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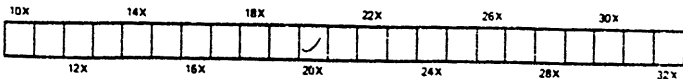
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# The Catholic Register.

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

By authority of Toronto  
250 Market Street

VOL. VII.—No. 18.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR.

Arrival in Toronto on Tuesday—Met by Clergy and Laymen—The Ceremonies and Addresses of Wednesday—Many Archbishops and Bishops Assemble—Distinguished Laymen—The Papal Letter of Appointment.

Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, arrived in the city on Tuesday last at noon. His Grace travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway line, the company placing a special car at his disposal. On leaving the city of London in the morning he was accompanied by a number of the clergy and laity who travelled with him to Toronto. There were Very Rev. Dr. E. B. Kilroy, Stratford; Rev. P. Brennan, St. Mary's; Rev. Joseph Kennedy, Harris; Rev. M. J. Thorman, Chancellor of the London Diocese; Rev. M. J. Ferguson, of Assumption College, Sandwich; Rev. Thomas West, Goderich; Rev. Thomas Noonan, Biddulph; Rev. P. Ryan, Amherstburg; Rev. Th. Valentin, Zurich; Rev. L. Brennan, St. Basil's, Toronto; Rev. P. H. Jones. There were the following laymen: Messrs. John Garvey, Philip Pocock, Patrick Mulken, B.L., and Mr. Sharpe. The following clergy joined the Archbishop's party at Woodstock: Rev. Peter McCabe, Seaford; Rev. P. Corcoran, La Salle; Rev. M. McCormack, Woodstock. The following laymen waited upon the Archbishop at Woodstock. His Honor Judge Finkbe, Sheriff Brady, Marlowe Egan, Senior, M. Egan, Junior, P. Farrell.

### ARRIVAL AT TORONTO

At the Union Station, the Archbishop was met by a considerable number of clergy and laymen who informally welcomed him to Toronto. The priests included: Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Rev. Frank Ryan, Very Rev. Doan Egan, Rev. James Walsh, Very Rev. Vicar-General M. J. Brennan, Very Rev. Father Marjion, C.S.B., Rev. William Bergin, Rev. P. Kirnan, Rev. J. M. Cruise, Rev. J. L. Hand, Rev. A. O'Malley, Rev. J. K. McRae, Rev. James Trayling, Rev. J. McCall. The following were among the monks: Very Rev. Father Marjion, C.S.B., Rev. J. P. Coy, C.M.P.P., Chairman; P. F. Cronin, Secretary; Eugene O'Keefe, George Crawford, William Dineen, L. J. Cosgrave, Romy Elmley, H. T. Kelly, Patrick Boyle, Maurice Murray, John Scully, John Power, J. J. Cosgrave, J. L. Troy, T. Finucane, John G. Hees, J. D. Ward, M. Devane, E. G. Lemaire, George Clarke, J. L. Woods, A. Cottam, George T. Leonard, John Maloney, Thomas Mackey, Evans, Charles Reginald, the Rev. C. M. McBrady, W. Gorrally, T. P. Coffey, Peter Small and Peter Ryan and others. The Archbishop drove at once to St. Michael's Palace where he rested during the day.

### THE INSTALLATION.

The ceremonies of Wednesday morning attending the installation of His Grace, the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, were very impressive. St. Michael's Cathedral was crowded for a considerable time before the beginning of the Solemn Pontifical High Mass. There were representatives of the hierarchy of the dioceses, the administrative, official, and public bodies of the Dominion and Province and the laity of the dioceses of Toronto and London. The Archbishop-elect attended by the prolates attending the ceremony, was received at the Cathedral door by Very Rev. Joseph J. McCann, Adm., and the priests of the diocese. All having taken their place in the sanctuary, Most Rev. Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston began the celebration of Solemn Pontifical High Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Sullivan, deacon, and Rev. Father Hand, sub-deacon, with Fathers Trayling and Gibney deacons of honor to the celebrant. Very Rev. Father Marjion was assistant priest. Very Rev. Father Hand acted as deacon of honor to Archbishop O'Connor. The Rev. Dr. Treacy was master of ceremonies.

The Papal Letter of Appointment was read by Rev. Father Hand, rector of the Cathedral, and Very Rev. Father McCann read the Faculties empowering the Archbishop to grant a plenary indulgence to those present, subject to the performance of the usual conditions.

### POPE LEO'S LETTER OF APPOINTMENT.

(LRO PARA DECIMUSTERTIUS)  
Venerabili Frater salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Apostolicam auctoritatem merito impetivisti. Nobis ex parte regimini ducis provincie praesidentis, nihil ex parte adjuvante Domino cupientes, solliciti curae reddimus et solertes, ut quae ad ecclesiarum ipsarum regimini praesidio tradidimus, tales eis in pastores praeficiamus, qui non solum doctrinam verbi, sed etiam exemplum boni operis informant, commissaque

At the conclusion of the Mass the clergy of the Archdiocese gathered round the throne, and Very Rev. Doan Egan, of Barrie, read the following address to the Archbishop.  
ADDRESS OF THE CLERGY.  
To His Grace, the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.  
MAY I PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—We, the clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto, have assembled to-day to give Your Grace a hearty welcome, and to assist at the solemn ceremony of your installation as Archbishop of this Metropolitan See. When, in the inscrutable designs of Providence, our late beloved Archbishop was called by the Master to his reward, we were grieved to find that we should not soon look upon his like again. But the Divine Ruler of the Church on earth, ever "wise in heart," as His mightily in strength," knowing how to comfort His afflicted priests and people, has sent us, by the voice of His Vicar, one in every way worthy to succeed the great Prelate whose loss was universally deplored. It is true, indeed, that Catholic obedience and loyalty will always accept without question, and devotedly sustain, the spiritual head who comes with the sanction of the Apostolic Roman See. Yet, it is a gracious and gratifying thing that a native of the diocese, a good pupil and distinguished Professor of St. Michael's College, a second founder and eminently successful Superior of the great College of Sandwich, one thoroughly acquainted with the educational conditions and needs of our country, an earnest and cherished friend and devoted priesthood, and his worthy successor in the See of London, should be now destined to continue his wise, firm, paternal rule in this Archdiocese of Toronto.

Therefore, Most Rev. Father, it is with sentiments of profound respect and filial love, that we, the priests of this Archdiocese, promise Your Grace our loyal obedience and unfailing support in everything that appertains to the good of the Church, the salvation of souls and the glory of God.  
And perhaps Your Grace will kindly permit us here to give public and formal expression to the deep appreciation and grateful esteem we feel for our Very Rev. Administrator, Vicar General McCann, who, in the discharge of his duties, has so successfully discharged the duties of his most important office.

Renewing, then our cordial welcome, again promising Your Grace the loyal and devoted support of a united and devoted priesthood, and earnestly praying that God may grant you length of days to rule this great Archdiocese. We unobscurely subscribe ourselves, Your Grace's faithful servants in Christ. Signed by the priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

Members of the lay body then entered the sanctuary, and Mr. J. J. Coy, C.M.P.P., read the following address.

### ADDRESS OF THE LAITY.

To the Most Reverend Denis O'Connor, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY I PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—Venerable usage gives encouragement to the duty that falls to us, as members of the lay body, when upon the portals of this apostolic See, which you now enter for the first time as Metropolitan of our ecclesiastical Province, we participate with the clergy in heartily bidding you "welcome back to Toronto."

Whilst in the exercise of so high a private as the primary purpose is to proclaim the most willing obedience to the Holy See with respect to any appointment that might have been announced to us after the short interim of widowhood through which the Bishop of Toronto has recently passed, it is our duty to express our admiration and pride with which the Catholic people of Toronto witness the accession to the archiepiscopal chair of a son of the diocese, one whose birth place is but a few miles from this Cathedral, whose student days were spent in the city, who was here ordained to the holy priesthood and whose field of labor has been constantly within our view? At this moment you are surrounded by not a few loyal students, by a more numerous group of pupils, and by none in this spacious and crowded church, who do not behold in you a worthy successor of the former prelates of Toronto. They fondly cherish the institutions of higher Catholic education with which your name, as first teacher of the archbishop, will remain most conspicuously linked.

The services which you have effected for the promotion of religion and knowledge in this part of our fair country cover an important stage of its formative period. As the archbishop, you were of the first Canadian youth received into the community of St. Basil, to which Catholic education in Ontario owes benefits that are simply inestimable. A brief connection with the teaching staff of the college that marked you out as the much-desired leader, able to show to your well-nigh dismayed co-laborers at the Sandwich foundation a way that soon led to prosperity and welfare. And now it is in the knowledge of all to whom you are known how much the Church

in Western Ontario and the neighboring portions of the American continent to your twenty years of clear-sighted and forceful administration at Assumption So fruitful was it in the training of candidates for the priesthood, that Rome herself in recognition of conspicuous merit to your advancement, conferred upon you the honor of a doctorate, the high distinction of Doctor of Divinity.

It was the natural success of such abilities, employed by you with an avowing justice in the cause of Holy Church, that called you to the See of London to develop and improve the courageous undertakings in that field of the late Dr. Walsh; and it is the same current, that, like the flow of a broad river, now advances you to the dignity and honor of Metropolitan in the Provincial Capital, and we are also well aware, to the increased strain and responsibility of higher status.

In this connection it would be unpardonable if we were to pass over in silence the mutual ties that existed between you and the clergy and people from whom you have here just parted, and the engrossing interest you took in the progress of the western diocese. But as those associations have been broken solely at the command of the Holy See, we feel that it would not be inappropriate for us, in alluding to the ties which the nature of the true churchmen most naturally retains after a wrench of this kind, to assure Your Grace that the translation will bring you into contact with a devoted and united body, who will be glad to see you in Toronto, as well as a united laity, but when your loyalty and concord happily assist and whose sincere and affectionate co-operation will be yours at all times when assistance and counsel from them may be needed.

We will further satisfy you to hear our testimony to the amity and good will prevailing among all classes in the community that will be benefitted by the future exercise of your personal influence; and the Catholic portion of the community in the earnest hope of your long and happy reign in their midst, can look forward with confidence to the preservation and extension of this social harmony.

Prayerful prayers on this joyful morning of the month which the Catholic world has consecrated to the Queen of Heaven, will be offered under her patronage for a continuance of the blessings of God upon all the duties and undertakings that lie before you.

It only remains for us the Apostolic Body to commend your hands for ourselves and families, and once more assure Your Grace of the homage and affection of devoted and loyal children in the laity of Toronto. J. J. Coy, Chairman, P. F. Cronin, Secretary.

During the reading of the address the choir in charge stood at the sanctuary rails. They were: Eugene O'Keefe, George Crawford, William Dineen, J. L. Cosgrave, Romy Elmley, H. T. Kelly, Patrick Boyle, Major Murray, Comptroller Burns, J. Murphy, John Man, J. P. Williams, John E. Deane, M. F. Anglin, Dr. McKeown, Vincent P. Fayle, John A. Harkins, Joseph Connelly, R. C. A. W. T. Kernahan, Dr. Heydon, Dr. P. J. Brown, John Scully, Joseph Power, J. J. Cosgrave, J. L. Troy, M. Devane, E. G. Lemaire, George Clarke, J. L. Woods, A. Cottam, George T. Leonard, John Maloney, Thomas Mulvey, George Evans, Charles Regan.

The Archbishop replied to both addresses.  
The Archbishops and Bishops in the sanctuary were: His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; Right Rev. Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke; Right Rev. Bishop Laroque of Sherbrooke; Right Rev. Bishop Quigley of Buffalo, N.Y.; Right Rev. Bishop Emard of Valleyfield; Right Rev. Bishop Foley of Detroit; Right Rev. Bishop Macdonell of Alexandria; Right Rev. Bishop Irving Hamilton; Right Rev. Bishop Decelles of St. Hyacinthe.

Among the clergy in the sanctuary were: Rev. Peter McCabe, Seaford; Rev. P. Brennan, St. Mary's; Rev. T. C. Feeney, C.C. of Niagara Falls; Rev. James Sheridan, Shelburne; Rev. N. Dixon, Kingsbridge; Rev. J. K. McRae, Brechin; Rev. G. O'Bryan, St. J. Loyola College, Montreal; Rev. M. J. Geary, St. John's Convent, Igersoll; Rev. P. Ryan, C.S.B., Amherstburg; Rev. George H. Kenny, St. J. Guelph; Rev. James Killen, Colgan; Rev. David Fennerty, O.R. St. Jerome's College, Berlin; Rev. Thomas Noonan, Biddulph; Rev. Francis A. Buscot, River; Rev. A. Turgeon, St. J. rector St. Mary's College, Montreal; Rev. F. Labrecque, Penetanguishuen; Rev. P. J. McKoon, St. Augustine; Rev. John T. Aylward, Fort Snelling; Rev. J. Burko, Oakville; Rev. H. Fraber, Mount Carmel; Rev. J. Gehl, Formosa; Very Rev. Father Lacombe, (representing Archbishop Langens); Rev. T. J. Sullivan, Thorold; Very Rev. J. J. Egan, Walkerville; Rev. J. J. McColl, Fort Erie; Rev. James S. Minahan, Orangeville; Rev. M. Moyna, Orlia; Rev. Patrick Whitney, Upergove; Rev. A. O'Malley, Uxbridge; Rev. J. E. Bagodell, Lafontaine; Rev. D. Madoc, Very Rev. P. D. Lauront, V.G., Lindsay; Rev. Theo J. Valentine, Zurich; Rev. J. J. Feeney, Acton; Rev. J. D. Mennier, Belle River; Rev. D. J. Gray, V.G., Peterborough; Rev. E. Bronnan, Cranston, Donville; Rev. Rev. D. S.B.S., St. Michael's College, Rev. James Scanlon, Windsor; Rev. C. B. Murray,

Trouton; Rev. C. Lees, S.S., Montreal; Rev. T. Conway, Norwood, Ont.; Rev. R. E. McBrady, Hamilton; Very Rev. P. J. Ward, C.S.S.R., St. Patrick's, Toronto; Rev. P. Langlois, Tilbury; Rev. N. D. Saint Cyr, Rev. Michael J. Corbett, S.J., Detroit; Rev. Father Egan, S.F., Chatham; Rev. C. Richardson, Kent; Rev. James Cranley, Rev. James C. Carberry, Schomberg; Rev. J. M. Mahoney, Hamilton, Very Rev. Archdeacon Laussier, Cayuga; Rev. John Masterson, Prescott; Rev. John O'Connor, Maryport; Very Rev. H. J. Hconnan, V.G., Dundas; Rev. Frid. J. Baumgartner, chancellor of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. J. J. Aboulin, C.S.B., Toronto; Rev. T. A. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich. Mr. Laflamme, rector of Loyal University, Quebec, Mr. McEwen of Hamilton; Rev. F. P. Slavin, Galt; Rev. E. F. Murray, C.S.B., Toronto; Rev. J. Quillivan, S.S., Montreal; Rev. W. Dockett, S.S., Montreal; Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., Toronto; Rev. P. O'Donoghue, C.S.B., Toronto; Rev. J. R. Kennedy, Harris; Rev. J. J. Cravau, Hamilton; Rev. P. A. Troley, Westport; Rev. D. Cushing, Assumption College, Sandwich; Rev. F. H. Grant, C.S.B., Owen Sound; Rev. P. J. Kirnan, Windsor; Rev. M. D. Whelan; Rev. P. L. Heurteaux, London; Rev. W. Fogarty, St. Columban; Rev. Brother Odo Baldwin, De La Salle, Rev. M. J. Ferguson, Assumption College, Sandwich. Among the clergy of the city and archdiocese were: Very Rev. J. McCann, Very Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines, Very Rev. J. J. Egan, Barrie; Rev. F. Ryan, rector of the Cathedral; Rev. Dr. Treacy, Rev. F. F. Rohleder, Rev. J. L. Hand, Rev. F. Healy, Rev. Wm. Bergin, Rev. J. M. Grogan, Rev. P. L. Heurteaux, Rev. J. Cherrier, Rev. J. J. McCann, Rev. J. Dollard, Rev. Wm. McCann, Rev. E. Sheridan, Rev. James Walsh, Rev. S. Grogan, C.S.S.R., Rev. J. P. Hayden, C.S.S.R., Rev. C. Dodsworth, C.S.S.R., Rev. L. H. Hugg, Rev. M. O'Leary, T. Finucane, Rev. P. Latarche, Rev. M. J. Jeffcott, Rev. D. Morris, Rev. E. Gallagher, Rev. P. McMahon.

George O'Connor, Whitty; John A. O'Connor, Whitty; W. B. O'Connor, Whitty; J. Quarry, Mount Carmel; were among the judges were: Mr. Justice Rose, Mr. Justice Ferguson, Mr. Justice MacLennan, Mr. Justice Robertson, Chief Justice Meredith, Mr. Justice Oler.

The following represented the Dominion government: Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier; Hon. William Mulock, Postmaster-General; Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General; Canada telegraphed that the Indian treaty at Cornwall had prevented his coming at the last moment.

The following represented the Provincial government: Hon. E. J. Davis, Provincial Secretary; Hon. William Harkin, Minister of Public Works; Hon. Richard Hanson, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture.

The following represented the city council of Toronto: His Worship Mayor Shaw, Aldermen Graham, Frame, Lynd, Scott, Lane, C. W. T. Kernahan, M.P., G. F. Marter, M.P.P., Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., Dr. Pyno, M.P.P., J. Richardson, M.P.P., Rev. Dr. Poite, J. G. Mackay, John R. Taylor, John F. George, Mayor, President London, Toronto University, Lieut. Col. Mason, Barnett Lawrence, George N. Moran, Alfred Duman, A. Burns, J. P. Downey, (Guelph), J. Enoch Thompson, E. H. Dewar, M. J. F. Quinn, M.P., Master.

Among the telegrams and letters of regret were the following:  
THE BISHOP OF CHATHAM, N. B.  
CHATHAM, N. B., April 18, '99.  
I beg to express to the very reverend administrator McCann to you and all the clergy and laity of Toronto my cordial and most respectful congratulations on the appointment of their new archbishop Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor an eleva of their own St. Michael's college. My best thanks for invitation with regrets that my work here prevents acceptance. To the new Archbishop I send best greetings ad multos annos.  
JAMES ROGERS, Bishop of Chatham.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 25, '99.  
DEAR FATHER McCANN.—I have to be in Philadelphia on Thursday and it is possible that business in New Jersey and New York may keep me away so long that I shall not be able to be in Toronto according to promise. But if appointed now I will endeavor to do the disappointment by being on hand for the conferring of the Pallium. Express my regrets to His Grace and believe me,  
Yours truly,  
BERNARD J. McQUOID.  
Regrets for inability to be present came from Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, archbishop of Halifax; Rev. Dr. Macdonald, Bishop of Charlottetown; the Bishop of Chicoutimi, the Archbishop of St. Bonifacio, Bishop Blair of Rimouski.

Letters of regret from the American clergy included the names of Rev. Denis Mulvey, Boston Harbor, Mich., Right Rev. Henry Joseph Altner, Bishop of Grand Rapids; Right Rev. Dr. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester.

Regrets from Canadian clergy included the names of Rev. L. F. Nadeau, Quebec Summary; Rev. F. Corcoran, Teoswater, A. McKee, Stratford; Rev. T. Filatrault, S. J. St. Mary's College, Montreal; Rev. L. A. Jasmin, Seminaire de Ste. Therese, Que.; Rev. V. Tobin, London; Rev. Dr. Murphy, Halifax.

Musical Vespers at St. Mary's  
(SERMON BY VICAR GENERAL MCCANN.)  
The Sunday night services at St. Mary's were of an unusually brilliant and interesting character. Grand musical vespers were given and the members of the city branches of the C. M. B. A., attended in a body making a fine showing. The celebrant was Rev. Father Dollard, assisted by Rev. Wm. McCann as deacon and Rev. Father Sheridan as sub-deacon. The church was full to over flowing by the pious congregation and the music of the choir under the able leadership of Mrs. O'Sullivan, organist and Mrs. McPherson delighted and edified all present. Vicar General McCann preached a grand and vigorous sermon on the Glories of Mary, the Queen of Heaven, and was listened to throughout with rapt attention. He urged on the people the necessity of having more faith in her intercession, and advocated a return to the practice of simple and sincere faith in every day life. We wore too utilitarian and wrapped up in material and worldly interests. Concluding he spoke words of praise for the C. M. B. A. and for its good work as a society and thanked the members present for justifying their active faith by being present here that evening in such a strong body.

The music rendered by the choir under the efficient direction of Mrs. Geo. G. McPherson was all that could be desired. Mr. L. Sajous' artistic singing of Faure's "Cecilia" was a delightful treat. The choir's rendition of an "Evening Hymn" by Rheincke was decidedly out of the ordinary and reflected great credit upon the skill of the director. Mr. M. Costello's pleasing tenor voice was heard to advantage in the fine chorale "The Christ Child." Poole's "O Salutaris" was suitably sung by Mrs. J. D. Ward. The solos in the vespers were most acceptably sung by Mrs. Wigmore, Miss Haines, Miss Walsh, Miss Montgomery, Mr. J. D. Ward, Mr. Fallon, Mr. McPherson, Miss Haines, and Miss Haines. "Justi Dominus non timebit eum, ut in aeternum in aeternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech" is especially worthy of mention.

### Guelph Catholics and the Coronation

The following is the report of a special committee regarding the communication received from the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa.  
Moved by Chancellor Parcell, seconded by Prof. Doherty, that, whereas, at a public meeting held in Ottawa on the 16th February last the following resolution was passed unanimously:  
That the Roman Catholics of Ottawa, loyal subjects of the British Empire, desire to express their regret that there should be required of the sovereign of the empire, at coronation or at any other time, a declaration against Transubstantiation, by which the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church are stigmatized as superstitious and idolatrous;  
That they sincerely trust that the spirit of broad toleration which, within the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty and the two preceding sovereigns, reposed upon the British Empire, should be as far as members of Parliament, peers of the realm, and office holders are concerned, will, at the request of humble but dutiful subjects of the empire, cause it to be repealed in so far as it relates to the supreme head of the State;  
That they believe that the removal of this objectionable declaration would enable the Roman Catholics of the empire to enter with more profound feelings of loyal affection into the spirit of a ceremony which should be the occasion of nothing but mutual esteem and good will on the part of both sovereign and subjects.  
It is resolved by Branch 31, C.M.B.A. of Guelph, that the above resolution has their hearty endorsement, and we hope so happily inaugurated by the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa will be crowned with the success it so eminently merits.  
Carried.  
Moved by Samuel A. Hefferman, Esq., seconded by Chancellor Parcell. That copies of this resolution be placed in the hands of Christian Klooper, M.P., and be sent for publication to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER of London. Ont.—Carried.

DRIS NUNAN, M. D., President, Br. No. 31, C.M.B.A., Guelph, JAMES KENNEDY, Secretary.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Biolo's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest News from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

CORK.

The people of Cork are engaged in a laudable effort to raise another monument to the memory of Father Mathew in the shape of a new public hall.

The visit of His Eminence Cardinal Loras, was the occasion of several demonstrations of affection. A number of addresses were presented. The first was from the Dean and Chapter.

DUBLIN.

The Freeman's Journal is glad that the Hogan Memorial, which is to be presented to Mr. Arthur Balfour by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, is being influenced and extensively signed.

His Eminence Cardinal Loras, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, and the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Limerick, the Protestant Bishop of Cork.

An interesting event took place at High Park Convent, Drumcondra, when, in the presence of a large concourse of clergy and laity, two postulants were received into the Order.

Mr. Charles Dawson lectured on the life of Gerald Griffin to the members of the National Literary Society, Dr. Sigerson presiding.

lating, he said, were quite unworthy of the author or his productions. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue had already done much for the memory of Mangan and of Carleton.

On April 19th, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Kingstown by the City of Dublin steamer, the Connaught, commanded by Captain Thomas.

KILKENNY.

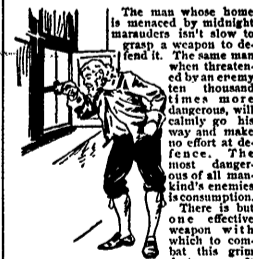
St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny, has been solemnly opened after renovation and completion. The ceremonies were attended by the following prelates and distinguished ecclesiastics.

ENGLISH BISHOPS AND THE POPE.

The "Tribune" states that at the annual meeting of the Bishops, it was decided to send in the adherence of the English hierarchy to the programme of the International Committee in Rome.

ROSCOMMON.

Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, solemnly dedicated the new church of St. Brigid at Ballintubber, near Castlerose.



The man whose home is menaced by midnight marauders isn't slow to grasp a weapon to defend himself.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Malaria Discovery, it cures 95 per cent of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and throat and nasal troubles.

months. The sacred edifice is situated on a nice site, generously given by the O'Connor Don. It is cruciform in shape and measures 110 feet in length by 27 in width.

TIPPERARY.

A serious fire in Tipperary, in the bacon store of Mr. John Cummins, in Church street, spread into the adjoining oil and timber store of Mr. Matthew O'Dwyer, hardware merchant, and in a comparatively short time both establishments were reduced to ruins.

ENGLAND.

VICAR APOSTOLIC OF GIBRALTAR.

Father Bellard has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar. He is an army chaplain of the first class, and, stationed at Colchester, his Excellency being a native of Ballintubber.

ENGLISH BISHOPS AND THE POPE.

The "Tribune" states that at the annual meeting of the Bishops, it was decided to send in the adherence of the English hierarchy to the programme of the International Committee in Rome.

ROYALISTS IN ROME.

The Easter of 1899 has been distinguished for the immense gathering of strangers in Rome. It is said that no less than eighty or ninety thousand tourists and travellers have descended upon Rome within a few weeks.

DIED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Kimberley Advertiser, of March 20th, announces the death of Mr. James Farrelly, of Beaconsfield. Mr. Farrelly, according to the Advertiser, arrived in Cape Colony in 1858.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, loss of tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease.

THE IRISH (COUNCILS).

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

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ARMAGH.

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WICKLOW.

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ATHY UNION.

Ballybracken—T. Caffrey. Killybeg—G. Gilmore. Killybeg—James Wall (N).

CASTLECOMER.

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Dunlavin District—James Cunningham. Donard—Edward Binnett (N).

URLINGFORD, NO. 1—COUNTY KILKENNY.

Balleen—Michael Dowling (N). Clomante—Richard Shortall, J.P. Glashar—William F. Houghton.

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GALWAY.

Ballinasloe—Conroy (N). Athasigh—John Sahan (N).

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ATHY UNION.

Ballybracken—T. Caffrey. Killybeg—G. Gilmore. Killybeg—James Wall (N).

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TUAM.

Abbey, West—Martin Tracy. Addergoole—Farrell McDonnell. Annadown—Patrick Varden.

Samuel Anderson (Ind U).

Swatara—McKee (O), Frost (N). PORTUMNA. Fortumna—Edward Shaw Toner (C), John J. Martin (N).

TRALEE.

Tralee Urban—R. Lackford, J. O'Donnell, L. Quinn, Mrs. M. E. Harrington, Thomas Healy.

CORK.

Whitechurch—Lenahan (N), McSweny (N). Blackrock—Alderman, Fitzgerald (N).

TUAM.

Abbey West—Martin Tracy (N). Addergoole—Farrell McDonnell (Parnellite).

CLIFDEN.

Bencor—John Kane (N). Hoffs Island—Cyril Alley, J.P. (C).

DOWNPATRICK.

Portaferry—H. McGarry (N), J. McManus (N), H. D. Dorrian (N).

FERMOY.

Castlehyde—Denis Stack, Col. Deane. Castletonroche—Michael O'Brien.

C.Y.L.L.A. NOTES.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association met this week at the home of Miss O'Donoghue, D'Arcy street.

Advertisement for Dr. A. W. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25c. per bottle. Includes a small illustration of a person.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKS BY "TERESA"

The Holy Name Cadets of St. Paul's Church in a society that is doing a great deal of good among the young men and boys of the parish. The very great need of societies of this kind is always more or less felt. Young people, especially boys, are very gregarious and delight in congregating together for company and mutual amusement.

clever young actor is coming rapidly to the front, and I predict that in a few years he will take one of the principal roles with considerable credit to himself. The crafty and treacherous king was well represented by Mr. J. F. Mulligan, and Mr. C. D. McRae was excellent as Gertrude, Queen of Denmark. The Horatio of Mr. F. X. McCarthy showed much study and finish, while too much praise cannot be given to the students who filled the lesser roles. Altogether, the play was a credit to the college, which is not saying much after all, for St. Michael's is becoming noted for the excellence of the dramatic performances gotten up by the students. The large hall was well filled, and doubtless a goodly sum was realized for the benefit of Alma Mater, who intends to use it for the good of her numerous progeny.

TERESA. NOTES BY M. L. H.

Written for The Register.

The second annual concert of St. Anthony's Society in connection with St. Helen's parish, was held in West Association hall on Friday evening, last. Mr. J. J. Ward made a most energetic chairman, and the committee of arrangements consisted of Messrs. J. Boland, D. Harndt, J. Kirby, M. Lannburn, and J. Hartnet. This young society is to be congratulated on its most pleasing performance, an effort in which they were entirely successful. The size of the audience, however, was not at all commensurate with the effort made at entertainment; and was but poor encouragement for another trial. Except for objects purely of a charitable nature, nothing could be more laudable than a call such as this, and yet many who surely might have responded apparently did not do so. For months past the Catholic papers, the Register and Record, have published lengthy editorials on the encouragement that should be given the boys and youths growing up amongst us, but seemingly these were but little heeded. Here was an instance where many might have helped, the help was, however, left to the few. The boys themselves made a little mistake in not having their entertainment in a hall situated in the heart of their own parish. Experience has shown that a hall in a remote locality, has no attraction outside its own locality, and to be a success should come off at its own fireside, so to speak. Had the boys held their entertainment in the same hall as they did last year, they would probably have had as then, a crowded house. The programme was opened by Miss Teresa Memory, in a finely executed piano solo; this was followed by the singing of the Village Blacksmith by J. J. Gillogly, who scored a great success; Madame Counts-Bain then gave Millard's "Waiting" in which she showed herself the possessor of a sweet and well trained voice. The reading of Miss M. Josephine Hunt fairly enraptured her audience, and she was forced to respond to their recall. The sweet songs of the boy-singer, Master John Kane, together with the help of his little brother, a wee lad of five or six dressed in picturesque costume, and whose quaint and graceful gestures won all hearts, were amongst the chief attractions of the evening. The violin and piano selections of the Misses Theresa and Minnie McAvoy were excellently rendered and well received. Of Mr. J. J. Costello it is unnecessary to speak; his singing was as it over is, perfection; nothing higher could be said. Master Francis Mullah made his debut on the violin and received loud applause from his school-fellows, many of whom were present. Mr. H. M. Bennett, of course received repeated encore for his comic selections, and as they ended the programme the visible facilities of the audience were still actively at work when the entertainment closed. The young men of Saint Anthony's did their part well. Well done! Try again!

A leaf from the Arabian Nights, or a wee bit from fairyland! Such was

the Temple building at the At Home of the Portrait Loan Exhibition on Friday evening. A beautiful hall with well-lighted lights falling from an artistic ceiling, a smooth and polished floor over which merry feet glided and tripped; walls adorned in a manner so rare that we see it but seldom. Such was the scene from these walls stood forth a goodly array of the gay and grand of many ages. Soldiers with scarlet coat and flashing sword; judges in gown and wig; princely princes in purple royal; men of peace and men of war were here. Ladies too, in antique headgear with quaint curls shading coquetish faces, and rich old faces falling softly round them were not wanting in this gay assemblage. Nor was the equestrian forgotten, but with bridle in hand she stood ready to vault on her waiting saddle steed. Men whose music had sent the pulses of nations a beating. Poor old Liza in black casket and with heavily furrowed face and sparse white locks, seemed about to expand into a smile, as he, with others, waited silently gazing at the scene before him, a scene in which buoyant, breathing beings took so gay a part. All who had helped in the entertainment during the exhibition were tonight arrayed in their varied and picturesque costumes, and the effect was enchanting. Japan, England, Germany, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, all were represented. Here with slanting eyes and hair puffed out above the dainty ears, with much bellevued dress and expansive form was Yum Yun, there with skirt turned up and pinned tidily about the neat waist, was a pretty Scotch lassie, who wanted but the creel of fish to make us at once yearn for velvet robes, unique but most becoming cap, danced gracefully, not, it is true, with Darnley or Bothwell, but with a youth of our own day; in low buckled shoes, short green skirt, flimsy white apron, and pretty scarlet cloak were modest and bewitching little Irish girls, and by the way these Spanish looking little beauties must all have hailed from the Claddagh, for there was not a Mollie Bawn amongst them, the Colleen Dhoo reigned supreme. In the Antiquaria, with soft languishing eyes, misty dark warts, squarely cut headgear, gay cintura, and short red skirt also tripped about. In a with curly tresses, powdered collar, red cheeks and black patches were seen mingling with bewitching shepherdesses with early trimmed crooks, who stood prepared to catch the unwary. Away in a corner was Mairi Dhur, toying coquetishly with her bit handkerchief, while above her stooped a fair-haired youth in orthodox evening dress, hair parted centre-wise also in the boy's manner, and as he bent over her she listened to his whisper—what? But youth was not alone, gay old Chesterfield with shilling crown, snowy fringe, black suit and patent shoes, shared the honours; and none so readily got the prettiest of partners as this courtly relic of a younger day. And how lightly he danced! His heels never touched the ground, the most delicate point of the toe alone knew the firm floor. How one wished to see him in an Irish or Scotch reel; one felt that he could do either or both, and that well.

The music of d'Alessandro's orchestra tinkled through the halls and all was life and motion. Refreshments, light and dainty, were served from prettily decorated stands, and Mrs. Dignam, the amiable president of the Women's Art Association, and to whom a great measure of the success of the whole exhibition is due, fitted from place to place on hospitable thought intent, and was pronounced by all a most charming hostess.

A Canadian Historical Exhibition is to be held here in June, and all having anything that can assist the work in hand are cordially invited to forward it. The exhibition is to be held in Victoria College, the site of which is everything that could be desired as to convenience to cars, isolation from other buildings and so on, and is pronounced by experts to be the most practically fire-proof building in the city. All exhibits will be stored carefully in glass cases. While the bulk of exhibits is on account of proximity expected from Ontario and Quebec, still all Canada is asked to respond. Montreal, St. Thomas, Niagara, and other historical centres have already done so. At a meeting of the Women's Historical Society held lately, Mr. Coyne, president of the Ontario Society, announced that a grand collection is promised from Montreal. Father Jones, S.J., who has charge of St. Mary's College, there, has promised his most interesting collection, and if possible is himself to accompany and take charge of it. Another interesting sample mentioned was a gold vessel, richly jewelled, belonging to the old Huron Mission, and but lately unearthed in some northern region. Anyone having genealogical records, old manuscripts, portraits, vestments, or lace, portraits, swords, medals, old furniture, antique costumes, implements of early pioneers, old cooking utensils, instruments for spinning or weaving, bits of china or silver, in short anything to which a story of early life or heroism can be attached, will be welcome. As it is impossible to dissociate the history of Canada from other countries, relics from other lands will also be gratefully received. Those having anything which they think of interest, and which they will kindly lend, may communicate with Mrs. Fitzgibbon, 1 Avenue Chambers, Toronto, or by telephone No. 3153, till noon each day except Monday.

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May 4-S. Mica. 5-S. Plua. 6-S. John Boforo the Latin Gate. 7-S. Benedict II., Pope. 8-Apparition of St. Michael. 9-S. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. 10-Antonin, Bp.

Welcomes to Archbishop O'Connor.

The imposing ceremony witnessed in St. Michael's Cathedral yesterday may be considered in its public aspect only as a Catholic testimony. It was the loyal answer of the portion of Christ's flock here in this Archdiocese to the authoritative word of the Supreme Pontiff, read from his Letter of Appointment: "The right to appoint bishops to vacant dioceses has been reserved to this Apostolic See; this right we maintain and we therefore assert that any other authority whatever to appoint bishops in the Church of Christ is utterly void and invalid."

Cordial, joyous, in its note of obedience, was the united response of the clergy and laity within the archdiocese of Toronto to the selection of the Holy See of the present worthy successor to their past rulers. With the memory of the beloved Dr. Walsh still fresh in their minds both priests and people could welcome in terms of the heartiest satisfaction their newly constituted ruler, realizing indeed all the truth of the Holy Father's assurance that Dr. O'Connor's wise and prudent administration will ever redound to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

The addresses presented in behalf of the clergy and laity made prominent mention of the reasons why a peculiar pleasure in the appointment is felt throughout this ecclesiastical province. Let us now look into some of the personal history of these reasons with more particularity than the necessary brevity of formal addresses admitted. Dr. O'Connor was the fourth Canadian ecclesiastical of St. Michael's College to be elected Basilian; but he was the first publicly received. Three others before him, had been received privately. Not a few of the Archbishop's fellow-students when they saw him yesterday recalled perhaps most of the names and incidents written in those early records of the college.

Dr. O'Connor is not the only survivor among the little group of novices that constituted the first gathered fruit of the Basilian college. The late Father John Cushing was the first of the number privately received. He died a martyr to his priestly duty, catching fever from a stricken family which he was attending. Father Cherrier, still at St. Michael's, was the second, and the third was Patrick Madden of Wellington. Some also will be able to recall the reception at St. Basil's church—the first public reception of a novice as we have already said—on the feast of St. Basil—the patron of the Order—June 1859. His fellow-students at St. Michael's used to speak of Denis O'Connor as the "first boarder" of the institution. But he was the first only by the death of two others, the late John Gibney of Guelph and Dr. Martin O'Dea. There was a general belief that young Mr. O'Connor was also not destined to outlive his student days. He was a sturdy little boy when his father drove him up to the college door in his farmer's buggy. But the intensity with which he had to study before many years had passed banished the ruddy color from his cheeks. This will be referred to again.

Here it may not be uninteresting to speak of the faculty and residents of St. Michael's at the time to which we are referring. The Superior of the

College was the learned and saintly Father Soulerin. Father Malbos was Treasurer and Professor of Theology, Father Malony, Archdeacon of Toronto, was Professor of Rhetoric, Father Vincent occupied the chair of Mathematics and Father Flannery that of Classics—the last named being now the only survivor of the original founders. So that there were then in the college only five priests. Rev. Father M. J. Ferguson, the present learned Professor of Theology at Assumption College, Sandwich, was ordained priest on the 29th September, 1861. Young Mr. O'Connor was at that date in Minor Orders. Three or four others had in the same year received Tonsure. One of the latter, Thomas McCarthy, died in 1866. Other readily remembered names are those of Fathers Oberrier and Walsh, Malony and Cushing—then in various stages of Order.

In July 1861 Messrs. O'Connor and Walsh, being then the two youngest members of the Order, were sent to pursue their studies in France. They left Toronto on Aug. 31 1861 and reached the community novitiate at Faysin, one of the suburbs of the city of Lyons, on the 24th of that month. The two students were respectively in their 21st and 19th years. Very young indeed; but Father Soulerin had accurately appreciated the character of Mr. O'Connor. In a letter to the Superior-General of the order introducing to his notice the two Canadian students he wrote of Mr. O'Connor: "His is an old head on young shoulders." In the following year—1862—both having made their novitiate, went to the mother house at Annony, a geographical name familiar to classical readers. There Mr. O'Connor's delicacy of health, under the strain of severe study, became gradually alarming. He had devoted himself to science and mathematics with assiduity and zest. It was acknowledged that he out-shone all his European fellow-students. He was then supposed to be dying of consumption, and his physical condition had reached that stage where the community authorities asked a decisive opinion from the doctors about him. The answer was that if his superiors desired him to die among his friends Mr. O'Connor had better start for home without delay.

Mr. O'Connor, who made considerable physical progress on his way home was ordained in the fall of 1863 in St. Mary's church in this city. He had meanwhile fallen into college work, and on May 24, 1865, when, Father Soulerin having been elected Superior-General had returned to France for good, Father Vincent became Superior and young Father O'Connor Treasurer. The resumption of hard work soon began to tell upon his health more than ever, and it was supposed he could not live more than a few years. Two highly reputed doctors in Toronto at that time were Dr. Philbrick and Dr. Bovall. Both were called in and both agreed that Father O'Connor was not a consumptive. He then took a year's holiday, which he spent with priests in different parts of the country. He came back restored to health; and when the Sandwich college was re-opened, Bishop Walsh made it an indispensable condition that the enterprise should be entrusted entirely, in spite of his youth, to the brilliant son of St. Michael's. His achievements and later successes have been described already in these columns.

Dr. O'Connor has had a successful career from his student days. The honors of his later life he would not have chosen for himself. His accession to the Archbishopric of Toronto is associated with circumstances that are unique in more ways than are indicated by his birth, education and ordination in Toronto. The Letter of Appointment by the Holy See which we publish in Latin and English to-day is dated at Rome on the seventh of January last. The official announcement of the appointment is dated on April 6. The farewell circular addressed to the clergy of the diocese of London, dated on April 10 and signed by the Archbishop himself says: "In reply to representations made to the Holy See a second letter dated March 10th, and received March 27th confirmed the appointment, leaving me no choice but to obey."

The representations made by Dr. O'Connor in declining the appointment to Toronto must have been strong, because we have learned from

other sources that his acceptance was regarded as a matter of the utmost importance by the entire hierarchy of the Dominion. It is therefore a unique fact to be recorded in connection with Archbishop O'Connor's installation that he is the first Archbishop of Toronto whose appointment was the subject of such representations, and to whom was left "no choice but to obey" the wishes of the Holy See.

Whatever the precise nature of these representations may have been, both clergy and laity in Toronto know that they were such as become the earnest, unassuming character of Dr. O'Connor, and his engrossing care for the interests immediately depending upon him. The addresses of clergy and laity and the representative public attendance at the installation yesterday, testify that all classes and interests in the archdiocese welcome him as an illustrious son of Toronto. May his reign be long and most fruitful of good for the spiritual and temporal interests of the people over whom he has been placed and may it always be productive of honor to the community at large.

The announcement comes under our notice of the death of Mr. Edmund Sheridan Parcell, whose biography of Cardinal Manning attracted so much attention when published a few years back. Over a week elapsed before the announcement found its way into the London papers. Mr. Parcell had reached the advanced age of 75 years.

That Mr. Greenway knows what he is doing in Manitoba is shown by a letter written to The Winnipeg Free Press, (Dominion Governor) by "A Conservative Elector": "My ballot goes for the Greenway government again on [the school] question. . . . I will stay with the national school question and the government that is staying by it."

It is needless to comment upon the financial statement which Archbishop O'Connor made to the people of London before his departure. It was received almost with amazement. It was not, as his words show, intended for a public announcement, but the surprise created by the unexpected fact that the diocese was left only with a debt of \$27,000; that in a little more than eight years the vast sum of nearly \$60,000, had been paid off for principal and interest, found its own way into the newspapers. The published figures were in that manner not quite accurately given, and we have the opportunity to-day through a correspondent of publishing the facts pretty much as Dr. O'Connor related them.

On Monday the Archbishop-elect said Mass in London Cathedral for the school children, there being present not less than eight hundred mothers and their little sons and daughters. On Tuesday he said Mass for the deceased members of the congregation, and afterwards took a carriage for the railway station. As he left the Cathedral the school children, who had lined up on both sides of the way waved him a loving adieu with hands and hats.

A return has been laid on the table in the Imperial Parliament which will settle not a little speculation. It is an analysis of the Army returns which shows that of 219,278 troops serving in the year 1897, 149,666 were of English, 26,874 of Irish, and 17,482 of Scottish birth. Comparing these figures with the population of the different countries, one finds that the proportion of soldiers to inhabitants is 5.5 per thousand in England, a little over 5 per thousand in Ireland, and barely 4 per thousand in Scotland. Commenting upon the figures a correspondent says: "Considering the high reputation for gallantry which popular opinion has generally accorded to the Scottish regiments, it is interesting to observe that only half of the men composing them are really of Scottish birth. The Irish soldiers, on the other hand, are sufficient only to provide the full strength of the eight infantry and four cavalry regiments bearing Irish titles, but they provide half as many again for distribution over the rest of the Army, so that after all the man who said that half of the Highlanders were Irish may not have been so very wide of the mark."

Chevalier Heeney. Chevalier Heeney, of Ottawa, who entered upon his 78th year on the 16th ult., has been receiving congratulations from all points. The Register sends its greetings, and sincerely hopes that so useful a life may be prolonged many years.

A Popular Appointment. We learn with much pleasure that Mr. Edward Crean has been appointed Immigration Agent at South Quebec. As conductor on the Grand Trunk Railway for thirty years Mr. Crean proved himself a trustworthy and courteous officer of that company, and no man was better known or more highly esteemed than our friend "Ned" by the travelling public between the cities of Montreal and Quebec. We wish him a long lease of his honors and emoluments of his new office.

VOCATION WANTING.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.) St. Paul lays down that no one should enter the Christian ministry, unless he is called as Aaron was. The apostle does not describe in detail the inconceivable springs from neglect of this rule; because, we may suppose, they are so numerous he could not find place for them.

Numerous, at all events, they certainly are, and very deplorable. It is, as all the world confesses, a miserable bondage to toil at anything, whether craft or profession, without some sort of natural liking for it. Many a life has been blighted and many a noble spirit crushed by want of sympathy with his occupations. How many failures at the bar had it in them to be glorious soldiers, or politicians, or merchants, or mechanics; or, at all events to achieve a moderate success in some other calling.

Nature, or more correctly, God gives to every one, as He did to Babel, a special aptitude, an attraction and leaning towards the things He intends them to do, and the accident which deigns the fitting hand from the suitable work is a most unfortunate one, and largely accountable for the disappointments in life.

If this be true, or rather since this is true, in all employments we may be sure, in advance, that the man who becomes or calls himself a Christian teacher, without the gifts and qualities, which are, at least, one of the signs of vocation, has a stony path to travel, and can hardly help ending in disaster. The natural-born mechanic takes kindly to his saws, and chisels and adzes, and finds a pleasure in handling them, whilst the man who is without such congenial tendency can scarcely learn to drive a nail without danger to both the hammer and his own poor fingers.

Aptitude is a great educator, and should be looked for, studied, and found out with all possible certainty by every one who is about to choose his calling. In the Church, and most especially in the case of the clergy, the greatest care is taken to discover it; and with remarkable success. Outside we fear there is a reprehensible slackness, as we proceed to show.

Macauley, in the well known essay upon Montgomery, says: "We expect some reserve, some decent pride, in our writer and book maker; meaning, I suppose, that he has not all his faculties needed—not for the making of hats or boots—but for smoothing the relations between the manufacturer and purchaser of such articles. In like manner, in our priestly candidate, we expect a certain reserve, and presume he has not all his faculties needed—not a right to look far—not necessarily much learning or great eloquence, for many good enough men have got along without these—but some deference to public opinion, and, at least, the beginnings of understanding. Less than these show an utter want of aptitude for teaching at all, and yet, unless we are entirely at fault in judgment, less was shown by a minister who preached to a crowd in St. James' Sunday or two ago."

Here is something he said: "God grant that we may ever maintain that which has been the glory of our great empire, the charter of our liberties, the pillars of our trust, our own Catholic and Protestant Church. Here the poor man, to whom we have no wish to impute blame, gives evidence that he is completely out of place. To be a teacher was surely not his vocation, or he would have had a greater aptitude for using his instrument."

If a carpenter cannot learn the difference between a hammer and a hand saw he ought to quit the trade—it is sooner the better for both. It is—and surely the speaker who has not risen above thinking that something can be said at once both Catholic and Protestant, in disabusing the professor of teaching. To instruct an audience that light and darkness are precisely the same phenomenon, or that something can be at the same time both alive and dead, or scarcely be called teaching. Yet as these things, namely, light and darkness, life and death, and all similar opposites, melt down into each other they simply exclude who has not risen above thinking that something can be at the same time both alive and dead, or scarcely be called teaching. 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REV. DR. KILROY'S SILVER JUBILEE.

The Stratford Herald of April 22 says—Rev. Dr. Kilroy, the beloved pastor of St. Joseph's church, will on Tuesday next, April 25, celebrate the 25th anniversary of his induction as parish priest of Stratford. Twenty-five years is a long time to spend in one place, and during the reverend gentleman's stay here he has witnessed many changes, not only in his own congregation, but in the city at large.

A man of admirable and kindly disposition, large-hearted, thoughtful, and forbearing, his relations with his congregation have, from the very least, been of the happiest and most ideal nature. Goldsmith has well portrayed these attributes in his "Deserted Village"—

"A man he was to all the country dear, But in his duty prompt, at every call, He watched and wept, he preached and felt for all, And, as a bird each fond endearment tries To tempt his new-fledged offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed, Their welfare pleased him and their cares distressed. To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given, But all his serious thoughts had stud in heaven."

Dr. Kilroy is a thorough student of mankind during the course of a long and eventful career has had a wide and varied experience with men. He is widely and deeply read, and in all matters of public importance is thoroughly abreast of the times. He is a fluent and forcible speaker and a formidable controversialist, though of late he has not been much given to pulpit oratory.

Rev. Edmund Burke Kilroy, D. D., was born on the 30th of November, 1839, in Ireland. When he was but five years of age his parents came to Canada, and settled in Essex county, about five miles from Windsor. At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, to prosecute his theological studies, and in 1855, when 23 years of age, took his degree of M. A., graduating with high honours. He continued his studies until the following year, when he was ordained a priest.

From 1854 to 1856 he was one of the best known and most enthusiastic missionary priests in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. In 1856 he received the appointment of president of the University of St. Mary-of-the-Lake, at Chicago, Illinois. He remained at this station for two years, and after a short pastorate at Laporte, Indiana, was transferred to the pastorate of one of the most important parishes in Northern Indiana, namely, the city of La Fayette.

When the American civil war broke out he was appointed by Governor Morton, the famous war governor, special agent of the State of Indiana to attend to the spiritual wants of the many Catholic soldiers in the armies of the Potomac, the Cumberland, and the Mississippi. He accepted the office cheerfully, and at many scenes of death was the means of bringing spiritual consolation to numerous souls that otherwise would have departed without it. Dr. Kilroy has many vivid memories of the terrible scenes he witnessed during this terrible war, a war rendered all the more sanguinary and devastating by the fratricidal nature of the strife.

In 1864 he gave up his work at La Fayette and entered upon the no less important duties to be found at the mission at Sarnia, Ont. During the thirty-five years he has since intervened Dr. Kilroy has devoted himself, his best energies and the flower of his manhood to the spiritual welfare of the people of London diocese, and he is now reaping the reward of his long years of untiring and self-sacrificing zeal in the deep love of his parishioners and the esteem and respect of all.

As has been said, his first station was Sarnia, and his pastorate there was marked by the purchase of an attractive site for a convent. The site

(known as the O'Brien property) was purchased for \$10,000, and with his beautiful mansion donated to the Sisters of Jesus and Mary. In 1869 he was transferred to St. Mary's, and for about four years he presided over the mission there. In April, 1873, he was appointed by the late Archbishop Walsh rector of London cathedral. The duties of this office he discharged for a year, and in April, 1874, he replaced the Rev. Father Cronin (the late Bishop Cronin) as pastor of St. Joseph's church, Stratford.

Dr. Kilroy's appointment as parish priest of Stratford was occasioned by the elevation of the former incumbent to the bench of bishops. The consecration ceremonies in connection with the new bishop were performed in Stratford on Sunday, April 19, 1874, and were of the greatest magnificence. Not less than three thousand people were in the sacred edifice during the morning ceremony, which was attended by church dignitaries from all parts of Canada and the United States. The new bishop had charge of the Stratford parish for sixteen years previous to his elevation, and during that time his services had, he having established, principally by his own exertions, schools in almost every part of the surrounding country and built several churches, among which was the present magnificent structure.

Two years after coming to this city, Dr. Kilroy, who was an intimate friend of the late Archbishop Walsh, accompanied that gentleman on an extended trip through England, Ireland, Spain, France, and Italy. During his stay at Rome Dr. Kilroy received the degree of D. D. from the Collegio of the Propaganda.

The story of his twenty-five years' pastorate in this city is the story of twenty-five years of progress. Immediately on coming here, he applied himself diligently to the task of winning out the debt on the church, which structure cost in the vicinity of \$25,000. He succeeded so well that St. Joseph's was one of the first churches in the diocese to be consecrated, the ceremony taking place on June 6, 1886. The sacred edifice was blessed by Rt. Rev. Dr. Carbery, Bishop of Hamilton, consecration, the proceedings being greatly aided in this by the presence of His Grace Archbishop Lynch, and his Lordship Bishop Walsh of London, in full pontificals. The musical service on this occasion was perhaps the most attractive feature. Mozart's Twelfth Mass being rendered for the first time in Stratford, with full choral and orchestral accompaniments. Not only was the debt wiped out, but the church itself felt from time to time the influence of a generous devotion, and the story is told by the new pews, the statuary, and the paintings, the beautiful altars and the costly vestments, which are now part of the furnishings.

An enduring monument to his energy and devotion is the Loreto Convent. Through his instrumentality in 1878 the Jarvis property was purchased as a site for the convent at a cost of \$10,500. Of this amount \$5,000 was contributed from the good doctor himself.

The separate school building is another monument to his industry. The school building was originally erected under his supervision, and was since enlarged until its seating capacity is now over 400. To assist in carrying out the enlargement he loaned the board the sum of \$3,000 at a nominal rate of interest, the amount to be repayable in annual amounts of \$200. A school building of this age he executed a document by which the unpaid balance at the time of his death shall revert to the School Board for educational purposes.

He has always taken the most active interests in educational affairs, and for the past twenty years has been chairman of the board of trustees. During all these years the relationship between himself and the board has been the most cordial. He was instrumental too, in bringing about the union of the Catholic and Protestant cemeteries. What is now the Catholic portion of Avondale cemetery was purchased by him, and placed, like the rest of the property, under the entire control of the civic authorities. The line between the Catholic and Protestant portions is little more than an imaginary one, both being under the same management. It is gratifying to know that the arrangement has been found to be eminently satisfactory.

Dr. Kilroy took a leading part in promoting the interests of the hospital before it was firmly established, and is now one of its most ardent supporters. He speaks very highly of the institution and its management, and is delighted with the success of the experiment in obliterating religious lines. More recently, the handsome new organ installed in 1892, and the sexton's cottage erected in 1891, are monuments to his energy and untiring zeal.

ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER AND HIS COACHMAN.

Excellent horsemanship on the part of Patrick Fannon, Archbishop Gauthier's coachman, averted what might have been a serious runaway accident at 5.30 this afternoon. His Grace, accompanied by his Secretary, Father Meagher, and Senator Sullivan, was returning from Queen's convocation, and when standing at the Senator's residence the horses took fright at the electric cars. They pranced about until whipped into quietness by the coachman, but not before the pole of the carriage was broken, when the Archbishop and Father Meagher were thrown. The coachman, who is an ex-driver of "A" Battery, was exceedingly cool-headed the spirited team would have been off with the carriage and its occupants.

THE POPE IN ST. PETER'S

Mr. P. L. Connelan, one of the best informed Catholic correspondents in Rome, writes to the Dublin Freeman under date of April 17th, of the much described appearance of Pope Leo in St. Peter's—

After a week of rain, and cold, and clouds, a summer sun lighted up the city on Sunday morning, as the crowds of Romans and strangers from all lands hurried towards St. Peter's. The Sovereign Pontiff, after an almost miraculous recovery from a severe illness, was about to descend from the Vatican to this great church, and assist at the postponed Mass of Thanksgiving to be celebrated on the 21st anniversary of his coronation. To see once again the beloved and admired Leo XIII. brought over fifty thousand persons of all classes and many nationalities to St. Peter's yesterday morning. They felt that the thoughts of Catholics throughout the world were at that moment directed to this great world's church, and the scenes that were enacted within its walls.

At five o'clock in the morning sixty soldiers of the Italian army were drawn up in line to keep the people back. At seven they were replaced by a battalion of Bersaglieri, or sharpshooters, as better able to stay the advances of the crowd. At eight the great doors of the church were opened, and the crowd pressed forward like a great river of human beings, breaking the line of the soldiers at the irresistible progress. The vast space in the church was divided into sections—A passage for the procession, defined by a strong wooden balustrade, was kept in the centre of the middle aisle; and the right aisle was nearly all closed by screens. In the free spaces on each side of the balustrades, the crowd pressed, standing. Around, and in front of the High Altar tribunes, as they are called, containing several thousand seats, had been constructed, and these filled most snugly. About half past eight, when I reached Tribune C, close to the statue of St. Lubinus, and in front of the bronze statue of St. Peter, it appeared as if the church was filled. Behind the High Altar, and reaching to the apex, a long wide space, covered with green carpet, was reserved for the movement of the clergy between the Altar and the Papal Throne. This stood at the end of the aisle, beneath the bronze, which contains the Chair of St. Peter. It stood upon a dais, from which seven steps led to the altar, which was covered with gold and silver, and adorned with gold fringe, behind it rose a canopy lined with white silk and embroidered in gold. And above and behind it's arose a great crimson silk curtain, with a valance of claret-coloured velvet, looped up with golden cords held by six gilt angels. The appearance of the throne was rich and grandiose. On the High Altar, rising up the remains of the Fishermen's frontals were those made for the Canonisation of Saints Peter Fourier and Antonio Zaccaria two years ago. Six candlesticks on the Altar were artistic gems, silver gilt, made after the designs of Michael Angelo; and at the sides of the Altar were those two great candelabra, wrought by the artistic and facile hand of Benvenuto Cellini. Upon one of the columns supporting the baldachino, or canopy, over the Altar, was suspended the Pontifical Indult for the celebration of Mass at this Papal Altar, a privilege reserved to the Pontiff himself.

The ceremony was announced for 10 o'clock. The long waiting was lightened by watching the various members of the Pontifical Court in their special costumes, and the arrival of those whose seats were reserved for them. The yellow and red and black costumes of the Swiss Guard, with the white horse-hair plumes falling over the helmets; the neat soldier-like Palatine Guards, with blue uniforms, and red cockades in their neat French caps; and the tall gendarmes, in high boots and white leather breeches, resembling Napoleon's Grenadiers, attract and occupy the attention of the people. Now the Ambassadors and Ministers to the Holy See enter and take their places in the benches, all richly dressed, on the right of the Holy See. Also the loggia, or box, for the Hereditary Princess of Sweden and Norway, and for the Countess of Trani, sister to the late Emperor of Austria, with their suites—no place for Sovereigns. On the opposite side of the apex were the seats for the Roman nobility.

Finally, at close upon 11 o'clock the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs in the vicinity of the Chapel of the Priest, close to the entrance, gave an indication of the Pope's approach. What a sea of upturned faces, filling the vast space extending from the High Altar to the doors of the church, he saw beneath him! Here he was slowly borne along in that great gilded chair on the shoulders of eight bearers, clad in a large cope of white silk, with an massive gold and jewelled clasp, which the Augustinians gave him on his Jubilee, and the tiara, or triple crown, on his head, and his hand raised up to bless the representatives of Rome and the world. It is safe to say that throughout the confines of earth no such scene took place as that which was enacted yesterday morning in the Church of St. Peter in presence of over 50,000 persons—the population of a good-sized city. In the Courts of Kings the sword is the symbol, and the orders of the drill sergeant break the silence in the Vatican the Cross is the symbol, and the words are words of prayer and blessing. The voice of a great multitude was raised in a sort of joyous utterance rather than a cheer, a sob of

rejoicing at seeing once more the beloved Pontiff, Leo XIII., after his recent illness. It was evident to all that the Pope was pleased with this demonstration of affection, a smile lit up his exceedingly pale features, and his eyes were bright. As he passed towards the open space in front of the Altar he was within four paces of our tribune, and we could see him closely. He looks quite as well as before, though, perhaps, he is a shade paler than when Requiem Mass for the late Pontiff I saw him last on February 7th, at the Plus IX.

Scarcely had the Pope entered the Church near to the end of a long procession than every eye was turned upon him to the neglect of all others. Yet in this procession were the most prominent personages in Rome, lay and clerical. Here were the heads of generals of the religious orders, of the Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican, Trappist, Cistercian, and others, each, as Ozanam notes, recalling a great age of ecclesiastical history, a power placed at the service of God and humanity. Here were the Cardinals, their Eminences, the Archbishops, the Bishops, the ten Diocesan Prelates, Count Jacobini, Ledochowski, Macchi, Mocconi, Pierotti, Rampolla, Satolli, Signa, Stolhuber, Serafino Vanuttelli, and his brother Vincenzo Vanuttelli, Cardinal Mazzella, of the Society of Jesus, celebrated Mass at the Papal Altar. In front of the Pope marched that splendid body of aristocrats by birth, the Pope's noble guard, each of them looking every inch a soldier. Here also came the Chamberlains of Sword and Cap, the general Irish gentlemen, Marquis MacSweeney, Count Barbelloni, Count Gandolfo, Baron de Schoenberg, Baron de Murnol, Commendatore d'Orelli, Prince Don Marc Antonio Colonna (assistant at the Pontifical Throne), Prince Ruffolo (Master of the Sacred Hospice), and a great number of chamberlains on duty, such as Mr. Michael Mulhall, Mr. W. Osborne Christmas, etc., etc.

When the Pope descended from the Sedia gestatoria, and had taken his place upon the throne, the Mass began, the Holy Father raising the incense, together with the celebrant. The Mass was accompanied by the Pontifical Choral, under the direction of Commendatore Mustafà, the Chapel Master of the Sistine Chapel. There is no instrumental accompaniment to the sweet voices of the choir. The music rendered was Palestrina's Grand Mass, known as that of Pope Marcellus, which, when it was first sung in publication in the Sistine Chapel, on the 19th day of June 1565. Its music was composed by St. John in his vision of the New Jerusalem, and which afterwards was accepted as the type of all true ecclesiastical music. It is impossible to describe all the effects of this music on the people that were crowded for hours in the church, and standing all the time; but it waded them into silence and stillness. The Sanctus and the Agnus Dei were selected from Palestrina's Mass, "Aeterni Christi Mater." At the beginning of the "Te igitur" of Mustafà was sung, and a Benedictus of a high inspiration and masterly arrangement by the same composed specially written for this occasion. The silver trumpets were silent to-day; they are played at the consecration only when the Sovereign Pontiff celebrates Mass.

After the ceremony the Pope again ascended the sedia gestatoria, or great high chair; the white feather fans were borne on each side of the throne, and with the tiara on his head, and the white cope upon his shoulders, and covering him as with a great mantle, he was slowly borne down from the apex to a platform which had been placed on the latter side of the Consecration in front of the High Altar. Here in this sedia was rested, and Cardinal Macchi ascended to the Pontiff, and placed an open book before him, from which, after he had with trembling hands put on his spectacles he read the prayers preliminary to the bestowing of the Papal benediction. His voice at first was very feeble and uncertain, but as he went on it gathered strength and volume, and at intervals he rose from the chair as if to give more force and emphasis to the words he was uttering. Finally he stood upon his feet, and, with outstretched arms, as if he would embrace all these thousands within his view and the vast world of human beings scattered over the whole earth, he raised his hand, and gave the triple benediction, his voice meanwhile seeming amidst an awful silence, to reach the most distant limits of the great church. The sound of many thousand voices uttered a great "Amen," and again the crowd burst into applause, and the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs. Slowly he was borne down the great nave, and repeatedly he raised his trembling hand to bless the people. There was a long delay there, and it seems that he could scarcely contain himself, but the church and the fervent people that were so glad to see him again. It was altogether a scene that deeply felt emotion and happiness.

THE LATEST SECT OF "SCROFULITES."

There is a new Protestant sect over in Ottawa, Canada. Its leading and distinctive doctrine is that every hog has a devil. These Scrofulites think that their infestation to kill all the hogs they can find. Their neighbours object to this result of their judgment, and its application to their pig sties, and as a consequence the Scrofulites are "persecuted" by the civil authorities. Other Protestant sects may object to this latest development of Bible and private judgment, but they must not forget that these Scrofulites are their brethren, inasmuch as it was following the Protestant rule of faith that would have been followed by the New York Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Davitt on the Samoan Crisis.

The following letter has been addressed to the leader of the Social Democratic party in the German Reichstag by Mr. Davitt, M.P., who is an old friend of Herr Liebknecht's: House of Commons, London, April 15th, 1889.

Dear Herr Liebknecht—I see from the paper that you took part yesterday in the discussion in the Reichstag on the Samoan complications. I have not yet read your speech, but I shall do so when the newspapers come to hand. I take a keen interest in this Samoan question, owing to the fact of having visited the lovely island of which Apia is the capital, and in recognition of the courtesy which was extended to me during my brief stay by some of your fellow-countrymen.

The whole of the present trouble in the island is the work of a body known as the London Missionary Society, which seeks to make English power predominant in Samoa. This organization has found a fanatical auxiliary in a Mr. Chambers, who has acted as chief justice. He is nominally an American, but in reality an Englishman, as his whole conduct in the recent troubles shows. He has made use of the disturbances, which the London Society promoted, to further the project of an Anglo-American alliance, and in seeking this end he has made most unwarranted attacks upon the German officers in Apia. He has falsely attributed to them a responsibility in the disturbances which belongs to himself and his missionary allies, all with the object of stirring up bad blood between America and Germany in the interests of the guilty intriguers who have instigated all the trouble.

The overwhelming mass of the Samoans are for Mataafa, but because he has the support of the Germans in the island and on account of his being a Catholic, the London Protestant Missionary Society and its tool, Mr. Chambers, have succeeded in inducing English and American officers to bombard the coast near Apia, so as to intimidate the people and compel them to substitute the English nominee for the rightful King, who has both the people and the entire German community on his side.

My object in writing to you is to warn you not to blame the American people for the conduct of one or two of those who are acting disloyally in the name of the Great Republic. You may rely upon it, that the United States will act justly and fairly when the truth about the origin of the recent troubles is brought home to the American mind. It is certain that your truth will vindicate the action of your fellow-countrymen in Samoa, and that there will be a reaction in the popular feeling of the United States in favour of your country when it is found that English intrigue, which tried to embitter the relations between Germany and America last year, has again been detected in the same perfidious game in this Samoan difficulty.

As you read the English papers you can see the use which they are making of the situation in the island. "England and America standing side by side," "Anglo-American co-operation, etc., etc., together with a bullying tone towards your country, indicate the purpose which it is sought to serve by this unhappy trouble.

All this is just like the policy and conduct of those who rule and ruin Ireland. They try to breed bad blood between all other nations, so that they can profit by this jealousy. They want to be as friendly towards Germany now just as they tried to make America believe that they were helping Spain indirectly last year. They want to keep up ill-feeling between Germany and France; to turn Germany against Russia in China, and to prevent the restoration of friendly relations between Italy and the French Republic, and all the time they are engaged in this work of stirring up strife among their neighbouring nations, they pose before the world as the advocates of peace and good-will among mankind.

But, thank heaven, their hypocrisy is being found out, in America as well as in Europe, and when the nations which England tries to put one against the other for her own selfish ends, discover who the universal mischief-maker is, they will be glad to go far towards the prospect of a real and lasting peace among the peoples of the civilized world will be near at hand.

You know, of course, that Robert Louis Stevenson, the great novelist, supported Mataafa's claims. He had no love for the miserable, plotting missionaries, English and American, who took in their train so many evils to the beautiful islands, Samoa, as in Abyssinia, Africa, China, and elsewhere, these men have been more like the emissaries of the devil than messengers of Christ, having brought on wars and bloodshed, and other things, and disease and maladies previously scarce among the natives of Samoa, solely from the rivalry of these agents of strife and corruption. Read Mr. Chamberlain's speech on yesterday and take note of the words of hell which British civilization has created in West Africa. Mataafa stands out in the kind of "civilization" in Samoa, and your countrymen are on his side.

With heartfelt wishes for your health and happiness. Yours very truly, MICHAEL DAVITT.

KIDNEY DISEASES

Are Positively Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Linnæus County People Know This—Their Experience Has Proved Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Peter O'Brien of Kidney Complaint.

KILMARNOCK, May 1st.—The people of this section are among the shrewdest and most level-headed people in Canada. They know a good thing when they meet it. And when they "run up against" a good thing they make use of it. That is why Dodd's Kidney Pills have such an enormous sale in this district. That's the reason Dodd's Kidney Pills are used in nearly every household in the county. It is nothing unusual to hear of several cures of Kidney Diseases, every day, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this neighborhood. The medicine is in universal use. It has record of having completely cured every case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Heart Failure, Urinary Disease, Diseases of Women, or Blood Impurity, in which it has been used. Our people claim that it is the only medicine on earth that will cure those diseases.

A still further claim is made by those who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They assert emphatically, (and to speak the truth, they bring convincing proof) that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are as easily cured, if Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, as is a common cold.

Mrs. Peter O'Brien, of Smith's Falls, whose cure is the latest reported, has many friends in Kilmarnock, and her complete recovery amazed, while it delighted them. Her case was a severe one of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills worked a wonderfully quick and complete cure.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited Toronto.

DEATH OF MRS. PATRICK FITZGERALD.

On April the 7th, there died at her home, near Shamrock, Mrs. Fitzgerald, relict of the late Patrick Fitzgerald. Although the deceased lady had been in declining health for some time, her death was not expected, but came rather suddenly on the day above mentioned. Her funeral, which was conducted with its largeness, took place on the ninth inst., leaving her late residence, and arriving at Mount St. Patrick church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Fathers McEachan and Diagonais, after which she was laid to rest in the family plot, beside her husband, who preceded her thither some two years ago.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was born in the County of Kerry, Ireland, and with her husband came to this country some fifty years ago, and settled on the farm near Shamrock, where she resided till her death.

The deceased was a lady of rare and exceptional qualities. Owing to the prominence which the family occupied, she was widely known and as widely respected. A liberal education and an early refinement obtained, so much so that even to the stranger her demeanour commanded respect, while to those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, or who were her intimate friends, these noble traits of benevolence, kindness and piety which characterized her, were striking and captivating, and their extent could more plainly show the esteem and veneration in which she was held than the numbers who, disregarding the inclemency of the weather and the unfavourable condition of the roads, turned out to attend her funeral, showing thereby a last tribute of respect to one they held so highly in life. And as in living her life was exemplary to her family, edifying to her neighbours, and always consistent with that of a good Catholic, so, in dying, her death was such as to go far towards consoling her sorrowing family.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was mother of John Fitzgerald, J. Shamrock, Ont., and of David and Patrick, of the United States. In all she leaves a family of eight children to mourn her loss. R. I. P.

GOOD HEALTH FOR WOMEN

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Weak, Sickly Women to Robust Health.

Any irregularities in the monthly uterine action is sufficient cause for women to be alarmed about their health. Whether painful, suppressed or profuse menstruation, the cause can be traced to some derangement of the nerves. A few boxes of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will completely build up the exhausted nerves and restore the regular monthly action which removes from the body the clogged matter that would otherwise cause pain and serious disease.

It is as a restorative for pale, weak women that Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has been singularly successful. It counteracts the debilitating diseases peculiar to women by feeding the nerves and creating new nerve fluid, the vital force of the human body. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has restored scores of hundreds of weak, sickly women to robust health. See a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's new illustrated book "The Use of Life and How to Cure Them," sent free on your address.

Erameline is perfectly ODORLESS, and that is another reason why it is the Modern Stove Polish. You will not have to move out of the house until it "burns off," if you use Erameline. "My stove shines in the night," a lady writes. Put up in paste, cake or liquid form. No other has so large a sale. J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York

A POINT OF HONOR.

By E. Everett-Green.

I'm going away to-morrow. I'm going to London."

"London is a great big immense place," answered Tom, spreading out his arms as if to express immensity.

"Why, because my father lives there, to be sure. He sent me away up to the mares to Uncle McAllister because there was fever in our part, and he had to go everywhere among it."

"Big tears had gathered in Molly's eyes. She had played with Tom all through this long happy summer, she could not face the thought of the separation with the equanimity that he was trying to assume."

"Now, don't cry, Molly, but listen to me. I've got to go away. We can't either of us help that, but I'll come back again, when I'm a man and fetch you away, too, and I'm going to marry you here to-day, before I go, so that you will always belong to me and I shall be your husband wherever you are."

"Molly's eyes were big and round. She had only the dimmest ideas on the subject of matrimony, but Tom's will was law to her."

"You would like to be my little wife, Molly?"

"Oh, yes, Tom!"

"Very well, then. I will marry you now, here. I have got my prayer-book with me. I know all about it, and I have got the wedding-ring, too. It was mother's. Father gave it to me, and I shall marry you with it, and you will hang it around your neck, because it will be too big for your finger, and whenever you look at it you will remember that you are my little wife."

"Tom led her to a great boulder, and one of many scattered upon the bleak hillside, and he found the place in his book and propped it open so that he could read the words quite easily. As he did so he explained to Molly in his own words the nature of an oath and the solemn and binding it was. His uncle had read him a lecture upon this subject not many evenings ago apropos of something he was reading in a newspaper, and Tom had a faculty for grasping an idea and making it his own."

"When all was ready he took Molly's hand in his and said with great gravity and earnestness—

"I, Tom, take thee, Molly, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight my troth."

"Then, unclasping hands and clasping them again, he made Molly repeat after him the corresponding troth to plight: "I, Molly, take thee, Tom," he soft voice willingly repeating the words, her soft, solemn eyes fixed earnestly on his face."

"After that was done Tom paused for a moment, then he produced from his pocket an assortment of miscellaneous treasures—two knives, one much broken, some marbles, a small box of chalks, a pencil and pencil-cutter, a good many nails stuck in a cork, and a variety of smaller possessions. Last of all, from an inner pocket, he produced a gold ring carefully wrapped up in soft paper. These articles he laid out in order upon the boulder, and then, taking the ring in his hand he solemnly possessed himself of Molly's left hand."

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name—"

"New Molly, we're married!" cried Tom, after a moment's pause, a note of triumphant jubilation in his voice.

"Here's a bit of string to tie the ring around your neck till you're big enough to wear it on your finger. But mind you take care of it always, for 'tind you're wedding-ring. We've been married now in the English way, but we'll make everything quite safe by being married as well in the Scotch way directly, only I want you to take things first," and he pointed to the string upon the stone.

"They're yours now, didn't you hear me say I'd endowed you with them?" Tom spoke bravely, but his eyes rested wistfully upon the best knife, and Molly was woman enough to note it.

"I'll give you them back—all of them, Tom, dear," she cried; and then with a diplomacy worthy of riper years, she added: "You'd better take care of them for me. I've only one pocket, and it's often got a hole in it, and my mammy doesn't like my having a knife."

"Molly's scruples were overcome and he bundled back his treasures into his own pocket, only insisting that Molly should have the little case of chalks."

"You might write me a letter with them or draw me a picture," he said, and Molly thought perhaps she would, when she learnt how. But there was still something more to do.

"Come along," said Tom, taking her by the hand, and leading her towards the spot where the old shepherd, Donald, with his boy, Sandy, sat watching the flock, with the old collie beside them."

"I've come to say good-bye," said Tom, going up and holding out a sun-browned hand. "I'm going to London to-morrow to my father. And I want to tell you that Molly is my wife. We were married this morning. I thought I'd like to marry her before I went away, just to make things safe, you know."

"A brave good plan, indie," answered the old shepherd, with a twinkle in his eye; and when Tom had done his farewells and was alone again with Molly, he said to her—

"That's how you get married in Scotland—at least you can if you like. You just tell people you're married, and that makes you married. So now, you see, we've been married twice; you mustn't ever forget that, Molly. You can't marry anybody else, and when I'm a man I'll come and fetch you and you'll live with me always and be my little wife."

"This thought sweetened the parting a good deal, and Molly kissed Tom and promised she would never forget and was quite sure she would never want to marry anybody else. So he went a little further with her, till the gray farmhouse was full of light, but he did not come inside, even to say good-bye to Molly's mammy, for he was afraid they might cry if he did, and Tom had made up his mind not to do that. He gave Molly a great many hugs, and sent her off home with tears in her eyes, while he took to his heels and dashed down the side of the hill toward the old manse, half glad that his hardest parting was over, and rather elated with the feeling that he was a married man and a bridegroom."

"You lucky dog!" said Arlington. "If ever there was a fellow born with a silver spoon in his mouth that fellow is Tom Cheston."

"It's a great surprise to me," said Tom, who was now known in the world as the rising young surgeon, whose skill in certain branches was likely to make him a marked man in the future, and more successful one than his successful father. "I just knew that I had an old uncle down in the West, but I think he must have picked a quarrel with my father, for he never spoke of him. Nor did I know that he was a rich man or that he regarded me in the light of his successor. I suppose I must run down and see the old fellow since he wishes it if you are wise."

"What luck some fellows have! Well, you're a good fellow, Tom, and nobody will grudge it to you. And you look as if a little fresh air would do you good. I only wish it was my luck to get the same. It's my part of the country down there. Don't I wish I could go!"

"Come with me," said Tom, heartily. "I hate too much of my own company. I'll stand treat, and you shall take all the trouble. It's a bargain, mind! I'll drop you at your place and stay the night there and go on to my uncle's next day. It's only a matter of twelve miles or so, you say?"

"And so it came about that a few days later, upon a lovely June evening, Tom and his friend were sitting perched upon some crumbling sand-cliffs, overlooking a wide expanse of level sand below, and beyond that the shining, sparkling sea, and the glow of the sunset in the West."

"They had been talking quietly on incidental subjects, when Arlington suddenly sprang half up, exclaiming— "Great Jehovah! Is she being run away with? Or can it be she does not know?"

"What do you mean?" asked Tom, alarmed at the look upon his companion's face. His eyes were fixed upon a girl rider galloping along the yellow sand, and his cheek was growing pale."

"The quacksands! the quacksands!" cried Arlington, the drops gathering on his brow. "If she doesn't know, or if the horse is bolting with her, she'll be into them in a hurry. You can see the shimmering line that divides them from the firm sand—and then no power on earth can save her. She'll be sucked down to a living death before our very eyes."

"Tom was on his feet and dashing down the perilous sand-cliff before the words were out of his companion's mouth. Arlington was slightly crippled from a recent attack of acute rheumatism, and had neither strength nor power for such rapid descent; nor, indeed, had it occurred to him as possible that anybody could scale the treacherous crumbling cliff save at the places where a path had been cut out. Perhaps in cold blood Tom could not have done it. But it is marvelous what we can do when the blood is

tingling in our veins, and it seems a race for life or death. Tom had strength of muscle, and the trained eye and hand so essential to one in his profession, as well as the iron nerve which had helped him to his present position. Springing, slipping, running, falling, but never losing his hold on something, never growing dizzy or failing to take advantage of the nature of the treacherous cliff wherever an advantage was to be gained from it, he reached the bottom with nothing worse than a wrenched shoulder and a rent coat, and started off at full speed across the strands to warn the rider, who was still sweeping along."

"Plainly her horse was giving her trouble, but plainly also she had not been seeking seriously to check him till the shouts and gestures of the running figure and the signals of the man on the cliff—little more than a speck to her—warned her that she was in some unknown peril. She pulled hard at her reins. She got the horse's head partly round toward Tom, and two minutes later, through the change of direction, he was able to seize the creature's bridle, to assist her in bringing him to a standstill."

"When the battle had ended and he looked up, it was to encounter a glance of such radiance and sweet earnestness and confusion that his heart leaped within him, as it often does at the sight of some unexpected and brilliant beauty. He was looking at the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life, and his heart gave a sudden bound as though some strange thing had happened to it."

"In a few minutes he explained the danger she had been in, and her face grew pale as she listened and looked. "Oh, I did not know. I had never been here before. I am trying a new horse, he is so very strong. I brought him here because I thought a gallop on the sands would quiet him better than anything else. How can I thank you?"

"Don't thank me. It was my friend younger who told me of the peril you were in. I am quite a stranger in these parts. Now, are you quite sure you have no one to depend on? Will you let me walk beside you till you get him to the road yard, just at the foot of the cliff? Then there will be no fear."

He paced beside her for a few hundred yards, talking common places and stealing glances at her lovely, flushed face. When he had seen her in safety and was turning away, she held out her little gloved hand and said half archly, half timidly—

"Good-bye. I shan't try to thank you, I can't; but may I not know the name of my preserver? I am sure my uncle will send me if I go home without it."

"Tom handed her his card with a little bow. She glanced at it and flushed and kindled in a bewildering fashion. "We shall meet again," she cried, waving her hand."

"And Tom stood looking after her, feeling as though something strange and new had come into his life which would never be quite the same again."

Two evenings later Tom came face to face with this girl once more in the drawing-room of his uncle's quaint old Tudor house. She was dressed all in white. There were stary blossoms in her golden hair. Her eyes were shining with a shy, eager light. Mr. Cheston, with a smile on his face, pronounced the introduction."

"Tom, let me present you to Lady May Renfrew, the niece of my good friend and neighbour, who has taken pity on his bachelor loneliness and has come to keep house for him. You young folks must help to make each other lively for as long as you can be persuaded to stay, Tom."

"Tom had met Mr. Renfrew that day out fishing. He and Mr. Cheston owned adjoining properties, and were friends of long standing. In the evening they sat down to chess as a natural thing, and the young people strayed out in the soft shadows of the garden, where the dying daylight and the summer moonlight made a witchery of conflicting lights and shadows."

"They talked as men and maidens have talked since the world began its course, and walked as in a Garden of Eden in their own. No word of love passed Tom's lips, for there came between him and this radiant girl a dim floating vision of a baby face, and of a troth plighted made long years ago, which had almost been forgotten. He had sometimes thought of it as the years fled by. Perhaps the memory had helped to keep him from those thoughts of love and marriage which come so easily to some, for Tom had never had a love affair in his life as yet."

"When Lady May was gone he stood leaning over the terrace wall gazing toward the moon-lit sea, and he started when his uncle (to whom he had taken a great liking) came and laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder."

"If you could only learn to love each other it would make two old men happy, my boy. You are my heir. She is my friend's heiress. He has adopted her: she is like the apple of his eye. Her people are of the cold proud sort. She was never happy at home, here she is the life and sunshine of the place. Ah! Tom, she would make you a sweet wife!"

"For one week Tom and May were constantly thrown into each other's company. The days seemed to speed as on wings. They walked in that glamour of love's young dream, which

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transforms the world and annihilates time and makes the hours fly or drag according as they are spent in company or apart. And still no word of love passed Tom's lips, though there was that in the dark, deep-set eyes that told its own tale."

"Then suddenly he left, said he must go, but would return when August would come, and Lady May bid him adieu with shining eyes in which the tear-drops glistened."

"Was he bound in honour to that child's promise or was he not? This was the thought which never left Tom by night or by day as he plunged into the vortex of his professional work after the brief recess."

"Every incident of that childish 'wedding' was clear in his mind, and again and again he sought to laugh the notion to scorn, whilst the voice of conscience said in his heart—

"You were old enough to know something of the nature of an oath. You made your promise with your whole understanding and mind. How do you know that she is not waiting for you still? Child as she was, she may remember, too. Until you have seen her again and have released yourself from that solemn pledge you should not think of yourself as absolutely free. It may have been nothing but a childish vow, but a vow it was, and a plighted word is not to be lightly broken. Would you like the story to come to Lady May's ears, and for you to be forced to confess to that you have never sought to ascertain whether the other child remembered?"

"That thought settled that matter, and as soon as Tom's summer subsistence was installed in his house for the blank months of August and September, he took his way by the northern express up to that Highland manse where he had brought boyhood's summer had been spent, and which he had not visited since."

His uncle had been many years dead, but the present minister received him kindly, though he could tell him nothing as to the former residents at the Burnside farm. The present owners had only been there five years, but that was longer than his own appointment to the Kirk. He helped Tom in his enquiries, but fourteen years had passed since the persons he enquired for had departed, and nobody knew where they had gone. They must have left quite a short while after his own visit. They had gone South he heard, and that was all. Nobody in the place had heard anything of them for a long, long time; their very memory seemed to have been blotted out."

"Tom scarcely knew whether he were disappointed or relieved by this check. He had hoped to find Molly a married woman, who by the northern express might have been waiting for him, but about her, to laugh with her over their childish troth-plight, and receive back from her his mother's gold ring in exchange for some more substantial token of good-will. But then again had always come the doubt. Suppose she was one of those who remembered and kept a childish faith? How then?

"And at that thought his heart always sank so low that it was with as much relief as disappointment that he discovered the impossibility of tracing her. And now was he free? Was there any further need to think of that childish compact, solemnly made in all truth, yet with no real understanding of its nature in the mind of either child? He thought not. He thought he might dismiss it from his mind. And yet as the train carried him south, he found that he could not dismiss it; the vibrations of the sleeping-carriage seemed forever repeating the same thing—

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name—"

Sleep would not come to him. The vision of May's lovely face came between him and any thought of rest. He hungered for a sight of her. He recalled every soft, sweet word that had fallen from her lips when he had sat beside her on summer evenings, and had talked to her as he had never talked to any other woman, while she had listened with down-bent eyes, a soft flush upon her cheek, and a tender smile upon her lips. He felt that he could win her if he had but let himself go. If he had spoken no word of love, it was not because he feared she would not listen. It was rather that he had always felt that possibly honour held him back—that if she knew all, she would tell him to seek out Molly first, and that he knew his own conscience was whispering the same counsel."

Well, now he had done that, he had done his best. If he had failed, was that his fault? If he had not done? Could honour itself demand more? The voice within him told him yes, one thing more. Before he asked truth-fully of Lady May he must tell her all the tale, and let her know how far he had once pledged himself, even though he were but a twelve-year-old wretch at the time."

The welcome he received from his uncle was very warm, but as they sat at table together the first evening he said, anxiously—

"I hope, my boy, that you and May will come to some understanding soon. It has been too long already a wooer. We both thought you were being a glimmering—oh, you know what—she as well as you. But it does not do to be too long about it. 'Faint heart,' you know; and my old friend was talking

to me about May the other day. He has a sort of fear lest she may not be quite as free and heart-whole as we hoped. Anyway, my dear boy, don't lose time. May is a very charming girl. She has her admirers, I can tell you."

"Tom went to bed that night in a wish of feeling. Yet, it was very true, he must lose no time. He must not lose her by tardiness. He would seek her out on the morrow and tell her he would put his fate into her hands, he would endure this suspense and uncertainty no more."

"He found her at the sunset hour in a little cleft of her own, perched high upon the cliffs, looking over the wide, glistening sea. Her chin was in her hands, her eyes were dreamy and soft. She did not at once mark his approach."

"He spoke her name, and she started up, the colour of blushing her face from brow to chin. He stood holding her hand in his, devouring her with his burning glances, his heart beating almost to suffocation."

"My," he said, in a voice that sounded scarcely like his own, "I love you. I think I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Do you know why I have not told you this before? Sit down and let me explain. When you have heard all you may judge whether I am free—whether I may ask the question that I long to do. You shall decide whether I am bound in honour by what happened so many, many years ago. There shall be no cloud of secrecy between us."

"Her eyes were glowing beneath the drooping lashes, she let him hold her hand in his while he told his tale."

"I was only a boy, I was 12 years old. It was in Scotland, and a little girl from a farm played with me all one long summer. We loved each other boy and girl fashion. She was but 8 years old when I was going I remember to come back and marry her more than this, I swore it in the most solemn way I could think of. I took the marriage vow upon my lips, we plighted our troth upon the moor. I gave her my mother's wedding ring as a pledge. For years I held myself married. May, what am I to do now? When I first knew that I loved, all this came back. I felt a qualm of conscience in case Molly should remember. I have been to look for her, I cannot find her; she is gone. Am I to lose the happiness of my life for this scrap of honour? Is the ghost of a boyish love, a boyish vow—to stand between me and my life's happiness?"

"He spoke with agitation. Her answer meant so much to him. The colour was coming and going in her face. She raised her eyes suddenly, and looked full at him; her lips were quivering, there was the music of mingled laughter and tears in her voice."

"Tom," she said, "was the ring that you gave to little Molly anything like this?"

"She held out her left hand. A plain gold circlet was sparkling upon the third finger. He caught her hand, and a quick gasp broke from him. Something in her look and voice—had he ever noticed it before?—had it ever been a link between them? Was he dreaming? It could not be! What had come to him? Was he going mad?"

"Molly, Molly, Molly!" he cried, and could say no more."

"Yes? call me Molly, Tom; it brings back the day when I was the little foster-child of the farm—happy, and wild, and free. O, Tom! I knew you the first moment when our eyes met. Again and again I thought that you must surely remember me. I am your little wife, Molly. And I have never forgotten!"

"Molly, Molly! Oh, how can it be? A Scotch farmer's child?"

"No, only 'foster-child. My mother nearly died when I was born, nobody thought I could live. They were in the Highlands shooting; the good farmer's wife came to their help. Her baby had died the day before. She took me, and the doctors all said the only chance for my growing up strong and healthy was keeping me with her for the first eight or ten years of my life, and letting me run barefoot and wild, like a child of the moor. I was ten years old before I was taken home, and I never fitted into the new groove. I was never quite as the others are. I had not the same tastes or pursuits. My great joy was always to get out into the air. When I was quit of the schoolroom, when I here made me his pet, I came often to visit him. At last he invited me here altogether, and they let me come. They did not think I should ever make a good match, and this was like a prospective provision for me. You see, nobody knew that I was married already, and I began to think that my husband would not come for me!"

"Molly, O, Molly! and you knew me when we met?"

"Oh! yes, I knew. You had not changed much, Tom, though I have. I have always thought that you were McAllister—the name of Cheston never recalled anything—out when I saw you I knew."

"And you never told me! Why not, Molly?"

"The blush which dyed her face was almost answer enough. He looked at her a moment, and put his arms about her. She laid her head upon his shoulder with a little sigh of contentment. "You will marry me, then, my Molly?"

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE FAIR EXHIBITION.

A section of the Great Paris Exhibition is that of the Catholic progress in the century that nears its close. A word as to its nature may be useful. First, Catholics of all lands may receive with profit a warning. Prospectives have been issued lately, involving investments in a financial scheme for a religious exhibition; plans of seductive splendour, conceived, profits of 50 per cent. guaranteed; the scheme is tantamount, the promises are fallacious. This society proposes to erect, beyond the Etoile, a prolongation of the Exhibition, exclusively Catholic. A monumental gate introduces us (on the plans) into a city of magnificence; in front is a reduction of St. Sophia, to the right a Gothic town and cathedral, to the left Roman edifices; while in other palaces the history of Christian art and architecture in all their phases is illustrated. The project is all adapted to fire with enthusiasm, unfortunately, the beautiful idea is mere Frank of imagination, impossible to realize. Regardless, the Catholic world will find place in the great Exhibition. A committee, formed under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, with M. de Mun as president, and Monsignor Pechenard, Director of the Institut Catholique, as vice-president, is already actively at work. All the conquests achieved under the flag of Catholicity will be laid before the public. A great central tableau will group into one vast whole, all the works showing their aim and their results. Each member of the hierarchy, lay or ecclesiastical, will be represented, and his contributions, developments, and achievements. The illustration will be executed by three means—intellectual, consisting of statues, including models, photographs, inscriptions; practical, exposing works produced. In three great spheres has the Catholic influence asserted its omnipotence—educational, social, colonial. The first of these will be illustrated by the vast army of teaching orders. The second holds up to admiration the results of co-operative societies, syndicates, working-men's clubs, dwellings, lecture-halls, hospitals, hostels, and charitable institutions. The third—France's great glory—the missions, will be an inexhaustible mine. Here we may contemplate the advance of civilization effected by the missionaries; the exploring of dark lands, diffusion of the Catholic religion, of the French tongue and education; the founding of cities, building of monuments, excavations, the ethnographical, geographical, botanical, meteorological discoveries, agricultural and industrial developments, humanitarian works; crowning all will be the illustration of the various kinds of martyrdom often suffered and always to be feared. To execute so vast a conception, making the section an attractive feature, not an arid study, demands no small amount of ingenuity and labour. The material part of the illustration will be entailed, contributions, however small, are earnestly solicited."

"Molly, Molly, Molly!" he cried, and could say no more."

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"Molly, O, Molly! and you knew me when we met?"

"Oh! yes, I knew. You had not changed much, Tom, though I have. I have always thought that you were McAllister—the name of Cheston never recalled anything—out when I saw you I knew."

"And you never told me! Why not, Molly?"

"The blush which dyed her face was almost answer enough. He looked at her a moment, and put his arms about her. She laid her head upon his shoulder with a little sigh of contentment. "You will marry me, then, my Molly?"

"For the third time?" she queried, with a delicious little laugh. "Don't you remember we were married twice that day to make assurance doubly sure? Oh, yes, Tom, I will marry you, you dear, blind old bat! And think how cheap it will be for you! You will not have to buy a wedding ring, for I will have none other but this!"

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