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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 21.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

During the past week many questions of interest have arisen in the Local Legislature, but none of serious importance. A bill is before the house requiring all locomotive engineers and conductors to pass examinations. What are the details of the bill hath not yet appeared. We cannot, therefore, say upon what subjects conductors are to be examined; but moral philosophy and a treatise on justice and contracts will perhaps form one branch. Would it not be a good idea to require members of parliament, aldermen and municipal officers to undergo examination? We might have the members of the Toronto Water Supply Committee up before the Medical Council answering a set of questions on hygiene. Examinations are a fad of the day, so that one need not be surprised when they are applied even to conductors.

The other day when the Government proposed to open a special bank account for the Central Prison workshops, in order that money for the purchase of raw material might be more available, the Opposition seemed in a catechising mood. They first wished to know the nature of the industries, and were informed that they were broom-making; the wood-working industry, carried on by a contractor; binder-twine industry, carried on by the Government; iron bedstead making, shoe-making, tailoring, brickmaking, all carried on by Government. The Opposition concluded that as the Government was obtaining credit from the banks on these industries, the millions to the credit of the Government existed largely on paper. The Premier stated that by the sale of timber lands the surplus had grown very largely. The members of the Government claimed that the Opposition minimized the financial condition of the country upon every possible occasion. Thus, after a little more cross-firing, the resolution was duly carried.

A motion brought in by Mr. McColl, that all county officials now appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in-Council be hereafter chosen by popular election, was lost on division. Some members of the Government thought that the introduction of such a system would extend the evils of partisanship to the public service, and that it was very inferior to the present system, imperfect as that might appear.

The question of compensation for workmen caused a difference of opinion amongst the members of the Government. A bill introduced by Mr. Sprague proposed to exempt farmers from the operation of the Workmen's Compensation Act. Mr. Fraser saw no reason for exempting any class, and thought that the law should extend to all. But the Bill

exempting farmers passed in Committee.

The end of the session is appearing—leave has been asked to sit on Saturday. Two of the bills, that concerning the representation of Toronto and another upon the University, have been withdrawn. The chief business remaining for the session will be questions of supply and the plebiscite bill.

One of the spectacles witnessed during the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy was a tournament in which the chief leaders of the House of Savoy were represented. The Duke of Aosta personated Humbert of the White Hands, generally recognized as founder of the House. He derived his noble surname of White-handed from the purity of his acts, the probity of his life. He was a man who was never stained by injustice and who never appropriated to himself the goods of others, who gained his title by his valour and became the first of this family of Savoy which numbers amongst its members so many saints and heroes. If the present Humbert reflected, what must he have thought of the contrast between himself and his noble ancestor?

Another point in history is recalled by the tournament. One of the first Counts of Savoy was Odo, son and second successor of Humbert of the White Hands. He, by his marriage with Adelaide of Susa, acquired a footing on the southern side of the Alps. This Odo accompanied the Emperor Henry IV. when he went humbled and vanquished to Canossa to prostrate himself at the feet of St. Gregory VII. To-day we have the German Emperor paying a visit of respect and politeness to the venerable Pontiff at the Vatican. Can we hope that he will come again and bring the descendant of Odo of Savoy, that the ancestral saints will obtain his return and the repentance of his unjust seizure of Rome, the Christian world's inheritance?

His Holiness, replying to an address from the Catholics of Metz, said: "The ancient glories of the Church of Metz are a precious treasure which time has not diminished; for we have certain and consoling evidence thereof. In other times the Bishop of Metz came to Rome to consecrate his zeal to the great interests of the Papacy; to-day a whole people crowd with you to lay at your feet their collective offering and the filial expression of their devotion. Accept our congratulations and thanks. What you were yesterday, you are to-day; you will be still more to-morrow when you will have returned to your diocese strengthened by the grace of pilgrimage. We are firmly confident of it. Then, of what works, of what success will you be capable? 450,000 faithful animating with a true Christian spirit their

personal conduct and their domestic hearths."

In his reply to the Catholics of Strasbourg, the Holy Father touches upon the traditional attachment of Alsace to the Popes. "We know," said Leo XIII., "the firmness of your faith and your attachment to this Apostolic See, and frequently have we witnessed the brightest evidences of it. This corresponds perfectly to the Christian monuments of your history; for from the very beginning you have been united to the Holy See by bonds which nothing can sever. In fact, as you, venerable brother, have recalled it, it is upon the authority and by the mouth of Peter that the word was uttered which sent into your province its first Apostle, St. Maternus, from whom your ancestors received the Gospel of salvation. The grain of seed which this great missionary cast could not fail to grow into a goodly tree. Amongst you solid piety and great virtues never ceased to flourish and produce admirable fruits of sanctity. Amongst these heroes, you have recalled with legitimate pride the recollection of the great Pope, whose name we are happy to bear. While still a simple bishop of a town in your country Leo IX. felt himself bound to Rome with tender and filial devotion. Persevere in the same dispositions. Maintain amongst yourselves family concord and spirit. Let parents omit nothing to procure for their children a strict religious education; and let children in return testify filial respect and piety due to their parents; let all in fine remain inviolably attached to religion, for it alone possesses the secret of rendering them happy in this world and in the next."

On April 30th was held in the Hall of Canonization the Beatification of the following Venerable Servants of God: Rodolfo Acquaviva, Alfonso Paceco, Antonio Francesci, Pietro Birno, and Francisco Aranea, five members of the Society of Jesus, who had suffered martyrdom in East India. Pontifical High Mass was sung by Mgr. Valente, Patriarch of the East Indies and Archbishop of Goa. In the afternoon the Pope, accompanied by the Court, went down to the Hall to venerate the relics of the newly beatified.

Within the past week the Home Rule Bill debate has advanced one clause. A motion was brought in to amend the second clause by empowering the Crown, in response to an address by the Imperial Parliament, to diminish and restrain the powers granted to the Irish Parliament. The amendment was opposed by Mr. Gladstone, who denounced the assumption that the Irish were unworthy of confidence while everybody else was worthy

of confidence. As the Acts of British Legislature are subject to restraint through the intervention of the Crown, so those of the Irish Legislature will be subject to the intervention of the Viceroy. Mr. Balfour claimed that there was nothing in the bill which enabled Parliament to interfere with the action of the Irish Executive. He urged that the final decision of the point be deferred till a later stage.

The amendment was rejected by a vote of 808 to 247.

Sir Henry James moved that the supreme power of the Imperial Parliament be undiminished by any proviso in the Bill. After a lengthy discussion, in which Mr. Gladstone opposed the amendment, the Premier agreed to accept it on condition that its place in the bill be determined by the Government. This change merely affirms what could not be questioned, but the Conservatives are making the most of their solitary trivial triumph. With the passage of the second clause, which confers powers on the Irish Legislature to pass laws, the Home Rule Bill is not to be brought up until after the Whitsuntide vacation of this week.

The young Tories seldom fail to show their bad manners, their bad temper, and their bad taste when they can get a blow at their venerable opponent, Mr. Gladstone. That blow is always under the belt. Last week the Premier was present at a demonstration at the new Imperial Institute with the Prince of Wales, whose guest he was. This fact did not shield the Grand Old Man, who was the object of hissing and hooting of these scions of aristocracy. It was, say the despatches, not only a disgraceful exhibition of partizanship, but also a direct insult to the Prince of Wales, with whom the Prime Minister had just dined in company with the visitors from India. His Royal Highness has written Mr. Gladstone a letter expressing his regret that he was subjected to such an unmannerly demonstration as took place at the reception of the Imperial Institute of Wednesday evening.

Greece has its political difficulties—the land of classic patriotism, learning and art is struggling at present with poverty. The Minister of Finance, on the opening of the Greek Chamber, presented a very favorable budget, in which a reduction of taxes was promised, and leave was asked to negotiate a small loan. The Minister applied to France, but what care money lenders for the memories of Greece? One and all refused. An effort was then made to induce English bankers to take it up, but with no greater success. So the poor minister went home and resigned.

Free and united Italy is preparing a bill which will prevent priests from meddling with politics at elections. This is the answer to reports that the Vatican would try to move Catholics to a more determined stand at the next general elections.

Catholics in this country need not wonder at the inutility of doing anything in a land where injustice reigns and Governmental Bills are mistaken for equity and right.

THE TRUE UNIONISM.

Speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P.

From the Daily Argus, May 9.

One of the most remarkable Liberal gatherings which have taken place in Birmingham for a considerable time past assembled in the Town Hall last night, mainly with the view of hearing speeches by the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., and Sir Walter Foster, M.P. Mr. Blake's colonial eminence, and the full realization of the high anticipations formed of him when he joined the Nationalist ranks at the last general election caused the gathering to be especially interesting, and despite the somewhat high temperature which prevailed for meetings of this character, the hall was crowded by an assemblage the leading characteristic of which was its extraordinary and strongly expressed enthusiasm. As prominent members of the Liberal party in the city came into the hall and were recognized they were greeted with rounds of applause, while the entry of the chairman, Alderman Wm. Cook, J.P., with Mr. Blake and other speakers, was the signal for a prolonged and stirring welcome.

The Chairman was particularly happy with one of his earliest observations, viz., that the Home Rule cause was not even yet quite dead, the satire upon a well-remembered assertion of

A PROMINENT BIRMINGHAM POLITICIAN being at once recognized by a round of applause and triumphant laughter. After touching upon the ethics of the case for Home Rule, Mr. Cook proceeded to refer to the recent lamentable outbreak of religious mob persecution in Belfast, which he directly attributed to the recent inflammatory speeches of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and—as the speaker continued with significant emphasis—other coercionist leaders. Each name evoked groans of reprobation, and the unspecified addendum to the list was instantly followed by cries of "Chamberlain" and hisses and groans. Coming to the Home Rule Bill now before Parliament Mr. Cook went on to assert that the position which that great measure had gained upon the second reading was such that no Government could now ever refuse to give a less measure of justice to Ireland than that which Mr. Gladstone now proposed, a statement which was very appreciatively received. Passing to the chief speaker of the evening, the Chairman referred to the great gain Mr. Blake had proved to Parliamentary debates in this country, and eulogized the patriotism which had led that gentleman to end his brilliant career in Canada in order to give his services to his country.

At this stage the Chairman read the following telegram from Sir Walter Foster at the House of Commons. "Carried the Eight Hours Bill." A roar of applause greeted the announcement, and at the call of an enthusiast at the back of the hall, rounds of cheers were given for "Good old John Burns." Sir Walter Foster had stayed to give his vote, but added to his message that he hoped to reach Birmingham in time to be present at the meeting.

Councillor Bishop moved the first resolution—one of support to Mr. Gladstone, and felicitation of his great success in Parliament with

THE HOME RULE BILL

in the face of persistent obstruction. Councillor Stevens seconded the resolution, and in touching upon Mr. Chamberlain's financial attack upon the Bill, observed that he thought they might well leave Mr. Chamberlain to his financial schoolmaster upon this matter, a roar of laughter and applause greeting this sally. Mr. Stevens, as a member of the audience observed, "scored one" when he said that there was never a greater sin against morality and right than the

action of educated and influential people in inciting ignorant men to violence and lawlessness in Belfast, and the burst of approving cheers which followed was so prolonged that it was some minutes before he could be heard again.

Mr. Blake's rising to support the resolution evoked a perfect hurricane of cheering, renewed in succeeding bursts for several minutes. Mr. Blake began quietly by referring to the honour he felt it to be addressing such an audience in this great city, with such past political traditions as had Birmingham. ("And will have again" was instantly retorted from the body of the hall, amid an approving shout.) The speaker then referred with gratitude to what Birmingham had done on behalf of Ireland years ago, when his country had but few friends on this side of the Irish Channel. He could understand the tardiness of some to be educated up to a right appreciation of this question, but he utterly failed to understand the position of those who, having received the light upon this question when the rest of the kingdom was so largely in darkness, had gone back when the full sunlight of it was illuminating the country at large. (Hear, hear.) Proceeding to deal with the

FLAGRANTLY OBSTRUCTIVE TACTICS

of the Opposition in the House of Commons, Mr. Blake expressed confidence that the people of this country would resent the fact that such tactics were solely responsible for the failure to pass more than a fraction of the useful programme of legislation which the people had endorsed. The measure designed to reform Parliamentary procedure he placed first in importance after the Home Rule Bill, and next to that the Bill for registration reform and the extension of the franchise. (Loud cheers.) Dealing with other matters contained in the Government programme, Mr. Blake came to the Welsh Suspensory Bill, which he described as a measure of Home Rule for Wales. The same Home Rule spirit breathed through other measures of the Government programme, "Take the Local Veto Bill—(here a burst of applause, with a slight discordant note, interrupted the speaker)—this was a measure of some difficulty. For his own part, he was of opinion that it would be highly important, in the interests of temperance, if provisions were made not only for prohibiting but for restricting the number of public-houses. (Loud applause.) Whatever the difficulties surrounding the measure, its home rule characteristics were unmistakable. It provided means for people in specified districts, having feelings and opinions upon this question, giving expression to those feelings. (Cheers.) In the Miners' Eight Hours Bill again, which had just triumphantly passed its second reading—(cheers)—there was another instance of this home rule policy. Taking into consideration the eminently liberal programme of the Government, and the position which they took with regard to that programme, he wanted to know how any member of the Opposition

COULD HAVE THE IMPUDENCE

to describe himself as Liberal Unionist. The emphasis which the speaker gave to the word Liberal drove home the point with a force that evoked a prolonged round of applause. He now came to the Home Rule Bill itself. All the prognostications of evil to the Government from the introduction of this Bill which their political opponents had so freely made had been falsified, for the Government were now stronger than ever, and completely and solidly united upon this the main issue. (Loud cheers.) The speaker then proceeded to deal, with searching and telling power, with the attitude of Birmingham in the past upon the Irish question, showing how, years ago, the electors of this city had given

unmistakable evidence of recognition of the necessity for the concession of local self-government to Ireland. This had been the spirit of this city up to 1886. Then the Secessionists took certain objections to the Home Rule Bill which was introduced. The present Bill has been moulded to meet their views, and their present attitude towards it, notwithstanding, was something which it was difficult to satisfactorily explain. (Hear, hear.) Leaving more questions of detail to be dealt with in committee, as he was happy to think they would be, he was glad to say that its main principles were not disunion and separation. (Hear, hear.) "I am," said Mr. Blake, "a Home Ruler, and because I am a Home Ruler

I AM A UNIONIST."

Great cheering followed this happily-expressed declaration of faith, which the speaker further enforced, by asserting that the only true, lasting and satisfactory measure of Home Rule to Ireland was to be obtained under the Union, and the only true union with this country possible for Ireland was to be obtained by Home Rule—a really moral and combining union by a free bargain and contract between the two people; not a measure of fraud and force such as the Act of Union was. (Great cheers.) The Bill recognised the inalienable supremacy of Parliament, and the Irish people were willing and desirous that the clauses upholding it should be made effective. (Renewed cheers.) They had accepted—nay, proposed—restrictions designed to calm the fears of some who hesitated to support the Bill. As to the cry about the danger involved to the rights of the minority, they had accepted every possible safeguard for those rights, if the Nationalists were so base as to seek to violate them. Personally, he was absolutely sure that, without these restrictions, the minority would be perfectly safe from oppression when Home Rule became an established fact, but for all that he was one of those who had most strongly advocated the insertion of these restrictions into the Bill, because he considered that they recognized fundamental principles of

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,

which he hoped the English people would some day apply to themselves. A great shout of approval greeted the expression of this enlightened hope. Mr. Blake went on to show by statistics as to the religion of incumbents of public offices in the districts of Ireland where Home Rule had its strongest following, the utter groundlessness of the fears which were urged by their opponents as to religious persecution of the minority, for offices were held by the Protestants quite beyond the proportion of the inhabitants who were of their faith. (Loud cheers.) Adverting to Mr. Chamberlain's recent statement that the passing of the Bill would entail a tax upon the British taxpayers of two millions a year, Mr. Blake completely exploded the fallacy by showing what was the present revenue drawn for Imperial purposes from Ireland, and he pointed out that the allegation simply amounted to this—that because it was not proposed to double the present contribution from Ireland, this country would lose two millions a year. (Loud cheers.) Such a statement was not worth a moment's thought. But it was not upon a miserable higgling bargain of finances that this great question would be settled. Let them gain for themselves a truly United Kingdom, and internal and external strength which belonged to a real union. Take away the sham union which had for so many years disgraced this country, and restore its efficiency to the Imperial Parliament, which had been paralysed by the Irish controversy for so long a time. If they could do all this and yet be as well off pecuniarily as they were now,

was it not a great bargain for them to make?

Great enthusiasm was again evoked by Mr. Blake's peroration. At the close of the speech the resolution was put and carried almost unanimously.

During the last portion of Mr. Blake's speech Sir Walter Foster entered the hall, and was at once greeted with a furor of cheering.

Councillor Osler, in a brief but most telling speech, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Blake, the chairman, and the other speakers.

Sir Walter Foster was again warmly received on rising to second the motion. At the outset he referred with triumph to the splendid majority of 78 by which the Government had just carried the second reading of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill. The Home Rule question had now entered upon a new phase since the British Parliament had affirmed the principle by an entirely united and solid vote of the Liberal party. Obstructed and impeded though the passage of the Bill might be, it must pass through the House of Commons; and, confident in their strength, and in their final victory, they looked forward with confidence to its reception in the House of Lords. There the Bill might be rejected once, but their Lordships would think a long time before they rejected it a second time. (Great cheering.) Whatever was done with this great measure the Liberal Party were resolved to carry as much as was possible of the abundant programme which they had put forward at the last election before they again appealed to the country. (Cheers.) Sir Walter Foster, after eulogising Alderman Cook's services to the Liberal Party in Birmingham, expressed the hope that that gentleman would continue to lead the party until it once more occupied the proud position which it formerly held. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Blake and the chairman briefly acknowledged the unanimous passing of the resolution.

The Confessional.

Why does the world hate the confessional? I will tell you in a word. Because the men of the world are afraid of laying their hearts open. They know that there are black spots; that there are dark stains, deep wounds, old scars, open sores, and they hide them in darkness. The innocent have no fear, for their hearts are unspotted, and though conscious of many faults and many weaknesses they are free from the stains and wounds of an evil life. They are not afraid; to them confession is easy. But those who are conscious that they are carrying within them a secret which the world does not know, of which their neighbors are not aware, which the nearest to them does not suspect, which they would rather die than reveal—according to the shrinking of the flesh and blood, forgetting all the while that God knows everything—they fear and hate the thought of confession. This is the true reason why the world rails against confession; this is the reason why every revolution that breaks out at once burns the confessional. It dare not come near the confessional. When it sees a confessional, it sees a forerunning witness of the great white throne and of the day of judgment, and to get rid of this intolerable reality the anti-Christian revolution tears it out of the church and burns it in the street.—Cardinal Manning.

Poor Blood.

Persons, sick and convalescent whose blood grows poor and thin who have a distaste for food, whose members grow cold and inactive, whose sleep is agitated and uneasy, work whose flesh is wasting away, should use who have no energy and disinclination to Almoxia Wine, recommended by all the principal physicians. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

A FLORENTINE PRISON FOR WOMEN

Lady Georgina Vernon contributes to the *Lady's Pictorial* the following article:—

"In the city of flowers" how sweet it sounds! and what bright visions it brings to one of Florence, that queen of cities, lying encradled amongst the flower-bedecked hills, the grey olive groves, carpeted with yellow tulips, crimson anemones, and the wealth of color and sweetness which spring brings to that joyous city. Turn where you will there are flowers, the stone benches round each gloomy old place gleam with bunches of many-colored blossoms, contrasting vividly with the massive walls and iron-barred windows; the sunny walks on the Lung Arno are lined with baskets of yellow daffodils and purple masees of violets, and the soft warm air is heavy with the scent. One almost forgets amid these surroundings that such things as pain and sorrow exist! And yet to-day want to tell you of the silent world hid behind the prison walls not far from all this brightness, and beauty and sunshine. Of all the many deeply interesting days passed in Florence, none had for me a keener interest than a morning passed in the women's prison, and thinking this may also be of interest to many, I will briefly relate the incidents of my visit.

A friend had obtained permission for our visit from the authorities, but with difficulty, as it is rarely that visitors, and especially foreigners, are allowed to enter the prisons. We had some difficulty in finding the right door, as we first went to Muratto Jail, which is the men's part of the prison. We were there told there was no entrance to any part, and, although the sentries pointed the way out to us, they evidently thought we were on a hopeless search. At last we arrived at the door, over which the words, "*Carcere femminile di San Verdiano*," showed us we were right. A ring at the barred door soon brought a pleasant looking Sister, who evidently expected us, and ushered us in past the *guardianos*, or men warders, who sat in the outer hall, up through a long passage into a bare parlor, where we waited patiently till the door opened and the Mother Superior entered. She has the entire charge of the prison—a sweet, rosy cheeked, brown-eyed woman, whose firm, kindly mouth gave good evidence of the governing power which enables her, with her six Sisters, to control the unruly women committed to her care. Her calm, happy face seemed to make a light in the dark parlor, and spoke clearly of the loving, womanly heart which rules here. She bade us welcome and asked us to follow her. We first entered the central hall of the building, and as the mother for a moment bent her head and clasped her hands, I noticed that at the far end was an altar, now veiled by a heavy curtain, and here on Sundays Mass is said by one of the *Padri Scalopi*. The Sisters themselves have a little tiny chapel opening out of the hall, and truly it must be to them a very haven of rest!

In the great hall there were tiers of cells, with open galleries running round, much the same as in our own prisons. There were then thirty-six inmates; the prison is constructed to hold forty-eight, but very often they have had to accommodate as many as seventy, putting two in a cell! The Sisters looked at each other with sorrowful eyes that spoke volumes, and sighed as they said this was, indeed, "terrible." But we were told that this scandal will ere long be reformed, as a new wing is being built, which will also contain an infirmary, there being now no accommodation for the sick. This has at times caused serious difficulty as well as danger to the inmates of the prison. Some short time since there was a case of small-

pox, the patient dying there, without any means of isolation!

The Mother then took us into a small, cheerful-looking room, of which the door stood open, and sitting there were two women working at crochet and knitting. I imagined them to be servants, but to my amazement found that these were prisoners awaiting trial, and one was for infanticide! They looked comfortable and happy, but I must add they were two most repulsive-looking women. The work they were employed in doing would be sold; one-half of the profit is given to the workers, one-half goes to the authorities; and the same rule applies to all the knitting and work which is allowed to be done by prisoners undergoing light sentences.

Looking into the cells, we found them a good medium size, light and airy, but defective in sanitary arrangements; the furnishing very poor—a small bed, a stool, and in one corner a little cupboard to hold the bread, etc., allotted for the day. There are no means of warming the cells, and in winter they must be very cold, although each inmate is provided with a *scaldino*, which is a small portable crockery pan containing hot wood-ashes. This is an article without which no Italian woman could live, for even going to church or market, the *scaldino* is always in their hands.

As we stood in the hall talking to the Mother and another clever-looking Sister who had joined us, one of the prisoners appeared, wheeling a truck with the dinners. They all dine in solitude, and each had now gone to her cell, from workroom or laundry. As one cell door after another was opened to receive the dinner, we peeped in and saw the various inmates. In one was a touching sight; a poor, wild looking, dishevelled little child of twelve, who ran forward to the door and seized the pannikin of soup with eager outstretched hands, looking like a famished wolf! She, we learnt, had tended sheep on the mountains, but had been accused at the farm where she was employed of stealing a watch, and now got three months' imprisonment, of which the first ten days had to be passed in solitary confinement. Probably it would have been better for her if this had been the case during the whole detention; for, as I shall tell presently, one of the trying evils of the system here is the way in which the prisoners can contaminate one another by free conversation and intercourse.

During the dinner half-hour we went to see the very primitive wash-house, which certainly did not lead one to think that clean linen could be plentiful in the establishment, it being merely a small outhouse, with the roughest convenience for washing. The kitchen was small, but clean and bright, with its copper pans and nice stoves. Here we saw some of the *soup maigre* which had just been sent up for the dinners; it smelt most excellent, and looked good and nourishing with macaroni and vegetables; but this is the only real meal of the day, and the tins of soup cannot contain more than a pint and a half. In addition to this, a two-pound loaf of white bread is given in the morning; and this is the day's provision, no coffee or milk being given.

But here comes in a most grave injustice—those who can afford to buy it, or who have friends outside able to send them food, are allowed to spend as much as ninepence a day in extras or to receive it from their friends; so the rich fare comfortably, while the poor and friendless have barely enough to keep body and soul together! The woman who was doing the cooking, a strong, tidy-looking person, dark-eyed and fresh-coloured, we thought must be there for some very trifling offence, but on asking the Superior, found that she had murdered her little daughter, or, as the Mother said, "The child disappeared—it was not

to be found!" And this woman, strangely enough, was merely enduring six months' detention, which seemed an illogical sentence, for if she had not murdered the child why was she there? And if she had, was this sufficient punishment?

The sentences that had been passed upon the prisoners appeared to be very similar, in most cases, to those passed in England: e. g., there were the women in for drunkenness, for "seven days"; those who had in more aggravated cases committed some assault, or similar assault, for "fourteen days" or a month; but upon a second conviction they invariably got a whole year's imprisonment, and this certainly must be deterrent. Drunkenness amongst the women is not very common, as it is only determined drinkers who take to spirits who can be inebriated, the light wines they drink being very harmless. The very serious cases which entail the "pena," or long and severe punishment, are now passed on from this prison to one of those at Rome, Perugia, or Turin, and there the rule is in all ways more stringent, prison dress is adopted, and they are known by a number; also no food is there allowed from the outside. This stricter discipline is only undergone, however, in those cases which have to suffer more than a year's incarceration.

We were now told that if we would come to the hall again we should see them all assembling for exercise, as the dinner half-hour was over, and down they all trooped from their various cells, with a strangely undisciplined look to English eyes, accustomed to the order and regularity of our prisons, some with knitting, some with sewing in their hands, others carrying their little stools, and nearly all with a *scaldino*, full of hot ashes. They were a motly-looking lot, as they passed by, clad in all manner of old garments; some with coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, others with their rough, unkempt hair rolled carelessly up; nearly all gave us a pleasant word or nod as they passed, chatting away merrily to each other. Here and there was a tidy looking woman, but the generality of the faces were of a low animal type; and it amazed one to think that all these rough women were under the sole control of six fragile little Sisters! Still, although there was so little *show* of power or coercion, one felt an influence and moral strength of these Sisters, such as must be recognised by these poor outcasts, and must have a softening and humanising effect on even the most hardened.

We followed them out to the exercise-yard, a large court divided into small compartments, each with a high wall and an iron gate, but the gates stood open. One Sister walked up and down, looking occasionally into the yards, where the women had already grouped themselves comfortably, about six or eight in a yard, many sitting on their stools knitting, one with her basin of unfinished soup which she had brought down from her cell, their heads here and there close together, busy whispering to each other, some talking loudly and unconcernedly. One singularly unpleasant looking old lady glared at us as we passed with a look of sullen curiosity, and to most we were evidently objects of much interest.

Words are not needed to depict all the evils of this unrestrained communication between criminals; the young girl who comes in here for the first time for some petty offence and with an innocent mind, must needs go out again into the world degraded and contaminated by the older and more corrupt women. The Sister stops at too loud or profane talk, but naturally a good deal goes on that she never hears.

Two hours have sped away quickly while we lingered with the Sisters, talking of their charges and hearing of

their anxieties, and we were now obliged reluctantly to bid them adieu, although as each uttered her "*arrivederci*," we felt we would gladly return some day, and endeavour to carry on and supplement, both in and outside the prison walls, the work of these good Sisters. Indeed, such work is urgently needed, for it seemed to us as if the prison were merely a place of detention, where is no punishment except for the poorest, who must often suffer hunger. For the others, they come in, they sit at their work, knitting, crochet, etc., they gain what they can, and beyond the fact of occasional solitude, have little inconvenience to suffer. Little wonder that, as the Mother said, those who once come into the prison return again and again; as the system is conducted, it is simply a means of increasing the evil it should stop.

Out again we went through the barred doors, out into the freedom of life, and how marvellously sweet the soft air felt, and the sunshine seemed, how gay the bright shops and the busy thronged streets! And yet, as one stood there by the sunny Arno, watching the great river rolling away calmly and silently to the sea, that wonderful reminder of the life that drifts on and on so swiftly to eternity, one longed in one's heart to hold out a helping hand to these prisoners and captives, whose lives were drifting on, and who, when they were turned out of these prison gates, would just be thrust again into the same temptations which had assailed them to fall before, with probably increased knowledge of evil and less shame of its consequences.

Keep a pure heart and it shall be merry, and to a merry heart trials which crush scowlers are no more bother than a fly-speck to a busy housewife.

Don't ask questions—remember that most people are as anxious to tell their business as you are to know it. If they don't "out with it," just let them alone.

Thou canst not deny God when thou steppest out into the morning or under the starry heavens, or when thou art good or when thou art happy.

On April 27, the great Munster fair for the sale of horses and pigs opened in Limerick, and in the horse line there was a fairly large supply of good class animals, but the prices realized were on the whole poor.

Don't tell everything you know; try to keep a reserve on hand. Your egotism will grow under this process, and egotism is a fine, complacent background. If no one else thinks well of you, it is good to think well of yourself.

On April 26th, the ceremony of profession took place at the Presentation Convent, Enniscoorthy, the young lady who took the solemn vows of the order being Miss Maggie Kehoe, third daughter of Mr. Thomas Kehoe of Monroo, and to Miss Kehoe, Castle Hill, Enniscoorthy.

The death of Rev. Michael Gleeson, P.P., Castleconnell, is announced at the advanced age of 80 years. Deceased began his mission as a priest in the parish of Toomeenare, from whence he was transferred to Killaloe, and subsequently to Nonagh and Templeclodry. About 15 years ago, on the death of Father Hennessey, he was appointed to Castleconnell.

The remains of Master Richard Roche, of Knocknasillogue, who succumbed to the injuries he received from the accidental discharge of his gun, were interred at Blackwater, on April 22d. The immense cortege which attended the funeral testified to the great respect in which the family are held, and the deep and widespread sympathy felt for them in their sad bereavement.

In all cases, where a mild but effective aperient is needed, Ayer's Pills are the best. They improve the appetite, restore healthy action, promote digestion, and regulate every function. No pill is in greater demand, or more highly recommended by the profession.

Only those of truly heroic mould can fully comprehend or appreciate heroic souls, only the great and noble purpose can fully know the souls who have wrought these noble purposes into actions and words of fame.

It Has Been Proved.

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

BISHOP DOWLING.

Welcomed by Separate Schools.

On the afternoon of the 17th instant the Separate School children gave his Lordship, Bishop Dowling, a most hearty reception in the Hamilton Opera House. His Lordship occupied one of the boxes near the stage, while with him and in the other boxes were Mgr. McEvay, Father Kelly of the Diocese of Peterborough, Father Madigan, Dundas; Father Burko, Oakville; Father O'Reilly, Caledonia; Father Craven (Chancellor); Fathers Brady, Coty, Hinchey, Halay, Lynch, and Keogh.

An interesting programme, in which sixty girls and about twenty boys took parts more or less prominent, had been prepared. It began by a welcome song, which was followed by the reading of the following address by Master J. Gillespie:

My Lord—It is with feelings of the deepest pleasure that we, the pupils of the Catholic Schools of Hamilton, take this public occasion of extending to your Lordship, and to the Very Rev. Pastor of St. Mary's, a most cordial welcome back to your episcopal city.

Many and many an earnest prayer have we sent up to the Most High that He would send His holy angels to guide and protect you. The hearts of your little ones—the tenderest portion of your flock—have been filled with inexpressible delight at the glad intelligence of your safe arrival. You did not leave us shophordless; devoted but to God's holy work, our beloved priests have cared us with specially tender solicitude.

My Lord, the glorious event which called you from the midst of us, and which is now a page of ecclesiastical history, has enlisted the sympathy and aroused the enthusiasm of Christendom. To have seen and conversed with the Vicar of Christ—the most august of earthly sovereigns—and to have participated in those joyous festivities which, in his honor, were celebrated, have been your Lordship's rare privileges.

You have visited and with your own eyes beheld those monuments of Christian and Pagan antiquity with which the Eternal City abounds. Nor have the ruins of the Roman Amphitheatre and the hollow caverns of the Catacombs failed to recall to your mind the fierce gladiator and the Christian martyr.

When you had paid the homage of a loyal son to a kind and gentle father, you turned your footsteps towards the Holy Land, every part of which was made sacred by the presence of the Crucified. How indescribable indeed must have been your feelings when descending the Sepulchre which for three days contained the lacerated body of our Blessed Saviour! And the hill of Calvary too must have awakened in your mind the sorrowful recollections of human depravity, unreciprocated love.

But still those holy places—over dear to the Christian heart—the chimera of the silver Jubilee bells, the kindly, gentle voice of him who forms a noble link in the grand chain of St. Peter's successors, must have afforded you unspeakable joy, the happy impressions of which shall never be obliterated from your Lordship's memory.

The report of the salutary state of religion and education throughout your diocese, of the great and many tasks you have undertaken, must have been truly refreshing to the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff.

And well has his Holiness signalized his appreciation. The honors you have borne back to us for the worthy pastors of your people are such as distinguish Hamilton among the dioceses of Ontario.

Once more, my Lord, most cordially do we welcome you; and we pray the good God to prolong your precious life at the head of your Episcopal See, and to crown your future labors with the fullest success.

This address was supplemented by another in verse, expressive of the great love of the Catholic people of Hamilton for their bishop. It was read by Master F. Nelson. Both addresses had been prepared by one of the Christian Brothers in Hamilton—Brother Simon.

The last part of the programme consisted in the performance of an operetta entitled *Laila*, and the presentation of an address by the Separate School Board. We take the rest of the report from the *Hamilton Herald* of the 18th instant: The address from the School Board was a beautiful piece of work, engrossed by Wm. Bruce. It was in book form, with handsome morocco binding, and on the cover was the following inscription: Address to His Lordship Right Reverend Thomas Joseph Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, from the Board of Trustees

of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools, Hamilton, Ont., 1898." Arthur O'Hair, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Separate School Board, read the address, and, with sixty prettily dressed girls forming a back ground on the stage, the following trustees stood in line while the address was being read: Wm. Kavanaugh, chairman of the Board; John Eustice, B. J. McIntyre, F. J. Harris, P. F. McBride, H. N. Thomas, J. O'Neil. His Lordship stood in his box while the address was being read. The address was as follows.

To the Right Reverend Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

May it please your Lordship—The Board of Trustees of the Catholic Separate Schools for the city of Hamilton tender to your Lordship a cordial welcome upon your safe arrival in our midst after your visit to the Apostolic See and the Holy Land. Our greeting is twofold. In the first place, we tender you our homage as a bishop of the Church appointed to guard the spiritual welfare of your people, but we are likewise deeply attached to your Lordship personally, for your merits are well recognized and appreciated in the diocese over which you rule. We acknowledge the lively interest which you have always evinced in everything tending to enhance the educational interests of your diocese. To this end you have devoted yourself unsparingly, contributing your personal aid, and lending your valuable talents.

We recall with pleasure that since your advent our educational affairs have made rapid advancement, and you have assumed an importance worthy of the people who support them. We point with pride to the recent erection of commodious and substantial school buildings, to the enlargement and improvement of those which we formerly possessed, and to the fact that these schools are largely attended and fully equipped. We are convinced that the Catholics of Hamilton are fully alive to the importance of imparting to the youth of the flock an education practical for everyday pursuits, and in which religion is an important factor.

We cannot conclude without expressing the feelings of gratitude with which we have heard of the honor conferred by his Holiness upon the Very Rev. Vicar General Heenan and the Rev. Father McEvay, the former of whom was associated with us for many years as chairman, and both warm friends of the Board.

Wishing that your Lordship may be spared many years to preside over the diocese, respectfully yours. (Signed by all the members of the R. C. Separate School Board.)

His Lordship appeared to be much moved by the address, and the generous applause which greeted its presentation. He said he was deeply touched by the manifestation of loyalty to him, officially and personally, and he earnestly thanked his people for it. He heartily appreciated the welcome he was given, and in making his report to the Holy Father it was with the greatest pleasure that he was able to show the splendid advance made in educational matters in this diocese. The children were the flowers of the family, the gems of the Church, and the future hope of society.

He could look back and remember when there was not a Separate School in Hamilton, but now there were good schools and excellent teachers for the training of children. He saw no children in his travels who were better or brighter than the children of Hamilton. (Applause.)

Baseball at St. Michael's.

The world says—The St. Michael's Baseball Association has for the past two weeks been doing its utmost to arrange games with outside clubs. Their efforts, however, have been ineffectual. As none of the city teams show any willingness to make dates with the secretary of the College, a series of games has been begun among the students themselves. On Saturday the senior team, with a junior battery, defeated a picked nine from the yard by a score of 7 to 3. Batteries—Seniors, Coakley-Burns; picked nine, Murphy-Boyle.

The St. Michael's team under 14 then engaged in an exciting contest with the larger boys who are not very skilled in the game and beat them 6 to 4. Batteries—Duffy-Hillman; Foley-Brady.

Scraped with a Rasp.

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

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotico, Ont.

Editorial Notes.

The visit which William II. made to the Vatican is still the subject of many conjectures. The *Memorial Diplomatique* thinks that if the Emperor did not come to ask the Pope for his private support in the matter of military armament, he came to ask his moral support in the great political and social mission in which he was engaged. The following are the observations of the *Memorial*: "Leo XIII. should be regarded in a double aspect, one, eternal and absolute; the other, actual and relative. He is at once the religious director of souls, the responsible head of the consciences of men, the pontiff who wishes the individual amelioration of men and the universal pacification of people. Under this title peace is dear to him, as well as those who desire it and who follow it; war should be odious to him, and also those who seek it and prepare for it. But the Pope is likewise a politician, mindful of the immediate interests of Catholics, a diplomat who has no right to forget the passing but necessary wants, the material but important advantages of the throne of St. Peter. In the eyes of the diplomat France cannot be indifferent to him; he knows well its worth and would be very careful not to sacrifice it to the friendship of a military and conquering Germany. In fine, as a great politician Leo XIII. understands that it is not the interest of the Church to link its destinies with those of the great monarchies, powerful as they may seem; he feels that a new force is rising in this world, and that in leaning towards democracy the Church is not only returning to its original starting point but is also opening up the future; that therein for her lies not duty merely but life, renewal and greatness."

A military expert in Germany writes to a Hamburg paper that the passage of the Army bill and the adoption of the two-year service in Germany will be followed by a similar action in Austria and Italy. The triple alliance would then have a mass of comparatively green recruits to oppose to the five-year veterans of Russia and the three-year veterans of France.

The same paper publishes an election manifesto which reflects Prince Bismarck's views. It makes light of the Emperor's celebrated speech, and ridicules the idea that he will dissolve the Reichstag repeatedly until the Army bill is passed. It also appeals to the electors to support at the polls those who are independent of influence from high quarters. The Army bill it regards as a mere cloak and dangerous form of absolutism.

The Emperor has delivered himself of a second speech similar in sentiment to the other. The occasion was the unveiling of the monument to his grandfather at Goerlitz in Silesia. "All other questions," said his Majesty, "are inferior to this most serious question, upon which depends the very existence of the Fatherland. And we need absolute unity in order to solve the question. Whatever separates us as Germans, whatever causes rivets to diverge, must now be put aside, because it imperils the future of the country."

The attitude which it has been decided at a Cabinet Council should be taken by the Government in regard to the new Parliament in the matter of the Army bill is based upon a compromise. The money required by the increase of the peace effective is to be obtained by raising the taxes on beer and spirituous liquors.

So the women are having a Congress at Chicago. Report does not say how it has affected the price of tea in the great city—but report does say something of the attention which has been paid the Catholic Church by one of the essayists or speakers. It was

opened on the 15th instant by Mrs. Henrotin, vice-president of the woman's branch of the auxiliary, with a welcome to all. This was followed by an address upon the objects of the Congress. He must be fastidious who would quarrel with either of these. But the following day the celebrated Elizabeth Cady Stanton read a paper in which Christianity and the Catholic Church were charged with degrading woman. We learn from the *New World* that this is an old song of Mrs. Stanton's. Another point hateful to this high-minded essayist and reformer is celibacy, as practised in the Catholic Church. Yet the venerable dame's paper was read—she was represented by proxy—by an unmarried lady, Miss Susan Anthony. Now that is the sort of thing we should have if women had votes. But just imagine the Church degrading woman—the only institution in all history that raised her up, made her the companion of man and shielded her from the whims and inconstancy of passion. That is the gratitude of the nineteenth century.

After all, the Fair is to be opened on Sunday. An exception is made to the machinery, which is to be stopped; and no employee, except those actually needed to protect the property and to preserve public peace, shall do any work on Sunday, and those who work that day shall be given a day of rest during the week. We are glad of it; the working man will thus be able to profit by the instruction which a visit to the Fair will bestow, without curtailing his week's wages.

Young Ladies' Entertainment.

A fashionable and appreciative audience, including the Lieutenant-Governor and party and his grace Archbishop Walsh, assembled in the Academy of Music on the evening of the 18th instant, on the occasion of a lecture and concert under the auspices of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society. The lecturer, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well-known poet and litterateur, chose for his subject "The genius and character of Longfellow," and for about an hour of lecture and recital held the rapt attention of those present. Dr. O'Hagan briefly sketched the early life of the eminent American poet, referred to his educational career, including his connection with Bowdoin college and Harvard university, dwelt upon his characteristics and declared him to be beyond doubt the greatest poet that this continent has yet produced. Dr. O'Hagan recited selections from "Evangeline," which he declared to be his greatest work, "King Robert of Sicily," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Excelsior," showing himself to be no less successful as an elocutionist than as a lecturer. Dr. O'Hagan was introduced by Mr. J. J. Foy, Q.C., and at the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was moved to the lecturer by Mr. Vincent McBrady, seconded by Mr. D. E. Cameron and carried amid applause. The miscellaneous portion of the evening's entertainment embraced selections by the orchestra, recitations by Miss Marguerite Dunn and songs by Miss Edith J. Miller, Miss Cleary, Miss Elliott, Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. Frank A. Anglin, all of whom succeeded in winning the hearty applause of the audience. Mrs. Blight acted as accompanist in her usual finished manner. The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society are to be congratulated on the success of this very artistic entertainment.—*Globe*.

St. Michael's Cathedral.

Yesterday, Pentecost Sunday, confirmation was administered to about 70 persons by Archbishop Walsh in St. Michael's Cathedral after the last Mass.

His Grace spoke eloquently of the duties of the true soldier of Jesus Christ, and the glorious rewards of those who conquered the Kingdom of Heaven.

In the evening a fine musical service was given. Vicar General McCann preached a forcible sermon on the obligation of serving God.

The children, who made their first communion in the morning with tapers in their hands, arose and solemnly renewed their baptismal vows, the whole congregation joining with them.—*World of Monday*.

For Frost Bites.

SIRS,—For chapped hands, sore throat and frost bites I find nothing excels Haggard's Yellow Oil. I had my feet frozen three years ago and obtained no relief until I used Haggard's Yellow Oil, which soon healed up the frozen part.

CHAS. LOUWMEYER, Alameda, N.W.T.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Arms.

Lord Magheramorne, who presided at the Lurno Unionist meeting, on April 20th, stigmatised the Catholic priesthood as dominating Irish politics. Some years ago, when Lord Magheramorne was an officer in a well-known regiment, and though he might be called upon to go out in the expedition to Egypt, his father did not think it beneath him to ask the prayers of a Catholic priest, so that his son might not go to the war. The prayers were offered, and it so happened that the heir to Magheramorne was not called upon to go. The young lord should not therefore complain of the influence of the influence of the priesthood, which has been always exercised for good in Ireland.

Armagh.

The Most Rev. Dr. Medard Emard Bishop of Valleyfield, Quebec, was recently the guest of the Rev. E. Piche, Lurgan. The venerable Prelate was warmly welcomed by the people of the town. Addressing a large audience at the Parsonage, he said that Valleyfield, the seat of his religious labors, resembled Lurgan, the population being mostly working people in factories but composed of French and Irish, who got on well together. The Mayor, Mr. O'Sullivan, was an Irishman, and they had among their residents the families of some of the first settlers in Canada. It had been a problem to him how Father Piche could be content to leave his country and friends across the sea and settle in Lurgan; but now he (the bishop) had been among the people, since he had really stood on the sod, and had looked on that assemblage of happy faces, and read in those faces the kindness of their hearts, it would be to him a problem no longer, and he did not wonder that Father Piche wished to live and die among his Lurgan friends.

Cavan.

An action is pending in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, in which the plaintiff, Wm. Wilson, seeks damages from his brother-in-law, the defendant, for alleged assault and trespass on the plaintiff's farm in the County of Cavan, and obstructing him in the use of a well on his land. The defence was in substance that the defendant was entitled to take water from the well, and as to the alleged assault, that he did the acts complained of in self-defence. The case was tried before Justice Murphy and a special jury, at Cavan, on the 3d of last March, and the jury found that the well was on the plaintiff's land; that the defendant was entitled to take water from it, and the defendant assaulted the plaintiff in self defence. The Judge declined to enter judgment for the defendant, and the case has now been brought before the higher court on cross motions—one by the plaintiff to have a verdict for nominal damages entered for him, and that the certificate necessary to entitle plaintiff to his costs should be given; and the other by the defendant, who asked to have judgment entered for him. The decision had not been rendered at last accounts.

Clare.

On Sunday, April 30, two interesting ceremonies took place at the Pro-Cathedral, Ennis—the installation of Very Rev. Dr. Bugler, P.P., V.G., Birr, as Dean of the Diocese of Killaloe, and the conferring of the ring and esp of Doctor of Divinity on Very Rev. D. Kelly, President of the Diocesan College, Ennis. The degrees were conferred at a Solemn High Mass, *Corum Pontifice*, at 12 o'clock, at which the Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, presided. The celebrant of the High Mass was Rev. J. Carey, Adm., Ennis; Rev. P. M. O'Kelly, deacon; Rev. Father Ryan, sub-deacon; Rev. Father Clancy, master of ceremonies. Very Rev. Dr. White, P.P., V.G., was assistant priest; and Rev. Father Fitzgerald, P.P., master of ceremonies at the throne; Rev. Father Malone, P.P., V.G., and Rev. J. McMahon, P.P., Silvermines, deacons at the throne. A number of other clergymen were present.

Cork.

The funeral of Thomas Brennan started from his late residence, 10 St. Patrick's Hill, Cork, at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of May 3rd, for St. Joseph's cemetery. There was a large attendance of gentlemen representing the societies and firms with which the deceased was connected, and also a number of the members of public bodies. The Most Rev. Dr. T. A. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, officiated, and was assisted by the Right Rev. Monsignor Riordan; Very Rev. Canon Maguire, St. Finbarr's; Rev. J. O'Leary, St. Patrick's; Rev. R. Barrett, St. Patrick's; Very Rev. M. J. Moore, O.P., Prior, St. Mary's, Pope's-quay; Rev. B. Masterson, O.P., do.; Rev. J. Dwyer, O.P., do. The coffin was borne to the grave by the members of the Young Men's Society and the Sodality of the Most Holy Name.

Derry.

On the evening of April 28th, about six o'clock, an accident of a sad character happened in Magherafelt. A respectable farmer named Charles Trainor, residing in the townland of Drumsamney, about three miles from Magherafelt, having completed his business, was just about starting for home, and was holding a young horse opposite the house of James Caroy, in Bainsy

street, when the horse suddenly bolted. The shaft of the car struck Trainor a severe blow, throwing him heavily on his back, the back of his head coming in contact with the road, inflicting injuries so serious as to cause death almost instantaneously. Drs. Auterson and Montgomery were in immediate attendance, and did all they could, but no avail. Deceased was unmarried, and was about forty years of age.

Donegal.

A trap accident at Percy Main, on the 14th of April, in which Councillor Hugh McGroarty, of Jarrow-on-Tyne, received serious injuries to the head, has unfortunately ended fatally. Mr. McGroarty succumbing to his injuries at his residence in Albert road. The deceased was a native of Donegal, and had been a resident of Jarrow for about thirty years. From working as a brick-moulder he started business on his own account as a brick manufacturer and building contractor. Gifted with great moral ability, his business prospered, and Mr. McGroarty then entered into the public life of the town. He became a member of the Town Council, Burial Board, School Board, and was an active member of the National League. He was 60 years of age, and leaves a widow and a large family.

Down.

On April 4th, at the Sacred Heart Convent of Meroy, Newry, Miss Mary Carragher, eldest daughter of Mr. Bernard Carragher, Silverbridge, was professed under the name in religion of Sister Mary Bronagh Joseph. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. McIlvern, Bishop of Dromore.

Dublin.

After a lingering illness the Rev. Edward J. O'Byrne, C.C., died on May 1st, at Amelle-les-Bains, in the Eastern Pyrenees. Some two years back Father O'Byrne's health gave way under the strain put upon it by a zeal beyond the measure of his strength, and by a devotion to duty which was one of his marked characteristics. Home care having failed to check the draining away of his strength, he went, under medical advice, to Amelle-les-Bains, where there were for a time symptoms of reviving health; but a few weeks back the invalid, recognizing the inevitable, arranged to return to die in his Irish home. But it pleased God to require the last sacrifice, and a Pyrenean cemetery will hold the mortal remains of as true a priest, and as high and sterling a character as an Irish home has ever given to the service of the Altar. Born near Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and turning with his earliest impulses to the sanctuary, he made his ecclesiastical studies in the Diocesan Seminary at Clonliffe, and in the College of the Propaganda, Rome. His first mission was in the parish of Fairview, whence, after a term of about two years, he was transferred to St. Paul's, Arran quay, with special duties towards the inmates of the North Dublin Union, in which vast aggregation of poverty and suffering he found a field of labor according to his own heart. It was his arduous labor in this field that undermined his health, and led to his early death.

Galway.

A breach of promise case, in which society west of the Shannon and the officials of a large public department whose headquarters are in Dublin, are much interested, will, it is stated, come before a special jury in Trinity Term. The lady who is the plaintiff is the daughter of a gentleman in the Commission of the Peace for the Western county, who has filled an important post in the same service as the defendant. The "Fivins" sued by "Angolins" in the case is not unused to appearing in courts, but he generally occupies another position to that which he will adorn next month if the efforts of mutual friends do not in the meantime succeed in settling the case without the assistance of an able and eloquent Bar and an intelligent and discriminating jury.

Kerry.

A man named John Owens, employed as foreman fitter in the locomotive department at Mallow Junction, was found dead on the "six-foot-way," at the south side of the station, early on the morning of May 5th. He had a wound on the forehead which caused a fracture of the head, and his right leg was broken. It is surmised that while crossing the line he fell against one of the timber blocks supporting the connecting rods, and being rendered insensible, was struck by a passing train or engine, and killed.

Meekness.

At the last meeting of the Urlingford Board of Guardians the resignation of Dr. Thompson was accepted and the Board unanimously granted him a retiring allowance of two-thirds of his salary. Dr. Thompson has been medical officer of the Union for more than half a century, and by his care and attention to the poor had earned the esteem of all classes. His successor, Dr. Cormack, is a young gentleman eminently qualified to take up the duties, and has already won a reputation for medical skill and zealous devotion to his patients that augurs well for his future career.

King's County.

There is at present on view at Mr. Spence's fine art gallery, Lower O'Connell street, Dublin, a portrait of the Very Rev.

Dean Bugler, P.P., V.G., Birr, which is intended to be pronounced to the venerable Dean by his parishioners. The portrait has been painted by Mr. Darius MacEgan, and is in everything that constitutes a fine picture an admirable work of art.

Limerick.

On Sunday, April 30th, a young man, residing in the Abbey, Limerick, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. It appears that the man had been drinking, and made the attempt on his life while suffering from the excitement of a domestic quarrel. He was treated at Barrington's Hospital, but the wound is not considered dangerous.

Mayo.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, one of the members of the Congested District Board, lately visited some parts on the north coast of Mayo. He coasted in the gunboat which is at the disposal of the Congested District Board, and landed at Invar, Portacloy and other places. The object of his visit was to make observations in connection with the fishery on the north coast.

Meath.

A pretty wedding was witnessed by a small number of friends at the private chapel attached to Follaton House, on Monday morning, April 24th, when Cecilia Mary, daughter of Mr. E. Stanley-Caroy, J. P., of Follaton, Tones, was led to the hymeneal altar by Thomas Boylan, son of the late Mr. Thomas Boylan, of Hilltown, Drogheda, County Meath. The ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Catholic Church by the Right Rev. Dr. Graham, Bishop of Cinnamos (Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth), who had the assistance of the Rev. Father Hamilton, O. S. B.; Rev. Father Denys, and two acolytes from Buckfast Abbey.

Tipperary.

District-Inspector McCauley has been transferred from Killenault to Abbeyfeale, and District-Inspector Huddy from Abbeyfeale to Killenault.

Waterford.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Edward Walsh, a promising young Waterford man, who died at his residence in Manor street, on April 28th. Mr. Walsh was engaged in the telegraph department of the General Post Office, Dublin, having passed very creditably in the competitive examination held prior to his obtaining the appointment. He was highly respected by everyone with whom, either in a professional or social way, he became acquainted, and the respected cortege following his remains to Knockboy was a proof of his popularity.

Wexford.

We record with regret the death of Mrs. Bridget O'Reilly, wife of Mr. Wm. O'Reilly, Lower Church street, Eamiscorthy, which took place at her residence on May 2. On the 4th her interment took place at Garryusk, and the funeral was largely and respectably attended.

League of the Cross.

Yesterday demonstrated the fact that the League of the Cross in St. Paul's parish is a great success. Notwithstanding the tempting weather the hall was crowded. Although practising but a short time, the singing of the litanies reflected much credit upon the energy and persistence of the participants, and augurs well for the near future. The sodality expects to be able to take a very prominent part in the Corpus Christi exercises. Rev. Father Hand, the rector, expressed his very great pleasure with the progress made. The sodality, having been invited to participate in the World's Fair convention of total abstinence societies, the secretary, Mr. W. H. Cahill, was chosen to represent the sodality there. The programme at the close of the business meeting was of a very high order, Messrs. Wallbridge, Sullivan, O'Keefe, and Cahill taking part therein.—*Globe*, May 22nd.

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

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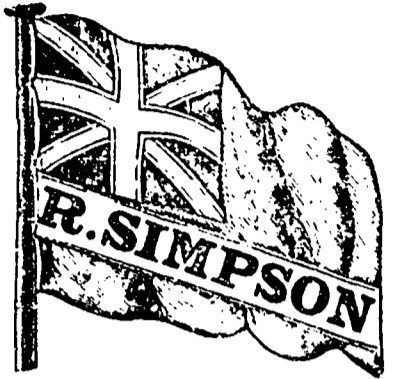
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. Tuesday, June 6th, at the office of the company for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board,
C. C. WOOD, Manager.
Toronto, 19th April, 1893. 17-i



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BRIGHTER and better than the welcome sunshine of May are the Building Sale Bargains of this store. They're great.

- Summer Corsets, sizes 20, 21, 22, 23, were 81
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- 7-Hook Lacing Kid Gloves, black and colors, bright, clean stock 75c, were 81
- Muslin Aprons, 25c, were 40c
- Ladies' genuine Lisle Gloves, 25c
- Ladies' Suede Lisle Gloves, 35c
- Children's Cuff Gloves, lisle, 20c
- Ladies' Lisle Cuff Gloves, 25c
- Ladies' Silk Cuff Gloves, 60c
- See our Dollar Parasol, beats all comers.
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- Ladies' Natural Wool Underwear, 65c, were 90c
- Men's Natural Wool Underwear, 65c, were 90c
- Men's White Unlaundered Shirts, 40c, were 55c
- Men's Four in Hand and Bow Tie-wear, 30c, were 35c
- Men's Four in Hand Ties, two in one, 30c
- English Prints, washable, 5c
- Handsome Sateens, 12 1/2c, were 20c
- Roller Towelling, 18-in., 6c
- Glass Towelling, 5c
- Butcher's Linen, 40-inch, 10c
- Table Covers, Tapestry, 5x4, \$2.25
- Whipcord Dress Stuffs, 50c
- 42-in. Popeline Pointels, 60c, were 75c
- 42-in. Roman Cord, 60c, were 75c
- 44-in. Henriettes, 24c, were 45c
- Ladies' Fongee Pure Silk, 30c, were 45c
- Pure Shot Silks, 65c, were 85c
- 22-in. black Gros grain, heavy and durable, 55c
- Ladies' Button Boots, tip or plain, \$1; biggest value in footwear anywhere.
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- Men's Oxford Shoes, tan, \$1.20
- Men's Gooeyear Waukenphants, 82

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THE BELFAST RIOTS.

On Friday evening, April 28th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Sexton asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland what were the material facts relating to the rioting in Belfast and the measures adopted for the restoration of order; what explanation was given of the uninterrupted smashing of windows in North street last Friday night in presence of a body of police, the wrecking and looting of Connolly's house on Saturday night while 150 constables were stationed within a few yards, and the absence of police from the Queen's Island on Monday at the time when many of the Catholic workmen were assaulted, and all of them were expelled, the fact that such attacks and expulsion were in pursuance of a resolution adopted at a meeting held the previous Saturday having meanwhile become publicly known, what was the number of Catholic workpeople driven out of employment, and how many had been allowed to return to their occupations; how many houses had been attacked and damaged by the rioters; how many soldiers, constables, and workmen and other civilians had suffered physical injury; how many arrests had been effected, and what sentences had been imposed; whether the daily procession from the Queen's Island through the city of workmen armed with sticks and bars, throwing iron missiles and stones into the houses of Catholics, would be any longer permitted; and, why the police were withdrawn from the route of this procession last Wednesday. The hon. member, holding up a piece of a large iron bolt having a knob at the end, also asked whether that was not a fair specimen of the kind of missile which was dashed through the windows of the Catholic population. (Nationalist cheers).

Mr. Morley replied in the affirmative. As far as the missile which had been shown to the House was concerned, he believed it was the kind of thing, with rivets and nuts, which somehow or other found their way out of the works. In answer to the second part of the question, he might say that the smashing of windows was not uninterrupted. The police interfered promptly, and succeeded in driving each of the contending parties to its own quarters. The mischief at Connolly's house, which it was an exaggeration to call wrecking and looting, was done by a running and flying mob, who were being pursued by the police. The police put out the fire, which the mob attempted to kindle as they passed, and they dispersed the mob. If the police had not been both present and active, there was every reason to suppose that Connolly's house would have been sacked. As for the absence of the police from Queen's Island on Monday morning, the proceedings at breakfast-time were not at all of a serious character, and consisted chiefly of blows with the fists and cuts. The whole affair did not last two minutes. In his opinion operations on the part of the police would have been deemed to be a demonstration of provocation, and would in the long run have done more harm than good (hear, hear). After what had occurred at the breakfast hour, and in case of the further disturbances at dinner, a force of military and police was stationed along the road, and remained there for the protection of any who might need it. The Government had no means at their disposal for ascertaining how many persons had been driven from their employment.

Mr. Sexton—It is not well-known that there are 500 Catholics usually employed on Queen's Island, all of whom are out of work? (Opposition cries of "Order," and Home Rule cheers.)

Mr. Morley said the Government, at all events, had no means of ascertaining how many Catholic workmen were employed at the Queen's Island

works; nor had they been informed that they had been driven out. In any case, many of both religions, not only in Queen's Island, but in the manufactories in Belfast, voluntarily absented themselves from work only to the extent of the last few days; but, undoubtedly, a large number of Catholic workers were thrown out of employment owing to the compulsion of their Protestant fellow-workers. Many affrays took place between women at the mills and factories, and the police saved a great number of assaults. They separated the combatants, and although they took their names, they thought that the best policy in the case of those Amazonian squabbles would be to disperse and protect, and not to arrest them. As for the Government insisting upon the restoration of the Catholic workers to their employment they could not prevent the Protestant workers from demanding, if they were so minded, the expulsion of the Catholic or other unpopular workers. The Government could only give protection, and trust to the energy of public opinion in Belfast, and to resolute action on the part of the employers, neither of which he was bound to say had been wanting on this occasion. (Opposition cheers.) Many persons were understood to have returned to their employment, and it was hoped that in a few days the bitterness would be allayed, and in the meantime, any too active interference by the police would be injudicious and would do more harm than good. Three public houses were attacked, windows were broken, and some bottles were stolen, but the police were in time to prevent those attacks from becoming more serious. Some expensive plate glass windows were broken in about twenty houses. No case of injury to a soldier had been reported. One constable was seriously injured at Queen's Island, his temple being fractured by a blow from an iron bolt like that shown by the hon. member. No case of serious injury to a civilian had been reported, but a number had received medical attendance and treatment for cuts and bruises. As to the arrests, it was found very difficult to distinguish precisely between arrests connected with this particular disturbance and arrests for general disturbance, but they were doing their best to have an accurate return prepared. Meantime, forty-five persons had been arrested and a large number were still in custody on remand. Of those already dealt with some were imprisoned for periods of two and one month without the option of a fine, and others were fined, and eight were discharged. It was the habit of the workmen at all times to march in bodies from the works to their homes, and while acting in accordance with this usual habit they would not be interfered with (cheers). But when a portion of these workmen threw stones and broke glass, or committed assaults, it would be the duty of the police to disperse those who were guilty of such conduct—(Ministerial cheers)—and arrest the ring-leaders, as was done last Tuesday night when twenty-five arrests were made. The police were not withdrawn, but in the exercise of the discretion of those in command, their positions were so varied as to enable them to act with greater efficiency. As to the measures to be taken by the authorities for the better protection of Belfast it would be prejudicial to enter into details as to the measures to be adopted in the use of the military and police for the restoration of order. He could only assure his hon. friend that those measures were the best that careful forethought and experience could suggest. It was right to add that though there have been painful and regrettable exhibitions of violent and unmanly spirit, on the other hand, the local leaders on both sides seemed to have made active and honourable efforts in the cause of

peace and order, which they might now regard as having been satisfactorily established. (Cheers.)

Mr. Sexton inquired how it was that Inspector Settle, who had charged the riotous crowd, had been removed from his station. (Irish cheers.) He wished also to know what reply had been sent to the letter addressed to him by the committee in Belfast formed for the protection of the houses, lives and property of the Catholics, in which it was declared that the want of confidence in the local police by the administration had been confirmed by recent disturbances and riots—(Opposition cries of "Oh," and Irish cheers)—and in which it was asked that the charge of the police should be placed in the hands of a capable officer free from local influence (Irish cheers.) He also asked whether the right hon. gentleman had observed the proceedings in the Belfast Custody Court, when a prominent Orangeman was allowed to address the Court on behalf of the accused—(Irish cheers)—and to threaten the Bench that if heavy sentences were imposed old wounds would be reopened; and whether the Commissioner of Police sat on the bench—(Irish cheers and Opposition cries of "Order")—and delivered therefrom a speech in the nature of evidence, after conference with the prominent Orangemen, in which he urged the adjudicating magistrates to remand the cases. He desired to know whether steps would be taken to prevent unauthorised persons from interfering with the proceedings of the courts, and to ensure that the Commissioner of Police should not deliver speeches from the bench, but give the evidence in the witness-box (Irish cheers).

Mr. Vincent asked whether the attention of the right hon. gentleman had been called to the admirable handling of the Belfast police on April 4, when the great masses of the people were demonstrating in favour of the Union (Opposition cheers).

Mr. Arnold Forster also asked whether the right hon. gentleman was aware that Mr. McKinnan, the Orangeman, had been appointed to represent the residents of the threatened districts, and that he only asked the magistrates, in consideration of the quiet state of the city on the previous night, and the fact that the residents of Shankhill district had formed themselves into special constables to preserve the peace—(Irish cries of "Oh," and Opposition cheers)—whether he would adjourn the cases, whether the Commissioner of Police stated that he was willing to assist him and meet him half way, and that he was entitled to the thanks of the entire town for his services. He inquired whether the right hon. gentleman could confirm a telegram which he had received to the effect that a considerable number of Catholics out of employment would go back now under the protection of the Protestant workers—(Irish laughter and Opposition cheers)—and whether he was aware that a manifesto had been largely circulated throughout Belfast by representatives of the Irish Nationalist Federation, in which it was stated that the Orange Lodge of No. 9 district of the Grand Orange Lodge of Belfast had endeavoured once again to deluge the streets of the city with blood—(Opposition cheers)—and whether in view of the efforts now being made to calm public feeling in Belfast, he considered that utterances of that kind were calculated to achieve that object (Opposition cheers).

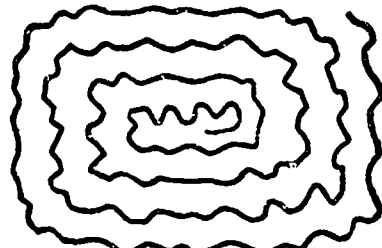
Mr. Morley submitted that the questions which the right hon. member had just put to him were rather an abuse of the purpose of questions (Opposition cries of "Oh" and "Sexton"). He meant that questions put in that form were clearly not questions put for the purpose of getting information from a Minister, but for giving infor-

mation to a Minister (Irish cheers and Opposition cries of "Sexton").

Mr. Arnold Forster asked if he were out of order in referring definitely to statements grossly affecting the character of his constituents (Opposition cheers).

The Speaker could not say that the hon. member was out of order, because the questions seemed to arise out of others which had been put to the Chief Secretary (Opposition cheers).

Mr. Morley said with regard to the telegram he believed it was true. As to Mr. Settle, he was a most meritorious officer, whose services during the disturbances had been of great value. Whatever change had taken place in his position was certainly not of a penal character, but on the contrary. As to the letter addressed to him by the Catholic Bishop of Belfast and other gentlemen, it contained four allegations of fact, and, so far as he had yet gone, three out of the four were without foundation (Opposition cheers). The plans made by the police were made by men of the greatest experience and foresight, and with the most absolute impartiality. He was unable without further inquiry to say what took place in the custody court, but he must remind his hon. friend that Mr. Singleton, the Town Commissioner, was a magistrate, and was entitled to sit on the bench. He was in communication with him, and if his hon. friend desired to renew this question on a later day he could do so, and he should be willing to answer it (cheers).



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"Ulster" to Lord Salisbury.

The Daily Chronicle publishes the following verses from the facile pen of a Nationalist M.P., a sorry May Day thome.

My Lord, we hope your heart is glad;
We've done our best to make it so;
And what a pleasant time we've had
Tis only right to let you know.
We've taken every tip we got
From Churchill and from Chamberlain;
We've let the Papists have it hot,
And we shall do the same again.
In Harland's yards the sport began;
We rushed the rebels out pell-mell;
We stoned the rascals, boy and man;
We clubbed and kicked them when they fell.
Of course, as we were ten to one,
It was not very hard to do—
We wished you could have seen the run
As you had given the view halloo!
But there is news more cheering still,
The best you've heard for many a day—
Our Orange girls from every mill
Have chased the Popish girls away.
They leat them off with thumps and thracks,
They drove them down from floor and stair,
They tore the clothes from off their backs,
They pulled out handfuls of their hair.
The grandest sight of all was when
Down through the town our heroes dashed,
And missiles, flung by loyal men,
Through Papists' doors and windows crashed.
And if we sacked, and fired, or wrecked
A Home Rule public-house or two,
What else could friends or foes expect
From Orangemen so brave and true?
With all respect, my Lord, we think
You would have liked to see our boys,
While swilling down the plundered drink,
Indulge their wild but simple joys;
And hear them as they staggered home
Triumphant from each merry scene,
Cursing Gladstone and the Pope of Rome,
And strive to sing "God save the Queen!"
Well, if some Papist heads we broke,
Of you no mortal can complain;
When you and your dear nephew spoke,
'Twas in an "academic" strain.
When next you wish to start the ball,
And make the nuts and rivets fly,
You will not need to speak at all,
But simply "wink the other eye."
House of Commons, May 1. T. D. S.

SNAKE AND TARANTULA.

Rarely has the secular press the moral courage to probe the social ulcers of our times with unflinching scalpel. Catering to a clientele, whom to please is its first aim the secular press usually seeks to be of the popular side. As a rule it criticizes to suit the taste and opinions of its readers. We are glad to point a notable exception in a recent editorial article of the St. Louis Republic. "Mark Twain Kills a Boy" is its title. It is worth reproduction:

"Few men have done more to corrupt the youth of this country than Mr. Samuel M. Clemens. No doubt "Peck's Bad Boy" has done its share of harm but it is altogether probable that where one boy has been demoralized by it at least three have been depraved by reading Mark Twain's stories written to illustrate the author's view that to escape being "a Sunday school milk-slop" a boy must be a fit candidate for the work-house. The influence of this view on the boys is illustrated by yesterday's despatches from Mound City, Mo., where a merchant shot a burglar engaged in robbing his store. The burglar proved to be the young son of one of the leading citizens of the place and he confessed that he and ten other boys had founded an ath-bound robber's league based on suggestions from Tom Sawyer. Before the pistol shot put an end to their operations they had committed a series of robberies that had caused great excitement in the neighborhood.

The boy who was shot is dead of the wound and if the Coroner's jury returns a verdict it will be that he died to his death by the hands of Samuel L. Clemens who killed him for a certain sum of money obtained by the sale of a demoralizing and vicious book called the Adventures of Tom Sawyer, the said book having for its purpose that demonstration of the theory that no man can be really good or great without having been a most extraordinary ruffian and blackguard in his youth.

"It is an unfortunate fact that such stories as Tom Sawyer are read with

avidity by boys at a time when they are most impressionable and a man of the persuasive power possessed by Mr. Clemens is too frequently able to convince them that to win the respect of mankind they must begin by being ruffians and toughs to the utmost extent of their talents. From the standpoint of the heroes of these books the boy who has been bred a gentleman must get rid of all ideas of decency and decorum before he is fit to be the associate of the ideal boys whom Mr. Clemens chooses for his heroes. If a father finds "Tom Sawyer" or any other book of the "Tom Sawyer" class in his house he should take it in the tongs and through it behind the fire. It is a worse thing to have in the house than a snake or tarantula."

Yes Mark Twain did kill a boy. But push the inquiry farther: Didn't Mark Twain kill the soul of a boy? How many souls has Mark Twain killed? Mark Twain has gained a great reputation as a "funny" writer. But his "fun" has always been destructive. His works are a literature of irreverence. He has spared nothing. The most sacred things human and divine have been made the object of his jest. He has held up man and God to ridicule. He has over-estimated the world from the standpoint of disorder, a standpoint essentially diabolical. He points out to his readers the broken relations of things. This occasions laughter when the deeper harmony underlying is not perceived. But when the true relation, that should exist and only does not exist through the perversity to ignorance of men, is apprehended, then tears swell to the eyes. Men thus weep; it is no longer ridiculous, but sad and pitiable. A crowd in the street will laugh at the plight of a drunken man. But look deeper. The rational creature has drowned his reason! Look further; the beast passion of the man reaches into the soul of his wife and children, sears them with its own infernal fire, perhaps destroys them. But the literature of irreverence never looks deeper. It laughs and jeers. This the devil himself does. The demons in Hell can laugh, and when they laugh, angels weep.

Strange—strange coming from the mouth of secularism—to see the Republic advising fathers of families to consign literature of the "Tom Sawyer" class to the flames. That is Catholic ethics. Consign all snake and tarantula literature to the flames. The Church ever the vigilant guardian of morals establishes a special tribunal to guard against literature of this kind.

When a book vicious in doctrine or morals dangerous to public or private morals issues from the dragon mouth of the modern printing press she at once stamps it with the seal of her reprobation and warns her children against it. This is the function of the Sacred Congregation of the Index. But secularism has stopped its ears to the warning voice of the Guardian of men's souls, and lo! the creature of snake and tarantula literature come swarming out of every nook and cranny. Boys are killed, souls are killed by thousands.—Church Progress.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

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"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effective in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."—Charles J. Booth, Olivebrook, Pasadena P. O. Cal.
"I have been selling Ayer's medicines for eight years and can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other."—J. J. Perry, Spotsylvania C. H., Va.
"I consider Ayer's Pills superior to any other."—Dr. George P. Spencer, Unity, N. H.
"I use Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them to be safe, mild, and efficient."—Dr. Charles Ryan, Elma, Miss.

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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

May 25—Pentecost Thursday St Gregory, Pope, Confessor.
 26—Pentecost Friday, Ember Day. S. Philip Neri, Confessor.
 27—Pentecost Saturday, Ember Day. S. John I., Pope, Martyr.
 28—Trinity Sunday. S. Urban I., Pope, Martyr.
 29—S. Boniface, Pope, Confessor.
 30—S. Felix I., Pope, Martyr.
 31—S. Angela Mericia, Virgin.

Anglicanism.

Although Englishmen do not always display the courage of their convictions, still in many things they are courageous, as for example in a question of England against the world. Whether in theology or politics the world take one position and their country the opposite, we always know upon which side to find the Englishman. It is his not to be dismayed. A curious example of this is given in a celebration which was held last month at Winchester in Hampshire, England. April the 8th was the eight hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the Winchester Cathedral, whose opening was celebrated by Norman bishops, monks and secular clergy in 1098. That is a late date—nearly thirty years after the conquest of William—to bring down the continuity of Anglicanism. The event is thus commented upon by *The Church Times*: "On April 8th, 1098, the Cathedral Church of Winchester was solemnly dedicated, and the eight hundredth anniversary of that great event was commemorated within its walls, portions of which were standing eight centuries ago. The preachers, the Dean of Winchester and the Bishop of Newcastle, could not do otherwise than dwell on one especial aspect of the festival, the witness of those venerable walls to the wonderful continuity of the Church of England. 'Where,' asked the Dean, 'would be found a better symbol of the continuity and the corporate life of the Church of England than in the record of eight hundred years, during which our countrymen have worshipped there?' No one who has learned to prize liturgical worship can without emotion remember that the prayers he hears to-day have been heard by myriads of Churchmen of preceding generations not only in England, but in other parts of christendom."

A writer in the *Tablet* points out other lessons to be learned from the celebration in question—lessons which have true history for their teacher. Winchester, like the kingdom of Wessex, of which it was the capital, owed its ecclesiastical foundation to a special mission sent directly from the Pope himself. The Venerable Bede tells us that the West Saxons at that time (A.D. 685), embraced the faith of Christ at the preaching of Bishop Britan, "who came into Britain by the advice of Pope Honorius, having

promised in his presence that he would sow the seed of the holy faith in the inner parts of the dominions of the English, where no other teacher had been before him." In 648 the Minister was "blessed in the name of St. Peter." The same Pope writes to the Saxon King, Edwy: "We have sent two palli to the two Metropolitans, Honorius and Paulinus, to the intent that when either of them shall be called out of this life the other may by this authority of ours substitute another Bishop in his place." Such is the historical commission of a Pope who had no doubt whatever of his authority over England. It was from Winchester that St. Boniface began his apostolate of Germany. In 718 he set out for Rome with letters from his Bishop. And Pope Gregory II. commissioned him "to go forth in the name of the Indivisible Trinity, by the inviolable authority of Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, with the dispensation of whose doctrinal teaching we are charged, and the place of whose sacred see we administer." This same Boniface takes an oath of fealty to the Prince of the Apostles, and his Vicar, "to show in all things my faith, purity and co-operation to thee, and to the interests of thy Church, to which was given by the Lord the power of binding and loosing, and to thy Vicar and to his successors."

What continuity exists between men teaching and practising as Sts. Birinus and Boniface and the modern clergy of the Church of England, who subscribe to the formula that "the Pope hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England?" Is this the continuity which Mr. Langtry insists upon against his Presbyterian brethren? But even supposing there is continuity, it proves very little. The real ground of all pastoral power lies not in the valid ordination or consecration, but in the Divine commission, which can only be granted by a lawfully constituted central authority. If English orders are valid, if that continuity exists, then the English Church bishops and clergymen are real bishops and priests, like the Donatist and Nestorian clergymen, nothing more. Valid ordination is something, but by no means everything. It is the root of the tree; but the commission is the trunk and the branches. One might as well expect to gather fruit at the root of the tree as look for true pastoral power in mere valid ordination. But the gravest doubts rest upon the validity of English orders. Rome never acknowledged them, as she would those of an Eastern schismatic. The Greek Church never acknowledged them, although Anglicans have sought recognition at their hands. So doubtful were some of the English Church clergymen themselves that they resorted to the Old Catholics for a conditional reiteration of baptism, confirmation and ordination, and a few for Episcopal consecration. The association was known as that of the Corporate Union. But, like all bodies of that kind, it either tended towards the only centre of unity or scattered into unknown spheres of inefficient weakness and solitude. Rome received some of them, others drifted away.

Any man looking for continuity must require continuity, not only of

ordination, but of commission. If the former is not valid the latter cannot be given; if the latter is wanting, ordination puts a hireling where there should be a shepherd, and gives a stone when the children ask for bread. Of two things, one—either the Protestant principle of private interpretation and the overthrow of all ecclesiastical authority, or the one Catholic Roman Church. There is no middle term. Any other position is untenable, by reason of its arrogant pretension, its illogical principles and its solitary weakness. It is England against the world.

The Young Ladies' Entertainment.

When young ladies undertake to do anything in which taste is to be displayed they generally succeed. And one of the latest as also one of the most marked successes was the very pleasant entertainment last Thursday evening under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Catholic Literary Society in the Academy of Music. The programme was choice, the audience small but distinguished, and the selections tasteful and well done. We were very much taken with the singing of Mr. Jarvis, not only by reason of his cultivated voice, but especially by the sweet ballad in the first part—'Rory Darlin'. No songs are so full of tender feeling, so musical and touching as the songs of our fatherland. How young people can throw them aside for the meaningless, unmusical ditties of to-day is incomprehensible. The traditions, the spirit and character of a people live in their songs—and no people have sung with such tenderness, love or pity as the Irish. Let not the flame die out.

But we turn to the central item on the programme, the lecture on Longfellow by Dr. O'Hagan. The lecturer was briefly and gracefully introduced by J. J. Foy, Esq., Q.C., who acted as chairman for this part of the entertainment. As an account appears elsewhere, we simply offer our congratulations to Dr. O'Hagan for the instructive and agreeable hour he helped us to pass. There are points about the genius and character of Longfellow we wish Mr. O'H. had touched upon; but, as he remarked himself, no one in the short space allotted to him could do justice to the subject. Longfellow to us always seemed the poet of home. Evangeline, his master-piece, is the sad story of dismantled homes and an exiled people. It gathers its deepest pathos from the shattered hopes of two young souls, who looked forward to a life together "in the forest primeval"—and the sigh of Evangeline, as she recognizes her old lover as he lies a dying, is like the moan of a wave as it breaks on the shore of "what might have been." Again the most beautiful passages of Hiawatha cluster around the wigwam that the chief prepared for the laughing Minnehaha. The burly Village Blacksmith grows soft as the molten iron in his forge when he thinks of the partner of his life, whose voice still echoes in the daughter's notes. "Resignation," "The Children's Hour," and many others are the songs of a bard who loved home, who found poetry in the tick of the

Clock upon the Stair, and who heard "The Footsteps of Angels" when

"Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 danced upon the parlour wall."

Another point in Longfellow is the Catholic sentiment in his subjects and characters. It was indirectly, but tastefully touched upon by Dr. O'Hagan in his selections from Evangeline and in his recitation of Robert of Sicily. We wish that he had dwelt more fully upon it, and had quoted that most beautiful passage of Evangeline, in which Father Felician addressed his flock "in accents measured and mournful." Gentle was the character of Longfellow, and tender was he in his genius as the soft light of a summer evening, so that one need not be astonished that in his travels through Europe he imbibed a warm admiration for our religion, which touches the softest as well as the strongest chords in the human heart.

Miss Dunn recited with her usual taste and happy interpretation of her subjects.

We close with warm congratulations to the Society under whose auspices the entertainment was given, and express the hope that the next will be more generously patronized. It is the young men's turn next. Where are they? Catholicity affords the richest field for literary culture and refining influence.

Ireland at the World's Fair.

The deep and persevering interest that Lady Aberdeen takes in the Irish village at Chicago, and in every thing Irish both at home and abroad, is a marvel to many. How a Countess, not of Irish birth—lineage, should identify herself with the very poorest of the tenant classes, and advocate their cause and extol their virtues, besides advertising their simple industries, and creating a world-wide sympathy in the efforts they are making to cast off the incubus of foreign Legislation—how a high-born Lady of Scottish origin and Protestant training and profession can do all this (and do it zealously and enthusiastically, and from her whole, generous, big heart) must be a puzzle to the cold, unsympathetic world we live in.

While presiding over Ireland's Exhibit at the World's Fair, Lady Aberdeen leaves nothing undone or unsaid that may attract attention or infuse all hearts with a share of her own admiration and love for Ireland and the Irish. She presented President Cleveland with a bunch of shamrocks and a blackthorn stick. She delivered, in well chosen sentences and in presence of America's most distinguished orator, her views and theories about Ireland's humble estate and England's responsibility before God and the world for all that she has suffered in the past.

May 10, was announced as the opening day of the Irish Village exhibition, and thither bent their steps thousands of anxious sight-seers. Lady Aberdeen played the role of host, and was most affable, genial and courteous to her numerous guests. While directing their attention to the varied and finely executed exhibits of knitted jerseys, Limerick lace and filigreed embroidery used in ecclesiastical vestments, the noble lady apologised for

the absence of the wealth and magnificence, that distinguished the art galleries of other nations. She assured the interested visitors that her Irish Village is not as joy giving to herself as she would wish. It was a foul blot, she repeated, on the name and reputation of England as a civilizing power that the sister country was left so far behind other kingdoms in the race for wealth and national prosperity. It was a shame, and she could not withhold the expression of it, that the Ireland of the Brehon Laws, the land of music, literature and the arts, should have, as its chief feature at a world's Exposition, a score of dairymaids, knitters and spinners. No more convincing proof, however, could be put forward favouring a change of administration and self government for the Irish people than the modest poverty of her Irish village, and the excellence attained in every branch of industry and manufacture by her proteges when given an opportunity for display of ingenuity and talent of a superior order.

But Ireland has been for too long a period sleeping, as the Countess declared, "under the influence of English drugs." Now has the day dawned and the hour struck when, giant-like, she must arise from her dormant position and boldly stand forth as an independent, self-governed nation.

Lady Aberdeen, having impressed views like these on the thousands of visitors in whispers, as well as from the top of a chair in half-a-dozen speeches, lifted the embargo and then the amusements began. Every one was glancing at Blarney Castle. There it stood in the centre of the village, as brave and grand as the ivied original on the banks of the River Lee. There were pipers and jig-dancers, fiddlers and singers and black-thorns. There was sweet butter. There were emblems of Erin, made of bog oak, and jerseys and socks and handkerchiefs and scarfs, not to talk of the beautiful lace which girls from Limerick and Monaghan worked off with their fairy fingers to the delight and envy of dainty Irish-American girls, who wondered how these real Irish lasses did it.

Aside from all this there was an exhibit of genuine Irish hospitality. One of the most interesting features of Blarney Castle, and, indeed of the entire village, is the "relief" map of Ireland, made by Professor Conway, of the Marlborough College in Dublin. Other features that the visitors lingered over were the ruins of Muckross Abbey, in which is growing an elm-tree brought from Ireland. It has taken root and leaves begin to show themselves. The Rock of Cashel, on which was built the residence of the kings of Munster, was not overlooked, and every visitor brought away a souvenir from the booth of Edmund Johnson, of Dublin, who sells facsimile copies of specimens of the celebrated ancient Irish art metal work in silver, gold, bog oak and Connemara marble.

Pope Leo on Monday gave a formal reception to one thousand pilgrims from Malta. Archbishop Pace, of Rhodes, introduced the pilgrims and read an address in their behalf, to which the Pope replied in the Latin language.

Prohibition.

Again the toxin of temperance is sounding in the ranks of politics. The appeal is going forth from the platform, pulpit and press throughout the length and breadth of the land. In next January a plebiscite will be taken in order to learn the *vox populi*—what the voters, young and old, male and female, have to say about the matter in Ontario. It is well, therefore, for us to give our humble opinion on the world-wide topic. The question is not: Shall the liquor traffic, once and forever, cease, with its countless evils? It means simply: "Is it the wish of the voters that a law be passed in the Legislature of Ontario forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks?"

These are questions, practically different from one another. Should a Provincial Act be passed, it would differ from the Scott Act of woeful memory in as much as the latter restricted the sale of intoxicants in certain counties while it allowed the manufacture to go on; whereas the former would totally prohibit both sale and manufacture in Ontario. But would such a law be effectual in wiping out the crying evil of drunkenness? We fear not. On the contrary, while the evil would still exist other evils, such as duplicity, insubordination and perjury would become more common. There are bad as well as good people in Ontario, as in the world at large. And those who think that they can repress drunkenness by an Act of Parliament have a very vague idea of human nature.

There are other provinces and other countries where the manufacture and sale of liquors will be carried on; and the greed for gain, together with demand of the forbidden drink, would bring the article to thirsting lips. It would be a renewal of the confusion caused by the Scott Act, which got such a tremendous hoist after a fair trial. It is very true that legislation can do a great deal to lessen many of the evils—and they are legion—in the sale of drinks. If drunkenness is a crime, why not punish the criminal? If the bar-room habits are deterring to morals, why not change the customs of that den of iniquity? If he who sells intoxicants to those who drink to excess is guilty of a criminal offence—as he verily is—why not punish the culprit?

But they say, "The drink is essentially bad." This is not true, as a first principle, it is false; and no cause, however laudable, requires false principles. We all know full well that there are good men in every grade of society, men who were never intoxicated, to whom drink was never the occasion of sin; and yet they are not total abstainers. "Every creation of God is good," from the most deadly poison to the most health giving elixir. It is the abuse which constitutes sin. It is true that the God of nature never intended that inebriating drinks should be the constant or excessive beverage of man, who is endowed with intelligence and will. If He did, nature would provide a like drink for the other animal creatures.

It has ever been the powerful teaching of the Catholic Church that

drunkenness is a crime against the God of Society, for it is written that "those who do such things cannot possess the Kingdom of God." Temperance is a cardinal virtue, and total abstinence the perfection of temperance. The latter is not only virtue regarding intoxicants, but it is avoiding the occasion of sin. It is mortification, edification and fundamental virtue, on which other lesser virtues are built. Hence the beauty of Total Abstinence, to embrace which the Church ever encourages her children.

But drunkenness will ever exist so long as human nature exists. To totally abolish it by Parliamentary Acts is futile. As it is a moral evil, the grace of God is its only effectual remedy. The great work rests with the Church, in preaching the word of God, in supplying the means of strength against temptation, in teaching in our schools sound moral training on the virtue of temperance, in the efforts of those who never were addicted to drink. And notwithstanding all this power at work with might and main, there will still be drunkards in the world, lost to themselves, to society and to God. If prohibition legislation could really prohibit, we verily believe that all upright men would say with one accord: "Give us Prohibition"; but lest the last evil be greater than the first, we predict that it will not be carried by the majority.

Obituary.

REV. JAMES RYAN.

The *Evening Telegram* of St. John's, N. F., dated April 17th, contains the following obituary notice of the Rev. James Ryan: "The intelligence from Harbor Grace this morning of the death, in that city, of the Rev. James Ryan, was received with unaffected and genuine sorrow, though not with surprise, by his large circle of friends in this city, as well as over the greater part of the island, for with Father Ryan it was to be loved where he was known. Rev. Father Ryan was born on Baccalieu Island, and received his education in St. Bonaventure's College in this city, from which he went to the Propaganda College, Rome, and there finished his ecclesiastical studies with great honor. After his ordination, when he returned to Newfoundland, he was for some time on the Cottle's Island Mission, but his health giving way, he was brought by his Lordship Dr. Macdonald to the cathedral, Harbor Grace, with which he was connected till his death, which occurred at nine o'clock this morning. The deceased gentleman was a nephew of Sister M. Angla, Riverhead, and of the famous preacher, Rev. Father Ryan, Toronto, and, too, like him, was gifted with so rare and singular eloquence that, had it pleased the Almighty to spare him and give him health, he would have attained in the pulpit a glory approaching that of his distinguished uncle. Combined with this great talent, Father Ryan was distinguished for an unassuming amiability and gentleness of disposition which would not permit him, though of a most delicate build and constitution, to neglect any of his priestly duties, however arduous. The Office and High Mass for the repose of his

soul will be celebrated in the Harbor Grace Cathedral on Wednesday morning next, the 19th instant, at ten o'clock. The *Telegram* sympathizes deeply with the relatives and friends of the deceased gentleman."

The deceased reverend gentleman had many friends in Canada, where he spent some months last summer recruiting his health. During his stay in Toronto he endeared himself to all who met him by his amiable and gentle manner. He made a stirring appeal at the public meeting in aid of the sufferers from the St. John's fire, and preached an eloquent sermon in St. Michael's Cathedral.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER unites with its St. John's contemporary in sympathy to the relatives of the deceased, and joins his many Catholic friends in prayer for the repose of his soul. We tender a special word of fraternal condolence to our friend and associate, Father Frank Ryan, in this his sorrow. May the soul of the fervent young priest rest in the peace of his Lord!

MRS. CATHARINE FOY.

Within the short period of our journalistic experience it has been our painful duty to notice many a name of those who had gone to join the great majority. To-day another is added to the list; and it is our sad task to record the death of one of the most respected of the Catholic ladies in Toronto. Mrs. Catharine Foy—so well known—died on Monday morning, the 22nd instant, at her residence, 188 Jarvis street. She had suffered for several years from a distressing cough; but her symptoms gave no immediate alarm until last Friday, when she was seized with a paralytic stroke. Thus was closed at the age of 72 the life of one who, for piety, charity and simplicity, is better known to the recording angels of God than to the world. She was a native of Carrick-on-Shannon, County of Leitrim, Ireland, but came out to this country early in life. In October, 1842, she married the late Patrick Foy, Esq., who preceded her to the grave twenty-five years ago. She leaves mourning her loss four sons and four daughters—amongst whom are J. J. Foy, Esq., Q.C., and John Foy, Esq., Manager of the Niagara Navigation Company.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER extends to the family its sympathy. In doing so we feel that they are not as those who mourn without hope, for the years of Mrs. Foy are full of honor and good works. May her soul rest in peace!

Trouble of a serious nature has arisen in Annam. A conflict has taken place between the French Annamite garrison at Khong and the Siamese, situated on the border between Annam and the territory of Siam. The French are reported to have been attacked by the Siamese and several officers wounded. But the Siamese disclaim all responsibility, for they have no idea of going to war with France.

United States Department officials are concerned at the news from Japan to the effect that American and other foreign missionaries are being treated with violence and indignity. No official reports have been received, and it is hoped these advices are exaggerated.

CARDINAL LOGUE.

Cardinal Logue visited lately St. Mary's College, Dundalk, and replied as follows to the address which the students presented to his Eminence: Very Rev. Fathers and my dear young friends, you have laid me under a very deep debt of gratitude by the kind sentiments you have expressed in this beautiful address. It is but natural that I should take a lively interest in this house, as it is one of the greatest institutions in my diocese. We have here a number of young Irishmen gathered together for a very useful purpose—to make a way for themselves through life, to improve themselves, and to acquire that knowledge which in this world is now so necessary. Our young men in Ireland have nothing to depend on except their brains. There are not many openings for the employment of Catholic talent except the ways we open to ourselves. It is only by taking advantage of the facilities afforded us and by improving our every opportunity that we can expect to gain a position in the world. We are liable to a little pride now and then, and pride is allowable when it is in the interest of the young. Old men often get ambitious, not for themselves but for the young. We like to see the Catholic boys of Ireland hold their own in the competitions of the land, and when the boys of this College go in for the Intermediate or the University examinations, let us hope they won't be last in the race. Some of them, I trust, will be first. From experience I can assert that Irish boys are second to none in talent, and that they are able to hold their own, and I think if they were pitted against England, they would still hold their own. My dear young friends, I have a conviction on my mind that in whatever else the English surpass us they do not surpass us in talent, and, if these Intermediate and other examinations were open to the whole British Empire, I am thoroughly convinced that we would hold our own against the world. (Applause.) I have had long experience of College life, both as a pupil and teacher, and I had an opportunity of meeting generations of students, and from my experience I can state that the only way to succeed is by industry and perseverance. There is no very great difference in talent between one boy and another. I was not prepared to agree with this principle at first when I was told it by an old professor at Weymouth, but now I know it to be true. The whole secret is diligence. We have an instance of this in the great English statesman, of whom everyone is speaking, Mr. Gladstone. (Applause.) He acknowledges himself that the great secret of his success in life was his diligence. And to-day, even in the midst of the cares of State, and with a burden upon his shoulders that would overpower many a young man, he publishes literary works which astonish the world. He was a famous man at Oxford in his time, and carried off the "Ipsley First," a prize which is very rarely taken. The other day I read in a public newspaper an instance of Mr. Gladstone's remarkable diligence. He called on a friend one day. During the conversation, his friend withdrew to the library for a volume, to which he had occasion to refer. He found, on returning, that his visitor had taken a book from his pocket and was studying. You see this great man would not allow two or three minutes to slip uselessly by. I hope, my dear young friends, that you will apply yourselves to your work. Be diligent in your lessons, and earnest in your recreations. Recreation is necessary to relieve the mind, to keep it elastic, and ready to receive new impressions. So, if you want to make a name, you must apply yourselves to your work during your stay in this College. I was led into this train of thought by one of the motives which I set before you.

Since I am interested in this institution I am particularly anxious that you should all be able to maintain with honour your position in life. Make, then, a good beginning, for everything depends upon the start. Start well with your studies. Keep this motive before your minds—do everything with an object, and work with perseverance and moderation. You are now engaged in profitable work; your opportunities are worthy of being improved; you are under the guidance of excellent priests who are well schooled in the art of educating others; if you co-operate with them you will not only bring fame to yourselves but likewise reflect credit on your country. (Cheers.) If you correspond with the efforts of your professors you will find that your time will pass very pleasantly and happily, so that in after years you will look back to the days spent here as the best days of your lives. As far as I am concerned I shall always be happy to congratulate you when you are successful, and shall be just as anxious for the credit of the College as the priests and professors who have it under their charge.

Discovery of Syriac Gospels.

Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the *Independent*, thus gives the story of the finding of the palimpsest of the Syriac Gospels in the convent library on Mount Sinai last winter.

Mrs. Lewis, a friend of English scholars, was the lucky discoverer. Mrs. Lewis, it seems, was desirous of exploring the many valuable manuscripts in the monastery library at Mount Sinai. She obtained a letter of introduction from Professor J. Rendel Harris, of Cambridge University, England, who had made several trips to Mount Sinai, and was well acquainted with the monks there.

Armed with the introduction, Mrs. Lewis and her sister went to the monastery. Being thorough Greek scholars they soon ingratiated themselves into the good will of the monks there and were allowed perfect freedom in the monastery library. It was while thus searching for curiosities that Mrs. Lewis came across the palimpsest. The leaves were stuck together and generally decayed, but by means of steam the leaves were separated. Mrs. Lewis at once recognized the Cureton Gospels beneath the heavy writing. She made about 400 photographs and hastened to return to England with her discovery.

There the identification was confirmed by Professors Harris, Bensly and Burkitt by aid of the photographs. The Gospels will be edited by Mrs. Lewis, with the help of Professors Harris, Bensly and Burkitt. The latter gentlemen have been for some weeks in the Sinai monastery studying the manuscript.

The Gospels stands in the order, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; the colophon to John intimates that this is the end of the "Separate Gospels." There are no last twelve verses of Mark. This information comes from Professor Harris, dated Suez, March 30, to his friend Isaac H. Hall, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Professor Harris asks that the information be given to the *Independent*.

Mrs. Lewis' discovery ranks next in importance to the discovery of the Greek Codex Sinaiticus of the Bible by Tischendorf in 1859 among a number of discoveries in the convent library at Mount Sinai. The reason for none of these discoveries being made by the monks is said to be due to the fact that they are not scholars in Syriac.

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Assets, December 31, 1892, over	2,253,984

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

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000. Subscribed Capital, \$1,750,000.

OFFICE—No. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

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Deposits Received from 20c. and upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon.

Money loaned at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures.

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Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday—9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 7 to 9 p.m.

JAMES MASON, MANAGER.

P. BURNS & CO.

1856. ONLY IMPORTERS OF 1893.

Celebrated Scranton Coal and Best Steam Coal IN THE MARKET.

HEAD OFFICE—33 King street East.

BRANCHES—546 Queen street West, and 899 Yonge street.

Farm Notes.

The *Texas Farm Journal* says: "It has been calculated that twenty-two acres of land are needed to sustain a man on fresh meat, while, if the same amount be planted in wheat, it will feed forty-two people; under oats, eighty eight people; under Indian corn, rice and potatoes, one hundred and seventy-six people, and under the plaitain or bread fruit it will feed over six thousand people."

As the warm weather is nearing, the grand army of lice are preparing for an attack. Are you ready for them? Mix up a pail of whitewash to which has been added an ounce of carbolic acid. Coat the walls of the house well, dash some of the wash in the corners of the nests, and the crevices of the roosts. Once a week pour kerosene over the roosts and in the nests. Clean off the droppings from the platforms, and sprinkle air slaked lime over the floors, nests, roost, etc. Lice cannot thrive in quarters where cleanliness is the order. They do best in filth.

A question that is interesting New England farmers and one that may well attract the attention of the farmers of any section of the country, is, how to keep up the fertility of pastures? and the question is increasing in importance every year. If farmers could stop to consider that there is of necessity a very heavy drain upon pastures with comparatively little return the solution of the troublesome question would at once be suggested. If manure or special fertilizers are applied in proportion to the loss sustained by feeding, there will be no cause of fear of loss of fertility nor occasion to restore it.

Edward S. Grand, the comedian, who has delighted the audiences of Philadelphia, New York, and other large cities for years, has retired from the stage, and settled in a palace on the banks of Hammonton Lake. Here he has taken to the poultry business, making the duck branch his specialty. Although a man of means, he is a hard worker, and rain or shine can be found out in his poultry yards "head over heels" in work. He is having excellent success for a beginning, and is more proud over the fact that his duck eggs brought thirty cents in market, than he ever could have been when receiving the large salary as a professional on the stage.

The Dairy.

Corn and clover are the sheet anchors of American husbandry.

It takes a close observer to be a successful feeder. No one will give the thoughtful attention required unless he is a lover of stock and enjoys being with it.

Ask your grocer what ails nine-tenths of the dairy butter he handles when fault is found with it, and he will tell you—off in flavor. When prizes are lost at competitive butter contests, flavor does it. 'Tis the barn odor does it.

Butter from grass fed cows, which will soon be plentiful in the market, will be a grateful improvement on the article that consumers have been expected to be satisfied with during the winter months. There is no food equal to grass for making palatable butter, and the more skill and care bestowed in the making, the higher is the standard of quality in the butter.

Sometimes it will be a help to make a change in kind of feed; if a cow doesn't eat her feed with as keen an appetite as she ought to have, a change of feed—even to one not quite so rich—may be just what she needs to keep her from getting off feed. Are your cows subject to bloat when first turned to pasture? If so, don't turn them out when the dew is on the grass. Keep up the grain feed till the grass gets strong and nutritious; early grass is only "filling" in a mechanical way, it is not such good feed as it will be

later on. Cows are good keepers; they like regular hours for milking and feeding; when at pasture they like to go out and come in at certain hours.

We have not treated of the "family cow" or one suited to the needs of families living in villages. They want a cow which will furnish milk of good quality through as many months of the year as possible. The Jersey has met with great favor from this class. Guernseys grow larger than Jerseys, are preferred by some in private dairying, and may become a rival breed. Owing to their great milking capacity the Holsteins are close contestants with the Jerseys for favor among farmers. The Shorthorns have warm friends all over the country on account of their blocky forms, comely proportions and their lusty calves which make excellent feeders. We can suggest no breed having more points in its favor as a "family cow" than the Jersey. They give rich milk and a continuous flow, instead of a large quantity while flush, dwindling to a very little later. She is an easy keeper—the food of maintenance being less for a small cow than for a large one—and a large per cent of her food can be used for butter production. She is trimly built and handsome, a pet, and the cow that "ousts" her from her present position must be an exceedingly good one.—*Orange-Judd Farmer.*

Selected Receipts.

To BROIL STEAK.—Steak for broiling should not be thin or it will be dry and hard; at the butcher's ask them to cut your steak three fourths of an inch thick, cut off the suet, grease the broiler and have it hot, lay the steak on the broiler on a bed of hot coals, turn the broiler often, when done remove to a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and spread butter over it. Serve immediately.

CRUMPETS.—Warm one pint of new milk and one ounce of butter in a saucepan; when the butter melts take it from the fire, let it cool a little and mix with it a beaten egg, a pinch of salt and flour enough to make it into a batter; lastly, put with it a quarter of a pint of fresh yeast. Cover it and let it stand in a warm place for a quarter of an hour. Bake the crumpets slightly on an iron plate made for the purpose and well greased.

CELERY SALAD.—Cut up celery into small pieces till there is a pint. Put in a cool place and serve with a boiled dressing made as follows: One tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls salad oil, two tablespoonfuls mustard, three eggs one cup of milk: one cup of vinegar. Mix the salt, sugar and mustard together. Add to them the eggs well beaten, then the vinegar and, after stirring well, the milk; cook in double boiler for twenty minutes or thick as boiled custard. This dressing, if bottled, will keep for a week.

SOUTHERN RICE BREAD.—Two cups of white Indian meal, three eggs, a pint and a quarter of milk, one cup of boiled rice, one ounce of butter, melted, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the eggs without separating the yolks and whites until they are very light then add them to milk. Then put them with the meal, salt, butter and rice; beat thoroughly, add the baking powder and mix all well again. Grease three round; shallow pans turn in the mixture, put quickly in a hot oven and bake for thirty minutes. Serve hot.

My Little Boy.

GENTLEMEN,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough and could not sleep at night. I tried Haggard's Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very quickly.

MRS. J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

Mo's No More.

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



IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

PEAUVILLE, Mo., March 10, '91. Nervousness and scrupulosity were ailments from which I suffered for six years, and although trying many medicines without relief, I was, by the advice of our minister, Rev. O. Mueller, tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and my nervousness and other ailments disappeared. This nerve tonic is without an equal.

Louis G. DeLassus.

Had the Desired Effect.

HAMMOND, Iowa, May, 1890. I recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to several of my parishioners, for nervous prostration, one for alcoholism, seven for whom I am assured the Tonic was more than money or time could procure—a perfect cure in their cases. Hoping this will suffice to prove the excellent effect of the remedy, I thank you for the extreme kindness shown to the poor in the past.

REV. FATHER J. A. COOK. A valuable book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Peasville, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

RUBBER BOOTS,

And Other Rubber Goods Repaired

H. J. LaFORCE

Fine Boots & Shoes Made to Order

134 CHURCH STREET

Toronto, - Ont.

M. MORAN,

House and Sign Decorator.

115 JARVIS STREET.

Painting, Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining and Paper-hanging. A select stock of Wall Papers always on hand.

11-7

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

"VITALIZED AIR"

For one month prior to alterations in his parlors, C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist, S.E. Corner King and Yonge Streets will continue to make plates with best Teeth at his old rates. Painless extraction guaranteed. Special attention also given to Gold and Silver filling.

IMPERIAL GREAM TARTAR



BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

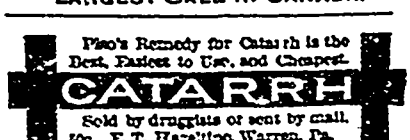
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. CILLET, Toronto, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.



Who's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES

-Of Lime and Soda.-

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Philadelphia.



FARMERS TEXAS BALSAM

Is the only rapid and Certain Healer for Scratches, Corks, Galls, Sore Shoulders and all Wounds on

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Ask your dealer for TEXAS BALSAM, and take no other. Or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents, by

C. F. SEGSWORTH,

No. 6 Wellington East.

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A. T. HERNON,

The well-known Church street

BUTCHER.

HAS REMOVED HIS BUSINESS

To larger and more commodious premises, where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

256 CHURCH STREET

Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

COSGRAVE & CO.

MALTSTERS,

Brewers and Bottlers

TORONTO.

Are supplying the Trade with their superior

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1883.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St.

TELEPHONE No. 264.

WEDDINGS,

WEDDING CAKES,

WEDDING SUPPLIES,

HARRY WEBB,

447 YONGE STREET,

Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for the

CATHOLIC REGISTER

Write for particulars,

Or apply at office,

40 Lombard st., Toronto.

A DONEGAL VILLAGE.

One of the Great Attractions at the World's Fair.

Mrs. Ernest Hart's Donegal Village at the World's fair will be apt to prove a signal attraction to many visitors, for it will appeal to both the sentimental and the practical. Its thatched cabins and rude village crosses framed in the setting of reproductions of structures statelier even in their ruins will recall earlier scenes to many Irish-Americans, and all women will be delighted to see and handle the Irish laces and embroidered linens turned out by the nimble fingers of the colleens imported expressly to let Americans see what Irish handicraft can produce, if only the materials and the market be afforded to the workers.

This Donegal Village is situated in the Street of Nations, in the district called the Midway Plaisance, between the Japanese Village and the Libby Glass Works. The architectural features have been planned with a view to making prominent all that is picturesque in ancient and modern Ireland. The industries in the village are representative of the work inaugurated by Mrs. Hart, about five years ago in the North of Ireland, and carried on ever since with increasing success and beneficent results.

The Donegal Village at Chicago is designed to be a microcosm of the actual Donegal of to-day. Its products are for sale, and Mrs. Hart thinks the moral lesson learned will do more to make doubters believe that the Irish people can and will help themselves to become self-supporting and contributors to the general good than several tons of pamphlets and thousands of cubic feet of speeches, says the *New York Times*.

The Donegal Village at Chicago covers an area of 25,000 square feet. The entrance gate to the village is a reproduction of the St. Lawrence gate at old Drogheda, a structure which dates from King John. In the village street is a row of cabins, representing the better class of Irish humble homes.

Immediately facing the entrance gate a fine duplicate of the beautiful ruins and banquetting hall of Donegal Castle is thrown across the village as a transverse screen, and beyond it stands a replica of one of the famous old round towers of Ireland, whose original purpose is still matter for speculation. The tower is 120 feet high. About eighty of these curious monuments to nobody knows what are still extant in Ireland and no more picturesque feature in view could have been thought of. The round tower was built and presented to the village by Irish-Americans who sympathize fully with Mrs. Hart and her Irish industrial fund.

In the centre of the open space of the street stands a reproduction of an antique Celtic market cross, twenty-seven feet high, carved from Irish limestone in an interlaced design. The work was executed by Sharp of Dublin from designs by Mr. Thomas Drew, president of the Royal Irish Society of Artists. The proportions are the same as those of the great cross of Monasterboice.

At the farther end of the courtyard the famous wishing chair of the Giant's Causeway has been reproduced and set upon a patch of genuine Irish soil. This little bed of soil is starred with shamrocks, and the whole is placed under the special care of one McSweeney, the village piper, who proudly claims direct descent from the McSwines of Donegal.

The big replica of Donegal Castle has been built with great care after designs, photographs and plans furnished to Mrs. Hart by the Earl and Countess of Arran, who are much interested in this feature.

The large banquetting hall, which is not in a ruined condition, has been utilized by Mrs. Hart as a favorite

place to display the products of the village many of the wares displayed there have been brought over from Ireland. Among the products so shown are embroidered hangings and coverlets spun, woven and embroidered by the people in those schools; homespun of old time quality, spun, woven and plant-dyed by the peasants; iridescent and colored linens, Irish laces and the so-called "Kells" laces, the name being taken from the Book of Kells, which, with other ancient Celtic manuscripts, have suggested many of the designs. The novelty consists in the use of polished flax threads on flax materials, and the treatment is broad and effective.

In the banquetting room are also shown ecclesiastical vestments, knitted hosiery, "sprigged" and "veined" handkerchiefs and house linen, daintily stitched and embroidered ladies' under-clothing, among which are replicas of articles made by the order of the Princess of Wales for the trousseau of the Duchess of Fife, and all the work of Irish hands; artistic objects in wrought iron, hammered out by the village blacksmith working in his smithy just outside of the castle wall; bog oak carvings, Irish jewelry, black-thorn walking sticks, photographs of Irish scenery, and many other objects.

In another part of the castle is the art gallery, to which noted painters and sculptors have contributed liberally. Most conspicuous here is the colossal bronzed statue of Gladstone by Bruce Joy, the Irish sculptor. A collection of portraits of great Irishmen is also shown.

In the row of cottages are carried on all the separate industries which have made the industrial school famous. The interior, like the exterior, is an exact reproduction of an Irish cabin. In one cottage a man is weaving the Kells art linens, and in the same room a girl is embroidering them after the antique designs. In another cottage two girls are "sprigging" and knitting. In another cottage men and boys are at work at wood carving and marble carving. In the next cottage a weaver drives his shuttle back and forth weaving the famous Irish damask linens, and in another cabin a Limerick lace maker pricks out the flowers with her hooked needle from her pattern beneath the frame, and another lassie keeps her fingers flying making Kells laces upon a pillow.

In the last cottage is shown the whole process of homespun making as taught and carried out in Donegal. The wool is first dyed with the wild plants of the bog, then carded on small hand cards, spun on the wheel and reeled, and then woven on the most old fashioned of hand looms.

From end to end Mrs. Hart's Irish village shows at once the need and the remedy, the ill and its cure. Besides its picturesque attractiveness as a feature of the World's fair, it must result in greatly swelling the sums of money sent to the industrial schools for the prosecution and amplifying of their admirable work.—*The Republic*.

A Complicated Case.

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

The pamphlet by Father Brady of Woodstock entitled "A Fraud Unmasked," and giving a full account of the career of Mrs. Margaret Shepherd, is now for sale at the CATHOLIC REGISTER office. Price 25c.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as a swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

On the evening of May 5th, Andrew Donovan, aged 15 months, was knocked down in George's street, Cork, by a float and killed.



TENDERS FOR COAL.

The undersigned will receive tenders, to be addressed to them, at their office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," up to noon on Friday, the 20th day of May, 1893, for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 10th day of July next, except as regards the coal for the Central Prison and London Asylum, as noted: **ASYLUM FOR INSANE, TORONTO.**

Hard coal—1,100 tons large egg size, 125 tons stove size, 75 tons nut size, 450 tons Straitsville lump, soft coal.

MIMICO BRANCH ASYLUM.

Hard coal—2,125 tons large egg size, 160 tons stove size, 25 tons soft coal.

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, LONDON.

Hard coal—2,500 tons large egg size, 265 tons egg size, 160 tons stove size, 100 tons nut size, 75 tons soft coal. Of the 2,500 tons, 800 tons may not be required till January, 1894.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, KINGSTON.

Hard coal—1,800 tons large egg size, 165 tons small egg size, 30 tons stove size, 15 tons chestnut size.

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, HAMILTON.

Hard coal—1,775 tons small egg size, 259 tons stove size, 86 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—1,000 tons Reynoldsville, 300 tons Reynoldsville at pump house, 60 tons grate coal.

ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, ORILLIA.

Hard coal—2,200 tons large egg size, 100 tons stove size.

CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Soft coal—Select lump, Straitsville preferred, 2,000 tons; 50 tons hard coal, nut size. The soft coal to be delivered in lots of 100 tons during September, October, November, December and January next.

INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB, BELLEVILLE.

Hard coal—Large egg size, 700 tons; 84 tons small egg size; 15 tons stove size; 30 tons No. 4 size; 4 tons soft lump.

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND BRANTFORD.

Hard coal—Egg size, 450 tons; 150 tons stove size; 15 tons chestnut size; 5 tons grate coal.

MERCER REFORMATORY, TORONTO.

Hard coal—525 tons small egg size, 150 tons stove size.

The hard coal to be Pitston, Scranton, Lackawanna or Loyal Sock. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which they propose to supply the coal, and to designate the quality at the same, and, if required, will have to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name.

Tenders will also be received for screenings of the best imported quality, hard and soft, not exceeding 25 per cent. of the gross amounts advertised for at the several institutions.

Delivery is to be effected satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Provincial Secretary, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders are to be obtained from the bursars of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,
T. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
JAMES NOXON.

Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.
Parliament buildings, Toronto, May 13th, 1893.



TO ARTISTS.

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

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

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

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

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

E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

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

The Register BOOK

— AND — JOB Printing Department.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Write for Prices or Telephone 489.

PILES "ASAKENIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price \$1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKENIS," Box 2414, New York City.

JULES MERMAN & CO. BORDEAUX CLARETS,

Have taken the gold medal in Bordeaux, Paris, Naples, Lyons and Sydney, Australia. They have sent a large consignment of

CLARET IN CASKS

to us to be sold by the cask (48 gals.), or bottled by us in our cellars, 23 doz. bottles to the cask. This shipment means

A Reduction of From \$2 to \$3 Per Dozen.

Prices on application.

WM. MARA, Wine Merchant. Phone 1708 - 79 YONGE ST. TORONTO. SOLE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION.

INVALID WINE.

Marsala Port, 10 years old, analysed and strongly recommended for invalids by Dr. Pyne, Dominion analyst. Price \$3.50 per gal., \$8 per doz., 75c per bottle.

WM. MARA Telephone 1708 79 Yonge St. Toronto Wine Merchant Sole Agent for Canada.

- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

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

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

BENNETT FURNISHING CO
London Ont., Canada



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Industrial School, Brandon, Manitoba," will be received at this Office until Friday, May 25th, 1893, for the several works required in the erection of Industrial School, Brandon, Man.

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

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

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

By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary

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

Toronto Savings & Loan Co. 10 KING ST. WEST.

FOUR PER CENT. Interest allowed on deposits from day put in to say withdrawal. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more.

Money loaned on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks. ROBERT JAFFRAY, A. E. AMES, President, Manager.

Housekeeping Hints.

Tar stains are removed by applying oil, and then removing the oil with benzine.

Full bright eyes and brilliant scales indicate that a fish has not been long out of its native element.

As soon as the ground will permit, sow sweet peas in drills, at least four inches deep. A rich soil suits them.

Moist hands are frequently relieved by bathing them in lukewarm water containing a teaspoonful of borax or ammonia.

If a shelf in the closet is infested with red ants, carpet it with flannel and the tiny insects will not attempt to invade that limited precinct.

A dessertspoonful of lemon juice diluted with double the quantity of water, taken six successive mornings, will counteract bilious tendencies.

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

When packing gowns put tissue paper between the folds and crumple a sheet of it and thrust it in the sleeves. This will prevent creasing. Tapes tacked inside the trunk and tied lightly over will keep the contents from slipping and save much rumpling. These are methods employed by Paris experts.

Magnesia will effectually remove grease spots from silk or cloth by rubbing it in well and after standing awhile, apply a piece of soft brown paper to the wrong side, on which press a warm iron gently; and what grease is not absorbed by the paper, can be removed by washing the spot carefully with warm water.

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

The vast facilities of the J. C. Ayer Co., of Lowell, Mass., enable them to place The Superior Blood-purifier—Ayer's Sarsaparilla—within easy reach of the poorest invalid. Don't be induced to take a "cheap" substitute. Always remember that the best is the cheapest.

MARRIED.

In St. Clement's Church, Hanover, Germany, on the 11th of April, Baron Fritz von Heselayer-Herzmühlen, late 14th Hanoverian Hussars, to Marie Louise Augustine, youngest daughter of the late Michael Lawlor, Esq., M.D., of Toronto.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, May 23, 1893.

Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 70	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 64	0 65
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 62	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 39	0 44
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 65	0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	7 50	8 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 65	0 80
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 12
Butter, per lb.....	0 18	0 20
Eggs, new laid, per dozen.....	0 12	0 13
Lettuce, per bag.....	0 45	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 40	0 05
Parsley, per doz.....	0 20	0 03
Turnips, per bag.....	0 35	0 40
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 10
Radishes, per doz.....	0 50	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	1 00	1 10
Apples, per bbl.....	1 50	2 50
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	11 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, May 23.—Market very unsatisfactory here this morning; all told there were 65 loads came in, a great deal of which was not sold by noon. The export trade was dull, prices are weaker in Britain, and the demand here was light to-day. Butchers' cattle were steady in price with a fairly moderate local enquiry. We had only sixty sheep and lambs, and prices were not materially altered; clipped sheep sold at from \$4.50 to \$5.50; woolled at from \$8 to \$7; spring lambs were slow at \$4 and \$5 each, yearlings sold from \$5 to \$6 each. One hundred calves came in, and good calves are wanted. We had six hundred hogs, and all sold readily, prices steady and unchanged, with \$7 as the top price.

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THE OAK HALL CLOTHING SALE.

We are getting ready for the first moving experience that we've had in a Quarter of a Century. We must be out of the old building within two weeks, and the entire stock of our own-made

MEN'S SUITS, YOUTH' SUITS AND BOYS' SUITS

is being cleared out at a very large discount off former prices, to save the trouble and expense of packing and storing away. The work on our new building, which will go up on the same old spot, begins as soon as the ground is cleared. The inducements offered in this clearing sale of fine-grade clothing for Men, Youths and Boys at Oak Hall for the next 10 days are well worth enquiring into at once.

OAK HALL THE RELIABLE CLOTHIERS

115, 117, 119 121 KING STREET EAST.

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BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

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

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Billousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers.
T. WILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

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

	Close	Dist.		
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	6.15	7.45	7.15	10.20
O. and Q. Railway..	8.00	8.00	8.10	9.10
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	8.25	12.40pm	7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.20	4.10	10.15	8.10
T. G. and B.....	6.50	4.30	10.45	8.50
Midland.....	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.....	6.30	4.00	11.15	9.55
G. W. R.....			a.m.	p.m.
			12.00	9.00
			2.00	7.30
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.20
			10.00	
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45
			4.00	10.30
			10.00	
U.S. West'n States	6.15	10.00	9.00	7.20
			12.00 n.	

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

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

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA. DIVIDEND No. 36.

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

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

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders will be held at the Bank on Wednesday, the 31st day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon.
By order of the board.
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.
Toronto, April 27, 1893.

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INCORPORATED 1851.
CAPITAL, - - \$1,200,000.

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VICE-PRESIDENT: Geo. A. Cox, Esq.
DIRECTOR: W. Brock, Esq., A. T. Fulton, Esq., Robert Beatty, Esq., J. J. KENNY, Managing Director

SOLICITORS: Messrs. McCarthy, Osle, Hoskin and Creelma. Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hull, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation. On cargo Risks with the Maritime Provinces, by bill of lading. On Carries by steamer to British Ports.

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TELEPHONE 1830.

RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"No running water. There is one little spring, and they dug a well by it as soon as they got there, so there was water to drink, but that is all. I saw Carmena could hardly keep up, and I carried the baby for her on one arm while I led my father with the other hand; but the baby cried, as she took it back. I thought then it wouldn't live the day out, but it did live till the morning of the day my father died. Just a few hours before he died Carmena came along with the baby rolled up in her shawl, and sat down by me on the ground, and did not speak. When I said, 'How is the little one?' she opened her shawl and showed it to me, dead. 'Good, Carmena!' said I. 'It is good! My father is dying too. We will bury them together.' So she sat by me all that morning, and at night she helped me dig the graves. I wanted to put the baby on my father's breast; but she said, 'No, it must have a little grave.' She dug it herself; and we put them in; and she never spoke, except that once. She was sitting there by the grave when I came away. I made a cross of two little trees with the boughs chopped off, and set it up by the graves. So that is the way our new graveyard was begun—my father and the little baby; it is the very young and the very old that have the blessed fortune to die. I cannot die, it seems!"

"Where did they bury Jose?" gasped Ramona.

"In Temecula," said Alessandro. "Mr. Rothsaker made two of his men dig a grave in our old graveyard for Jose. But I think Carmena will go at night and bring his body away. I would! But, my Senorita, it is very dark, I can hardly see your beloved eyes. I think you must not stay longer. Can I go as far as the brook with you, safely, without being seen? The saints bless you, beloved, for coming. I could not have lived, I think, without one more sight of your face!" and, springing to his feet, Alessandro stood waiting for Ramona to move. She remained still. She was in a sore strait. Her heart held but one impulse, one desire—to go with Alessandro; nothing was apparently farther from his thoughts than this. Could she offer to go? Should she risk laying a burden on him greater than he could bear? If he were indeed a beggar, as he said, would his life be hindered or helped by her? She felt herself strong and able. Work had no terrors for her, privations she knew nothing of, but she felt no fear of them.

"Alessandro!" she said, in a tone which startled him.

"My Senorita!" he said tenderly.

"You have never once called me Ramona."

"I cannot, Senorita!" he replied.

"Why not?"

"I do not know. I sometimes think 'Ramona,'" he added faintly; "but not often. If I think of you by any other name than as my Senorita, it is usually by a name you never heard."

"What is it?" exclaimed Ramona wonderingly.

"An Indian word, my dearest one, the name of the bird you are like—the wood-dove. In the Luiseno tongue that is Majel; that was what I thought my people would have called you if you had come to dwell among us. It is a beautiful name, Senorita, and is like you."

Alessandro was still standing. Ramona rose; coming close to him, she laid both her hands on his breast, and her head on her hands, and said:

"Alessandro, I have something to tell you. I am an Indian. I belong to your people."

Alessandro's silence astonished her. "You are surprised," she said. "I thought you would be glad."

"The gladness of it came to me long ago, my Senorita," he said. "I knew it!"

"How?" cried Ramona. "And you never told me, Alessandro?"

"How could I?" he replied. "I dared not. Juan Canito, it was, told me."

"Juan Canito!" said Ramona musingly. "How could he have known?" Then in a few rapid words she told Alessandro all that the Senora had told her. "Is that what Juan Canito said?" she asked.

"All except the father's name," stammered Alessandro.

"Who did he say was my father?" she asked.

Alessandro was silent.

"It matters not," said Ramona. "He was wrong. The Senora, of course, knew. He was a friend of hers, and of the Senora Ortega, to whom he gave me. But I think, Alessandro, I have more of my mother than of my father."

"Yes, you have, my Senorita," replied Alessandro tenderly. "After I knew it I then saw what it was in your face had always seemed to me like the faces of my own people."

"Are you not glad, Alessandro?"

"Yes, my Senorita."

What more should Ramona say? Suddenly her heart gave way; and without premeditation, without resolve, almost without consciousness of what she was doing, she flung herself on Alessandro's breast, and cried: "Oh, Alessandro, take me with you! take me with you! I would rather die than have you leave me again!"

CHAPTER XV.

The Senora Moreno was dying. It had been a sad two years in the Moreno house. After the first excitement following Ramona's departure had died away, things had settled down in a surface similitude of their old routine. But nothing was really the same. No one was so happy as before. Juan Canito was heart-broken. There had been set over him the very Mexican whose coming to the place he had dreaded. The sheep had not done well; there had been a drought; many had died of hunger—a thing for which the new Mexican overseer was not to blame, though it pleased Juan to hold him so, and to say from morning till night that if his leg had not been broken, or if the lad Alessandro had been there, the wool-crop would have been as big as ever. Not one of the servants liked this Mexican; he had a sorry time of it, poor fellow; each man and woman on the place had or fancied some reason for being set against him; some from sympathy with Juan Can, some from idleness and general impatience; Margarita, most of all, because he was not Alessandro. Margarita, between remorse about her young mistress and pique and disappointment about Alessandro, had become a very unhappy girl; and her mother, instead of comforting or soothing her, added to her misery by continually bemoaning Ramona's fate. The void that Ramona had left in the whole household seemed an irreparable one; nothing came to fill it; there was no forgetting; every day her name was mentioned by some one; mentioned with bated breath, fearful conjecture, compassion, and regret. Where had she vanished? Had she indeed gone to the convent, as she said, or had she fled with Alessandro?

Margarita would have given her right hand to know. Only Juan Can felt sure. Very well Juan Can knew that nobody but Alessandro had the wit and the power over Baba to lure him out of that corral, "and never a rail out of its place." And the saddle, too! Ay, the smart lad! He had

done the best he could for the Senorita; but, Holy Virgin! what had got into the Senorita to run off like that, with an Indian—even Alessandro! The fiends had bewitched her. Tirelessly Juan Can questioned every traveller, every wandering herder he saw. No one knew anything of Alessandro, beyond the fact that all the Temecula Indians had been driven out of their village, and that there was now not an Indian in the valley. There was a rumour that Alessandro and his father had both died; but no one knew anything certainly. The Temecula Indians had disappeared, that was all there was of it—disappeared, like any wild creatures, foxes or coyotes; hunted down, driven out; the valley was rid of them. But the Senorita! She was not with these fugitives. That could not be. Heaven forbid!

"If I'd my legs, I'd go and see for myself!" said Juan Can. "It would be some comfort to know even the worst. Perdition take the Senora, who drove her to it! Ay, drove her to it! That's what I say, Luigo." "In some of his most venturesome wrathful moments he would say: 'There's none of you know the truth about the Senorita but me! It's a hard hand the Senora's reared her with, from the first. She's a wonderful woman, our Senora! She gets power over one.'"

But the Senora's power was shaken now. More changed than all else in the changed Moreno household was the relation between the Senora Moreno and her son Felipe. On the morning after Ramona's disappearance, words had been spoken by each which neither would ever forget. In fact, the Senora believed that it was of them she was dying, and perhaps that was not far from the truth; the reason that forces could no longer rally in her to repel disease, lying no doubt largely in the fact that to live seemed no longer to her desirable.

Felipe had found the note Ramona had laid on his bed. Before it was yet dawn he had waked, and tossing uneasily under the light covering had heard the rustle of the paper, and knowing instinctively that it was from Ramona, had risen instantly to make sure of it. Before his mother opened her window he had read it. He felt like one bereft of his senses as he read. Gone! Gone with Alessandro! Stolen away like a thief in the night, his dear sweet little sister! Ah, what a cruel shame! Scales seemed to drop from Felipe's eyes as he lay motionless, thinking of it. A shame! a cruel shame! And he and his mother were the ones who had brought it on Ramona's head, and on the house of Moreno. Felipe felt as if he had been under a spell all along, not to have realised this. That's what I told my mother!" he groaned—"that it drove her to running away! Oh, my sweet Ramona! what will become of her? I will go after them, and bring them back;" and Felipe rose, and hastily dressing himself, ran down the veranda steps, to gain a little more time to think. He returned shortly, to meet his mother standing in the doorway, with pale affrighted face.

"Felipe!" she cried, "Ramona is not here."

"I know it," he replied, in an angry tone. "That is what I told you we should do—drive her to running away with Alessandro!"

"With Alessandro!" interrupted the Senora.

"Yes," continued Felipe—"with Alessandro, the Indian! Perhaps you think it is less disgrace to the names to have her run away with him than to be married to him here under our roof! I do not! Curse the day, I say when I ever lent myself to breaking the girl's heart! I am going after them to fetch them back!"

If the skies had opened and rained fire, the Senora had hardly less quailed and wondered than she did at these

words; but even for fire from the skies she would not surrender till she must.

"How know you that it is with Alessandro?" she said.

"Because she has written it here!" cried Felipe, defiantly holding up his little note. "She left this, her good-bye to me. Bless her! She writes like a saint, to thank me for all my goodness to her—I, who drove her to steal out of my house like a thief!"

The phrase, "my house," smote the Senora's ear like a note from some other sphere, which indeed it was—from the new world into which Felipe had been in an hour born. Her cheeks flushed, and she opened her lips in reply, but before she had uttered a word Luigo came running round the corner, Juan Can came hobbling after him at a miraculous paco on his crutches. "Senor Felipe! Senor Felipe! Oh, Senora!" they cried. "Thieves have been here in the night! Baba is gone—Baba and the Senorita's saddle."

A malicious smile broke over the Senora's countenance, and turning to Felipe she said in a tone—what a tone it was! Felipe felt as if he must put his hands to his ears to shut it out; Felipe would never forget—"As you were saying, like a thief in the night!"

With a swifter and more energetic movement than any had ever before seen Senor Felipe make, he stepped forward, saying in an undertone to his mother, "For God's sake, mother, not a word before the men!—What is that you say, Luigo? Baba gone? We must see to our corral. I will come down, after breakfast, and look at it;" and turning his back on them, he drew his mother by a firm grasp, she could not resist, into the house.

She gazed at him in sheer, dumb wonder.

"Ay, mother," he said, "you may well look thus in wonder; I have been no man to let my foster sister, I care not what blood were in her veins, be driven to this pass! I will set out this day and bring her back."

"The day you do that, then, I lie in the house dead!" retorted the Senora, at white heat. "You may rear as many Indian families as you please under the Moreno roof, I will at least have my grave!" In spite of her anger grief convulsed her; and in another second she had burst into tears, and sunk helpless and trembling into a chair. No counterfeiting now. No pretence. The Senora Moreno's heart broke within her when those words passed her lips to her adored Felipe. At the sight, Felipe flung himself on his knees before her, he kissed the aged hands as they lay trembling in her lap. "Mother mia," he cried, "you will break my heart if you speak like that! Oh, why, why do you command me to do what a man may not? I would die for you, my mother; but how can I see my sister a homeless wanderer in the wilderness?"

"I suppose the man Alessandro has something he calls a home," said the Senora, regaining herself a little. "Had they no plans? Spoke she not in her letter of what they would do?"

"Only that they would go to Father Salvierderra first," he replied.

"Ah!" The Senora reflected. At first startled, her second thought was that this would be the best possible thing that could happen. "Father Salvierderra will counsel them what to do," she said. "He could no doubt establish them in Santa Barbara in some way. My son, when you reflect, you will see the impossibility of bringing them here. Help them in any way you like, but do not bring them here." She paused. "Not till I am dead, Felipe! It will not be long."

Felipe bowed his head in his mother's lap. She laid her hands on his hair, and stroked it with passionate tenderness. "My Felipe!" she said.

"It was a cruel fate to rob me of you at the last!"

"Mother! mother!" he cried in anguish. "I am yours—wholly, devotedly yours! Why do you torture me thus?"

"I will not torture you more," she said wearily, in a feeble tone. "I ask only one thing of you, let me never hear again the name of that wretched girl who has brought all this woe on this house; let her name never be spoken on this place by man, woman or child. Like a thief in the night! Ay, a horse thief!"

Felipe sprang to his feet. "Mother!" he said, "Baba was Ramona's own; I myself gave him to her as soon as he was born!"

She Senora made no reply. She had fainted. Calling the maids, in terror and sorrow Felipe bore her to her bed, and she did not leave it for many days. She seemed hovering between life and death. Felipe watched over her as a lover might; her great mournful eyes followed his every motion. She spoke little, partly because of physical weakness, partly from despair. The Senora had got her death blow. She would die hard. It would take long. Yet she was dying, and she knew it.

Felipe did not know it. When he saw her going about again, with a step only a little slower than before, and with a countenance not so much changed as he had feared, he thought she would be well again, after a time. And now he would go in search of Ramona. How he hoped he should find them in Santa Barbara! He must leave them there, or wherever he should find them! never again would he for a moment contemplate the possibility of bringing them home with him. But he would see them: help them if need be. Ramona should not feel herself an outcast so long as he lived.

When he said, agitatedly, to his mother, one night, "You are so strong now, mother, I think I will take a journey; I will not be away long—not over a week," she understood, and with a deep sigh replied: "I am not strong; but I am as strong as I shall ever be. If the journey must be taken, it is as well done now."

How was the Senora changed! "It must be, mother," said Felipe, "or I would not leave you. I will set off before sunrise. so I will say farewell to-night."

"But in the morning, at his first step, his mother's window opened, and there she stood, wan, speechless, looking at him. "You must go, my son?" she asked at last.

"I must, mother!" and Felipe threw his arms around her, and kissed her again and again. "Dearest mother! Do smile! Can you not?"

"No, my son, I cannot. Farewell. The saints keep you. Farewell." And she turned that she might not see him go.

Felipe rode away with a sad heart: but his purpose did not falter. Following straight down the river road to the sea, he then kept up along the coast, asking here and there, cautiously, if persons answering to the description of Alessandro and Ramona had been seen. No one had seen any such persons.

When, on the night of the second day, he rode up to the Santa Barbara Mission, the first figure he saw was the venerable Father Salvierderra sitting in the corridor. As Felipe approached the old man's face beamed with pleasure, and he came forward tottering on a staff in each hand. "Welcome, my son!" he said, "Are all well? You find me very feeble just now; my legs are failing me sorely this autumn."

Dismay seized on Felipe at the Father's first words. He would not have spoken thus had he seen Ramona. Barely replying to the greeting, Felipe exclaimed: "Father, I came seeking Ramona. Has she not been with you?"

Father Salvierderra's face was reply to the question. "Ramona!" he cried. "Seeking Ramona! What has befallen the blessed child?"

It was a bitter story for Felipe to tell; but he told it, sparing himself no shame. He would have suffered less in the telling had he known how well Father Salvierderra understood his mother's character and her almost unlimited power over all persons around her. Father Salvierderra was not shocked at the news of Ramona's attachment for Alessandro. He regretted it, but he did not think it shame, as the Senora had done. As Felipe talked with him he perceived even more clearly how bitter and unjust his mother had been to Alessandro.

"He is a noble young man," said Father Salvierderra. "His father was one of the most trusted of Father Peyri's assistants. You must find them, Felipe. I wonder much they did not come to me. Perhaps they may yet come. When you find them, bear them my blessing, and say that I wish they would come hither. I would like to give them my blessing before I die. Felipe, I shall never leave Santa Barbara again. My time draws near."

Felipe was so full of impatience to continue his search that he hardly listened to the Father's words. "I will not tarry," he said. "I cannot rest till I find her. I will ride back as far as Ventura to-night."

"You will send me word by a messenger when you find them," said the Father. "God grant no harm has befallen them. I will pray for them. Felipe," and he tottered into the church. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Perfect love casteth out fear." A man of pleasure is a man of pains. Scrupulosity is the sign of a little mind. He who despises the poor despises Jesus Christ.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

When we give ourselves up to our passions we plant thorns round our heart.

When faith grows weak, all virtues are weakened; when faith is lost, all virtues are lost.

Every system which places religious education in the background is pernicious.—*Gloucester.*

He that would relish success to purpose should keep his passion cool and his expectations low.

We are in the world but not of it, if we say every day of our lives: "Our Father who art in Heaven."

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from the man who does nothing.

Don't force books on people; remember that every man has a taste of his own as well as you have.

Recounting our annoyances and troubles only augments them—perplexities grow no less by brooding over them.

When tribulations, infirmities, and contradictions come we must not away in a fright, vanquish them, like men.

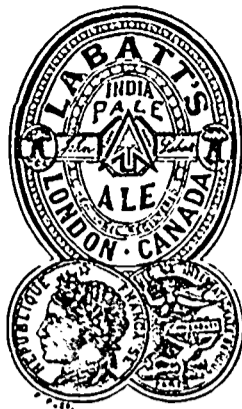
We prove our attachment to God more in suffering a great deal for His sake than in working a great deal for His glory.

The man who is for ever trying to say something sarcastic may be popular to some extent, but generally it is only with himself.

We are indeed happy when we are happy in the highest blessings life can give us—the perfect love and sympathy that stimulates our own to healthful activity.

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLE MEN—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JERRY VALCOURT, General Merchant, Wotton, P. Q.



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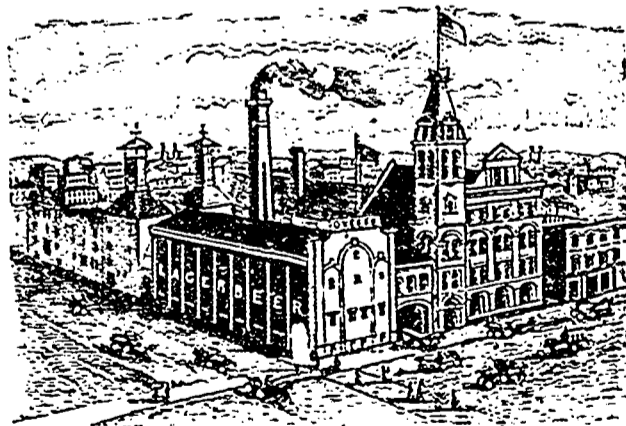
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TRINITY SUNDAY.

Before concluding the cycle of feasts which has been set before us from Advent Holy Church presents to our contemplation the great mysteries of the Adorable Trinity and the Holy Eucharist. In those mysteries is eternal life, according to our Lord's words (St. John xvii. 3), for there is the knowledge of the One True God and of Jesus Christ whom He has sent. In the first, we contemplate the divine Life in heaven together with the unspeakable jubilee of the Godhead; and, in the second, we look on the sacramental Life of Jesus in this wonderful mystery of faith. The dogma of the Most Holy Trinity is the foundation of all worship and is the cause of all adoration. This mystery is the primal mystery whence flow all others, and as it were, draws aside the veil and lets us gaze into the unfathomable depths of the Godhead; it shows us the Father unbegotten ever begetting the Only Son, and the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son as from one Principle in ineffable procession. The contemplation of this adorable mystery more than any other abases us to the dust of our own nothingness, spreading a hush of awful worship over our souls, and leaves us prostrate and humble before the Throne. It is this sense of the utter poverty of human wit to celebrate, with any approach of worthiness, this awful mystery that makes the Mass of to-day almost nothing else but a confession of our helplessness to do aught but humbly confess our belief, and acknowledge that all we are and have comes to us from the Blessed Three in One.

The Introit is based on Tobias' prayer (xii.), with additions by Alcuin, and is a lowly confession that the Triune God hath shown mercy towards us. The Psalm (viii.) brings home to us that this great God whose Name is so wonderful in the whole earth is "our Lord." He is ours on account of the intimate relations we have with each one of the Divine Persons, and because we are members of the Body Mystical of Jesus Christ. These thoughts give a fresh meaning to the Doxology, "for He hath shown His mercy towards us." The Collect is a prayer, based upon our confession of the true faith in the Trinity and Unity of God, for protection against all hurtful things. St. Paul in the Epistle (Rom. xi.) warns us not to search too deeply into the depths of the wisdom of the riches and of the knowledge of God, for His judgments are not to be understood, and His ways no man can search out. He alone can give Himself glory and honour, for He alone is His own perfect praise, and from Him and through Him and in Him are all things. This reminds us of the words of the devout author of the *Imitation*: "What will it profit thee to discourse learnedly of the Trinity, if thou art displeasing to the Trinity?" (i. cap.). The Gradual (Dan. iii.) gives us a grand picture of God, blessed and praised for all ages, seated above the Cherubim, and searching out the abysses. This mighty and Eternal God is none other than "the Lord God of our fathers." The Gospel is (St. Matthew xxviii.) our Lord's own solemn enunciation of the mystery and His command to the Apostles to go and teach it to all the nations of the earth, baptizing them "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Like the Introit, the Offertory is the laud of the Three Divine Persons, the source of all mercy to us; and the same thought is carried on in the Secret, wherein we pray that the Host we offer may be made to Him an acceptable gift. The Communion is another call to heaven and earth, to all that has life, to bless the Lord of Heaven, for now in Holy Communion He has given us a new mark of His mercy; and in the following prayer we ask that the reception

of the Holy Sacrament may be as profitable to our body and soul as is our confession of the Trinity in Unity. — *Irish Ecclesiastical Record.*

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