shuter St., Toronto.

Unité.

WM. O'BRIEN IN THE FOREMAN. Shams, Brothers, shame! Here's the day, of battle breaking; See a nation straining with ill, for a mule of our guns! Think, soldiers, think! Freedom waits but for your waking— And your camp but wakes to discord and your blows smite your own sons. Your count's 's check, Your faction alike, Dyes scarlet with your shame! Hear the foemen laugh their loudest in their red ranks grim and steady While your jarring war of curses meet their thirty ears imbibe: "But yesterday for panic-flight our hosts' hosts were ready— Our mirth's to day, the fools who'd lose a country for a jibe!"— A jibe, a flout, Some faction about, While Ireland's red with shame! Hark! the warlike from the green graves— whose the toothless dead is watching; "Not England's sword, but brother's soul, for ever struck us down." Hark! the exile's prayer the Heavens from a hundred lands are catching: "Touch their hearts, O angels' wing of peace, ere our golden hours are gone!" Still no—over no! But the curse and blow, While Freedom's golden moment to go. Think, O comrades, of the camp Cree where we laugh'd and quaff'd together, When our souls flashed fire divine at a touch of Ireland's holy hand, In days when, welcome thunderclap or triumph's blazing thunder, We sought the shock with England's hosts, our peerless soldier band! Have all perish'd— Dreams so cherished— When we thrill'd at touch of Ireland's holy hand? Hark! a murmur from the martyr graves and o'er the oceans swelling! The air grows dark with menace of a race in wrath arisen: "Petty brood of brawlers, cease your babble— or your sword of foul stains telling Parer hands will use to scourge you to graves curs'd for your treason. And legions ten Of truer men Will spring to Ireland's sun bright flag now risen!"

Bernard Castleford's Double

A Leaf From the Notebook of a Private Detective.

I had been closeted all day with a Member of Parliament, who had made up his mind that he was going to be assassinated. He was equally convinced, however, that he wouldn't be if he could help it. He had, therefore, sent for me to keep an eye upon the suspected parties, and, while he did his best to confound their politics in the House of Commons, I was to frustrate their native tricks outside. The honorable Member for Ballyweeh had so stuffed me with facts that I was glad to get home and refresh my memory by a glance at my note-book, after refreshing myself in a practical way with a steak and a pint of stout.

Then, as my habit is when I have a knot to unlock, I lighted my pipe, and settled myself by the fire for a quiet think. I reckoned I was settled for the night, although I lived over my office. I seldom had any callers after six o'clock, unless it was an old comrade in the force, or some client who didn't care to be seen calling by daylight.

It was past nine o'clock, and a wet and windy night, and I sat a good hour listening to the swish of the wind and the rain as they drove against the window, when I heard wheels at the door, and, a few seconds later, some one knocking.

The landlady had been one of us before she lost her nerve, and I knew she wouldn't let me be intruded upon without notice, so I gave a pull at my pipe, and knocked the ashes out quietly, thinking to myself that if, after all, it wasn't any one for me, I would have just one more and go to bed.

But I was not to get off so easily. Three low taps at my door, and Mrs. Bullock entered.

"Are you at home to anybody to-night, Mr. Bell?" she asked, as it was my rule not to be disturbed when I was deep in thought threads.

"Who is it?" I replied, nothing loth to earn an honest penny out of somebody else's dishonesty, although office hours were over.

"Tall old gentleman, grey whiskers, reddish face, says his name is Dr. Wardoff," answered Mrs. Bullock, with a consciousness which was a triumph of professional training over the falling of her sex.

The name was familiar to me as that of a fashionable physician, and one whose heart was bigger than his brain. "Show him up," I replied, a little curious to meet a man of whom I had heard that he could look in your eyes and tell you everything you had the matter with you for half your life.

II.

In a few moments the door was opened again, and Mrs. Bullock ushered in my visitor.

Mr. Bell? The voice was hearty and pleasant, and just the little constraint in it which might have been expected from a gentleman so high-minded and kindly disposed that he felt half inclined to seek the services of a detective, even in self defence and the interest of justice.

"That is my name, sir. What can I do for you?" I answered, rising, and placing a chair.

"He acknowledged it with a civil, well-fashioned bow, but continued to walk about the room, evidently in a state of mental distress.

"My name is Wardoff, Dr. Wardoff," he began, and I made him a little bow which, if he interpreted it aright, told him that I both knew and respected him.

"I am very much worried. I think you can help me?"

"Your visit at this time of night tells me as much," I answered, adding, as I saw him hesitate: "A trouble of the stomach, doctor?"

"No, Mr. Bell. A question of money. And it isn't the money either. That might go. But it is painful to me to have to harbor suspicion against—"

"Well sir?"

"Never mind against whom. After all it is your business to form theories, not mine. This suspicion, however, worries me. I have come to you to—"

"Or confirm it."

"I hope not; and if my suspicions prove unfounded I shall not mind the loss of the money."

"How much have you lost?"

"Some six hundred pounds or so, I think."

"Think! Then you are not certain?"

"I cannot say at the precise moment. The fact is, I am rather careless about money, and, under any circumstances, I should blame myself more than the person who took the money."

"My heart warmed to this genial, handsome old gentleman, so little inclined to punish, so ready to make excuses for human weakness, so eager to take upon his own broad shoulders the lion's share of blame.

"But in our profession it doesn't do to be guided by one's feelings. As a warm heart makes it hard to keep a cool head.

"So I only said in my most business-like tone:

"Well, sir, if there was no temptation, of course, there would be no crime, and no credit in keeping straight. But it's my business to find criminals. As to what may be done with 'em afterwards, people may be guided by circumstances. Time enough to talk about that when we've got our man."

"That is true, Mr. Bell; but—"

"Excuse me, sir, but I take it you don't want to be robbed again, and even if you only want to get at the man for his good, and give him a bit of a warning and a fresh chance, the first thing to do is to bring the crime home."

"You are quite right, and I am taking up your time unprofitably."

"Not at all, sir; it is often necessary to know the sort of person that has been robbed to form an opinion as to the sort of person that has robbed him."

"Dr. Wardoff smiled, and nodded agreement with this proposition. Then he said:

"Well, I will tell you all I can, and you can draw your own conclusions."

"You have your own theory?"

"Yes, but I prefer to keep it to myself, as I hope I am mistaken. By the way, don't stop smoking for me."

"Thank you, doctor. If it's all the same to you, I can listen just as well, perhaps better, with my pipe alight, and with that I took him at his word, and he began his story.

III.

As I told you, Mr. Bell, I am careless about money. I work very hard, although I dare say many people think my life an uncommonly easy one, but I often begin to see patients at nine in the morning, and seldom get rid of my last till nine at night. Well, during the day I often take forty or fifty pounds in fees, sometimes more."

"In cash?"

"For the most part; but of course, a certain proportion in notes and checks."

"But gold and silver chiefly?"

"Is the bank near your house?"

"Five or six minutes' walk, that is all."

"I'm still it must be rather awkward for you to leave your patients even for a quarter of an hour between ten and four, isn't it?"

"Oh, of course, I don't go to the bank myself."

"Ah! I thought it would be inconvenient. Who goes for you?"

"My secretary."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Bernard Castleford."

"Been with you long?"

"Six months or so."

"Satisfactory?"

"A model secretary for a duty doctor. He has walked the hospitals and studied medicine, so that he can conduct my correspondence without my having to check every word of it. Yes, I may say an excellent fellow, clever, industrious, reliable—son of an old friend too."

"Who else is in the house?"

"Only my butler, a footman, my housekeeper, cook, and three maids. I am a widower, Mr. Bell, and childless," said the physician gravely.

"All old servants?"

"Most of them. I don't know about the maids. My housekeeper, Mrs. Bell, engages them, but she herself has been with me ever since my poor wife died, and I moved into Colchicum Square—five and twenty years ago. My butler has been with me twenty years, and my cook nearly as long. My footman is my butler's nephew and a very decent young fellow. He has been with me five years."

"Have you missed anything before?"

"Nothing."

"How did you discover that you had been robbed?"

"I have just bought the lease of my house, and as I was going to draw a rather large cheque, a few days ago I thought I had better have my banker's pass book with me. When it was returned to me I happened to look into some of the entries, a thing I had not done for months past."

"Lucky to have no necessary," I remarked between the whites.

"Perhaps, but money is not everything," said Dr. Wardoff, with a short, sharp sigh. Then he added: "I thought my balance was less than it ought to be, and that made me look more closely into things, and I then discovered that while the cheques seemed to have been paid in regularly enough, the gold and some of the notes had never gone into my account at all."

"I'm! Not much doubt as to where they did go," I muttered.

"You mean that my secretary, Castleford, is the man?"

"There can't be much doubt about it, Dr. Wardoff."

"You think not? Well, I admit I thought so too. But we are mistaken. It is impossible—excellent references, of my old friend, Castleford, of Brentwhistle—the thing is absurd!"

"I prefer that you should take the matter in hand unbiased by any speculations of mine, which would probably prove only misleading," returned the physician, a little stiffly.

"But seeing the effect of his tone in my face he hastened to add: "I have every confidence in your ability and your discretion, Mr. Bell. No publicity, mind, if it can be avoided. My motive is not to punish so much as to prevent worse folly or crime. You will draw upon me, please, for any money you want to carry out your plans."

"Thank you, doctor; we can talk of that later. I don't think this case is one which will cost much in out-of-pocket expenses."

"Well, as you please. When may I expect to hear from you or see you?"

"What is a good time to have a quiet talk with you, in your consulting-room?"

"Any time you like after nine in the evening."

"Is your secretary in the room then as a rule?"

"Sometimes."

"To-morrow?"

"No. To-morrow, I remember, he will be wanting to go to the play."

"To-morrow, then, at 9.30 I will be with you, sir."

"With that Dr. Wardoff went away, and I drew my chair to the fire, and thought the thing out over a couple more pipes of cavendish.

IV.

On the following evening, as the clock of St. Barnabas' Church chimed the half hour after nine, a military-looking gentleman pulled the visitor's bell at No. 97 Colchicum Square, and was told by Puffin, the butler, that Dr. Wardoff was in, but dining, and that his time for seeing patients was over for the day.

"Tell him that Colonel Clunder would be particularly obliged if he could give him a few minutes."

"After a certain hesitation, the butler took the caller's name up, and returned to the doctor:

"Is it urgent?"

"No, I can't say that I remember you, sir."

"Not surprising, that. It must be five-and-twenty years, at least, since I

was your father. And how is my old friend?"

"My father is dead."

"God bless me, you don't say so! Dear me, poor old Castleford! And to think that he's gone! You're not much like your father, Mr. Castleford, as I remember him."

"No, I take after my mother, sir," said the secretary, with a moment's hesitation.

"Ah, she was a Munford, wasn't she?"

"Yes; a Yorkshire Munford," agreed the secretary, promptly adding: "You will excuse me now, sir—very busy."

"One moment, Mr. Castleford. When you were walking the hospital in Liverpool, did you happen to run against a young friend of mine named Philip Spray?"

"At the mention of this name the secretary's pale face grew white to the lips, and an evil look dashed out of his cunning eyes. He knew the game was up, and would have made a dash for the door, but I got there first, and put my back against it."

"Ah, you did know him, I see," I said.

"The fellow's face assumed a look of deadly hate that would have done credit to a hardened game-bird, and he glared from the doctor to me, and from me to the doctor, with his thin lips drawn apart in a wolfish snarl, muttering:

"Dr. Wardoff started to his feet, evidently both pained and startled at the turn affairs had taken. He looked a whole catechism at me while his secretary went through a Communion Service, and I thought it time to say plainly what I had discovered."

"First of all, Dr. Wardoff, I may as well ease your mind," I said, "by telling you that you need have no fear of doing an ill turn to the son of an old friend. This young gentleman is no more a son of Mr. Castleford than he is of mine. He walked the hospital with Mr. Bernard Castleford, and when that gentleman died suddenly of typhoid fever, just as he had arranged to come to you as your secretary, this gentleman stole his references, his reputation, and his name. Bernard Castleford lies buried in a cemetery outside Liverpool, and his double, the man who has in his name abused your confidence and stolen your money, is Philip Spray!"

"There was no need of proofs, although I had the copy of the registration of death in my pocket-book, and photographs both of the dead and the living, for the secretary made no attempt to deny his guilt, and to elude matters I produced one of my marked sovereigns, which he had changed the night before at a neighboring tavern, from my own waistcoat pocket and the other one from his."

"Dr. Wardoff was for letting the fellow go with a warning, saying, not without a certain amount of truth, that if he had not put temptation in his way this particular crime might never have been committed; and, although Mr. Spray had a bad record, I was inclined to be easy with him, as I found that an irresistible passion, not for the play, but for play of another kind, had been the cause of his life."

"So I agreed to hush the matter up, at Dr. Wardoff's earnest request, and, after signing a solemn promise which I hope I keep, that he would never touch cards or dice again, Philip Spray was allowed to go out of the house in Colchicum Square a free man. A week later he set out for Australia with his passage paid by the little doctor, and with a ten-pound note in his pocket, given to him by the man he had robbed, that he might have something, when he reached port, to give him a start upon a new life in a new world."

GOODS FOR CHURCHES.

The Magnificent Productions of the Great House of Benziger Brothers. (MERCANTILE AND FINANCIAL TIMES.)

Most wonderful progress has been made in this country within the experience of the present generation in connection with the manufacture of church ornaments, statues, stained glass work, religious articles, etc., and at the present day we can challenge comparison with any country in the world in regard thereto.

Formerly the religious bodies of the United States depended altogether upon Europe for their supplies of goods of the classes referred to, but such is no longer the case. It is probable, indeed, that before long this country will be the chief source of supply for the entire world.

At the head of this line of business in the United States are the old and famous house of Benziger Brothers, of Brooklyn, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

These gentlemen began business in New York in 1853—just forty-three years ago—and they were the pioneers in their line on this side of the water, as they have ever since been the acknowledged leaders. In 1860 they established a branch in Cincinnati and in 1887 another in Chicago. They have their factory of church goods at De Kalb avenue and Rockwell place, Brooklyn, to which address a reporter for this paper paid a visit yesterday, and to say that it was a treat long to be remembered is to put the case as mildly as possible. It was more; it was a veritable revelation to the reporter of the capabilities of modern American artistic industry as applied to the cause of religion.

First of all it may be stated that Benziger Brothers are manufacturers of and importers of an extraordinary variety of church ornaments, statues, stained glass and religious articles, and exclusive agents in the United States for the celebrated religious statuary of Froc-Nobert, of Paris, for the productions of the Royal Bavarian Art Institute, and for F. X. Zettler of Munich. They are also printers to the Holy Apostolic See and to the Pontifical Institute of Christian Art.

"When the reporter visited the factory he was most courteously received by the Superintendent, who in answer to various questions said that the firm were always busy, and that it was a little too early yet to say how the election of Mr. McKinley had affected them.

"After some little conversation Mr. Koehler said that he had something worth looking at, and thereupon went to a vault and brought out what is the most magnificent piece of workmanship in gold and silver that the reporter had ever seen.

"It appeared that the Sisters of the Precious Blood, whose convent is one of the ornaments of Brooklyn, a city famous for its churches, chapels, and convents, have built a new and beautiful chapel, and with this end in view requested the Messrs. Benziger Brothers to design for them an ostensorium which would be in keeping with the same. The design submitted having proved in every way satisfactory, the Sisters pronounce it as more than up to their expectations. A description giving a full explanation of its meaning and symbolic construction may not be uninteresting.

"It is the conception of the artists in their new Brooklyn factory, and months of labor and skill have been spent in producing a work which would most fitly and beautifully illustrate the Precious Blood. That this idea is faithfully carried out in every part and parcel of this ostensorium will be seen from the following sketch.

"The design an ostensorium 38 inches high, in Roman-Moorish style. The material is of gold and silver, set with numerous jewels. The base rests upon the figures of four lions, supporting the gallant galleon made for us by the 'Precious Blood.' The base itself is ornamented with angels' heads in rich repoussé work. This style of chasing calls for the highest degree of skill as well as for original thought on the part of the workman. Above the base is a chapel-like structure with an arched niche in each of its four sides, and in these niches are panels gilt in different colors representing the nativity of Our Lord, the Flight into Egypt, Jesus disputing with the doctors, and the Baptism in the Desert. Surrounding this are four adoring angels and four others with trumpets typical of the joy felt at the birth of Him, who came to redeem us with the Precious Blood. A symbol of the strength and beauty of the Church is seen in the handsomely wrought column entwined with laurel. At the base is the Episcopal Coat of Arms of Rt. Rev. Chas. McDonnell, Bishop of Brooklyn. This column terminates in a beautifully modeled and exquisitely finished capital. On this fitting base rests a group of figures representing Our Saviour with His Sacred Heart exposed, while kneeling at His feet are St. Peter and St. Catherine of Siena who adore the Precious Blood as it flows from the Divine Heart. Back of the figures of Our Lord, facing the other way, is a representation of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

"Around the base of the ostensorium are fourteen panels in high relief. The execution of these panels calls for the highest praise. Every design is true to life, and when it is considered how difficult such a task would be even in large panels, too much can hardly be said for the taste and skill which has produced them. The subjects represented are the Offering in the Temple, the Wedding at Cana, Our Lord and Mary Magdalen, Our Lord giving the Keys to St. Peter, the Raising of Lazarus from the Dead, the Last Supper, the Scourging at the Pillar, the Crowning with Thorns, Jesus is condemned to Death, Jesus Carrying His Cross, Jesus falls under His Cross, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension. The subject most fittingly illustrates the Life of Our Lord and the Precious Blood. Superbly executed garlands of flowers surround the base. These are interspersed with thistles, symbolic of the tortures inflicted on Our Saviour while on His way to Calvary. From among these ornaments shoot out rays—rays of light encompassing the receptacle containing the Most Blessed Sacrament. Both ornaments and rays present the same view from outside.

"The receptacle containing the luna as well as the luna itself is of colored gold. This receptacle is a fine piece of mechanical skill, being made so that it may be removed at will. Thus the trouble of removing the luna and the host after Benediction is avoided. A circle of diamonds surround the luna. The ornaments between the rays are also set with precious stones. The crowning figures are a crucifixion in group, and here is seen another proof of the modeller's and chaser's skill. The delicate lines and the fine point of the figures are truly admirable. The group is a copy of an old painting which has received high praise from connoisseurs in art.

"As already stated the material is solid gold and silver. The silver is

OUT OF EVERY 3 WILL DIE OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE. Persons you meet every day, WILL DIE OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE. In such a serious condition you must secure the best remedy; you can find it in the market AT ONCE. There is only one absolutely sure cure for these troubles, and that is Safe Care. It has stood the test of time.

to be heavily gilded in various colors, rendering it highly effective. Blazing with jewels and shining with precious metals this is, indeed, a piece of work of which the Sisters of the Precious Blood may well be proud. It is the most splendid piece of work that has ever been produced in this country, and it is probable that not outside of the Vatican could its equal be found.

Benziger Brothers, though established in the United States since 1865, as already noted, have really a history going back 103 years, the business having been originally founded in Switzerland. It is now in the hands of the fourth generation. Mr. Nicholas O. Benziger is senior partner of the concern, and Mr. Louis G. Benziger, Jr. is also a partner.

Mr. Charles S. Koehler, the Superintendent, who designed the above described ostensorium, was with Tiffany of New York for fourteen years as head silversmith. He has been with Benziger Brothers about ten years. He is without an equal as a designer of high class gold and silver work.

This magnificent ostensorium was made from donations of old gold and jewels presented by the friends of the Monastery. Contributions for the payment of the workmanship are earnestly solicited by the Sisters.

KING'S DAUGHTERS. As a Society They Yield for Ryecknauf's Kootenay Cure for Rheumatism. A MARVELLOUS BLESSING APPRECIATED.

HAAMILTON, ONT., April 2, 1895. S. S. RYECKNAUF, Esq., M. P., Hamilton, Ont.

DEAR SIR—We, as a society, have adopted this means to express our sincere thanks for your valuable medicine, "Kootenay Cure" which you so generously donated to the Chaerful Workers' Circle of King's Daughters, Hamilton. It has proved a blessing in several cases of rheumatic suffering by effecting a cure, and in one case especially, that of Geo. Ball, residing on Sanford Avenue, near Huron Street, who desires to thank you. When we first visited Mr. Ball in September last, he was a hopeless and helpless invalid, his condition being brought about by Sciatica Rheumatism of long standing. We gave him a bottle of Kootenay Cure, which he took with such beneficial results that in three weeks' time he was able to walk, and to-day, after taking three bottles, is completely cured and working at hard labor. His case was an unusually bad one and his cure is little short of marvellous, and we have no hesitation in saying "Kootenay Cure" cured him. Should you think deserving of any thanks, or further notice, the publication of this letter, you are at liberty to use all or any part of it. Wishing you continued success with the medicine and thanking you once more, we remain,

Gratefully yours, (Signed) MAX PLATT, President. (Signed) Mrs. D. B. PLATT, 25 East Ave. N.

"I often wonder just what she thinks of me," said the young man. "It is easy to find out," said the elderly married man. "Just sit down on her hat, and she will tell you in less than a minute."

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents.

No man would be willing to have his dearest friend know him as well as he knows himself.

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TEN YEARS AFTER

FROM THE PENCIL OF J. MORAN. It was New Year's Day, when a little boy of some ten years of age, accompanied by an old servant-man, was walking from Plenhoec to Dolmon, near Diman. The child was laughing and talking all the way, and he walked at such a rate that the poor old servant could scarcely keep up with him.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A NERVOUS REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Insobriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Bruin and Spinal Weakness.

Time passed by, and Hervo went away to college; but in the holidays he always saw Tannequy, who was employed on a farm on the Plenhoec estate. "I have always kept the gun," said Tannequy, one day, to the young Viscount. "It was the one happiness of my childhood, and I shall never part with it."

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