

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. V.—NO. 48.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## Holy Sacrament of Matrimony

A Mandate Promulgated by the Archbishop of Kingston.

The following is the concluding chapter of the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of Kingston on the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony, which did not reach us in time for publication in last week's issue.

We have been much grieved, and the conscience of our Catholic people has been shocked, by a gross scandal which took place in this our Metropolitan city, and recently, and which, indeed, was the occasion of our addressing you this Pastoral Letter of instruction on the Sacrament of Matrimony as a Sacrament of grace instituted by our Divine Lord for the sanctification of the family and the regeneration of society. A marriage was to be performed here according to the custom on a certain day. The contracting parties are non-Catholics, members of some other sect. The place where the contract was to be celebrated, known as the church of that sect. The preacher who pronounced the form of the contract is likewise an adherent of that sect. So also the majority of the spectators. Throughout the ceremony, from beginning to end, there was no reference whatever to the Sacrament of Matrimony or to the supernatural graces a communicant from the Redeemer's wounds to the two souls entering into wedlock. Every word, every act, in the circumstances were in accord with the creed or profession of those who took part in the ceremony, that the marriage of two Christians is a Sacrament, that our Lord Jesus Christ did not attach to any sacramental grace; that it is a more secular contract, not a but more sacred than the marriage of any two heathens. If it be only a secular or worldly engagement, then the marriage should be selected as the place of its celebration, rather than the city hall or the opera house. Moreover, if the marriage is not a Sacrament, it is rescissible by the authority of the State, in like manner as over any other secular contract, and is subject to the civil power for the regulation of its conditions of validity, and consequently may be dissolved by the same power, whatsoever the gentleman representing the State have found, or fancy they have found, sufficient cause for its dissolution, and in such case the matrimonial contract that gives it its inalienability, and perpetuity, and the State and the politician from all power to take it into his hands. What has both joined together in one, may be separated. Hence it is, that in every country where the sacramental character of Matrimony is ignored or doubted, the politician of latter times take the whole matter into their own hands, make laws regulating the requirements for validity of this contract, and issue writs of divorce for the severance of the conjugal bond. In this they may seem to be logical; and, in truth, if the marriage be only a profane contract, it is subject to their power, like every other civil engagement. But, if the contracting parties be really baptized persons, their marriage is a Sacrament whether they or the politician think so or no. For, the Catholic Church speaking as the witness of Jesus Christ and His revelation, teaches, and has taught from the earliest days, that the contract between two baptized persons is always a Sacrament, whether it be received worthily or not; that the contract and the Sacrament are inseparable from each other, the contract being itself the sacrament, and the sacrament being itself the contract. If non-Catholics are satisfied with a mere secular contract of marriage, we will not quarrel with them on the subject. We have neither the right nor the power to force the gifts of God upon them. But it is the right and the responsible duty of the rulers of the Catholic Church to prevent her children from taking part in any proceeding that conflict with their Catholic faith and degrades what they believe to be a sacrament instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ for the sanctification of the souls of men. It is deplorable that any Catholic should assist at a ceremony which robs Christian marriage of its sacramental character, thereby bringing it down to the level of a market-bargain, and making it rescissible, thus excluding the donor of the gift of God. By such an act he dishonors the all-holy Redeemer of the world, who is the author of every sacrament and of all graces. It is still more deplorable, and more heinously criminal before God and man, that a Catholic lady should not merely assist as spectator at such a scene, but should dress herself up as one of the actresses in the drama, and parade herself on the platform as one of the principal performers.

Let not those who want to take house for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle, try to exonerate themselves from the charge of original participation on the ground that they took no part in the act, and desired only to amuse themselves, as they would at a theater. Their voluntary presence at the scene, and their participation of the sacrament, was of itself a participa-

tion in the act, and was manifestly an insult to the holy faith they profess. Whosoever goes to a theater to witness what he knows to be a performance offensive to his national feelings or the credit of his family, is obnoxious with impropriety, although he is merely a spectator. In fact, our code of criminal law rigidly maintains this principle of participation in crime by voluntarily assisting at the performance of the evil deed. We would blame non-Catholics in this matter. They act in conformity with their conscience. But we do blame and condemn the weak-minded Catholic who knowingly and willingly betrays the great sacrament, as St. Paul designates matrimony, and by so doing betrays Jesus Christ and His holy Church.

There is another irregularity that sometimes is practiced by laymen of our Catholic churches, in order to assist at what is called "a service for the dead," which all non-Catholics as well as Catholics, in these countries know and proclaim to be of no service to the dead. Here again, we attribute no blame to those who, through ignorance of the Christian religion, do so, but we do blame the revealed doctrine of Purgatory and the necessary prayer and the Communion of Saints. We must, however, reprehend with all authority those Catholics who show so little respect for themselves and their religion as to participate in a service of this kind, directly at variance with fundamental Christian dogmas.

The doctrine of a middle state between holy souls that have passed away from us in God's peace and charity, and perfectly purified before admission to the "bosom of Abraham," into which the departed spirits of the just are admitted, is a doctrine of relief being given to those suffering saints by our pious suffrages through the Holy Mass and supplicatory prayer and fasting and alms-deeds and other good works; moreover, the sixth article of the Apostles' Creed, affirming the Communion of Saints, is so salutary to our deceased friends, and so sweet and solacing to the living, as excluded most distinctly and pertinaciously from that cold, dry, heartless and unmeaning ceremony practiced before the death of a service for the dead.

Whosoever, having invoked the Almighty God, who lovingly declare, with all the authority of the Church vested in us, as Archbishop of Kingston and your chief pastor, that any Catholic in our Metropolitan city or diocese who is desirous of relief being given to those suffering saints by our pious suffrages through the Holy Mass and supplicatory prayer and fasting and alms-deeds and other good works; moreover, the sixth article of the Apostles' Creed, affirming the Communion of Saints, is so salutary to our deceased friends, and so sweet and solacing to the living, as excluded most distinctly and pertinaciously from that cold, dry, heartless and unmeaning ceremony practiced before the death of a service for the dead.

Whosoever, having invoked the Almighty God, who lovingly declare, with all the authority of the Church vested in us, as Archbishop of Kingston and your chief pastor, that any Catholic in our Metropolitan city or diocese who is desirous of relief being given to those suffering saints by our pious suffrages through the Holy Mass and supplicatory prayer and fasting and alms-deeds and other good works; moreover, the sixth article of the Apostles' Creed, affirming the Communion of Saints, is so salutary to our deceased friends, and so sweet and solacing to the living, as excluded most distinctly and pertinaciously from that cold, dry, heartless and unmeaning ceremony practiced before the death of a service for the dead.

## Festival of All Saints.

Before another issue of this paper we shall have celebrated the great festival in honor of all those who, from the beginning, have fought the good fight, under the standard of Heaven, and are now enjoying the happiness prepared for the lovers of God. The Church, every day indeed, but in an especial manner each first of November, asks us to lift up our eyes and see with St. John in the vision, "the great crowd, whom nobody can number of every tribe and people and tongue standing before the throne," that we may give praise and thanksgiving to God for all He has done for each.

This, of course, is the first the fundamental motive for every religious act, for to Him is due all honor and praise and benediction and glory from every creature. But after this it is both our privilege and our duty to offer our congratulations to each and all in that mighty multitude that they are the ministers and favored ones of the great King, and pray them to have thought of us still tossed about on the wild waters of temptation and danger, that we too, when our hour is come, may find mercy and strength where they found theirs, and washed clean in the same purifying stream, and clothed in the same all-lustrous robes of sainthood, the true wedding garment of those who sit at the table of the King's Son, who may be found worthy of enrolment in their brilliant ranks.

I have inclined my heart to do thy justifications on account of the reward, says the inspired writer (Psalm 118), and why should I not we encourage our weakness by a like consideration. Why should we not keep our eyes and our hearts upturned towards that reward exceeding great, which awaits those who strive here in faith and hope and charity to do the divine will? Nay, is it not a very part of that divine will that we should do so? He has said: "I go to prepare a place for you" (St. John 14:2). If He did not wish us to think of it, long for it, and so be moved to greater efforts for its attainment?

If, like St. Francis Xavier or St. Catherine of Genoa, or any many other saints, we were already so completely in the spirit that we would love God purely for His own sake it were, of course, far better. But we have not yet risen so high, at least the great majority of us. We cannot as yet, God being true, we can walk up the steep hill or even keep our feet steady upon its slippery surface, without aid from the alms and robes of "lower motives," that divine compassion has planted by the sides of our path. The joys of heaven, and peace in rest, its enduring, unchanging state of bliss and delight, the society of saints and angels, and the Queen of Angels, these are motives to fire the soul with eager desire, even though they are not stopping stones to the one and only object of all religious activity, and all its ungodly arrangement, brought to bear upon us by the feast of All Saints.

Who can, unmoved, think of the picture then held up to the gaze of the spiritual eye, the bodily eye. This very year we had a striking illustration. The charm such pictures have for man, and the sacrifices he will make to see them. How many thousands, even millions, made long journeys, under many difficulties, and counted the time and money well spent, to have a passing glimpse of a great earthly celebration.

For we are born with aspirations after the noble and the grand and the magnificent. To long for them is as natural, in a way, as to breathe, and when they are associated with dignity and worth, the sight is simply for the better. It uplifts and transforms what is best in our nature. Pity such sights could be more frequent! How and to feel them passing so rapidly away into mere memories!

But there is a spectacle open to every eye, and enduring as the ages, which far surpasses all the splendors of earthly birth and beauty, of earthly rank and talent as the sun outshines the rush light or the heavens are more glorious than the blue matter, and that is the spectacle the Church holds out to us under the name of All Saints Day, when, under the guidance of St. John, she gives us to see the unending jubilee in heaven. The great white throne whereon the Sovereign sits is of neither wood nor marble, nor anything that can decay; the light that streams from such a throne is not of wax, but of the self-luminousness of the Lamb himself. The colors, gracefully swung by angel hands are all of gold, and the incense they burn is not from India or Arabia, but the living desires of saints' hearts burning to get nearer the heart of the Redeemer. And then every unit in that great crowd is resplendent with a beauty and loveliness beyond human imagination.

When, therefore, on the Lord, on the first of November, the light of His glory and let us pray, so say, of its brightness shine forth, the eyes even of the apostles were unable to bear the sight. They fell down on their faces to

adoro. For Christ is the splendor of the Father, the figure of His substance, and every saint is a participator of His nature and shines with a gleam of His brightness. The greatest earthly children are less than the least in heaven. Silver and gold and precious stones, dug up from the black ground, are the fitting ornaments of the former, the latter clothed in the glory of God's grace, are beautiful within and without and surrounded with variety.

Yes, upon earth press not on from without makes a different showing, according to the difference of the quality, the man is substantially the same under every gaze, but the saint stands out at God's throne, and shines through, as the grace that made him. In him there is neither speck nor mote, nor flaw nor stain, for no defilement can enter heaven.

And when we think, as we practice our imaginations in clinging up to earth, of this great crowd of united pious spirits, the audacious attempt, when we think and know there is not one here but need-a Saviour and owes all his possessions to the mercy and merits of the dear Lord to whom we look up, who dare say this is not the reward of the true religion or doubt its wondrous potency in lifting hearts to God? That first, but after that what a mighty an encouragement to poor way-faring sinners? We have the lives of the saints before us and the tracks they have left behind them as they journeyed by various routes towards the same resting place in the Lord. Of every class and clime and color they have been, nor is there a division in society to which some should not belong. Some carried their spiritual robes unsoiled through judgment, others had deep wounds to heal, and we hardly know for which we owe God greatest praise. But our prayer is not for them we have begun. They have not seen nor can hear nor be comforted, but the happy ones in this world who have entered into the joy of their Lord. We have had time only to present a glimpse of what the eye may see, and what an encouragement we have found upon that, to struggle after the higher things.

It is in our common frame, as we are, in weakness, temptations and fear, but by grace we lift above these things, to the throne of God. By the same grace, it is our duty to be, too, to become saints and enjoy the glory and the place prepared for us.

## A Venerable Pioneer's Life

The Late Lamented James Blute, of Richmond Township, County of Lennox.

My travels throughout Ontario happened to visit the picturesque village of Campbellford the other day, and while sojourning there I noticed that the people were stirred by the sudden summons that came to Mr. Thomas Blute, the much respected hotel keeper and proprietor, to attend the death bed of his aged father in his distant home in Lennox. The sympathetic interest of the people of Campbellford in the matter led me to make further enquiries as to the personality of the individual whose end was near. The enquiry convinced me that the dying man was no ordinary person, for he had attained the patriarchal age of 94 years, 66 of which had been spent in Lennox County, wherein he had done pioneer work when bush and forest abounded on all sides of him. The memory of the bygone days was vividly recalled by the death of the ripest pioneer. For many of those old men yet in the flesh who came to take a farewell look at their departed friend reverently told of early comradeship and of "logging bees" that had happened 50 years ago. The removal of such a laud mark leaves a void in the locality which is very hard to fill, for the neighboring people had naturally looked upon the late Mr. Blute as a pioneer and frigate, and his having lingered so long in life beyond the allotted span, they began to have a vague notion that his personal presence was necessary. In this last age of the world men and women are called old before they reach the age that used to be reckoned as mere middle life. So that when we meet with a venerable patriarch who reaches well on to the century mark, our attention is drawn towards him, and we become curious to know what he has done and how he has managed to be contrived to live so long past the proverbial three score years and ten.

The secret of the late deceased's long life is easily told. He was born on the sacred soil of Ireland, in the good old County of Cork, near Bandon, in 1803, and to him of healthy and vigorous parents, who imparted to their child the same beneficial principle of right living as they themselves had followed, and into his tender heart they instilled the saving truth of Catholic doctrine and of modest virtue, which never afterwards deserted him until his last breath was drawn. According to the family records, he got a fair education in the common schools of his native parish, and being very glibly versed in it, he was employed by the Rev. Fr. O'Connell, of his school days and of the facilities for learning in those remote days in Ireland. And coming out to Canada in 1827, in which year he took upon himself the responsibility of married life, he chose for his wife Miss Catherine Murphy, also a native of Cork County. Of the happy marriage union there has been seven children, four sons and three daughters, of the latter, two are still living, as well as three grand-children, the number of his family decreasing as the younger branch is represented by 32 grand-children, the eldest son of the late Mr. Blute, namely, Mr. John Blute, of Wisconsin, U.S., being the father of six of them, of whom four are living. Then, Thomas Blute, of Campbellford, already named, has contributed six also to the sum total of the third generation. The late venerable man was now sketching died at the old homestead in Richmond township on the 20th of this present October, his long life having ended on the 9th of the same month in 1894, aged 94 years, both being buried side by side in the cemetery in Napoleon. To the observant mind a useful and encouraging lesson may be drawn from the life of such a man as we are here discussing. The first important consideration is, that the venerable deceased was a thorough and sincere Catholic, who stuck to his religion with the fidelity of a true son of Ireland, and he did his share in planning and maintaining the faith in his district at a critical period, when the faith of St. Patrick was regarded in Ontario as a bar and hindrance to worldly advancement. This apparent drawback did not deter the late Mr. Blute from practicing his holy religion, but it rather increased his zeal in spreading the faith, for in those remote times when Catholic settlers and Catholic churches were few in his part of the province, his house was made a central point for the gathering of the faithful, and his fervent soul was yearned for the celebration of the Holy Mass, which was regularly offered in Mr. James Blute's house for fifteen long years. It is easy to understand that a man and woman of his kind would not be content with merely holding the faith themselves, but that they would wish to instill it into others and help to draw together a band of practical souls who would welcome the visiting priest, with Christ's bodies in the confessional, and who would be humble parish church would go up, wherein the Holy Spirit

would be offered at least every Sunday. Men and women of that Catholic spirit are a bench and blessing to the people of the locality where they live, because the early work of a Catholic, once firmly planted are sure to produce good fruit, and the pioneer planters certainly deserve the honor, as they are sure to reap the eternal reward.

For is the Church invisible to the merits of her faithful children, for she thinks of them with gratitude, and while praying for their everlasting peace, she blesses their names and memories.

But the merit of one or more true fathers for a good cause has to be shown in its broadest sense, for the real practical Catholic parents are sure to make their offspring walk in the same safe righteous path as they trod themselves. This is the general effect and outcome of a good early training. Had the departed late Mr. James Blute not been thorough and steadfast Christian throughout his sons and daughters to day would probably not have been the respected and exemplary Catholics we now find them. They, in turn, are giving their children the best of sound Catholic education and religious instruction, and the thirty-two grand children, mentioned above, when they become men and women, will impart their own inherited goodness to their household dependents, and the stream of human virtue first started by the worthy grand parents will widen as it flows to future generations and spread the good work as it goes along. It is only by looking backwards to the years of long ago when the Catholic faith began its life, that a just estimate can be made of the value of the good work done by such constant and true Christians as were the late lamented Mr. and Mrs. James Blute. Of course, the recent death of Mr. Blute has caused some remarks to be written, but his long partner, who strove for the faith and for the rearing of her children, and a share in the tributes paid to his memory, for she lived and labored to the age of 90 years, and was laid in the grave only three years before her devoted husband. Wm. ELLISON.

### Obituary.

Very sincere sorrow is felt in the Catholic community here, occasioned by the death of Mrs. John Egan, which happened at her residence in Jarvis Street on the 27th inst. Mrs. Egan (née Mary Egan's maiden name) was born at Rathkeale, County Limerick, Ireland. She was the daughter of James Gleeson, who, with his family, came to Canada in 1850. Her sister was the late Mrs. William Gleeson, wife of the late Rev. Fr. O'Connell, of the Basilians, Dr. Guinane, and Guinane Brothers, the well-known shoe men. In 1855 Miss Gleeson married, and for over fifty years Mrs. Egan was to her husband and family a source of joy and comfort. She was a woman of modest disposition, she avoided display, as well in her charitable acts as in the discharge of her duties inseparable from constant practice of those virtues which draw the pious and exemplary nearer to the peace of soul begotten of grace and salvation.

Mrs. Egan had been for some time in poor health, but still she was able to give her attention to household matters, which she did with a lively and cheerful spirit about four weeks ago, when she experienced a change which confined her to bed. She daily became more feeble and all that medical skill could devise was ineffective to stay the malady or relieve the suffering. Her death occurred on the 27th inst. of an earthly pain. In the midst of her weeping relatives and with the benedictions of Holy Church her spirit passed to its eternal rest.

Besides her husband Mrs. Egan leaves several sons and daughters, and a son-in-law who is married to Mr. C. Hevey, whose sister is the wife of Mr. Thomas Coffey of The Catholic Record. The funeral services were held in St. Michael's Cathedral on Tuesday morning, the 29th inst., being officiated by Rev. Dr. Treacy, after which the remains were borne to the house by the pall-bearers—Messrs. M. O'Halloran, J. T. Russell, Patrick Boyle, Joseph Roudiloff, M. J. Phelan, John Mulvaney—and taken to St. Michael's cemetery. May they rest in peace.

### Cardinal Vaughan's Silver Jubilee.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—Cardinal Vaughan will celebrate his Episcopal Silver Jubilee on the 26th inst. The Feast of St. Simon and Jude. It was the intention that the Catholic laity should mark the occasion by a public demonstration of their affection for the Cardinal. The Archbishop of Westminster should mark the event in some suitable way but the Cardinal himself has requested that there should be no public celebration, and of course, his wish is regarded as final in the matter.

### Figured Out.

None but those who have become acquainted know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone and despondency has taken hold of the sufferer. The fact there, however, is a cure—one box of Paroleo's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrako and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Paroleo's Pills.

### A detachment of the West India regiment has started for the frontier of the

Hindustan, where trouble between England and France is expected.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steinbock, Zurich, writes:—"I have used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of cramp, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of cramp several times, and one dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND

A special commissioner from the Free Press... Ireland has the sharp cry of alarm...

made by Mr. Redmond himself. Mr. Corbett can only speak as a sympathetic outsider...

Mrs. Anne Armstrong, of Milton Malbay, is probably the very oldest woman in existence...

On October 14th the solemn function was performed of laying and blessing the first stone of the new cathedral at Loughrea...

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has shown his practical sympathy with the project for the housing of the poor in a most generous manner...

Judge Carran, Q.C., at the Barr Quarter Sessions heard a case in which there were extraordinary revelations...

"We, the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, deem it our duty to submit to the Government of the country the statement of our conviction, founded on the personal knowledge of several members of our body..."

What was written on it? Nothing; it was perfectly blank. Cross-examined—Did you say that Sweeney wanted to do your mother out of a jointure of £1,400 a year?

Commenting on the celebration on Oct. 10 of the Parnell anniversary, The Freeman's Journal says: If Mr. Redmond cared as much for the memory of Parnell as for the chance of a small annual advertisement for himself, yesterday's celebration of the Parnell anniversary would be the last of its kind...

Witness produced a slip of white paper purporting to be an unsigned order for groceries. His Honor—Your evidence is that all this was to get your mother to sign an order for "1lb tea, 1lb sugar, and 1 dozen eggs?"

Mr. W. J. Corbett, M.P., having written to the press that he did not attend the Parnell anniversary procession because Mr. T. M. Harrington was in it, Mr. Harrington writes in reply: "The procession went on all right without him just as Irish politics has managed to pull along for many years without the help of any particularly brilliant or active services on his part..."

At a public meeting held in Longford on Oct. 6th, Mr. J. P. Farrell, M.P., urged opposition to the payment of income tax as an answer to the position taken up by the Government on the over taxation of Ireland...

dress in an effusive manner before the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The simple means of doing it was to refuse to pay the income tax...

ENGLAND. Temperance Movement in London. A commemorative celebration of Father Mathew's birthday, under the auspices of the League of the Cross, was held at Shoreditch Town Hall...

Sermon by Cardinal Vaughan at Arles. A telegram from Arles, on Oct. 12th, says: "On the occasion of the religious festival in celebration of the thirtieth centenary of St. Augustine, Cardinal Vaughan preached a sermon on St. Gregory the Great. His words made a profound impression on those present..."

Oct. 18th being St. Edward the Confessor's Day, was celebrated by a Catholic pilgrimage to the shrine of the saint in Westminster Abbey. The pilgrimage was made under the guidance of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. High Mass was celebrated in the morning in several of the Catholic churches of London...

SCOTLAND. New Catholic College Year Aberdeen. The first wing of the new Catholic College at Blair, near Aberdeen, was opened by the Archbishop of Edinburgh in the presence of a large gathering of clergy from all parts of Scotland...

Wien Manning was Created Cardinal. In Aubrey de Vere's "Recollections" he alludes to the impression Cardinal Manning made upon him at their first meeting. His thought was: "I see a word written upon the forehead of that man and that word is 'seigneur'..."

BOOK REVIEWS

A very pretty little book at small price, containing all the best contemporary prayers. Its chief attraction is a series of beautiful and instructive pictures for children...

The Little Latin Prayers. Approved for use in schools. New York, Benziger Co. This little book contains the morning and evening prayers, prayers for confession and communion, litanies, penitential prayers, the rosary and mass...

The literary abilities of the ladies who have written the plays are well known. Each volume is a practical poem and possesses a lively imagination. Consequently there is plenty of fun and sparkle in their work...

By BARNES RIVER. By Marion Ames Taggart. New York, Benziger Bros. 50c.

This tale, which is another of the Benziger series of Catholic novels for the little folk, gives one a favorable impression, in spite of the improbability and exaggeration woven into it. The plot is as simple as a child's story for the young, but it is a story of the young, and it is a story of the young, and it is a story of the young...

Mission Book for the Married. Mission Book for the Single. Both by Rev. F. G. Farley, CSS.R. In cloth 50c., also to be had in their binding. New York, Benziger Bros.

It was a happy thought of Father Girardy's to prepare these two books, "Mission Book for the Married," and "Mission Book for the Single." The "Mission Book" as a rule, are made up as answers for all young and old, married and single. But as there are special instructions for children during a Mission, and other things for young men and for young women, for married men and for married women, Father Girardy thought it well to prepare separate Mission Books specially adapted to certain classes of people...

MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. By Rev. Charles Coppen, S.J., 8vo., cloth, net \$1.50. New York, Benziger Bros.

This is an important work, solid and original, and will be read with interest by thoughtful minds. It deals with unusually delicate matters; but they are traced with a chaste pen, in the white light of true science, which purifies whatever it illuminates. That the work is generally read with interest is shown by the fact that no book in the English language covers to any great extent the same field of study...

hostile comments. But the author is evidently fond of fair discussion, and it is not that ultimately it can only be said to the triumph of truth and morality. Though a priest and a Jesuit, he does not reason from theological principles, but from the general principles of human nature, from which all natural sciences must take their start...

The chief end of this book is to keep alive in individuals and families the religious spirit, and to give the children of the home a more practical knowledge of the Mystical and the Mystical, and at the same time to contain the prayers useful for the reception of the sacraments and for the daily Christian life. It also contains many devotional recommendations by St. Ignace of Loyola, and many other devotional exercises to which the Church has attached partial and plenary indulgences...

Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland—that Reformation, as he says, "was engendered in lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, and cherished and fed by flattery, domination, and by the vices of ignorant English and Irish blood..."

The project for the organization of what is called "a Parliament of Religions," at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, has received another disclaimer from Cardinal Gibbons. His Eminence writes to the Revue de Paris denying that he used the words attributed to him, "The Pope will be for you, I know it," meaning that his Holiness was ready to approve the assemblage at Paris of a Congress or Parliament of a religious character. The Cardinal adds that he never spoke a word to the Supreme Pontiff about the project...

Don't Wait a Parliament of Religions.

St. Mary's Church (Montreal) Bazaar. MONTREAL, Oct. 21.—St. Mary's Church bazaar opened last evening with a grand dinner, under the auspices of the ladies of the parish. There were about 500 guests. The proceeds are to be devoted to the church decoration fund. So far success has attended the efforts of Rev. Father O'Donnell and the lady promoters, and should the succeeding evenings equal the three first nights, the bazaar will be more successful than those of former years...

Change of Spanish Diplomat.

It seems probable that the change of Ministry in Spain will bring with it a change of diplomatic representatives in Rome. The Spanish Ambassador at the Quirinal, Count Benomar, will, it is stated, resign, and a successor appears already to have been in the person of Count Reason. It seems that M. Merry del Val, the Ambassador to the Holy See, will likewise resign. In that case it is probable that M. Belguer will be named Ambassador to the Vatican. Meanwhile M. Merry del Val has returned from Spain to Rome, and has been received in audience by the Sovereign Pontiff...

WHAT CAN A DOLLAR DO?

Not much, most people will say. Certainly if one takes a dollar down to the stores it melts away with the rapidity of snow before the sun in May. And yet one can get more for a dollar now than six or seven years ago. But we do not bother off the contrary there is a good deal more distress in the country to day than there was half a decade ago. And yet things are cheaper. We are told there is more money in the world to day than there ever has been. The question is, where is it? Have the banks got it? Are the millionaires holding it? Is it going out of the country by way of the insatiable maw of the departmental stores? Is the population increasing to such an extent that the output of money is so small in proportion to increase of needs? That certainly cannot be the case when one considers what a dollar will really do when taken as a medium of exchange to an unlimited extent. For instance, in the liquidation of debts one dollar may be made to pay an unlimited number of dollars worth of debt.

A owes a dollar to O, O to D, D to F, F to G. Supposing each one obtains a dollar from the bank, with which to pay his creditor, and yet one dollar is necessary to liquidate four dollars of debt. Literally there are four creditors and only one debtor, if we suppose all to be mutual acquaintances who meet together to settle their claims, the matter may be arranged in a moment by a simply giving the dollar to C, the others would be paid without having received a cent of money. Next, take the purchasing power of a dollar; it is practically unlimited. One can purchase a hat for a dollar. Supposing a man goes down to the store and buys a dollar hat. That dollar afterwards paid to a salesman by the proprietor; the salesman buys another hat with it. Again it is paid to a salesman and again another hat is purchased. There we have three dollars for the hat and two dollars towards the salesman's wages, five dollars altogether, and all paid with one dollar. Where are the other dollars in the transaction? It is obviously absurd to say that scarcity of money is at the bottom of depression in trade and general hard times. When one dollar can be made to do the work of five in the manner stated above. Of course if one looks at the transaction in the light of a simple method of exchange the matter resolves itself into a question of relative values, and here comes in another interesting point. Nobody is obliged to buy a hat; but the shopkeeper is obliged to pay his salesmen's wages whether he sells his hats or not. If the producer had not come forward, the proprietor would have had to pay two dollars to his salespeople, and would have to pay the hat manufacturer the price of the three hats, less his own prospective profit thereon. Of course he pays for the hats in any case, and the question simply resolves itself into one between capital and labor, between producer and consumer.

AN Irish-Catholic Hall for Ottawa. OTTAWA, Oct. 22.—Forty-one candidates were initiated at last evening's meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 2, in Foresters' hall Sussex street. Mr. J. G. Kilt, the president, occupying the chair. Among the other officers in attendance were Vice-President, S. Cross; Secretary, F. P. Lewis; Financial Secretary, A. Hunter and Treasurer, J. Keenihan. The principal object discussed was the building of an Irish Catholic hall in which all the Irish Catholic societies of the city may hold their meetings. A location for this hall, within two minutes walk of Sapper's bridge, is at present in view. A committee for giving the question further consideration and taking definite action in the matter will soon be struck from the various Irish Catholic societies in the city.

Why will you allow a cough to invade your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a coffin with your grave, when by the timely use of Bich's Anti-Cough Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, soothing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

One of the most touching documents ever read is the last will of her Royal Highness the widowed Duchess of Argyll. She came of the greatest of all Royal Houses...

It is a sad reflection upon the present state of a Government's conscience, when the will of over the holy and pious dead is in danger of being set at naught.

The poor lady would have just been published was more than fifty years ago a fair young girl, whose hand was sought by the great Prince of the North...

How true it is that there is nothing in this life which can satisfy. Wealth, power, pomp, luxury all are as nothing...

When summer days are sweetest, And summer hours are sweetest, As on the wings of pleasure they're sweetly passing by...

When autumn days are mellow, And leaves are sore and yellow, And only stalks and stubbles stand...

Whether the charges against Isabella of Spain were true or not, it is certain that such a marriage as hers, loveless and unloved as it was, could not but call down the wrath of heaven upon everyone connected with the affair...

Household man and had woman sprung from that Royal House. This history has many a story to tell...

The Duchess prohibited the embalming of her body, and ordered that it should be shrouded in the habit of St. Francis, barefooted and with sandals...

It would be a well if rich people in general would follow the example of the Duchess and prohibit the wasteful and extravagant display that is such a senseless feature of so many funerals.

After mentioning other bequests she will continue: "I hope my children will respect the just authority of the law, and not be entangled in any such suit as it shall be understood that I benefit in all that the law may allow...

When summer days are sweetest, And summer hours are sweetest, As on the wings of pleasure they're sweetly passing by...

When autumn days are mellow, And leaves are sore and yellow, And only stalks and stubbles stand...

When summer days are sweetest, And summer hours are sweetest, As on the wings of pleasure they're sweetly passing by...

When autumn days are mellow, And leaves are sore and yellow, And only stalks and stubbles stand...

When summer days are sweetest, And summer hours are sweetest, As on the wings of pleasure they're sweetly passing by...

Podmore: "Good gracious! We have three daughters, and only yesterday I paid a bill for their tuition in a cookery school! Mrs. Podmore: "Yes, that's what's the matter. They are all assisting at the cooking, and Bridget says she must have additional help to clean up the mess."

The above is supposed to be a joke, but there is many a true word spoken in jest, and there is considerable truth in this. Nine out of ten women who they are cooking or doing anything that involves the use of various small utensils...

With regard to the sale of work for the Sisters of the Precious Blood I should like to ask my gentlemen readers not to be behindhand in helping me for good work. We do not expect them to dress dolls, etc. but they can contribute something towards the purchase of materials, etc. I have found our Catholic gentlemen very generous in their response to any appeals of the kind...

Notable Conversion in Australia.

News comes from Australia of the death of Mr. Emmanuel Usher Roberts and his reception into the Catholic Church a short time previous.

Mr. Goldwin Smith writes in The Weekly Sun: "Of all British heroes, Nelson is probably the best loved. The sailor's character is of all characters the most popular, and of the sailor's character Nelson was the type."

The New Imperialism.

It rarely has such a gathering of non-Catholics assembled in a Catholic church as on the occasion of the Friendly Societies' Oration parade at All Saints' Barton, last Sunday.

A SCIENTIST SAVED.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

His Many Duties Lessened His Health to Break Down - Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Activity



Prof. Alvin I. Barnaby.

A reporter recently called at this famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the President, Prof. Alvin I. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health. To day he was apparently in the best of health.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said the professor. "I studied too hard when at school, endeavoring to do more than my duty for the professor. After completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the theological course. I entered the ministry and accepted the charge of a United Brethren church at a small place in Kent County, Md. Being of an ambitious nature, I applied myself diligently to my work and studies. In time I noticed that my health was failing. My trouble was indigestion, and this with other troubles brought on nervousness."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and urged me to give them a trial, because they had benefited him in a number of cases, and I concluded to try them. The first box helped me, and the second gave great relief, such as I had never experienced from the treatment of any physician. After using six boxes of the medicine I was entirely cured. To day I am perfectly well. I feel better and stronger than for years. I certainly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers and over-worked people."

It rarely has such a gathering of non-Catholics assembled in a Catholic church as on the occasion of the Friendly Societies' Oration parade at All Saints' Barton, last Sunday.

..IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something new to Gracify and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties.

TAKE THE PLEASANTEST OF MALT BEVERAGES JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER

THEY are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good TRY THEM

FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS

TORONTO - James Good & Co. or Yonge and Shuter Sts. MONTREAL - P. L. N. Baudry, 127 De Lorimier Ave. QUEBEC - N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul St.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - ONT.

CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

THOMAS MULVEY, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, PROCTOR

FOY & KELLY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

MCGRATH & O'CONNOR, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

J. T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

H. H. HARN & LAMONT, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, PROCTORS

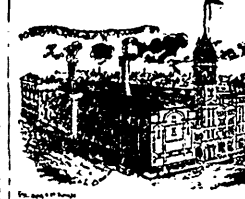
ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

TYTLER & McCABE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

WILLOUGHBY, CAMERON & LEE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

MUSIC SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PURE DRUGS AND GENUINE MEDICINES. Lemaitre's Pharmacies.



PURE WATER. In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter...

The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Ltd. Dear Sir, - I hereby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter and find it first-class purity being bright, clear and free from all suspended impurities.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LIMITED)

The Cosgrove Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers

ALS AND BROWN STOUTS. Brewed from the finest Malt and best Barley...

M. McCONNELL WHOLESALE WINE MERCHANT

GEO. J. FOY Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars

DR. JAS. LOFTUS, DENTIST.

IN BUYING MATCHES. When the grocer recommends a new brand ASK HIM ABOUT QUALITY. E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES

PURE BAKING GOLD POWDER. Impure baking powders are responsible for much bad cookery - bad cookery is responsible for much ill health - shun the one - and prevent the other - not a harmful ingredient in "Pure Gold" - a perfectly pure cream of tartar powder.

MUSIC SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Price the lowest. WHALEY, ROYCE & Co., 266 Yonge St., Toronto

PURE DRUGS AND GENUINE MEDICINES. Lemaitre's Pharmacies, 256 and 264 Queen St. West

**The Catholic Register.**  
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
 AT THE  
**OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD ST.,**  
 Toronto.  
**Catholic Register P.M. and Dub Co.**  
 of Toronto, Limited.  
 SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM. \$2.00.  
 ADVERTISING RATES:  
 Regular advertisements by the month, 25 cents per line for the first week, 20 cents for the second week, and 15 cents for the third week. Single insertions 10 cents per line. Special rates for long advertisements. When changing address, the name of former post office should be given. No paper discontinued till arrears are paid. Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.  
 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1897.

**Calendar for the Week.**  
 25—St. Simon and Jude, Ap.  
 26—St. Leo, P.  
 27—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, Vigil, Fast.  
 31—21st aft. Pent. S. Wolfgang  
 1—Feast of All Saints.  
 2—All Souls Day  
 3—S. Wifreda.

Catholics will try to regulate their own consciences without drawing upon the philosophy poured forth every law full morning by the daily press.

Some of the sly editors are declaring that Catholics should be protected from insult. That is quite right, nor is it a difficult matter to manage Catholics may easily protect themselves by leaving ignorant, hostile and fanatical newspapers on the outside of their doors.

This cable is published in all the Toronto papers. London, Oct. 26. Col. John I. Davidson, Toronto. Hurrah India. Dominion. The local Colonel does not know who his correspondent may be, and does not assume that the "hurrah" cabled to him is a cipher offer to sell a lot of sugar. Colonel Davidson on the contrary thinks the "hurrah" refers to the Gordon Highlanders' bravery in the Indian Campaign. Dominion, of London, should have said "Hurrah for India." The Gordon Highlanders are brave and obedient soldiers; and it is to be hoped that their many souls they admire the pluck of the Indian hill-tribes against whom they are ordered to fight as much as the world admires the bravery of their own ancestors in the days of their "old Scottish glory."

The little words that eat at the heart of a green apple no doubt find it good to the last. And it is pretty much the same with "inside" knowledge of most things. Take for instance the lifelong circumstances of many members of the Orange Order who honestly believe that their connection gives them the right to regard themselves as upholders of "civil and religious liberty." A probable case in point is that of John Wesley Winters, of Orillia, now ex-deputy grand master of the True Blues. John Wesley's conduct shows him to be a true believer in the "freedom" which the Orange or so loudly proclaims. Early in the summer he was asked to take command of No. 4 company of the Orillia Boys' Brigade, which is composed of Catholics. It was a friendly thing of Catholics to offer this command to an Orangeman, and it was a manly thing of John Wesley to accept it. But when the True Blues heard of it they called a council together and expelled their D.D.G.M., for "drilling rebels and Fenians." If the front part of his name had been John Knox or Oliver Cromwell it would have been all one to the "liberty loving" and "loyal" True Blues. John Wesley Winters is now a wiser man than he was a year ago. He knows that it is quite another thing to taste the sweet "liberty" of Orangism from the inside and to have a bitter experience of it from the outside. But on the whole if John Wesley is as sincere a man as his conduct in this matter indicates, he should not regret this experience.

Fresh rumors of a probable outbreak between the United States and Spain on account of Cuba are in the air. The Spanish Government has sent a note to Washington, the purport of which is that foreign pretensions to interference in Spanish affairs cannot be admitted. This message is regarded by all the war dogs as the prelude to hostilities. They further say that Italy and Germany having some old scores to settle with the Americans may give more than their sympathy to the Spaniards. To which it may be replied that a war between the United States and a European power would mean so many a departure in the policy of the American Republic that it is not likely to be entered upon with a light heart. The mission of America is to build up such a power on the American continent as must ultimately supply an adequate counterpoise to the militarism of Europe and the influence of monarchy upon the civilization of a new country. The population of the United States is so heterogeneous that many people over

there misunderstand this mission wholly and talk of war with Spain, Italy or England as if they are of the territory and interests of the old world and the new were crowding each other for space. The majority of Americans see farther ahead and we never learn that their vision discerns war clouds looming up over the wide Atlantic.

**Ontario Catholics Are Denied Representation on the Bench**

We hear just now more perhaps than ever before the boast about the superior intelligence radiating from Ontario all over the other provinces of the Dominion. The object of this blowing of the Ontario trumpet is to cause people who know little of Canada to imagine it is the influence of Ontario alone that saves the French-Canadian province of Quebec from the utter desolation of its Egyptian darkness. Ontario spends more money than Quebec upon primary public education, and imagines it gets value for its money. If, however, the purpose of promoting primary education is to develop an intelligent public opinion we shall have an opportunity of asking for the evidence upon which the Ontario claim rests. It is universally conceded that the equality of all citizens before the state is a useful measure of the public intellect for the purpose of drawing a comparison between communities. But when we apply this measure to these provinces the claim of Ontario to a superior enlightenment appears to be nothing more than fine a sample of impudence. Quebec has always shown the example to Ontario in this matter; and it is a notorious fact that Ontario has not profited much thereby. The people here much prefer to rail against Quebec than to follow her lead in the fair and generous treatment of religious minorities. Ontario contents herself with asserting her superior enlightenment; but Quebec while making no boasts perseveres in doing right.

We intend for some time forward to draw instructive comparisons between the evidences of public intelligence found in Quebec and Ontario, in order on the one hand to give credit where credit is due, and on the other to stir up Catholic opinion in Ontario to the demand for a fair share of representation for the religious minority in this province.

We shall begin with a subject in which the appointing power rests with the Federal Government, but in regard to which provincial public opinion regulates the policy of the Dominion party in power. We refer to the Judiciary. The statistics which we shall quote will be taken from accurate sources. For the figures included in the present article we have not gone outside the Statistical Year Book of Canada and the Canadian Almanac, except where changes have taken place since the 1897 number of the latter publication was issued. Moreover in relation to the representative character of the Judiciary the lesson to be drawn to-day from a comparison of Quebec and Ontario represents without any alteration worthy of note the state of affairs that has existed since Confederation.

In a population of 2,114,921 according to the last census returns, Ontario numbered 858,000 odd Catholics. In a population of 1,291,700 Quebec included 100,000 odd Protestants of all denominations. To render the figures more easily borne in mind the Catholic minority in Ontario was 17 per cent. of the whole province, and the Protestant minority in Quebec less than 18 per cent. of that province.

The Dominion Government has in Ontario the power of appointing seventy-five judges in all, counting members of the Supreme Court of Judicature, the High Court of Justice, senior and junior County Judges. In these seventy-five appointments only six Catholics are included, and of those four are junior judges of County

Courts. That is to say nominally "per cent. of the appointments are held by Catholics. But it must be borne in mind that in the case of the one senior County judge the district is the most remote in the province and no other appointment was possible there, while four out of the six Catholics are but junior judges of the County Courts. Virtually therefore the nominal representation of Catholics in the Judiciary of Ontario is not worth half the face value, although the nominal representation is disgracefully inadequate in itself. On the superior bench of the province Catholics have one representative—a French Canadian holds a County Court judgeship in the wildest and most remote district of the province, and four Catholics are included among the junior judges to make up a show of representation for the entire Judiciary. Not to put too fine a point upon it Catholics in Ontario are without representation on the bench except for their sole representative in the High Court of Justice.

What do we find in the Province of Quebec? There the Dominion Government has the power of appointing forty-two judges, comprising the Queen's Bench and Superior Court. Included in the forty-two are eight Protestants, or in round numbers 20 per cent. of the total number of appointments. And bear in mind that this 20 per cent. is not made up of petty positions, like the junior judges of County Courts in Ontario; on the contrary the eight representatives of the Protestant minority on the Quebec bench hold the most honorable places in the gift of the Government short of the chief justiceship. Two of the puisne judges are Protestants and six are on the Superior Court bench.

Let us see the full force of this contrast. In Ontario where the Catholic minority is 17 per cent. of the entire population, the representation of Catholics among the judges is nominally 8 per cent. of the appointments; but in reality a big discount should be knocked off this nominal representation by reason of the inferior places for which the Catholics with one exception have been chosen. On the other hand in Quebec where the Protestant minority is less than 18 per cent. of the population, Protestants on the bench represent 20 per cent. of the appointments, and those the most honorable places to which men could be called.

Here then is the comparison between the two provinces made upon the most conspicuous evidence of an enlightened public opinion that could be asked for. Quebec, abused as she is for repented ignorance and prejudice, accords to the minority nearly twice the representation to which it is entitled on the bench, whilst Ontario, with her incessant boasting of liberty and intelligence, virtually denies the Catholic minority representation in the Judiciary.

We shall next week consider the lesson which these facts should bring home to the Catholic people of this province.

**The Press and the Archbishop of Kingston.**

Our present issue contains the concluding chapter of the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Kingston on the holy Sacrament of Matrimony. His Grace imparts solemn admonition to the members of his flock concerning one phase of a question which the press of the province has volunteered to discuss with a vehemence usually affected by persons who meddle in matters that cannot concern them. We do not know that a more striking illustration of the reason for the Archbishop's mandate to his immediate flock in the city of Kingston could be found near at hand than is furnished by an editorial article in The Globe, of Monday, attacking Dr. Cleary for two somewhat startling reasons. The Globe is not alone in proffering secularist wisdom to Catholics in

opposition to their Archbishop and we are surprised to see the great majority of its contemporaries throughout the province repeating advice which none of them have been asked for. In the first place The Globe assails the Archbishop for no other reason than teaching Catholic discipline to his Catholic flock, and in the second place our interesting contemporary seems to insist that his Grace should be "disciplined" for condemning opinions which it makes ostentatious show of entertaining itself.

Surely if Presbyterians, Methodists, Unitarians and Jews be allowed in this free country to expound their own discipline in their own meeting houses and synagogues and to be their own people, a Catholic Archbishop may—despite The Globe's sneers at his previous performances and his "too facile pen"—undertake likewise to instruct his own flock in his own cathedral. The Globe is especially provoked because the Archbishop of Kingston—evidently not wishing to particularize one denomination or give offence to one class of citizens—referred to "some little sect." The Globe takes these words apart, and proceeds with them to tickle the all too irritable epidermis of the champions of sectarianism within hailing distance. Come here, it says, and read what Mr. Cleary calls you. But as a matter of fact the words in which the Archbishop's allusion was made serve only to show how nice and strictly parliamentary is the modern style of reference to the "sects," compared with the early history of the Church, and even the later history of the English "Reformation." Good old Saint Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, long ago used to say: "For the sects of the profane also attempt to call their own dens houses of the Lord;" and if we read the English historian Cobbett, who wrote only ten years before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, we see that he, whilst eulmgerating all the "sects" of our own day, calls them "motley mongrels," "tub-bawlers" and a variety of such picturesque titles. Such language has fallen into disuse now, a days when custom demands the utmost courtesy and charity in all references to matters of conscience and religion. No one is better aware of this than Dr. Cleary himself, as he is careful to show in this portion of his pastoral letter, wherein he carefully guards against blaming Protestants, and on the contrary declares, three distinct and several times their entire freedom of conscience.

So that when Archbishop Cleary made the vague allusion to "some little sect," he only observed the courteous modern fashion of steering to parliamentary terms in all utterances of a religious nature. The Archbishop's words are: "The place where the contract was to be celebrated is known as the church of that sect." There can be nothing offensive in that. And in order to emphasize the fact that his own people alone were addressed, the Archbishop says: "We nowise blame non-Catholics in this matter. They set in conformity with their conscience." In another place he says he has "neither the right nor the power" to make reference to Protestants in the matter. What more is there needed to show that the subject he was addressing himself to concerned his own people and no others; that he felt called upon to condemn a practice growing up amongst them, and that his words denote all friendship and courtesy to the Protestant people of his neighborhood.

We shall now consider the strange conceit of The Globe in denying to Dr. Cleary the right to concern an opinion which it happens to hold itself, and which it loudly proclaims, and the further conceit of volunteering to Catholic people its own secularist wisdom in opposition to the decree of a Catholic prelate pronounced inside his own Cathedral and which the members of his flock alone were supposed to hear. No exception in point of fact is taken to these words: "That it—a certain form and ceremony of marriage—is a mere secular contract, not a whit more sacred than the marriage of any two heathens." So said the Archbishop. Now what says The Globe? For our part we see no reason why two heathens should not contract a marriage as sacred as any which the Archbishop or any other minister of any denomination may be pleased to sanction. Marriage in this country is a civil contract, and whatever sanctity it may acquire beyond the law depends upon the hearts of those who take up its

solemn obligations. The demands of the civil law being satisfied, the rest is a matter of conscience in which none of us has a right to pass judgment upon his brother.

The Archbishop of Kingston admitted some of his people against giving the countenance of their presence to what he understood to be a purely civil contract of marriage. The Globe does not bother about the purely civil character of the contract, but on the contrary it declares that a heathen marriage is as good as a Christian marriage any day, that "marriage in this country is a civil contract," and it goes on to assail Dr. Cleary for having "abused his authority" by commanding his people to remember the character of the Catholic marriage.

There is no need to reason with The Globe. Its language in the extract which we give above verbatim is uncalled for by any members of Archbishop Cleary's flock. It merely blurs out in the most reckless fashion the anti-Christian doctrine that religion and marriage are in no way associated. "Marriage in this country is a civil contract and whatever sanctity it may acquire beyond the law depends upon the hearts of those who take up its solemn obligations." Religion and the Church have nothing to do with a mere affair of the heart. All Catholics regard such notions of marriage as The Globe believes in with horror. Let others govern their own consciences in the matter.

The Globe in its anxiety to make out a case against the Archbishop of Kingston does not stick at misrepresentation. When it says "none of us has the right to pass judgment upon his brother," it insinuates that the Archbishop went out of his way to make an attack upon a Protestant marriage. The contrary is the fact. He spoke to his own flock only. He spoke upon occasion given among members of his own flock; and The Globe's views on the subject although they may be generously intended to lead the Catholics of Kingston out of the discipline commanded by their Archbishop, are not likely to be preferred before the episcopal decree.

**The Irish Catholic and Hon. Edward Blake.**

We thank our esteemed contemporary, The Irish Catholic, for reproducing portions of our articles exposing the recent persecution of Irishmen of the old faith in the province of Manitoba. It is desirable that the facts we have stated should be known in every land where the Dominion is spending money to induce emigrants to try their fortunes on the prairies of Canada. We shall not attribute any motive to our Dublin contemporary for giving our case the hospitality of its space other than the desire to make the truth known. But we shall ask The Irish Catholic to take back the following allusion to Hon. Edward Blake in this connection:

Why cannot the Hon. Edward Blake, who is the representative of an Irish Catholic constituency, point out to his Canadian colleagues in politics the injustice and unwisdom of the course they are pursuing? Why cannot he interfere, in even the individual case referred to, and secure for Mr. Tennant restoration for the wrong done him, and restoration to the public service?

There is no ground whatever upon which Hon. Edward Blake's interference in Canadian party politics at the present time could even be imagined. Evidently The Irish Catholic fails to understand the political party spirit in Canada. But for its information we shall make one or two references to Hon. Edward Blake's association with Irish Canadians in politics and apart from politics. There is no man in the Dominion or in Ireland for whom Irish Canadians have a more sincere admiration than Edward Blake. When, a good while ago, a blind and heartless immigration policy of the Canadian Government brought here to Toronto, and to other parts of the Dominion also, many Irishmen and women who had neither money to fall back upon nor friends to look forward to, Edward Blake was the first to show his sincere sympathy with the people of his race. Calling a few friends together he took steps to support the friendless immigrants through an entire winter and to afford them all possible help after the long inclement season had been tried over. He did that without letting others know; and until its appearance now in The Register an incident, so characteristic of Edward Blake, was never published. When Edward Blake was connected with the Government of Canada his impartial

treatment of all classes of citizens in connection with politics could not be excelled. The late Sir John Thompson had no higher or more disinterested ideal of the equal rights of every class and creed in all things concerning the state. There is not an Irish Catholic in Canada who does not feel regret over the loss of Edward Blake to Canadian politics, although they were all prouder of him than ever before whom he gave his services to the cause of Ireland. But it should not be necessary to remind our Dublin contemporary that Edward Blake is not Boyle Roche's bird. He cannot be in Canadian politics and in Irish politics at one and the same time. If we had him in Canadian politics we would honor and trust him, and we hope that all Irishmen in the outland did the same.

**Foreign Government of Ireland**

The Tory-Unionist government at Westminster cannot be convinced that distress exists in Ireland. The first cry raised by the Lord Lieutenant was of exaggeration by "interested politicians." Now the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, at their, Maynooth annual meeting have endorsed the declarations of the "interested politicians" from personal knowledge of the facts. Their resolution reads:

We deem it our duty to submit to the Government of the country the statement of our conviction, founded on the personal knowledge of several of our members of our body, that the failure of the potato and cereal crops in many districts of the country particularly on the Western and Southern coasts, must lead during the ensuing winter and spring to very acute distress amongst large numbers of the population, and unless well-conceived measures of relief are taken in good time, may result in disastrous consequences.

Already the representative boards of the country have given the alarm of approaching famine. Still the government will not believe. Why? Are Her Majesty's advisers afraid that recognition of the actual conditions would involve condemnation of their methods of government and that by taking relief measures they would be playing into the hands of the "interested politicians" of Ireland? That is the most probable reason behind their pretence of blindness. But when fully considered it is also a convincing proof of their actual blindness and incapacity. Can a government that refuses to believe, and from sheer prejudice distrusts, the evidence of every reputable and representative voice of public opinion in Ireland—the parliamentary representatives, the leaders of the clergy, and the members of public boards—be fit for the responsibilities of government? Prejudice could hardly go any farther than virtual condemnation of the whole nation as utterly untrustworthy. The Irish people and their representatives have always claimed that the needs of their country are as little understood by the English Government as if Her Majesty's advisers hailed from Stamboul. By meeting the request of Ireland for relief measures with the cool response, We can't believe you, Lord Salisbury and his conferees have given the whole world proof that the English Government of Ireland is exactly what the Irish represent it, an alien and unsympathetic system imposed by military force and gradually crushing the life out of a great people.

**An Investigation Required.**

Our correspondent, in his letter published on 14th instant, clearly and emphatically denies the allegation that he was actuated by a desire to injure the Government and to excite the prejudices of the Irish Catholics of the Dominion against it, in writing those communications which related to the penitentiaries. He showed that his object was to point out the causes which led to the recent rebellious demonstrations at St. Vincent de Paul, and to indicate the parties responsible for the decadence and demoralization of our penitentiary system of administration, in order that proper and effectual remedies be applied. Though the letters did not contain any expressions or sentiments that could be even tortured into hostility to the Ottawa Administration, yet we are pleased that the writer has seen fit to record his protest against any such interpretation of his motives. His doing so affords us the occasion to say that we, too, have no desire to censure the Government without cause. While not in accord with many features of its policy, and having but very little confidence in certain members of the



Chats with the Children.

Oh, we want to the woods on a thorn-apple trip! For the apples that blaze from the low branch a trip!

Dear came down the mountain side, and whether because he was in search of adventure or because attracted by a savory smell from the oak's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the cavalry command.

Farm and Garden

Frank Benton, of the United States Department of Agriculture, writing on the subject of beekeeping, touches upon indoor and outdoor wintering.

Stories

Aubrey de Vere

Aubrey de Vere, in his newly published 'Recollections,' tells some stories of a drive on an Irish man car from Limerick to Dublin in the good old days.

Domestic Reading

In the month of November our thoughts tend naturally to a remembrance of the faithful departed, but the Holy Father, by selecting for the General intention, souls in their agony, bids us direct our attention to help those who are in the very act of departing out of this life.

PARRY SOUND AND A. PISSING

The Bishop of Peterboro' after a Pastoral Visit Reports Satisfactory Progress of Settlement.

AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.

In the November 8 N. Nichols there is an article on "A Baby Elephant," by F. Fitz Roy Dixon. Mr. Dixon says:

THE CATECHISM

There is a little book which is put in the hands of the Catholic child at a very early period of his life, and on which he is frequently questioned by his superiors.

Soil grows poorer when it is left bare, and gains in fertility when it is covered.

It is not necessary to have many "patches" of ground near a farm home, but when it is not practicable to have a rotation, including some kind of a sod, in garden and truck-patch, this ground that would otherwise be bare during the winter should be seeded to crimson clover or rye as fast as crops are removed.

Let us consider the various states in which souls may be at the hour of their departing from their bodies.

Look at that soul created by God, and for Himself, with the capacity to know and love Him, and thus reach its last end. It may be that this soul through no fault of its own, has never known God, except in the dimmest glimmering of a child of nature, say in the African jungle.

Thursday evening last was the first meeting of Columbus Commandery No. 219, Knights of St. John, in their new quarters, Jackson Hall, corner Bloor and Yonge Sts., and though the weather was sufficient to dampen the ardor of most people it did not have a very depressing effect on the members of 219 who turned out in force and held a very interesting meeting.

Stratford Items.

It is our painful duty this week to record the death of Rev. Father McGrath, of Sandwich, for many years a resident priest of this city.

THE KITTEN AND THE BEAR.

Chris, Burns, the veteran First Sergeant of Troop D, had a kitten which, during the summer camping of the troop at the Lower Geyser Basin, made her home within the Sergeant's tent.

THE MAN WHO IS BLOWN UP BY A HIDDEN MINE OF EXPLOSIVES

The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives and whose remains are scattered about him, aroused his suspicions, but he did not know the cause of his death.

As my wife and I, at the window one day

Stood watching a man with a monkey, A cat came by, with a "broth of a boy."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

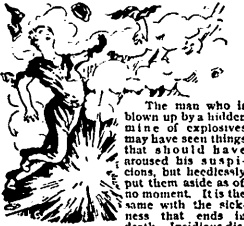
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

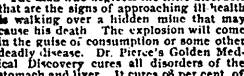
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

Who was driving a stout little donkey.

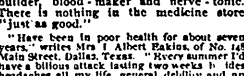
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage."



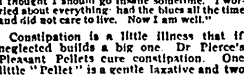
The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives and whose remains are scattered about him, aroused his suspicions, but he did not know the cause of his death.



The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives and whose remains are scattered about him, aroused his suspicions, but he did not know the cause of his death.



The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives and whose remains are scattered about him, aroused his suspicions, but he did not know the cause of his death.



The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives and whose remains are scattered about him, aroused his suspicions, but he did not know the cause of his death.

A national Congress of French Catholics is to be held in Paris on November 30.

Cardinal Richard will preside.

FRYER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS

are positively cured by the use of Parulo's Pills.

FRYER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS

are positively cured by the use of Parulo's Pills.

FRYER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS

are positively cured by the use of Parulo's Pills.

...A... Remembrance

A summer party of American tourists was established at a small inn in the little village of Oetz, situated in the beautiful Oetzthal, one of the upper valleys of the Tyrolean Alps. The Oetzthal is the deepest valley of the Inn, and the most notable for its wild scenery, picturesque impressiveness, and its dangerous glaciers and falls.

Most of the party are for recreation, and the novel scenes and people were a sufficient supply for that demand—as was the glorious fresh air of the mountains for those who sought health.

The one member of the party who was a worker was, strange to say, the most of them all—an American girl who had been studying art in Paris with great earnestness, and whose absorbing motive in coming here was to study the life and work of the great painter, Raphael.

She had dozens of sketches in her head—landscapes, peasants, in various positions, and an eager was she to begin that when she arrived at the station after dark she felt herself consciously impatient of the beautiful night through which her drive to Oetz was taken, and eager for morning.

She was very tired, however, and slept long, and when at last awakened she found that she was up and dressed before her, her first impulse was to run to the window and look out.

"Stop, Ethel, you shall do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed her cousin Florence. "That is just what I have come to prevent. I am going to stand guard over you while you take your roll and coffee, and then drop the curtains and make you promise not to lift them when I leave you to dress."

Ethel, keen for anything that would enhance the flavour of the delicious prospect before her, she had kept it faithfully when Florence returned, later, to take her out on a tour of inspection.

The young girl had slipped herself in her walking costume, her corset, her flannel blouse, her hat, and stout boots, and was ready for anything when her cousin called her from the room. Her eager was her own search for the picture-gallery that she ignored the fact that the one or two people she encountered in going through the house might have a similar interest, which must have been at least gratified at the lovely vision which she made, with her golden hair twisted under the red beret and her lovely face aglow with expectation.

Before the front door was opened Florence produced a silk handkerchief, which she tied firmly over her companion's eyes, making her promise not to make any effort to remove it until she should be given leave. Laughing delightfully and showing brilliant teeth between a pair of fresh young lips, Ethel obediently consented to be led by the hand, up a steep hill, to be faced round a certain position, and then to have the handkerchief whisked off, with a cry from Florence:

"There, now!" For some seconds the girl did not speak as she gazed about her. She was standing in the centre of a sort of court, which formed a plateau on the crest of a hill. All around this court were low and rudely constructed houses, whose front surfaces presented a mass of decorations, indescribably brilliant. The plaster, which seemed very smoothly and firmly made, was painted or stained in various colors as a background; and upon these surfaces were painted pictures of sacred subjects, the drawing and coloring of which were crude and fantastic beyond description, though the decorative impression was most picturesque and effective, especially with the added embellishment of the brilliant blooming plants which overflowed the boxes placed across every window.

Petunias, pink, sweet peas, poppies, geraniums, and many other plants were here massed in a riot of colors, and long sprays of vine fell down and fringed the borders of the pictures below. Every available wall space was covered by one of these pictures—the favorite subjects being the "Annunciation," the "Adoration of the Magi," the "Birth of Christ," and constantly repeated representations of the "Holy Family."

Most of the houses had two stories, and there was also a box containing the blooming plants and vines fastened over every door; and as every plant seemed at the very height of its bloom and perfection, and every picture seemed as clean and free from weather stains as if just painted, it is no wonder that Ethel received the impression so common with those who first see this brilliant spectacle.

"What is it for?" she said. "I never saw anything so decorative and brilliant, but I didn't know it was any great gala day. Why didn't you tell me? And what day is it?"

"No day at all; or, rather, no gala day," said Florence. "Then what have they done this for?"

"For religion's sake, or beauty's sake, or a mixture of the two, I suppose." "You don't mean to say that they keep it like this all the time?"

"I want to paint now, at once, this minute!" cried Ethel. "My fingers fairly itch. I want to paint those copper cans, and brass kettles, and iron pots with exactly this light upon them—and those vegetables, too! Oh, if I only could, while the impression is so fresh and strong upon me!"

"Well, so you can't you have only to fetch your easel and box and begin at once." "But I have not got permission, and there is no one here to ask."

"No matter at all about that! These peasants are the most amiable beings on earth. I have come to understand them very well. Go to work and do your picture, and I promise to make everything right when the family returns."

Urged by Florence, Ethel who was really longing to make this picture, ran back to the little inn for her box and easel, and was soon at work sketching in her picture rapidly, with an absorbed face, while Florence sat by her and watched its progress and prepared herself to explain things on the return of the family.

Ethel sat at her easel in the centre of the old, low roofed room, her scarlet cap flung on the floor beside her and her golden head shining tenderly under the smoky rafters. Her picture seemed to grow by magic, and as she brought out the brilliant polish of metal on the old vessels, and the soft bloom of vegetation upon the cabbages and carrots, etc., on the table beneath, she was feeling that triumph of achievement which sometimes comes to reward a pains-taking artist for much discouragement.

So absorbed was she that she did not notice Florence when she rose, at the end of about two hours, and slipped quietly out of the house. She had seen the family returning, and she went to meet them. Her explanation, graciously and unsmilingly given, was received in the same spirit, and the two women and several children had soon filed noiselessly into the rear of the room and stood there, silent and delighted, watching the progress of the young artist's work.

Florence had given them some coins, which to their frequent minds seemed an inordinate price to pay for the privilege accorded, and they were evidently in high good humor.

Presently Ethel, in a pause of her breathless interest, happened to turn her head and catch sight of them. She had a blush between her white teeth, but she smiled radiantly, and taking it out, came forward to greet them. She felt, however, a certain hesitation as to how to deal with this strange people, and was glad to accept the word of Florence that she had made everything right, and to express her thanks merely.

At the same time she offered to stop work, in order that the details of her study might be put into more active use. But the women protested, declaring that dinner could wait until the picture was done, and showing such evident desire that she should not interrupt her work, that she consented to go on a little longer.

"But why does she not paint the Holy Mother and the Blessed Child, if she can paint like that?" said one of the women aside to Florence. "My nephew, Anton Wald, is a painter. He made the picture of the Holy Family on the outside of our house, but he would not paint such things as kettles and cabbages!" He is the finest painter in the whole valley, though he is angry if I say so, and sometimes he throws down his brush and will not paint again for months, because he says the pictures in his mind are beautiful, but that they are less so if he puts them down. That is quite a strange way, though, for his pictures are most beautiful, as you can see from the one on my house, and all the new lead-marks in the churchyard are by him, and some beautiful 'andenken.' The picture of Frau Mohlat's son, who was smashed under a great rock, is a lovely thing; the Lord have mercy on his soul!" she added, reverently crossing herself.

"Where does this Anton live?" said Florence. "He is a school perhaps like to see the Fraulein paint. She has learnt in the greatest painting schools in the world, and has had the makers of the most beautiful pictures to show her how they did it."

"He will be here to get his dinner by-and-bye. He has no parents or home, poor boy! he is a good lad, though queer at times, and I am glad to have him live with me. Ah, here he comes now!" she exclaimed. "Hans ran to fetch him, I see, and has told him about the beautiful lady and the picture."

At the same moment there appeared, through the back doorway of the house the figure of a tall young peasant, not dressed in rough farming clothes, but in a nearer approach to the holiday attire of the Tyrolean of that vicinity. He wore corduroy knee breeches, gay stockings, and brown coat which flared over a red waistcoat and broad striped belt. The facings of his coat were also striped with red, as were his sleeves about the hands. On his head was the wide Tyrolean hat of tan colored felt, faced with bright green, and trimmed with a bright green ribbon, with streamers falling behind.

As he noiselessly entered the room and stood gazing at the beautiful figure whose back was turned to him, he seemed not to see it, or be conscious of the others who were present, for his eyes fixed themselves eagerly on the canvas, and as he looked, the eagerness deepened and strengthened, until it changed into a radiance of delight that seemed scarcely unmixed with awe.

As if unconscious of himself and his own act, he slowly removed his hat and stood bareheaded, and as if spellbound in his place, his gaze fairly devouring the picture.

"The saints preserve us!" whispered the woman. "What a strange lad this Anton is! he says he would think it was the Holy Virgin herself, in the picture, instead of those old pans!"

little wooden head boards in the churchyard. Such a picturesque little church it is, perched on a steep cliff overlooking the lovely valley through which the river winds, and beyond which, the great mountains rise immeasurably high! There is a cunning priest's house near the church, with a fascinating old annual dial on its walls (one never sees a clock here). This little house is also founded upon a rock—but oh, how barren and empty! This little and how lonely! You would be filled with pity to see it! The churchyard is the tawdriest thing you can imagine, with the graves hung about with faded flowers faded immortelles, and as many little crosses, and medals, and crosses as can be got together—but the awful thing is the headboards! These are made of wood and every one is decorated with a picture of the departed and his family, the living members of which are kneeling around his dying bed, while the dead ones appear in a bank of clouds above. The horrible distortion of these figures and the grotesqueness of both the earthly and heavenly garments, is something ghastly—and yet I could single out, every time those painted by my young Anton, by that truly wonderful feeling and aspiration, amounts to veneration.

"Oh, I shall be proud of my pupil yet—and already his feeling for his teacher amounts to veneration." "I give him his first lesson to-day, and it was a thrilling experience." He is going to take it like a duck to water, and his love for beauty is absolutely touching. I saw him looking with a sort of hungry delight, at the optical effect of my 'ring' (my dear ring)! Its marvellous color changes were an evident feast to him. Oh, I am so glad Providence guided me to this place. My Anton is such an interest and impulse onward to me, and will help to beguile the long, weary, desolate, empty days—until you come!"

In due time there came an answer to this letter, and in turn, an answer to that. And meanwhile every day Anton received a painting lesson, and advanced by strides. It was a deliciously happy life into which he had entered, and he seemed to others, and still more to himself, to be new made. The glow of health which came into his cheeks, and of fire into his eyes, made the strong young peasant suddenly develop a radiant beauty, which was so striking and extraordinary that Ethel could not resist such a model, and set to work to paint him.

She made a spirited and beautiful study of him on a small canvas, painting him full length, in his Tyrolean costume, with the black pointed hat, ornamented with its proud group of rare and perilously purchased little feathers, for Anton was a sportsman as well as an artist, and had won these trophies by his own skill and daring, and many was the votive offering, so procured, which he laid at his young teacher's feet. It was but natural that he should wish to make some return for the hours of patient instruction which she had bestowed upon him.

So thought Ethel, but did her correspondent, perhaps, have some other idea? One day she got a letter from him which contained this paragraph: "You want me to explain why it is that I always refer to your pupil as 'poor Anton'! It is truly because I pity him—you most bewitching of women! My own blessed ownership of you makes my heart gentle to the rest of men—even including lowly Tyrolean peasants, who are, by circumstances, quite removed from you. And I wondered if it were only the dear optical ring which he looked at so hungrily that day. Do not forget that it is far less beautiful than the hand which wears it. In short, my own child, I would wish to put you a little on your guard—for this poor Anton's sake!"

After this letter it seemed as if the serpent had entered into Eden, for a fear was in Ethel's heart, which she had never known before. Anton had lately been engaged in doing a portrait of her, and while she posed for him she gave him lessons. The ardor which he had thrown into this piece of work and the extraordinary success he was having with it came to Ethel's mind now with a new and disturbing significance.

Next morning she got Florence to go to Anton with a message to say that she was not well and could not pose for him, so that he would have to work without her that day, in the little studio which they had improvised.

"But how can he work without his model?" asked Florence. "Oh, he can go on with the hair to-day. I gave him a great look of mine yesterday to paint from, when I had to leave. I wish I hadn't!" she added, with a tone of sudden compunction.

Florence returned from her mission to say that Anton had decided not to paint at all that day, and was full of concern for his teacher's illness. But again the next day Ethel did not go, but remained in her room, writing page after page of one of those long letters. Anton passed her window and looked up at her. His face was flushed and eager and very beautiful. In spite of all this, however, Ethel gave him a more formal bow than he had ever received from her before. He had become "poor Anton" to her also, now, and she was doing her best to manifest her true sympathy for him.

The next morning when Ethel failed to come again, Anton went hunting, Florence, who saw him just as he was setting out, learned that he was going in search of a certain bird, whose wings Ethel had once expressed a wish to have for a hat. The capture of these birds was a somewhat dangerous enterprise, and when Ethel heard where he had gone she felt a vague alarm.

All this was long ago. Now, when tourists go to the Oetzthal, as they do in far greater numbers than they did then, one of the sights pointed out is a certain "andenken," high up the mountain side, done with an exquisite art, which separates it conspicuously from the rest of its class. It has two sides. One is a fine portrait of a young Tyrolean peasant—a model of fresh and vigorous beauty—and the other is a representation of the very spot on which it stands—not covered with verdure and flowers, however, but with a great mass of sliding snow, whose terrific rush downward is depicted with the power of a master hand.

Underneath there are a few words in German and in English, asking the passer-by to pray for the repose of the soul of Anton Wald. It was painted, the tourist is told, by a young American lady, who spent a summer at Oetz, and was married immediately afterward. She had given painting lessons to the young peasant, and had left this "andenken" of him. No records exist of the additional facts that when Anton's body was found the coveted bird was in his hand, and that in a little silk bag around his neck was a fair tress of shining hair.

This "andenken" Ethel carries in her heart.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER JOB DEPT.

WE beg to call attention to this branch of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER'S business, which affords every facility for the execution of

JOB PRINTING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

Amongst the lines of work we have been and are doing may be included Books, Pamphlets, Commercial Printing, Letter-heads, Bill-heads, Monthly Statements, circulars, Catalogues, Posters, Programmes, Tickets, Memorial Cards (large or small, and in plate black or bronze), Appeal Cases, Factums, Law Blanks, Indentures, Mortgages, &c., &c.

Religious and Society Printing a Specialty. Neat Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

Telephone 429, or address

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

40 LOMBARD STREET TORONTO



