

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

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

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

The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 21.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The writs have been issued for the Ontario elections. Official nominations will take place June 19, and June 26 has been fixed upon as polling day. There is little doubt that Sir Oliver Mowat, the Grand Old Man of Ontario, will be returned to power. Sir Oliver has had a remarkable career. For twenty-two years he has enjoyed the confidence of the people of this Province, and in all that time not a charge of wrong-doing has been sustained against him. His administration of the affairs of the Province has been as remarkable for its purity as for its great length; and the old man, whose 74th birthday will occur just four days prior to the polling, goes to the Province with a record unsurpassed in the political history of any country. There is no doubt he will have much the same kind of sympathy that was shown for Sir John Macdonald at the last Dominion elections. There is little doubt that this will be Sir Oliver's last appeal to the Province.

It is of vast importance to Catholics in the coming Provincial struggle to know just how the two great parties stand with regard to the P.P.A., and also the strength of the latter. Five straight Conservative candidates and nine Conservative-Patrons have been endorsed by the P.P.A.; and in five of the eight constituencies in which straight P.P.A.'s have been nominated the Conservatives have not put up a candidate. That is to say, in 19 constituencies Mr. Meredith will get the support of the P.P.A. On the other hand, we find but one Liberal candidate endorsed by the P.P.A., and but one constituency in which the Liberal party has not nominated a man to oppose the P.P.A. candidates. These figures tell a tale that needs no comment. It is easily seen which leader the P.P.A. proposes to support in the coming legislature. The total number of candidates who will receive the support of the P.P.A. is 26, divided as follows: Straight P.P.A., 8, Liberal (endorsed), 1; Conservative (endorsed), 5; Patrons (endorsed), 9, Independent (endorsed), 3. These figures are worthy of consideration by every Catholic voter in the Province.

Mr. William Harty, M. P. P. of Kingston, is to succeed Hon. C. F. Frazer in the Ontario Cabinet, the latter retiring to accept the position of Inspector of Registry Offices and Forestry at a salary of \$3,500. We congratulate Mr. Harty on his appointment, and hope he may be as successful as his worthy predecessor. He has had a long experience in Provincial politics, and is possessed of the ability that should insure his success.

The papers are saying a great deal these days about the Dillon divorce

case, now before the Dominion Senate. What makes this case of peculiar interest is the fact that it is the first instance of Catholics applying to that body for a severance of the marriage tie. Some of the Catholic Senators sought to bring out this fact, but their questions were ruled out of order. The course of the Catholic Church on the divorce question has always been consistent, and strictly to the letter of the law of God. No human power has the right to sever the bond of matrimony, and the Church does not recognize divorcees, with the right of re-marriage. Catholics who go to the Senate for a divorce, and then re-marry, lose the right to the name. Death alone can relieve a Catholic of his or her marriage tie. People who marry in the Catholic Church do so with a full knowledge of the fact that the marriage is for life, and "for better or for worse," and if it turns out for the worse, no one has a right to complain. Catholic Senators and members of Parliament deserve great credit for their unvarying opposition to all divorces that come before them. It is the sacred relationship of marriage that makes civilization possible, and every act that tends to weaken that tie, is a blow at civilization and morality.

The "private judgment" doctrine of the Protestant churches gives rise to some very queer situations. For instance, the names Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist do not mean anything definite. If a man is a Presbyterian he may be of any one of twelve different shades, if a Methodist, he has seventeen chances to suit himself within that fold, while a Baptist can shift his opinion thirteen times and still remain a Baptist. That is to say, in these three bodies that are forty-two distinct sects or creeds, or whatever they call them, and every one of these forty-two are to be found in the United States. So many different roads to Heaven must be confusing, particularly when the devil is so busy tracing out cross-roads and by ways.

Seven thousand Spaniards, belonging to the second group of the Spanish pilgrimage, assisted at the Beatification of their countryman, Diego of Cadiz, of whom the following brief sketch will be of interest: Born March 29, 1873, of noble parentage; in November, 1757, he put on the lowly dress of the Seraph of Assisi in a monastery of the Capuchin Minors. He made his solemn profession March 31, 1759, and was ordained priest in 1767. He devoted himself to the apostolic ministry, and so great was the number of those who flocked to hear him that he often had to preach in the open squares. He effected so much good that he justly merited the title of

Apostle of Spain in the eighteenth century. He closed his eyes in a blessed end March 24, 1891; and in a short time his tomb became the object of devout pilgrimages of the faithful, and God, through the intercession of His servant, wrought many miracles. After a few years the cause of his Beatification was presented to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and was brought to a happy end, so that Leo XIII., on April 1, gave his consent to the decrees of approbation of the miracles and of the *toto procedi passe*.

It is understood that the next general election in England will take place in July. The McCarthyite section of the Irish Parliamentary party have been notified to that effect, and other Liberal authorities have conveyed similar intimation. It is also announced that the Cabinet are resolved to make the question of the survival of the House of Lords, as at present constituted, the first plank in their elective programme. London papers express the opinion that the doom of the House of Lords is near at hand; and even the lords themselves, among them the Duke of Fife, son in law of the Prince of Wales, are prepared to make concessions. It is believed that this line of action will greatly increase Rosebery's chances for a new lease of power.

Patrick Donahoe, the veteran Catholic publisher and Irish patriot of Boston, received a most flattering Testimonial Banquet on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. More than half a century ago Mr. Donahoe founded the *Pilot*, through which his name has been made known in every corner of America and his influence felt. Three hundred of Massachusetts best and most influential citizens assembled to do honor to this great and good Irish Catholic, who, landing in Boston a poor boy, has worked himself up, solely on his own efforts, to a height that is the lot of few, even when backed by money and friends, to attain. Patrick Donahoe is a bright example of what an Irishman can do when placed in a land where there is room for expansion, and no racial hatred to retard the natural development of a bright mind and a great heart.

The following clipping from the last issue of the *Presbyterian Review* sustains our contention in the editorial columns of this week's REGISTER, to the effect that Protestant young men stand in greater need of the missionary efforts of the Protestant churches than do Catholics. "The Committee on the State of Religion, at the recent meeting of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, reported that nearly ninety-five per cent. of the membership of

Young Peoples' Societies were composed of women and girls. This is tantamount to saying that the young men of our congregations are not reached and won for Christian work. Nor can the truth of this be gainsaid, for the Committee's results are derived from data furnished by Sessions and Presbyteries."

The first gun in the Provincial campaign was fired at London Monday night, when Mr. W. R. Meredith, Conservative leader, addressed a monster meeting of his supporters. During the course of his remarks he dealt with the separate School question. He admitted, somewhat sorrowfully, that separate Schools were guaranteed to the Catholics under the B. N. A. Act, and could not be disturbed, either by the local Legislature or the Dominion Parliament. But Catholics, he said, enjoyed many privileges that were not guaranteed to them, and these should be looked into. Taking a broad view of the whole question, he said, if the B. N. A. Act were to be passed over again its provisions in this respect would be different. He concluded this portion of his speech by saying that he did not blame Catholics for opposing him, and intimating that he thought he could pull along without them.

At a recent conference of the Methodist Deaconesses in Chicago there came very near being a serious breach. The elder Deaconesses, who had passed the line when youthful vanities please, or rather, who had reached the age when the youthful vanities of their sisters became objects of jealousy, wanted the impiety of frizzes put a stop to. Of course the girls demurred. Before they would consent to plaster their hair down flat, they would leave the conference and the church and eschew Christianity itself. It was hard to think of such a thing, and the Methodist church could look for new Deaconesses if it meant to make non-frizzled hair a test of membership and a rule of faith. It looked as though there would be a genuine hair-pulling match, when the gallant Doctor North, of New York, sprang to the defence of frizzy hair. He said it was very nice, and he liked to see it. It gave tone to the Deaconesses and was quite compatible with Christian belief. That settled it. Plain hair was beaten, and a holy calm settled over many a frizzled brow, as the young Deaconesses resumed their places, and the work of the conference progressed serenely.

The English settlers in the Transvaal are appealing to the British Government against the action of the Boer authorities in impressing them for service in the proposed operations against the Northern chiefs. The settlers are holding indignation meetings and many refuse to serve.

NO PLACE FOR THE POOR.

A Protestant Minister Rebukes His Own People.

Rev. Robert I. Fleming, pastor of the Lindell Avenue M. E. Church, preached last Sunday on "The Sins of the City." In treating his subject, Dr. Fleming did not place the blame for existing evils on officials for the non-enforcement of the laws, but blamed the churches for not awakening public sentiment. He accused the Church of today of holding aloof from and antagonizing the working people. He took his text from Luke xix. 41, "And when He was come near He beheld the city, and wept over it."

This is the age of the search light, the preacher argued. It has come to pass that there is nothing hidden that is not being revealed. City and country politics and religion are under the searching scrutiny of the most fearless criticism to which they have ever been subjected. No calling, no institution has been too sacred, no position in Church or State has shielded any from that focussed light that gleams forth in this intensely democratic day. Nothing has been more noticeable during the last two decades than the interest with which the problems of the great cities have been studied. The cities are the controlling factors in the world's civilization. They dictate the politics and fashions; they give the keynote to literature and religion. From olden times the city has meant empire. It has wielded the sceptre in nearly every land. Jerusalem was Judea and Israel, Athens was Greece, Rome was Italy, Paris is France, London is England, New York is the East, Chicago the North west, St. Louis and New Orleans are the lower half of the Mississippi Valley. The farmer is in the grip of the big cities, and he cannot sell a dozen eggs in Oklahoma to-morrow until Chicago or St. Louis is heard from to settle the price. It is a sad fact of our humanity that sin abounds where people most abound.

In St. Louis there are, speaking generously, 300 churches, chapels and missions, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The estimate of the seating capacity of these churches give a total of 225,000. St. Louis has a population of 600,000, so that should St. Louis want to go to church next Sunday, 375,000 could not get in. In 1860 we had a church for every 2,900 inhabitants; we need one for every 700. On the other hand we have 2,000 licensed dramshops in the city, being one for every 300 of the people. Reckoning the cost of rent, light, license, labor, etc., at \$5,000 a year each, we have a cost for liquor of \$18.68 per every man, woman and child in the city. Take the running expenses of the churches at the same figure, we have a total of \$1,500,000 per year, while the mere cost of running the saloons amounts to \$10,000,000. Add to those ten millions of dollars the cost of say half the cost of justices' and police courts, half the cost of maintaining the hospitals, asylums, and Poor House, directly or indirectly the result of the saloon, and we have a sum high up into the millions, which imposes a tax on each individual of probably twenty times as much as the average school tax.

Not content with running six days in the week the liquor traffic has been openly carried on, in violation of law on the sabbath. It is proposed now to stop it. It is proposed to organize a law and order league that shall create sentiment among respectable people of St. Louis, and compel something of decency in the enforcement of law. The Chief of Police and his men stand ready to enforce the law only up to the point demanded by public sentiment. They are not reformers, and say they cannot push against the tide. What is proposed is a union of all

good citizens who stand for the enforcement of the law.

As to the social evil, there are facts that confront us sufficient to awaken every father and mother to the magnitude of this sin. It is an arraignment of Christianity that the football of the Magdalen is heard under the shadows of the stately temples of our city. It is a continual sorrow to the Son of God that they are outcasts with scarce an eye to pity, scarce an arm to save.

Gladstone calls this the century of the workingmen. This man has attracted attention in America of late. Bureaus of statistics, States and nations, reviewers, political and religious, notice him with voluminous deference. He is a man with coarse clothes, rough hands, hard muscles and an earnest face. The anomaly in history is this American workingman. He is free. He holds a ballot. He controls elections. His vote will place any man in the presidency. If sovereignty is kingship he is king.

What is the attitude of the workingman toward the Church? Does it bridge the chasm of discontent? The Church has preached the truth, it has spent money freely in evangelistic labor. The wage earners have had better clothes and a fairer chance than ever to hear the Gospel, yet there are indications that the tendency of Protestant churches are away from sympathy with the laborers of America. The drift of Protestantism is toward intelligence, respectability and excellent apparel. The Church has reached out its hand to the workingman, but the hand was kid gloved. Go through the churches of a city where two thirds of the population consists of workingmen, and, in the average congregation, not more than one-twentieth are laborers.

In Chicago, one person in nineteen is a member of an evangelical church, in Cincinnati, one in twenty-three; remembering, then, that the majority of church members are women and children, see in what insignificant proportions the workingman is represented in the House of God. Again, the fact is as important, as it is well known, that the loud and largely false declamations against capital, with the acknowledged alliance of the wealthy with the churches, has led the laborer to draw the line of division at the door of the sanctuary. When Theodore Parker said that "In the American church money is God," it was a false arraignment; yet a late writer in the *North American Review* has the boldness to declare: "Say what we may, the Protestant Church has no place for the poor man within its pale."

New York churches retire from the fashionable quarter below Fourteenth street. Chicago Christianity moves down to the aristocratic portions of the North and South Sides. The tendency of St. Louis churches is to the West End. At Newark, N. J., recently, in a workingman's convention, every mention of the word church was hissed, while the name of Christ was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The last Evangelical Alliance appointed two of its ablest men to discuss the alienation of the masses from the Church, and proclaimed from its platform that the masses are estranged from the Church of God. "In England not 2 per cent. of workingmen attend church, Catholic or Protestant," says Lord Shaftesbury. When these facts confront us it becomes us to ask the question if, after all, in this neonite age of Christianity, the spirit of the Lord is upon us, because he hath anointed us to preach the Gospel to the poor. The carpenter must be brought to know and feel there is no difference between him and the carpenter's Son of old, labor must be brought to know that there is no conflict between righteous capital and labor, and that the Gospel can unify the rich and the poor. The

cross had two arms, as though the divine sufferer reached out to draw these two opposite ends of society together.—*Globe Democrat, St. Louis.*

A Glimpse into Pau.

The castle of Pau is one of the most interesting and beautiful relics of the past. It stands high and proud in the old French city, curiously planned and built, and bearing in every projective, cornice and buttress, the sculptured armorial, "*Vache de Brean*." All that pertains to this silent castle is most carefully preserved. But it is silent. Its halls and corridors re-echo only to the passing footsteps of curious strangers who come to see the admirable French and Flemish tapestries, those priceless Gobelins that depict in ravishing colors enchanting stories from sacred and profane history. They are indeed marvellous, and so are the *bahuts* or cabinets of precious wood, so richly carved, and the countless objects that go to furnish forth a show palace. There is the tortoise shell that served as cradle for Henry of Navarre, and the embroidered hangings wrought by Madame de Maintenon and her ladies at St. Cyr. This exquisite needle-work decorates the chamber once occupied by Abd-el-Kader. There is the room in which Henry IV., was born, and where his mother sang the chanson of the peasant woman the hour of his birth. "Our Lady of the Bridge aid me at this hour. Pray God that He may deliver me quickly and give me the gift of a son."

"Our Lady of the Bridge" certainly heard this prayer, though it was sung to gain a sight of the "old grandfather's will," the chronicles, "and a golden chain that would go twenty five times around the mother's neck." It was believed, and indeed is still the popular belief, that if the mother sing while in labor, the child will be brave and not a cry-baby, a *pleurer*. Visitors pass through the banqueting hall of Henry II., where Aug. 24, 1569, were murdered the noble gentlemen who took the part of the Catholics against the cruel Queen of Navarre. Her memory haunts the place, and in spite of her beauty, one cannot forget the ruined churches and monasteries that abound throughout this fair country, nor the slaughtered priests and persecuted people. So we pass over the bridge without lingering, and make our way to the nearest church, that of St. Martin. It is quite near, and stands in a beautiful square. It is said, on the authority of Lamartine, that the finest view in the world is to be seen from its tower. The interior is beautiful. All the varieties of marble to be found in the Pyrenees are here combined to beautify the sanctuary. The altar stands under a canopy or baldachino. Its general character is quite Eastern.—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Praise Deserved.

The Paulist Fathers of New York, through their general Superior, Father Hewitt, have received a letter of flattering recognition of their services to religion, from Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda. The praise of the Propaganda is well deserved. About one-half of the Paulist Fathers are themselves converts from the various sects of Protestantism; and they have personal experience of the most practical way to present Catholic truth to those outside the Church. Father Elliot and his confreres, who address their conferences almost exclusively to Protestants, are doing a noble work in the cause of Christian truth. Success to them!—*Catholic Union and Times.*

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's *Soothing Syrup* has been used by mothers for their children while teeth are coming in. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's *Soothing Syrup*.

Ireland's Cause.

Justin McCarthy addressed a large meeting in London on the evening of April 16th, under the auspices of the St. Pancras branch of the National Liberal Association. He had much to say of the charge made by some anti-Parnellites and all the Parnellites that Home Rule was not receiving sufficient consideration from the present Cabinet.

"Immediately after Mr. Gladstone resigned," Mr. McCarthy said, "I was especially summoned to meet him to discuss the prospects of Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone had then and has still absolute confidence that the gentlemen who constitute the present Cabinet are faithful to the Home Rule cause."

After mentioning Mr. Gladstone's conviction that Lord Rosebery was eager to give Ireland all the rights which the old Premier had proposed to grant her in the former Home Rule Bill. Mr. McCarthy said the Irish now had on their side a Ministry as strong as any previous one of the same age, not even excepting Ministries led by Mr. Gladstone. Even if the Liberal party should lose control of the Government, the Irish would have the democracy of England, Scotland, and Wales behind them, and their cause would be safe. They must ultimately win. He did not believe that the Liberals would fall Ireland, but if they should the Irish would oppose them and eject them from office at once, for the Irish held the balance of Power in Parliament.

The Tories had come grovelling, cap in hand, to the Irish, and they might do so again, hoping to be enabled by the Irish to get back into office. In any case the Irish held the Government of England in the hollow of their hands.

Mr. McCarthy deprecated public discussion of party differences. The majority must govern, he said. On all questions of principle, he added, the party was still united.

Irving Likes America.

A gentleman who is an intimate friend of Henry Irving, says that the English actor has seriously considered making New York his permanent home, and that when he sailed for England it was with the half-expressed intention of returning in the spring of 1895 and remaining here.

"Mr. Irving had a strong prejudice against America ten years ago," said his friend, "but his feelings changed and he became a great admirer of American methods and institutions. His western trip amazed him. He had no idea of the immensity of the country or of its varied features.

"He was especially pleased with Colorado and bought some land there. Mr. Irving likes New York better than any other American city he has visited. So strong was his desire to stay here he inspected a dwelling on Fifty-eighth street with a view to buying it. He might have remained if his professional engagements as well as some private business did not demand his presence in London. I think I am safe in predicting that Henry Irving will sign himself a New Yorker before the beginning of the year 1896.

A sun parlor for Mrs. Cleveland and the babies is a late addition to their summer cottage, at Langwood. The piazza has been enclosed with a set of double windows all made secure from the possibility of the admission of cold air. The wood framework is made very light so that the largest possible surface of glass may be availed and presto the "health-sanitarium" is with us.

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

EUGENIE'S HOUSE NEAR ISMALIA.

To the *Pall Mall Budget* "L.J.M." contributes "A Remembrance" in the following sketch, a very good one of its kind:

To me there is no other inanimate thing in all this world so pathetic as Eugenie's house near Ismalia. I know nothing else that is so mutely eloquent of human change, of human sorrow. It stands upon the flat, sandy bank of the Suez Canal—a thing alone, a thing deserted, a thing decaying. Less than thirty years ago it was built for the most beautiful woman in Europe, and the most happy; built for the Empress of the French, who was coming to open the Canal which her persistent advocacy had, in part at least, enabled her kinsman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, to construct. To-day this house is a crumbling shanty. Ill-conditioned cacti grow about its threshold. Gaunt camels sprawl before it. Dirty, ragged Arabs sun themselves in the warm surrounding sand. But nor man nor beast passes through that kingless door. The very lizards shun the open portal. Pelicans, flamingoes, and sandpipers creak dismally in the dull, dusty dawn. And Eugenie! She, widowed, childless, throneless, is the guest of England, and the victim of broken-hearted old age. I know nothing sadder than the story of that woman. I know nothing gloomier than the sight of the tumbling little house.

We owe the Suez Canal to Ferdinand de Lesseps. After him, we owe it to Eugenie. The debt is not a slight one though we, after our nice nineteenth century fashion, wear it lightly.

To Isabella of Spain, after Columbus, we owe the discovery of America. She was fired with enthusiastic belief in his plans. She pledged her jewels in his aid, and lo! a fair new world was secured to Europe, a green place of rest and hope for all who had grown footsore and creed-hurt in the old world.

Eugenie believed in De Lesseps. To his aid he pledged all her immense influence with the Emperor. And lo! distance is annihilated, time is circumvented, and Bombay is almost next door to Naples. Commerce is enriched, civilization is increased, and the highway from Europe to Asia is simplified to all men, and for all times. Ferdinand of Spain stands in the background of one picture, as Napoleon III. stands in the background of the other. They two were passive rather than active supporters of their wives' enthusiasms. But Isabella and Eugenie: we must remember them, as we remember Columbus and De Lesseps. Is the woman who ponders man's genius in her heart, and smiles it into life, less than the man-genius? No. Love is more than intellect.

Canals are as old as civilization, but the greatest of all canals—the triumph of canals—that belongs to Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Ferdinand de Lesseps said to the first Directors of the Canal: "Vous envisagez les immenses services que le rapprochement de l'Occident et de l'Orient doit rendre à la civilisation et au développement de la richesse générale." I wonder if they did! I question if they foresaw—those men of business—a tithe of the service that was to be rendered by the Suez Canal to civilization. I doubt if they dreamed of how it was to increase the general wealth. I doubt not that they had visions and to spare of the immense increase it was to bestow upon their wealths individual. But Ferdinand de Lesseps, the man who had dreamed of it, the man who had worked for it, the man who had schemed for it, the man who had accomplished it—ah! Yes, I dare say he knew. That is one of the rewards of genius, to know when one has done well.

In these after-days of his misfortune, I would not strip the white-hair crowned brow of Ferdinand de Lesseps of one laurel leaf. But I would

emphasize what never can detract from the prowess of man. I would recall how he was helped by a woman. *La belle Imperatrice* is most remembered for her beauty, her toilettes and her fetes. Let us remember her better—for her beauty, ah! yes—for her charm, for the story of her life—and of her love and for her wise championage of the Suez Canal. Eugenie made mistakes, perhaps, as a woman must when she meddles in big impersonal affairs. For a woman is, necessarily, so personal! But, however she may have blundered in big international questions, she was imperially right in her potent loyalty to her cousin, De Lesseps. Every big enterprise has its bad days. When Europe cried "Halt!" Eugenie cried "Go on!" De Lesseps went on, and carried on the Suez Canal. Probably he would have triumphed without the encouragement of his Imperial cousin. For love and genius triumph over everything. But the delay might have been serious. The favour of the Empress Eugenie secured the earlier bestowal upon the world of Ferdinand de Lesseps's bounty.

Napoleon I. intended to canal the barren neck of land that stretched between the intellectual head of Christian Europe and the gross body of heathen Asia. Napoleon failed. But the wife of his indirect successor succeeded. And that success caused the deterioration of many an island that used to importantly punctuate the wet highway between Marseilles and Madras. No place suffered more than St Helena, where the first Napoleon died. Napoleon! Ferdinand de Lesseps! Eugenie!

The Empress Eugenie, of course, took precedence at the ceremonies inaugurative of the Suez Canal. The ships that first passed through that long still line of clear green water *l'Aigle*, the Imperial yacht. In front of *l'Aigle* floated a golden bee. Behind Eugenie's yacht followed a fleet—a fleet which carried almost all the known flags of all the nations. From boat to boat, from shore to shore, the cry rang out, "*Vive l'Imperatrice!*" That was twenty-four years ago, almost to a day!

Mahommed Said gave a great ball. Probably so many nationalities of the earth had never before been gathered together. The Empress Eugenie entered that packed assembly, leaning upon the arm of the Emperor of Austria, followed by the representative of the Sultan. Never in imperial Paris had she looked more lovely, nor been more exceptionally well-attired. Her women had robed her in one of the few rooms contained in the house you see in this picture. Up those broken steps the Emperor of Austria went to pay homage to the beautiful Empress. M. de Lesseps followed him, no less proudly, no less welcomed. Imperial soldiers mounted guard where the rotting door guards impotently the threshold none seek to pass. The Arabs sang (in hope of *bukhsish*) "*Vive le petit caporal!*" And Eugenie, coming forth into the moonlight, shamed the beauty of the Eastern night.

Now—how changed! The Emperor of Austria—De Lesseps—Mahommed Said—Eugenie! Time and change have spared no one of them. And the house built for Eugenie! It is rotting away, surrounded by a silence that is broken by the hissing of the electric light as some great ship slips slowly through the canal, or by the strange noise of the peculiar fish that cry when the natives catch them. Since the days of Cleopatra no vessel dedicated to a woman's use has been so luxurious in its fittings as was *l'Aigle*, the yacht in which Eugenie led the way through the Suez Canal. A few weeks ago, at Marseilles, *l'Aigle* was broken up and sold for firewood. Could analogy go further? Could shipwreck be more complete?

Literature and Science.

The University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana, is one of the best known institutions of the United States. One is amazed to find that in the country, far away from the great metropolitan centres, an institution so large, so thoroughly equipped and doing such thorough work. But the management of Notre Dame has always been guided by wisdom and no point or expense has been spared to bring into its service whatever of talent the country affords.

The distinguished scholar, poet and critic, Maurice Francis Egan, L. L. D., is the professor of literature. Let those who think the Catholic novel cannot be made interesting, read one of the books from his gifted pen. Dr. Egan's gift is peculiar and his individuality very marked. His plots are interesting, his language "English pure and undefiled," so much so as to win the praise of the best of all judges, the late Cardinal Newman, and every page, every line of his books is pervaded by a spirit of purity of thought and delicacy of feeling that cannot but elevate and refine the reader. As a poet, Dr. Egan is in the first rank, and it has been said by competent critics that no living author is able so well to manage that most difficult of all poetic compositions, the sonnet. In this Dr. Egan is Danteque.

What Dr. Egan is doing for literature, Father Zahm is doing for science. Father Zahm is only now giving to the world the results of long years of study and profound meditation. All the troubles which vex the modern mind, he treats with scientific precision and wonderful lucidity. Those who think the Church is opposite to science and scientific investigation ought to read Father Zahm. For he fully refutes this absurd charge, and if his work lacked originality, which is not the case, it would be invaluable for the amount of research it shows and the number of authors quoted. In the March number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Father Zahm begins an extremely interesting series of articles on the Mosaic Cosmogony, which, as he says, is perhaps the most interesting question discussed to-day.

We wish a certain lecturer who recently entertained his audience at John Hopkins by abusing St. Thomas and St. Augustine and all the mediaeval and Apostolic fathers for their dreadful ignorance, might profit by such articles as the one in question. The lecturer gave to Giordano Bruno—who by the way, is the god of his idolatry—the credit of enunciating the principle that "the Bible does not teach science."

This principle settles at once and forever, the so-called question and controversy between religion and science, and this principle Father Zahm finds in St. Augustine and succeeding authors down to the present time. "The Gospels," says St. Augustine, "do not tell us that our Lord said He would send us the Holy Ghost to teach us the course of the sun and moon, we should endeavor to become Christians, and not astronomers." Or, as Cardinal Baronius says: "The Bible teaches us how to go to Heaven, and not how the heavens go."

This principle was, as is well known clearly enunciated by the Vatican Council. Father Zahm draws a sharp distinction between the theological and scientific methods, and shows how both may proceed harmoniously to their respective goals. We look forward with great interest to the succeeding articles.—*X. Y. Z. in Catholic Mirror.*

Our Girls.

We observe that numerous people are at present much troubled over the question: What shall we do with our girls? Hard as the question is, a majority of mankind will agree that it is much easier to say what we should do with our girls than what we should do without them. One gentleman with old-

fashioned ideas suggests that after completing their education, at an age which he puts at eighteen years, girls should be sent into domestic training for one year, each superintending a house all by herself, attending to its details as though she were the actual mistress of it, and responsible for its expenses. He quotes with approval the example of a mother of six daughters who trained them every one in that way! But would it not be absurd to train all girls exactly alike, as if they were leaden bullets to be run in the same mould? Would it not, on the contrary, be the part of wisdom to ask the girls what they want to do and encourage them to do it? At eighteen a girl's education is only begun. If a young woman were born to be a singer, an artist, or a teacher, would it not be manifest foolishness to have her throw away a whole year on housekeeping when she should be spending it gaining her profession? The one essential thing in the training of a girl is that she should be educated to do some good, earnest work—no matter what—whatever she likes best, but something. Idleness, novel-reading, day dreaming, and a narrow, humdrum home life will fritter away and ruin soon the brightest, most vigorous mind.

From Hand to Mouth.

It is coming to be pretty well understood principle of the city housekeeping that to buy in quantities does not pay. It is a system of old-time living that is not in accord with modern conditions. When supplies were difficult to get, it was a necessary arrangement that quantities should be kept on hand, and the housewife of a generation or two ago regarded a well stocked storeroom as one of the patents of her profession, without which she had no claim to superiority. The tradition still clings to provincial housekeeping, but the city provider finds it undesirable in every way.

Her residence is built without proper storerooms, she has no conveniences for accumulating provender. The corner grocery is her pantry, its ice box is hers, from which she can draw at five minutes' notice for fresh supplies. The tradesmen keep every reasonable and unseasonable delicacy in condition for her, and they, not she, bear any loss and waste that may result from the process.

That this is not only a great relief from care, but a positive economy, she soon finds. A pound of coffee ground fresh at the store for her order she discovers lasts so many days, and the cock becomes aware of the same truth. So with the four-pound roll of butter, the twenty-five cents' worth of eggs. Without effort the system creates itself, and small wastes and leakages are done away with.—*New York Times.*

First Woman Physician in Turkey.

Miss Mary Eddy is the first woman admitted to the practice of medicine in Turkey. She was born in Syria twenty-five years ago, is the daughter of Rev. Dr. W. W. Eddy, a missionary at Beirut.

She is a graduate of the University of the State of New York, and was a registered surgeon and physician in New York City. She passed her examination in the medical military school in Constantinople, and later before a board of 13 physicians, mostly pashas of high rank.

Miss Eddy was careful not to be admitted by special favor, in order that her admission might be a test case and open the way for other women after her.

ALWAYSON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

General Herbert and the Zouaves.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register

Sir Although Gen. Herbert is well able to explain his words concerning Papal Zouaves, there has been so much agitation about it that I would like to say a few words on the subject also.

In the first place, however, the Papal Zouaves did not fight against Italy in 1867. They fought against Garibaldi and his banditti. They fought for their God and country against rebels and revolutionists. So the pretence that leading members of the Italian colony in Montreal (The Humberto Society, I suppose) are greatly incensed over the General's speech is simple nonsense. In 1868 the flower of the French, Dutch, Belgian, English, Swiss and Roman youth made it a point of honor to swell the ranks of the Papal Zouaves. The high tone the illustrious names of many of these now Crusaders and the admirable discipline which prevailed among them won for them the respect of all—Signor Soldato was the title given these brave and self-sacrificing youth with whom the Canadians might well be proud to join.

Perhaps the General alluded to the victory at Monte Rotondo in 1867 of about 5,000 Zouaves over 12,000 Garibaldians in a hand to hand fight. Garibaldi placed his men in ambuscade partly on small hills that were covered with wood and partly scattered them as fusiliers along the heights. General Kanzler the pro-minister of war with 3,000 Zouaves and 2,000 French soldiers met the enemy at one p.m. a short distance from the town of Montano. Garibaldi's command was 12,000 strong. General Kanzler's force commenced firing, but what could it do against an enemy that was invisible and superior in number? Lieut.-Colonel Decharrette, who afterwards immortalized himself at Patte and at Mans, understood that nothing was to be gained by a fusillade. "Forward," he cried, "my Zouaves! Charge with the bayonet and remember the French army is looking on." The Zouaves shouting "Vive Pio Nono" sprang forward with their leader. The Garibaldians were dislodged from the first and second hills, and would have been seen utterly routed but for their formidable entrenchments.

Garibaldi was posted in a villa on the summit of a hill whence he directed his fire without being exposed to personal danger. His position was indeed strong. "Forward, Zouaves," cried their leader, "or I shall die without you." As he spoke his horse was killed with a ball. Meantime the Zouaves scaled the walls and ravines without heeding those who fell. Garibaldi was alarmed, and retreated to the castle of Montano. The Zouaves followed in the face of a deadly fire, and finally repelled by bayonet charge the attack of the enemy. The French soldiers, hitherto inactive, sprang forward in their turn at a sign from their leader. The sudden, and hitherto unknown firer of "chasse pots" carried death and terror within the precincts of the castle. The Garibaldians already much demoralized were thrown into utter confusion. Night, favouring their flight, changed it to a rout. Garibaldi, no longer shouting "Come or death!" stole away under cover of darkness like the meanest of the fugitives. "He always saves himself," (Si salva senefra) said his disappointed followers bitterly. The Garibaldians and other inmates of the castle surrendered unconditionally. The French, always inclined to railery and punning, called it, instead of Monte Rotondo, the battle of "Montre ton dos."

For the benefit of the Italian colony, I should like to give here a statement concerning the affairs in Italy at this time, written by the chief lieutenant of Garibaldi, Bertani, for the "Reforma" journal of Nov. 18, 1867:

"It must be admitted," he wrote, "that the people of the Roman States have no idea of an Italy one and free. We have not been greeted or encouraged by a single cry of rejoicing, nor have we obtained either any spontaneous assistance nor even a word of consolation or approbation from these besotted people." PATRONILLA.

Confirmation at St. Catharines.

In a drenching storm of rain, a very large congregation assembled at St. Catharines Church on Sunday to be present at the Holy sacrifice of the Mass, to meet His Grace the Archbishop and assist at the Confirmation of eighty children. High Mass was sung by Father Lynott of Merriton, assisted by Dean Harris and Father Smith as deacon and sub deacon. The Archbishop was supported on his throne by Vicar-General McCann and Father Sullivan of Thorold.

The St. Catharines Church choir rendered "Farmer's Mass" in G with traditional brilliancy.

Before administering the sacrament of Confirmation, His Grace the Archbishop addressed the children, having already put them through a severe catechetical examination the day before. His Grace expressed himself as much pleased with the intelligence of the young candidates for Confirmation. He complimented them on their personal appearance, their bright and intelligent looks and congratulated the Brothers and Sisters on the work they were doing for the children of St. Catharines. Then lifting his voice, till it penetrated the limits of the spacious building, he spoke to the people on the great doctrines of the Catholic Church, dwelling with an eloquence peculiarly his own, on the great mystery of the Holy Trinity. He emphasized the triple action of the Triune God in the creation, redemption and sanctification of man, dwelt especially on the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the faithful and the continuous sanctification that is taking place in the souls of those who remain in the friendship of God.

The few words which the Archbishop intended for the children, broadened into an able discourse and finally developed into a sermon that was listened to by the large audience with a fixity of attention that was itself a compliment to the Most Reverend speaker.

When the Archbishop concluded, he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the children, the boys, thirty nine in number, dressed in dark tweed with a white band on the right arm, were led to the altar by Brother Anthony, whose careful training was at once visible in the excellent discipline which characterized their every movement. The girls, costumed in white with lace veils and white wreaths, were attended to by Sisters Constance and Innocentia and presented a charming effect. The parents of these children have reason to congratulate themselves on the splendid training these candidates are receiving, for their personal appearance on Sunday morning was in reality admirable.

Vespers began at seven o'clock in the evening His Grace the Archbishop assisting. The Very Rev. Father McCann had been announced at the morning Masses as the preacher of the evening, and it is hardly necessary to add that St. Catharine Church was filled.

As the children were about to be enrolled in the escapular, the Vicar-General, with commendable appropriateness, selected for his subject devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It would be hardly fair to attempt anything approaching the development or expansion of this subject. We have rarely if ever heard the great subject treated with more conciseness and ability and when we add that the large congregation, regretted the shortness of his sermon,

he will appreciate the compliment as the reverend gentleman having officiated for some time in this city, knows that a St. Catharines audience while cultured and appreciative is also critical.

At the request of the Archbishop, the young boys, who were confirmed with uplifted hands pledged themselves to abstain from intoxicants until they reached their majority. This is a splendid work the distinguished prelate is accomplishing, the effect of which must leave its mark on the physical and moral development of the young Catholic men of this diocese.

Silver Jubilee.

On the 30th inst. Rev. Father Kilcullen celebrates the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. The solemn Mass of thanksgiving will be offered on the 31st, the anniversary of his first Mass, in St. James' Church, Colgan, South Ajala, at 10.30. Rev. James Kilcullen was born in the County of Sligo, Ireland, in the month of Nov. 1840. He was sent by his parents, whose highest earthly ambition was to see him consecrated to the service of the altar, to the diocesan seminary of Ballaghaderreen, Co. Mayo, to study classics. After going through the ordinary curriculum, preparatory for entrance into Maynooth College, he emigrated to this country in 1864. He was received and adopted as a subject for the diocese of Toronto the same year by the late Archbishop Lynch of pious memory.

He was sent by his ordinary to the Grand Seminary of Montreal in 1865, to prepare for the priesthood by the study of philosophy, theology and dogmatic subjects, and was raised, as already stated, to the order of priesthood by the late Most Rev. Archbishop Lynch May 30th, 1866. His first appointment was to the parish of Brock, Ontario, where he served as assistant to the late Father Braire for two years and five months. In Nov. 1871, he was promoted to the pastorate of Port Colborne and Welland, where he lived and ministered to the spiritual wants of his flock for a period of more than eighteen years. Port Colborne, though a parish for more than ten years, was still without a residence where the incumbent might dwell. In the autumn of 1872, he succeeded in purchasing two lots with a brick dwelling at a cost of \$2,000, which was paid within two years.

In 1879 St. Patrick's Church was erected at a cost of \$10,000. The church is an imposing edifice of Gothic architecture, 40 x 70 between walls, and for beauty of design and artistic finish has few to surpass it in towns of the same size and wealth as Port Colborne. In the summer of 1880 an addition was made to the presbytery at a cost of \$1,000. The Welland Church, called the "Church of the Japanese Martyrs," has had also its due care of attention. In 1874 it was supplied with a beautiful altar and vestry, painted and frescoed at a cost of \$900. The same church was shingled and surrounded by a cornice in 1882, entailing an outlay of \$355. To sum up, it may be stated that in round figures \$18,000 have been expended in the parish during eighteen years, for the purchase of church property, the erection and decoration of churches and schools, together with fencing and keeping church lots and school yard in good general repair. The monies have been collected by subscription, and from festivals within the limits of the parish—without an appeal to the general public for external aid. The debt of the parish of Port Colborne and Welland was at his leaving the 23rd of January, 1890, to take possession of his present parish of St. James, St. Marys, South Ajala, and St. Francis Tottenham, \$940. He received his

appointment to his new parish on 18th January, 1890.

He has been in his present parish little more than four years where he found a debt of \$922.1, on the new Church of St. James, and a debt on St. Francis of \$1,084. By the generous aid of his parishioners here he has succeeded in reducing St. James' debt to \$1,300, and St. Francis' debt has dwindled down to \$200. Besides St. Mary's new Church of Achil has been built at a cost of \$5,000, of which sum there hangs still a debt of \$2,000. All his friends and well wishers congratulated him on the success of the first quarter of a century of his successful priesthood, and join in saying "Ad Multos Annos." C. O. M.

Death of Mr. George Taylor.

The flag of the York Pioneers hung at half-mast over St. Lawrence Hall on Friday and Saturday as a mark of respect to the memory of one of the oldest members of that body—Mr. George Taylor of Todmorden—who had, after a long and painful illness, passed, let us hope, to a better world on the morning of Thursday, May 17th. The deceased was one of three brothers—Messrs. John, Thomas and George Taylor—whose names for more than a generation had been prominently identified with the commercial interests of Toronto, and in a special manner with the development and growth of the important industries created by them in the now fruitful valley of the Don; and with him disappears the last of the founders of the original settlement destined one day to be at once the richest and most picturesque of our suburbs.

Mr. Taylor was born in Staffordshire, England, in 1812; and the family, a few years subsequently, emigrated to the United States, where they resided for some time. In 1826 they came to Canada, settling in the township of Vaughan, County of York, and in 1835 removed to the locality which bears their name as its earliest pioneers, whose enterprise and perseverance wrested it from the wilderness and gave it to bloom and verdure. The Taylor Brothers erected the first paper mill in this section of the country, to which they added saw and grist mills, and quickly covered Don valley with evidences of prosperity—the result of their public spirit, their broad liberality, and their unblemished reputation as men so unapologetically honest in all the relations of their extensive business. To these a further addition has been made—the manufacture of brick so superior in quality and finish as to have carried off first prize at the World's Fair, lately held in Chicago.

The subject of this brief tribute held several offices of honor and trust. He was at the time of his death a director of the Bank of Commerce, and also of the London and Ontario Loan and Investment Company. He shared with the venerable Rev. Dr. Scadding the respect due the oldest and most beloved of the York Pioneers, and held for half a century the confidence and esteem of the community in which he lived. The Taylor Brothers—all now gone to their reward—have left a noble and enduring record—the record of men who did as they would be done by, and whose word was a guarantee of good faith which never failed or was found wanting.

We tender our sympathy to the relatives of our deceased friend, who will be missed, not by them alone, but by many outside the family circle privileged with his acquaintance, who honored him for his frank good nature, his kindly disposition, his generosity, and that fine spirit of justice which held the balance even to all.

Hypnotism.

There has been a great deal of stuff and nonsense written about hypnotism, as if it were something very abstruse," said an Arch street physician, "In fact, it is an every-day phase of mental abstraction. Any one may hypnotize himself in a few minutes by closing his eyes, directing them inward and downward, and then imagining his breath to be vapor, watching its inhalation and expulsion from the nostrils. Babies invariably look cross-eyed before going to sleep in this way producing what hypnotists call transfixion. Fishermen often hypnotize themselves watching a cork on a surface of shining water. An hour passes as if it were a few minutes."—Philadelphia Record.

It is said that the plan to hold manoeuvres round Stolensk next fall has been abandoned, owing to the discovery of documents which point to a plot to kill the Czar during his proposed visit.

Catholic Young Ladies' Lit. Association.

The entertainment given under the auspices of this association was a great success. The young ladies deserve praise for the intellectual taste in having such a treat for their friends. It was an evening spent with the beautiful melodies of old Ireland, those touching airs which go straight to the heart. Miss Sullivan opened the programme by playing the "Irish Diamonds," Mrs. Jno. McGann followed by singing sweetly "Sweet Kildara." The following address from the young ladies to his Grace the Archbishop, who had kindly consented to lecture for them, was read by Miss Hart:

ADDRESS.

To His Grace the Most Reverent John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

May it please your Grace Since your coming to Toronto to take charge of this great Arch-Diocese, this is the first opportunity that we, the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, have had to express to your Grace our veneration and respect, and to bid you in union with the hearts and tongues of your numerous children, a most sincere and heartfelt "welcome."

Though this is the case, yet we have not been without evidences of your interest and good-will towards us. You have on several occasions publicly honored our association by your presence at gathering under our auspices. When the River Tongued Orator, Daniel Dougherty, held by the spell of his voice and tongue, one of the grandest audiences ever assembled in Toronto, the pleasure and greatness of the event was enhanced immeasurably by Your Grace's presence on the platform with the gifted speaker.

Through the Cross we hear of Your Grace as the ever watchful Shepherd and indefatigable worker; going from city to country, from town to village; administering Confirmation, blessing and erecting temples, delivering sermons and doing all that advice and encouragement can do for the advancement of education. A short time ago we heard of Your Grace, as the one who in answer to the cry for help that came forth from the heart of our loved but unfortunate Ireland, send an appeal throughout your Arch-diocese, which to the honor of your people be it told, was answered with that generous spirit for which the Celtic Race the world over are famed and honored.

To-night we see you as the patron of Letters, Science and Arts, for the cultivation of these is according to the Constitution of our Association, our work and aim. Like the Greeks of old we hold as our ideal the harmonious development of the whole being physically, mentally and morally. But we have more than they; the keystone lacking in their structure and without which their system of education was but as a "house built upon the sand," we possess and proudly place in position as index and initial of our name, the grand and glorious word "Catholic." On many occasions our Society has been honored by addresses from Churchmen, scholars and orators; to-night we have one with us who unites in himself the qualities of all three, whose renown for such is universal; one who as a prelate stands pre-eminent amidst that noblest body on earth, the grand hierarchy of the Catholic Church.

In inviting your Grace to this hall in preference to a perhaps more pretentious building, we were actuated by two motives—first as a society we regard this hall as our home, and in no other place could the word "welcome" attain its fullest significance; again, as we regard the presence of your Grace with us to-night as the greatest honor that has or can be given to an association, we desired that this honor be conferred and received under the roof and in the presence of the Reverend Fathers of St. Patrick's, to whom we owe so much. To them we are indebted for our inception, organization and nurture, and for many acts of courtesy and kindness that we can never repay. In conclusion we thank your Grace most sincerely for the favor you have to-night bestowed upon us, and hope for you the decades in Life's Rosary may yet be many, and that over throughout their passing, our association may continue to deserve and retain your Grace's kind and honored patronage.

Signed on behalf of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association,

- M. A. O'REILLY, Hon. Pres.
- A. LANE, Pres.
- M. A. MORAN, Fin. Sec.
- MOLLIE O'DONOGHUE, Sec.
- M. SONG
- MARGARET LILLIS HART } Com.

The Archbishop after thanking the young ladies for their kindly welcome continued to give them an address on a subject for which he said, he had a great liking that was "Ancient History." For an hour or more his Grace held the audience spell bound by his

graphic descriptions of the amphitheatre, the Gladiatorial combats held there and the state of the world at the advent of Christianity. He introduced most appropriately and beautifully poetical quotations, one which is so well known beautiful, that is, Byron's description of the Dying Gladiator.

In the second part of the programme Miss L. Cottam's playing a "Cavatina" on the mandolin, and the song "I'm Sitting on the Stille Mary" by Miss K. Clark were well received. Mr. Anglin gave in his fine style "The Minstrel Boy." Miss Marguerite Dunn received an encore for her rendering "Damian and Pythius" to which she responded by reciting a piece which created roars of laughter. Mr. Paul sang magnificently a French song "Les Illusions" for which he was encored.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

What more appropriate time of the year could be set apart for the special devotion of "Our Lady" than the Month of Mary? And where could a more beautiful spot be selected for the education of youth under her protection than at Loretto, Niagara Falls? Here it seems as if all nature combined with the Blessed Mother to chant the praises of her Divine Son, and the sweet vesper hymn of the religious reaches her over ready ear, while the spray of the great cataract is emblematic of the poor earthly prayers which ascend from the convent's walls. May is the month of Mary, and this is why her Loretto children are mindful of her and choose this time to celebrate many of their festivals.

And thus the pupils of Loretto Academy selected this lovely month for the celebration of their annual festival, Thursday afternoon, May 17th, which was a decided success. The hall was filled with the parents of the pupils and invited guests from different parts of Canada and the States. Among the clergy present were the following:—His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Rev. Father James Walsh, Toronto, Rev. Fathers Kreidt, Dominick, Phillip and James, Niagara Falls, Rev. Father Gnam, Stratford. The opening piece was an arrangement of Handel's "March in Scipio," played on two pianos, organ, four violins and harp with good taste. A full chorus, "Welcome Pretty Primrose," was well sung by the choral class, after which Miss Katie McCarron recited a beautiful poem entitled the "Legend of St. Christopher." His Grace the Archbishop then presented the convent gold medal to Miss Margaret Froeborn of Angelica, N.Y., the graduate of the class of '94. An overture, "Commediotti," was played on two pianos by Misses Talty, Rauber, Keenan and Krumholtz. Miss Annie Schuler of Chicago sang in excellent style Gounod's "Ave Maria." Miss Schuler has a voice of great volume and sweetness. Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice" by Miss Julia Mackey and a piano duett, "Dodellette," by the Misses Mason, McNulty, Keen and Ducho were well executed. Miss Juitta Miller (daughter of Joiquin Miller, the poet), recited most effectively "The Waxen Ciborium." Miss Julia Mackey's singing of "Alla Stella Confidante" with the harp and violin accompaniment of Misses Griawold and Mason deserved high praise. The little children gave a very pretty song and recitation, each representing some flower. In the second part of the programme the "little ones" again distinguished themselves by giving that pretty chorus, "Baby, Baby," from Wang. Mention must be specially made of Miss Nora O'Brien of Baltimore, Md., in the recitation of "A Violin Fantasy." Miss O'Brien displays great histrionic ability and is perfectly free from many of the little affectations so often displayed in these days, when elocution is all the fashion. A piano duett, "Norweische Tanze," was well played by Misses Mackey, Crowley, Barrett and Bampfild.

One of the most pleasing features of the entertainment was the cantata of "The Bells of Elsinore" by Dr. Rogers, which was excellently rendered by the young ladies, and a very pretty part introduced was the playing of the bells by Miss Edith Mason of Toronto. The solos were taken by Misses Mackey, Helen Talty, Moran, Crowley, Barret, Perle Taylor and Doerr. This closed a most delightful musical afternoon, and great credit is due not only to the pupils but to their teacher Mr. E. R. Doward of Toronto, who for the past year has been the musical director of the academy. His Grace the Archbishop congratulated the pupils on their excellent concert, which was of a very high order, and with which his Grace expressed himself very much pleased. After giving a holiday his Grace wished the pupils all happiness and success through life, and he then gave his benediction.

Sir George Trevelyan moved on Tuesday the second reading of the Scotch Local Government bill. The motion was adopted without a division.

Ordination at Windsor.

Saturday, May 10, will be a day long remembered by the Catholics of Windsor. Ceremonies of special interest occurred on that date, and the large congregation that assembled in St. Alphonsus Church, gave ample proof of the interest of the Catholic population of the town. The occasion was the ordination to Priesthood of Mr. T. J. Vallentine, son of Mr. Anthony Vallentine and nephew of Rev. Dean Wagner; and also the ordination of Mr. Brady, as Deacon. The ceremony began at 8.30, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of London officiating assisted by Very Rev. Father Marjion of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Rev. Father Cushing, of Assumption College, Sandwich and Rev. Father Semand, of Sandwich who was master of ceremonies. Rev. Father Beaudoin of Walkerville assisted the candidates and Profs. Sullivan and Clancy of Assumption College, Crozier and Mitroboviers. The other Priests present were Rev. Dean Wagner, Fathers Scanlan, Loiselle and Gauthier, Windsor; Fathers Ryan, of Amherstburg; Langlois, of Tilbury; McGee, of Maldenstone Cross; Beachard, of McGregor and Sullivan of Dearborn, Mich. Letters were received from many other Priests regretting their inability to attend.

After the imposing ceremony, His Lordship addressed the vast assemblage. He said he rejoiced with them on this occasion, when a young man, who had grown up amongst them, and whom they all knew to be worthy of the honor, was ordained to the Priesthood. He also spoke of the joy which the young man's parents must feel on such occasion, when all their care and pains had been brought to such a happy termination. He rejoiced also with their good Pastor Father Wagner, who had been the spiritual adviser and guide of the young priest.

On concluding his remarks His Lordship invited those who wished to receive Father Vallentine's blessing to come to the altar rail; the first to receive a blessing from his hands were his parents and family and almost the entire congregation followed.

Father Vallentine was born in Saginaw in the year 1869 and came with his parent to Detroit when three years old, and to Windsor five years later. He graduated from St. Alphonsus school with highest honors and entered Assumption College, where he is now Prof. of German, which duties he will most likely continue to discharge, until the retreat in July. He is well known in Windsor, where his admirable qualities have won him the esteem and respect of all who have made his acquaintance. At 10.30 on Sunday Father Vallentine celebrated his first Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Ferguson of Assumption College, Rev. Father Scanlan of Windsor as deacon, and Rev. A. J. Montreuil, Assumption College, as sub-deacon, Mr. Donnelly, Assumption College master of ceremonies. Rev. Father Ferguson gave a highly instructive sermon on the Priesthood. Special music was rendered in an excellent manner by the choir. The attendance at the Mass was very large, the seating capacity of the church being sufficient. Mr. Brady who was made a deacon on Saturday, was ordained Priest, at Sandwich by Bishop O'Connor at 10.30 on Sunday the 20th. He was educated in Cleveland Seminary and has been a student of Assumption College for six years.

Death of Hon. John Hearn.

Hon. John Hearn, died at his residence in Quebec on the 17th instant. The deceased was born in Waterford, Ireland, in January, 1827. His mother was a cousin of the Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. He was educated at Meagher's Academy, where he was a school mate of the late General Thomas Francis Meagher, of the United States army, and by private tuition at Quebec, after settling there in 1842. He was married in 1840 to Mary, daughter of John Doran, J. P., of Quebec. He made a fortune for himself by speculating in real estate. For eight forty years he was a member of the Quebec Corporation, and was by all odds the senior member of that body, having filled the position of chairman of nearly all its standing and special committees. He was first returned to the Legislative Assembly for Quebec West at the general elections in 1867, which seat he represented until 1877, when he was appointed Legislative Council for the district of Stadacona. When the Hon. Thomas McGrovey lost his seat in the Federal Parliament in January, 1892, Mr. Hearn was elected to succeed him for Quebec West. Deceased, notwithstanding his severe illness, asserted his characteristic pluck, and came to Ottawa twice during the present session. He spoke once in defence of the action of Hon. Mr. Angers while the latter was Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, and, despite a constitutional defect of voice, claimed the attention of the House by his well timed and classic language. In his demise the Irish Canadians of Quebec have lost an essentially pronounced representative,—one who while holding to the defence of his own people would not and never did an injustice to any one who might happen to be of a different creed or nationality.

The funeral, which took place on Saturday morning, was one of the largest and most imposing that have been seen in Quebec for

some time past. The hearse was preceded by bodies of the city police and the fire brigade, both under their respective chiefs. The chief mourners were Mr. J. G. Hearn, son of the deceased; Mr. T. Coveney and Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, nephews; immediately following whom were Sir Adolphe Caron, Postmaster General, the Hon. John Costigan, Secretary of State, Mr. Owen Murphy, ex-M.P.P.; Mr. M. F. Walsh and Mr. John Heney, of Ottawa, life-long friends of deceased. Then came the employees of the Hearn estate, and the large concourse of mourners, which included the Honorable L. O. Taillon, Premier; E. J. Flynn and T. Chas. Casgrain, of the Quebec Government; John Sharplez, M.L.C., Judge Irvine, T. McGreevy, and H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, F. Carbray, M. P. P., Victor Chateaufort, M. P. P., N. K. Connolly, president, and M. Connolly, director of the Richelieu Navigation Company; Mayor Parent, the aldermen councillors and principal city officials, ex-Mayor Fremont, M. P., and several ex-aldermen and ex-councillors who were colleagues of the late Mr. Hearn at different periods during the many years he was a member of the City Council. The procession included the leading members of Quebec's population, the judiciary, the bar, the medical profession and the commercial community being all represented, as well as men from the humblest ranks of the population. The members of St. Patrick's Literary Institute attended in a body. The only floral decoration on the coffin was the massive and beautiful cross of natural flowers presented by the city.

Bishop Dowling on the late Outrage.

In St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, on Sunday week last, after Bishop Dowling gave the Papal Benediction, he stepped forward to the altar railing and addressed the congregation as follows:

"DEAR BRETHREN Before I go from this service I think it is my duty to ask you all to make an act of reparation with me to almighty God for the various insults offered to Him in the Sacrament of His love, especially for the grave manner in which He was insulted in this cathedral last Sunday morning. Our Divine Lord, when he was on earth, was often insulted by the Jews, being falsely accused, beaten with rods, spat upon and condemned to death. But He had compassion on all His enemies, extended His mercy to them asked his Heavenly Father to forgive them 'for they know not what they do.' It is a terrible thing to insult Our Lord, particularly in the manner in which he was insulted by that wretched person here last Sunday. Therefore, first let us make an act of reparation for that insult, and ask Him to make us all love Him more in order that we may make amends for sacrilegious persons; secondly, let us beg of God to forgive that unfortunate wretch for the act he did, and let us pray that God may not visit this irreverent person with this terrible sin upon his soul." The Blessed Sacrament was then exposed, and Bishop Dowling read a special act of reparation, and this service concluded with the Benediction.

New Agent.

Mr. Michael Hinchey of Cornwall having kindly consented to act as our Agent in that flourishing town, we have great pleasure in stating that parties desirous of subscribing for the REGISTER can do so through that gentleman, who can be found at his grocery establishment, near the G. T. R. station. We have also pleasure in further adding that Mr. Hinchey is authorized to grant receipts in our name for outstanding debts.

Sermons.

Rev. Father Speitz, Principal of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, lectured in the church of our Lady of Mercy, Sarnia, on Saturday, last to a large audience. His subject was the Passion play of Oberammergau, and the lecture was illustrated throughout by stereoscopic views, under the management of Mr. Adolphe Kern.

UNQUALIFIED COMMENDATION.

Rev. T. Watson, Colborne, Ont., writes: "E. D. C. has produced in me a wonderful change, almost from the first time of using. My indigestion is all gone, and my general health is much better than it has been for years. E. D. C. has my heartiest and unqualified commendation. I believe it to be all its makers claim it to be."

For sample of this wonder-working remedy, mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

CHAS. E. BURNS,

Steamship, Ticket and Insurance Agent.

PASSAGE to Europe, Old Point Comfort, Florida West Indies, Mexico, Southern States. LOWEST RATES to New York. INSURANCE. Fire, Life, Accident, Plate Glass. CHAS. E. BURNS, 77 Yonge St., Toronto. Tel. 2400.

MONSIGNOR KNEIPP.

A Description of Things at Woerishofen.

Woerishofen, the now famous Bavarian village, was almost unknown ten years ago, but the translations of the works of Cure, Dr. Kneipp, and his wonderful cures, have brought its name into prominence. Thousands of invalids now flock to Woerishofen to be cured by the doctor-priest. This year, according to the official figures of the Kneipp Verein, fifteen thousand persons visited the place for treatment. They came from almost all countries, representing all classes, from the Archbishop of Prague and the great banker, Rothschild, of Vienna, to the humble priest and common workmen, and from princesses, daughters of Don Carlos, down to peasant girls. And they all go barefooted! Even the Asiatic, in his national costume, can be seen in this village.

But let us go into the consultation room. It is a rather small white-washed apartment, without furniture other than a long table at which doctors and scientific men are seated. In the centre sits the Abbe Kneipp. At first sight his rustic appearance is somewhat surprising. He still looks like an old weaver in the garb of a priest. His features are strongly accentuated. Enormous bushy black eyebrows add to the austerity of their expression. But his eye, singularly soft, becomes at times wonderfully penetrating. He smokes an enormous cigar, and nibbles fruit while his patients one by one file before him. The consultation is never long. The patient in a few words tells his trouble. The Abbe looks at him, rarely examines him. In his cavernous voice he dictates the treatment to his secretary, who sits by his side, and that is all. The whole thing lasts scarcely two minutes. In silence the doctor listens and takes notes. It is actually a clinic, and they are simply students of the doctor-priest, who astonishes them with the accuracy of his diagnosis. They admire the power of his quasidevination and admit his profound knowledge of the human body.

On coming out of his consultation room we see a number of people barefooted and barelegged wading about in a stream—men with their trousers tucked up above their knees propped with their soutanes shortened, and women contending with the difficulties presented by their garments. Indeed one would fancy they were a lot of big children trying to amuse themselves, if it were not for their serious countenances. They are simply obeying their orders, taking their walk in the water.

The spectacle presented in the exercising room is still more comical. In one large room a crowd of patients go through the wildest manœuvres and contortions, accompanied by the strangest gestures. Some jump, others work their arms; others dance. They look like a group of dervishes or a pack of circus performers going through some extraordinary rehearsal. In utter amazement you press your forehead and ask yourself have you lost your senses. But keep cool, you are simply in the presence of the Kneippists at exercise. At the close of it they become once more like the ordinary individuals, except they are always barefooted.

You must not be astonished if, on going into the dining-room of a hotel, you find the greater portion of the people at the table with bare legs and bare feet. During the first few days of my visit to Woerishofen I was hypnotized by all the bare feet. There were big feet, fat feet, short feet, long feet and thin feet; and, moreover, they were all colors, for at the end of a certain time the sun and the water get in their rainbow fine work. It is enough to give one the nightmare. Each pair of feet has its particular characteristic. I never imagined that

feet could tell so many things. I remember seeing at a concert one evening a violinist in faultless full dress, with the exception of shoes and stockings; but there was no room for astonishment, because in the front row of seats the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague and two princesses, the daughters of Don Carlos, all barefooted.

But a subject of perpetual amazement at Woerishofen is the number of strange costumes that are to be seen there. For example, I gazed at a young ecclesiastic with a white lawn tennis cap on the side of his head and a light overcoat over his soutane. He was calmly smoking his cigarette. I also saw a little fat man, wearing an enormous sombrero that seemed to cover him completely and made him look at a distance like a gigantic walking mushroom. On drawing nearer I discovered that this great mushroom possessed enormous naked calves, which the tails of his coat slapped as he walked. On inquiry I found that he was an American, and a most worthy gentleman, too.

At the close of the consultation a respectful crowd surrounds the doctor and follow him. Women kneel down to kiss his hands. He gently brushes them aside. On looking at the old priest, clothed in his well-worn soutane, indifferent to all these demonstrations of gratitude, one cannot help feeling admiration and respect for him. He seems to care for nothing except the relief he can give to the suffering.

But let us follow him. He is now going to his conference. On a little plank platform a rustic chair is placed. Here is where Dr. Kneipp develops his system in his conferences, which are half scientific and half popular. Even after the conference his labors are by no means ended. The people grab at his soutane and catch his hands. One wants to know some detail in the treatment, another begs him to visit some sick friend. He replies to one and follows the other, forgetful of his seventy-three years of the own existence, and thinking only of relieving his patients.

With the money he received he built a hospital for the poor, and his only recreation is in the Kinder Asy, among the poor children he gathers in and cares for in the large building that he has erected for them. In this asylum I found many French children. Indeed, there are children there of all nationalities. The charity of Kneipp knows no frontiers.

As for honors, the good Cure cares little for them. In proof of this one example is sufficient. When he was recently appointed Chamberlain of the Pope, he did not even open the envelope that contained the document conferring the dignity upon him until the day after he had received it, and not even then until several clerical friends who were aware of the fact came to congratulate him. In his own blunt manner he asked the meaning of the congratulations. They called his attention to the letter. He took it out of his pocket, opened it, read it, and tears filled his eyes. He did not think that he was worthy of the honor.

Monsignor Kneipp, as he is now called, still remains the humble Cure, the former weaver. Intelligence and learning have simply enlarged his great heart, and of all the impressions that one brings back from Woerishofen, that is the most vivid and the most striking.—*Catholic Universe*.

As PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. F. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliiousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Father Vaughan's Mission.

Rev. Father Konelm Vaughan, of London, England, who was a guest of Archbishop Corrigan's household recently, belongs to one of the most distinguished Catholic families in the United Kingdom. In a family of eight—six brothers and two sisters—five of the brothers are in the Church, and the sisters are members of religious communities.

One of the brothers is his Eminence Herbert Vaughan, Cardinal Bishop of Westminster, and Father Vaughan was for a long time the private secretary of the late Cardinal Manning. As a priest and writer on Catholic subjects, Father Vaughan is known on both sides of the Atlantic. He was for an extended period a missionary in Mexico, and once made a journey on foot which took him through Mexico, Central America, and into South America as far as Montevideo.

His special mission in this city is to establish a branch of the Archconfraternity of the Divine Expiation at the Cathedral, a religious society which he founded in London six years ago, and of which he is the head. Beginning as a confraternity, it soon became widely known in Europe, and, to some extent, in this country. In 1893 it was raised by the Pope to the rank of an archconfraternity, and has for its protector Mario Cardinal Moconi. It embraces a membership of over 100,000. The only obligation undertaken by the members of the archconfraternity is to perform every day one act of expiation. Branches of the society have been established in Boston and Baltimore.

Another object of Father Vaughan's visit here is to attend to the work connected with the publication of his latest book, "The Divine Armory of the Holy Scriptures," which has just been issued. He has also to report to Archbishop Corrigan, when the latter returns from his sojourn in Florida, the result of a mission he was delegated to perform in Mexico, whither he went some weeks ago, after an absence of about ten years.

His commission was a somewhat peculiar one. In the State of Chihuahua, in that republic, are large number of mines operated by the famous contractor of Washington, "Boss" Shepherd. The miners employed are a lawless lot, and caused no end of trouble. Mr. Shepherd, thinking that the authorities of the Church might be able to exert a quieting influence over them, asked Cardinal Gibbons to communicate with the Bishop of the province, and the Cardinal put the matter in the hands of Archbishop Corrigan.

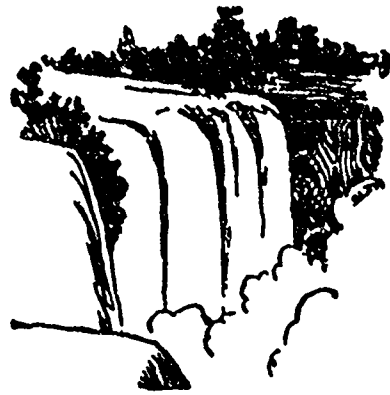
As Father Vaughan was about to go to Mexico, the Archbishop suggested that he should attend to the matter. He did so by bringing the mine owner and the Bishop of Chihuahua together. The former stated his grievance and the Bishop promised to do all that could be done in the premises.

The *Catholic Universe* says, rather cruelly: Mark Twain in the capacity of publisher and bookseller has failed. As a humorist his failure dates back many years.

Mr. Gladstone is finding solace under his sorrow of fading sight in translating into English verse the odes of Horace. He is so familiar with the original that this amusement gives little work to the eye.

The Empress Frederick of Germany possesses a unique tea service. The tea-tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian half-penny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing, and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German Principalities.

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



LOSS OF POWER

and vital force follow loss of flesh, or emaciation. These come from impoverished blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood, stops the waste of strength and tissue, and builds up healthy flesh. Nasty Cod liver oils add fat but not wholesome flesh. Thin, pale, puny and scrofulous children are made plump, rosy and robust by the "Discovery." They like it, too.

In recovering from "Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

For a perfect and permanent cure of Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

USE THE
"SUCCESS"

Water Filter,

Which absolutely destroys all animalcules, microbes, dirt and impurities of every description, and makes the water

Germ-Proof and Pure as Crystal

RICE LEWIS & SON,

(LIMITED.)

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto.

A. T. HERNON,
BUTCHER AND PURVEYOR

FINEST QUALITY OF MEATS.

BEEF MUTTON PORK, VEAL, LAMB

— AND —

POULTRY AND VEGETABLES IN SEASON.

256 CHURCH STREET.

Telephone 2181.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
CARPENTER WORK

Executed promptly by

JOHN HANRAHAN,

No. 25 MAITLAND STREET,

TORONTO.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Telephone 3593.

Toronto Savings & Loan Co.

10 KING ST. WEST.

Subscribed Capital, . . . \$1,000,000
Paid up Capital, 600,000
Reserve Fund, 100,000

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

Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks.
24-y A. E. ANES, Manager.

The Hidden Paths.

Written for the Register by Dorothy Tresham.

That quiet path on the hillside
That winding leads to the sea,
Bordered by fern and wild flower,
Bracken and smiling tea,
I love to look on its beauty,
Finding fresh charms each day,
When darkened by lengthened shadow,
Or smiling neath sunset's ray.

It brings back pleasant day dreams
Of distant childhood's hours,
When I danced along by the cliff
And plucked the sweet wild flowers.
The fresh winds blew from the ocean,
The waves lashed the rocky shore—
And, thundering far up the cliff,
Dashed back with a sullen roar.

This morn' I gazed from my window;
A thick mist, heavy and white,
Fell soft, like a shower of silver,
Hiding the old path from sight.
A nameless longing came o'er me;
I looked for my path in vain,
Till a sunbeam stole through the vapours,
Pointing the old path again.

In life there may come a moment
Of doubting and anguish keen,
When the path of light and duty
Seems darkened, obscure, unseen.
We sigh for a light to guide us
As of old in the path we trod—
A sunbeam straight from Heaven,
The voice of an All-wise God!

Oh then in that hour of struggle
May the dim mists fade away,
Chased by the golden radiance
Of a God-sent heavenly ray.
A light athwart our darkness,
Settling us once more free,
As the sun that stole that morning
On the old path by the sea.

THE RELIGION OF SENECA.

Dr. St. George Mivart, F. R. S., is contributing to the *Cosmopolitan* a series of articles on "God's Will and Human Happiness," in which he gives us his thoughts regarding the religious teaching of Seneca:

As every one knows, Stoicism attained a wonderful success through Seneca, whose personal qualities so well fitted him to exercise a great moral influence on the aristocratic section of society. So lofty were many of the principles he advocated, so congruous with Christianity, that it was long believed that he had known St. Paul. How far he really was, however, from attaining the level of Christian theology, is shown by much of his teaching about God. For the God of the Stoics not, like the God of Plato and Aristotle, a principle separate from matter and outside the world, but actually confounded with nature. So long as he remained in the region of lofty philosophic speculation, Seneca expressed himself as a rigorous Stoic. God was for him, "that Divine force which animates the world"—the soul of the universe. But when not philosophising, he turns to consider the individual who suffers, and seeks to encourage and console him; then he seems to feel the emptiness of such abstractions, and is forced to represent God as a compassionate Being Who listens to the voice of His creatures, pities them, and grants their prayers.

Thus it is that, in spite of other tendencies, his writings, as a whole, have a strongly religious character. He attributes to philosophy the task of detaching man from the earth and directing him toward Heaven. The first of all virtues, he says, is for a man to give himself to God and recognise His omnipotence. "What does it profit," he asks, "to conceal anything from men, when God knows everything?" Again and again he inculcates submission to the Divine will, saying: "Whatever pleases God ought to please men." One of his finest maxims is, "Live with men as if God saw you, and address yourself to God as if men heard you." Sometimes he speaks of God as "our Father and Creator, Who loves us with an energetic love." In his forty-first Epistle he even tells us: "It is from God that all our great and strong resolutions have their origin." This, for a pagan, is a very singular approximation to the Christian doctrine of

"grace." Seneca is, perhaps the only ancient philosopher who has spoken, in express terms, of "the love of God."

It may be asked: Could Christianity have been more clearly anticipated, and might we not in such a teaching find all that humanity requires? Such, however, was the imperfection and inconstancy of the very best of paganism, that we find this encourager of prayer and castigator of the Epicureans also affirming that the wise man is the associate of the gods, and ought not to be their suppliant or fear them. He is no less inconsistent as regards nature and the destiny of the soul. The Stoics taught that in man there were not two principles, but one only. Yet Seneca often speaks as if there was a sort of antagonism between the soul and the body, the latter being a sort of prison whorby the former is drawn down toward the earth. Sometimes he affirms and sometimes he denies a future life. Thus to one Marcia, who had lost her infant son, he first addresses the strange consolation, "one cannot be unhappy when one is nothing, and then adds that her boy will take his place in Heaven with the Catos and the Scipios. As he grew older his belief became more assured. Thus, in his 102nd Epistle he says: "This day, which you dread as the last of your life, is the first of your eternal existence . . . what will not be your admiration when the Divine light shall manifest itself to you?" His charity was very Christian. Everywhere he recommends liberality and good works. He says we must succour the shipwrecked, guide the poor wanderer on his way, share our bread with the hungry, . . . restore the lost son to his mother, redeem the slave and the gladiator, and bury the dead, even though they be criminals. It is his especial honor to have proclaimed the sacredness of human life, and to have especially insisted on the rights of slaves. "All are formed of the same elements, we have all the same origin."

Yet his was not a religious spirit. He made war not only on beliefs and customs newly introduced from the East, but on the traditional Roman ones also. He may be said, indeed, to have distantly approached Christianity on its moral side, and yet never to have been in real harmony of spirit with it as a whole. The philosophic movement was far from coming to an end with Seneca, or even with the philosophic Emperor, Marcus Aurelius; and it helped on the cause of moral and social reform, while it was also more and more drawn towards religion and accommodated itself to superstition. But philosophy and paganism combined could never have renewed the world. The doctrine of the Stoics was only stable in appearance. Its professors did not agree either about the immortality of the soul or the nature of God. For some of them, God was "ether"; for others, "the Sun"; for yet others, "the Sun"; and so on. It was a Pantheism which managed to accept the legends of a polytheistic religion by regarding the Divinity as universally diffused, with functions divided accordingly, and each different element penetrated having a different name bestowed on it. But all Pantheism is, of necessity, essentially immoral.

The railways of France already employ 24,080 women, the majority of whom, however, receive a small sum merely for opening and shutting gates where roads cross the track.

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

FROM SUFFERING TO HEALTH.

The Experience of a Well-Known Bruce County Farmer.

He Tells the Story of the Disease That Afflicted Him, the Sufferings he Endured and How he found Release—Other Sufferers May Take Hope From His Release.

From the *Toronto News*.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to perhaps none causes the sufferer keener anguish, and few are more persistent and more difficult to eradicate from the system than that nervous disease known as sciatica. The victim of an aggravated form of this malady suffers beyond the power of words to express, and it is with the utmost reluctance that the disorder yields to any course of treatment intended for its cure. Hearing that a rather remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. William Baptist, a respected resident of the township of Calross, a *News* reporter called upon that gentleman to ascertain the facts. Mr. Baptist is an intelligent and well-to-do farmer. He is well known in the section in which he resides and is looked upon as a man of unimpeachable integrity. He is in the prime of life, and his present appearance does not indicate that he had at one time been a great sufferer. He received the *News* representative with the utmost cordiality, and cheerfully told the story of his restoration to health, remarking that he felt it a duty to do so in order that others afflicted as he had been might find relief.

Up to the fall of 1892 he had been a healthy man, but at that time while harvesting the turnip, crop during a spell of wet, cold and disagreeable weather, he was attacked by sciatica. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can tell what he suffered. He says it was something terrible. The pain was almost unendurable and would at times cause the perspiration to ooze from every pore. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His days were days of anguish and night brought no relief. Reputable physicians were consulted without any appreciable benefit. Remedies of various kinds were resorted to and his condition was worse than before. The limb affected began to decrease in size, the flesh appeared to be parting from the bone, and the leg assumed a withered aspect. Its power of sensation grew less and less. It appeared as dead thing and as it grew more and more helpless it is little wonder that the hope of recovery began to fade away. All through the long winter he continued to suffer, and towards spring was prevailed upon to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He commenced using them and soon felt that they were doing him good, and hope began to revive. By the time he had taken three boxes the pain was eased and the diseased limb began to assume a natural condition. He continued the use of the remedy until he had taken twelve boxes. In course of time he was able to resume work and to-day feels that he is completely cured. He has since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others with good results.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all disease arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

GO TO DILL & O'HEARN,
FOR OUR
House, Sign or Ornamental Painting, Plain or Decorative Paper Hanging.
212 QUEEN STREET WEST.
TELEPHONE 1829.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

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

FRIDAY, 1st DAY OF JUNE NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House in this city on Wednesday, the 20th June next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

By order of the Board. D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.
Toronto, 20th April, 1894.

"We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Saratoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene

and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's

why we always fry ours in Cottolene.



Sold in 3 and 5 lb. pails, by all grocers. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

LISTEN! M. J. CROTTIE,

838 and 844 YONGE STREET,
Can sell you
Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,
Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, Shirts, and Cuffs,

As cheap as any other store in the city. Call and be convinced. Our stock is always well assorted.

M. J. CROTTIE,
838 and 844 Yonge st.,
(The Beaver.) North Toronto.
TELEPHONE 333.

St. Michael's College,

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific, and Commercial Courses.

Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to

1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President

RECIPE

For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract one bottle
Fleishmann's Yeast half a cake
Sugar two pounds
Lukewarm water two gallons
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water add the extract and bottle, place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two and five gallons Wholesale Agents, The Toronto Pharmacal Co'y, Toronto.



? Why? Look Like This

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY (GUARANTEED)
Don't Take Remedies. All Dealers, or send 12c to

A SWELL AFFAIR. C. S. DENT & CO., DETROIT, MI.

The Catholic Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
AT THE
OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE.

TRAVELLING AGENTS -
Messrs. Patrick Mungovan, C. N. Murphy,
C. J. Kernahan and L. O. Byrne.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

May 24—Corpus Christi.
25—S. Gregory VII, Pope and Con-
fessor.
26—S. Phillip Neri, Confessor.
27—Second Sunday after Pentecost.
S. John I., Pope and Martyr.
28—S. Urban I., Pope and Martyr.
29—S. Boniface IV, Pope and Con-
fessor.
30—S. Felix I., Pope and Martyr.

The Provincial Elections.

As was briefly announced in last week's issue the elections for Ontario take place on June 24th. We would fain look calmly on while the parties were fighting over questions purely economical, or at least of such a character that a religious journal would not feel obliged to take sides. Such is not our good fortune. Duty calls. More strictly speaking, we are driven to it. The insolent policy that threatens our schools has driven us to it. The unprincipled appeal to bigotry and the still more unprincipled attempt to keep our people from all offices and representation, are reasons why we and every other Catholic in the land should make our voice heard in the silent yet powerful ballot which, as citizens, it is our right to use. That right sometimes becomes a duty—a duty which we may owe no less to the sacred cause of our faith than we do to our country. We cannot stand idly by and see this Province given up to the desolating ravages of bigots who hate what we hold dear, and who insult what we love most. That is the duty we owe our country. We cannot hand over the grave interests of our co-religionists to a party whose avowed policy is, in matters of education, to render our schools unworkable, and de-Catholicize them so that they will be merely Separate in name. To prevent this disaster is a duty we owe our conscience. This is the twofold duty which the Catholics of Ontario are called upon to fulfil four weeks from next Tuesday. We have no doubt that they will do it. It did not need quite so much force as Mr. Meredith employed last session, nor quite so much talk about offices on the part of Dr. Ryerson, or threats against our hospitals, to crystallize the Catholic vote of this Province. The peace-threatening organization of the P.P.A. spread by such election agents as Margaret L. was not at all necessary to make Catholics know their friends and foes. We are not so dull of comprehension. Mr. Meredith's policy for a long time has been the policy of strife and war against Catholic institutions. The name of Ryerson, without wishing that the sins of one generation should be visited upon another, is not likely to be acceptable to Catholics in Ontario acquainted with the

earlier struggles for Separate Schools. As for the third force at work, the P.P.A., nothing could be more painful to any patriot than that this Province should be overrun by an organization whose end is destruction, social and political, to a peaceful minority, whose method is the dark-lantern, and whose members are the tools of unprincipled demagogues. Every lover of justice, liberty and right must condemn such an element in our Provincial politics. Will they express that condemnation on the twenty-sixth of June? We look to them to do so; for it is more the battle of justice-loving Protestants than of long-suffering Catholics.

It is a bitter irony upon politics in a Province like Ontario, that party lines are drawn not upon political or economical questions so much as upon semi-religious ones. Still more bitter is the irony, that people who talk so much about freedom of conscience and individual liberty, should accord so little of it to those who, in matters of education, are guided by a religious principle, not temporal advantage. Most of all do we feel the irony that a free minority exercising its freedom should be insulted, and charged with giving a solid vote when, on the other side, we have the lodge-rooms and demagogues at their head.

Patching Up the Creed

Presbyterians are greatly to be pitied these days. The discovery has just been made that the old "confession of faith," sanctioned by Calvin, is not up to date, and a special meeting of the Toronto Presbytery, held last week, discussed the advisability of amending the creed so as to make it consistent with the present belief of that body. This is a new departure in the religious field, and, we should fancy, a very convenient one for those whose consciences are elastic enough to permit of their adjustment to the most convenient creed devisable. There will no longer be any necessity for faith among Presbyterians. As soon as they begin to doubt any point in their religion they can come together, and by ballot or otherwise, decide upon what they really do believe, and then adjust their creed so as to fit their necessity.

The principal objection to the old Presbyterian faith is that it is now three centuries old, and that it is impossible that the confession made in the sixteenth century should be identical with that entertained in the nineteenth century. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell goes even further, and says "that the church at its peril puts Calvinism in place of Jesus Christ." These are objections that will ever and always be raised in religious bodies whose creeds are founded on error. The error is sure to be discovered sooner or later; and then, lacking the infallible guide that has kept the Catholic Church unchanged for nearly eighteen hundred years, they must resort to patch work. It is astonishing that intelligent people will profess belief in a creed that has to undergo amendment. If it cannot stand the test of a few hundred years, how can it be a guide for eternity?

It is instances of this character that make Catholics so firm in their faith.

The Church that has stood the test of time, unchanged and unchangeable, that is the same in all countries and has been the same in all ages past, and will remain the same to the end of time, is the church in which a Christian can take a just pride and feel that his soul is safe. These are attributes of the true church, and to the Catholic Church, and to it alone, they belong.

General Herbert's Speech.

The few words addressed by Major General Herbert to a French Canadian battalion in Montreal have raised a commotion all over this Province, equalled only by the furor caused some years ago in Quebec by the un-diplomatic reference of Sir Edmund Head to the French Canadians as "an inferior race." Whatever cause the lower Provincials had for resentment at the insulting remark of Sir Edmund, who was in duty bound to show equal respect to all Her Majesty's loyal subjects, no just foundation can be alleged for the outbursts of indignation that have found expression in many town and village papers all over Ontario on account of the brief, patriotic speech addressed by General Herbert to the Montreal Militia. In order that our readers may have a clear perception of our view, we subjoin the speech in its entirety:

Amongst the questions asked was the following by Major Sam Hughes: What words were used by Major-General Herbert on the occasion of his recent visit to Montreal in reference to the pontifical Zouaves? Had Major-General Herbert permission from or the authority of the Honorable the Minister of Militia to use the words he did on that occasion?

Hon. Mr. Patterson replied: I disclaim all responsibility for utterances of any officials connected with the department over which I have the honor to preside. There is no necessity for my authority being given for any of their utterances. At the same time out of courtesy to my hon. friend, "Mr. Hughes," and with a desire to gratify his laudable thirst for knowledge, I will give him the exact words used by Major-General Herbert on the occasion to which he refers, when the Major-General was addressing a French-Canadian battalion in Montreal. I apologize in advance for any defects in my accent:

He then read in French, amid considerable amusement, a statement of the words used, of which the following is a translation:

"You have amongst you some of those who, justly called the Nineteenth Century Crusaders, performed at one and the same time a military and a religious duty on the battlefields of Montana and Mount Rotundo, and at the very gates of the Eternal City. It is therefore your duty to be at the front and to display the military qualities of your race and its hereditary devotion to your native land."

One unacquainted with Canada's history for the last decade would have much difficulty in explaining how it came to pass that a whole neighbouring Province, in no wise interested in Garibaldi or the Papal States, could have felt aggrieved or insulted by such harmless remarks. Why should the Ontario people complain if one or two hundred fellow-citizens of French Canadian nationality and Catholic instincts and chivalry volunteered to cross the seas and do battle for the rights and the very life of the Father of Christendom? There is but one such father in the whole world—one Papa, or Pope, acknowledged as such by Protestants as well as Catholics. The men who risked their lives in so noble a cause had no idea of making war upon any sovereign or people at friendship with the British Empire, as some of our Protestant contemporaries maintain. They went to Italy

to aid the Pope's handful of troops in repelling the invasion of hordes of lawless assassins, led on by Garibaldi and his anarchist freebooters. Twenty years previously the same motley and undisciplined crowd entered Rome, and, after massacring many of its best citizens and looting the churches and convents, established a triumvirate of anarchy and assassination. It required a whole *corps d'armes* of French Regulars, under command of General Oudmot, to dislodge the rebellious hordes and restore peace by bringing back from exile Pope Pius IX., who, by a miracle, had escaped with his life to Gaeta.

But Napoleon III. weakened in his fidelity to the Holy See, and withdrew most of his protecting force. Garibaldi took advantage of Napoleon's treachery, and, summoning to his standard of rebellion all the unemployed and evil-disposed elements of discord and red revolution, again marched on Rome with the Satanic cries of war upon Religion, death to the Rich, and down forever with the Priesthood. Our brave Canadian Zouaves volunteered to risk fortune and life in an attempt to save society in its head, and, as far as in them lay, safeguard, at least for a while, the interests of our common Christianity. Their prowess was the theme of universal applause with the few remaining French troops and a contingent of Irish volunteers they routed the heroes of the Red Shirt at Montana and Urbino, and saved from pillage and destruction the Eternal City.

Not only Catholicism but civilization owes an everlasting debt of gratitude to the young men whose bravery and unselfish devotedness helped very materially in protecting from insult the Divinely-appointed head of Christendom while saving for posterity the world's grandest monuments and libraries with *chefs d'auvres* of genius and treasures of art that never could have been replaced.

Closing Down.

Last week there were 400 G. T. R. employees thrown out of work in Brantford owing to the closing down of the company's shops at that place. Nearly 300 of the same company's employees also lost their places in London; and it is stated that a number of Hamilton foundries will be forced to shut down owing to the G. T. R.'s refusal to carry freight, except such as is of a perishable nature. In addition to the above the Paton Wool Mills at Sherbrooke, P.Q., closed down last week for an indefinite period, rendering 700 employees idle. That makes in all about 1,400 men thrown out of work last week alone, not counting the numerous minor cases that have not been reported. This is a very hard blow on the working classes, and looks as though we were going to get a taste of the depression of which they have had such a feast across the border.

The Czarewitch is not coming to England this year, but a pressing invitation has, however, been sent to St. Petersburg from Windsor during the last few days, which may cause a change in his plans. The date of the marriage of the Czarewitch and Princess Alix of Hesse will not be fixed for some time to come, but the ceremony will certainly not take place before November.

Catholics and Politics.

"Don" devotes nearly a column in *Saturday Night* to the above topic, and starting out with false premises, he makes out what appears to him a strong case against what he is pleased to consider the interference of the Catholic Church in Politics. He says in the opening of his article: "We are mostly engaged in the task of enquiring into the origin of the protective tariff, and those who are for or against protection might as well be catalogued bigots as those who are opposed to Separate schools and the dual language in the North-West. We are according privileges to the Roman Catholic Church in this country which are not allowed to the same denomination in the United States, nor are there any circumstances which demand special privileges for any denomination in this country."

In this "Don" is in error, and it is from this he seeks to show that the Church is wrong in its course—political course he would call it. The Separate School question is vastly different from the tariff question. The tariff is a purely political question, wholly dependent upon the policy of the party in power; but Separate Schools are a Constitutional right—not a mere privilege—secured to the Catholics in the Constitution of the country. That there are no Separate Schools in the United States is no better argument against Separate Schools in Canada, than the fact that the Americans have an elective President is a reason why we should send Lord Aberdeen home and elect a President in his stead.

"Don" speaks of Catholics forcing their religion into politics for the sake of getting a certain advantage. Here again he is wrong. Catholics did not force their religion into politics, nor permit it to go into politics, nor have anything to do with its getting into politics, as he calls it. On the contrary, Catholics have been very unwillingly forced into the political arena for the purpose of defending a dearly cherished right—the right to bring up their children in the true faith, and to have them taught in their young days that love of righteousness and veneration for the Church of God that can not be so well imparted in after years, and which, if neglected in the impressionable years of youth, is rarely ever afterwards attained. It was not an advantage they sought upon "going into politics," if he will have it so, but the maintenance of that which is the birth-right of every Catholic born in the Dominion, and of which certain bigoted politicians seek to deprive them. It was these politicians—McCarthy & Co.—who "forced" the Catholics, as Catholics, into politics, and any one as fair as "Don" usually is, will not deny them the British right of self-defence.

"Don" objects to the opponents of Separate Schools being called bigots, and says that the subject should be discussed in the same tone as the tariff. Not at all. The politicians who oppose the tariff oppose it on political grounds, but the men who attack our Separate School system do so on religious grounds; and any man who tries to rob another of a right because that

other happens to differ from him in religion, is a bigot, and a bigot of the worst type. It is all very nice and sweet and lovable in "Don" no doubt, to seek thus to pour oil on the troubled waters, but it is also very weak, washy and wearying; and if he does not have a care he will soon have to go into politics himself, to get the "special privilege" of being allowed to inflict such rubbish on a tired public.

Charity Begins at Home.

If Protestant churches put forth half the effort in behalf of their own people that they expend in trying to make converts among Catholics, we fancy this world would be vastly benefited. In no less than three of our Protestant exchanges this week we noticed elaborate plans for proselytizing every Catholic in Christendom. The schemes are as varied as they would prove ineffectual if put into practice. Before the Protestant churches begin their work of conversion among Catholics they would do well to whip their own people into line.

Protestant young men have a remarkable contempt for religion in any and every form. They laugh at preachers, and think it effeminate, if not degrading to their manhood, to be seen going to Church on Sunday. "That's for old fogies and women," one of them said to us only a few weeks ago. "You never see a man of parts going to church, except he happens to be a Papist, and then he is too much afraid of the priest to remain away."

This young man (who happens to be a minister's son and the brother of a well known preacher) voiced the sentiments of thousands of young Protestants of the present, who neither know, nor care to know, anything about religion. They are little better than heathens in the practice of religion; but when the Catholic Church happens to come into a controversy they are staunch Protestants, and exclaim against the evils of Rome. Their whole knowledge of religion consists in antagonism to the Catholic Church, which seems to be the only lesson they learned not to forget.

Now, what we would suggest to those zealous missionaries who are so much concerned over the salvation of Catholic souls is that they bring their work nearer home. Let them teach their young men common reverence for God, and they will be going a long way toward saving souls that are in real danger.

Mission in St. Thomas.

The Catholics of St. Thomas and vicinity were blessed last week with the presence and labours of Rev. Fathers Dougherty and O'Brien of the Jesuit Order. A mission was opened in that parish on Sunday, the 6th instant, and continued with unabating vigour and remarkable success until Monday, the 14th. Each morning at 5.30 a. m. Mass was celebrated and a short instruction given by one of the missionaries. At 9 a. m. services were again held, and a sermon preached to a large congregation. The Devotions of the Stations of the Cross and an instruction at 3 p. m. attracted large numbers from town and country;

and the day's labours were brought to a close at 7.30 p. m., when the church was literally packed with worshippers anxious to listen to the able and learned discourses pronounced by Fathers Dougherty and O'Brien alternately every evening while the mission lasted.

Many Protestants of merit and high standing in the community could be seen in the very front pews listening most anxiously, and with evident satisfaction to the unfolding, in simple but earnest eloquence, of Heaven's consoling although mysterious truths now heard perhaps for the first time, and brought home with such gentle force to their inmost convictions.

The visit of those two learned, zealous and exemplary Fathers to St. Thomas has vastly contributed to the peace and happiness of the entire district by allaying the bitter feelings engendered of late by the ravings of unscrupulous lecturers and the bigoted misrepresentations of the P. P. A. fanatics and their accredited agents, the characterless and foul-mouthed Leydens, Shepherds and *hoc genus omne*. The evening sermons of the good Fathers were printed next day, substantially at least, in our daily journals, and did an immense amount of good by being circulated and read all over the County of Elgin. Monday's issue of the *St. Thomas Times*, generally considered a bigoted sheet, had the following report of a lecture delivered the evening previous by Rev. Father Dougherty:

THE RULE OF FAITH.

Last night the mission which has been held by the Rev. Drs. O'Brien and Doherty, Jesuit Fathers of Montreal, in the church of the Holy Angels, was closed. The church was crowded. After vespers, conducted by Dr. O'Brien, Rev. Dr. Doherty ably defended the rule of faith, of the Roman Catholic faith, speaking for upwards of an hour. He took as a foundation for his remarks, Paul's words, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." What is faith, he asked, at the outset. It is different from an act of the intellect which forces a conclusion upon us. It is accepting something on the word of another, involving essentially an element of obscurity. The testimony of a man, of an angel, even of God himself does not make one see what is believed. As Paul has said, "It is the substance of things hoped for the evidence of things not seen." Why is it impossible, without faith, to please God? Beyond God's natural attributes there are truths that no reason can understand. As we are to share the joy of life with him it is necessary that He should tell us about those things. Why do we believe? In human faith because the man who tells us has a character for integrity. In Divine things because it is the word of God who is infallible truth. How do I know what I have to believe? What is the rule of faith, the standard? There are two views very distinctly separated. The first is that everything must be brought to the church. The second, that everything must be referred to the written word of God. The Saviour had with Him for three years men whom he instructed. His last words before his ascension were: "As the Father hath sent me, so I send you. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and lo I am with you always even unto the consummation of time." They were to wait the descent of the Holy Ghost. Take the history of the church from the Acts of the Apostles and partly from profane history. The Apostles and those chosen to assist them did miracles in testimony that they were sent. It is a record that the shadow of Peter falling on the sick healed them. People had conformed to the law which they had enunciated to obtain eternal salvation. This has gone on, down to the present time. The priest ascends the pulpit and lays on the people what they are to believe. If he utters a strange doctrine, he is brought before his bishop, and if contrary to what is handed down, he must retract. He may appeal to his archbishop, and so on to the Pope. If he refuses to retract what is pronounced wrong by the latter, he is excommunicated. The works and miracles of St. Francis Xavier 300 years ago were referred to as proof of the living voice of the church being the rule of faith. Faith in all ages has come by the hearing of accredited ambassadors. Miracles are not

needed now. The church does not reject them, and they do occur at times. These men assume to preach the truth without any error. The church assumes her teachers can preach, her people believe no error. Fifteen hundred years after Christ, came a man who declared the rule of faith very different, that it was in the written word of God. We say everything must go to the Sovereign Pontiff. The first thing that ought to strike us about the new rule is that for 60 years after Christ a death the New Testament as it now is, did not exist. The gospels were not finished until about 97 or 98. Questions were settled by reference to the living authority of the church. The church is first and the Bible is second in point of time. The Bible has grown out of the bosom of the church. Each and every chapter of the New Testament was addressed to people already Christians. If I am to take the Bible as my rule of faith the first thing is to get the Bible. A book-seller's clerk tells me he has three English Bibles, King James', the Douay and the Revised versions. We don't know which is the right one. If I go to a learned man the result is equally unsatisfactory, for they all differ. Who will guarantee that any one of these is a faithful translation of the original? There is not a single copy of the original, and all the copies differ. I will have to go to college to learn the languages that I may compare the manuscript. Mistakes occur in copying, and if I accept the opinion of a learned man, it is only the opinion of a man. Suppose we have a genuine copy Paul says, "There are many things hard to be understood which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction, as they do also the other Scriptures." Difficulties in interpretation were illustrated by the word day in Genesis. The words of our Saviour, "This is my body" had been interpreted in a hundred different ways. What is the result of the rule of Catholic faith? That all Catholics, some say now 250 millions, all believe the same thing. A few years ago, there were 160 different religions in the United Kingdom alone. In the one case there is a marvellous unity, in the other, difference and division. Christ said to Peter, "Thou art Peter and on this rock will I build my church: 'I' ed my sheep." God will be with his vicar on earth. The church guarantees the genuineness, authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures, which she presents. St. Augustine said, "I would not believe the Gospels, except on the authority of the Catholic Church." The priest reads constantly from the Bible in his daily services. There is no book with which he is more familiar, and in almost every Catholic house there is a Bible.

At the conclusion of the sermon Dr. Doherty read the papal blessing granted through the General of the Society of Jesus to these missions. The choir rendered two hymns very effectively. Miss Chalut and Mr. W. P. Reynolds taking the solos, and the service closed with benediction of the blessed sacrament by Rev. Dr. O'Brien.

A Correction.

We cheerfully publish the following communication, thanking "Alba" for calling our attention to an error which would do the honorable (?) majority of Toronto Council wrong if not corrected:

Toronto, May 21st, 1894.

To the Editor of the *Catholic Register*.

Sir—In your editorial regarding the bigotted action of the City Council in refusing to send any patients to St. Michael's Hospital, you fall into the same error as the daily papers and speak of the City Council withdrawing its "Grant."

The word "Grant" is misleading, and the majority of citizens have received the impression that St. Michael's Hospital was in the receipt of some of City's charity. This is not the case, the fact is, the city never gave St. Michael's Hospital any charity or grant, but simply paid for value received. The worthy Aldermen of this city of equal rights have boycotted St. Michael's Hospital, and their action shows the same bigotry as if, advertising for tenders on any contract, they headed it "No Catholic need apply."

Yours, ALBA.

St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville.

We are pleased to observe that this church has lately been much improved especially in this noticeable at the main altar, over which has been placed three handsome stained glass windows containing figures of St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and the Crucifixion in the centre. At the side of the altar is another new stained glass window containing a figure of Our Lord, with Chalice in hand. The drapery and coloring of this and the other window are exceedingly rich and pleasing, the faces are particularly good and life like. These add very much to the interior of the church, and the Artist, Mr. N. J. Lyon of the city, is deserving of much praise.

Catholic News.

Notre Dame University will celebrate its golden jubilee this month with impressive ceremonies.

A new church has been finished and dedicated in Souk, the town made so prominent by the events of the Gordon expedition and the war in Egypt.

Lady Maud Barret, daughter of the Earl of Oavan, who spent many years of his life as an Evangelistic preacher, has been received into the Catholic Church.

The Archbishop of Lyons has had his salary stopped by the government because he has opposed the state interference with the disposal of ecclesiastical revenues.

Over 7,000 men and women made the mission recently concluded at the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Roxbury, Mass., by the Redemptorist Fathers McInerney, Crosby and Grimes.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bilborough, Bishop of Salford, states that during the general mission in London five hundred persons were received into the church, and that a great number of other converts are under instruction. In the diocese of Salford last year nine hundred converts were received into the Church.

Another evidence of the great progress which Catholicity is constantly making in England is found in the declaration of Bp. Bilborough, the successor in the Salford diocese of Cardinal Vaughan, that during the past twelve months over 900 conversions were effected in that episcopate.

The discovery of a Dante manuscript is heralded from the Vatican Library. Father Cezza Luzzi, the sub-librarian, while examining some papers which had been undisturbed for many years, came upon a Codex of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, beautifully illustrated in miniature, and bearing the date 1450.

The Russian Government has sent a beautiful repository for the Blessed Sacrament, and the French Republic a valuable monstrance to the Franciscan church in Jaffa, in recognition of the charitable hospitality accorded by the fathers to the crews of French and Russian steamers which were wrecked at that port.

The suggestion of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris that each parish in France should make an offering of five francs towards the construction of an altar in the Church of Loretto on the occasion of the sixth centenary of the translation of the Holy House, has been taken up with considerable favor all over the country.

The Sisters of Notre Dame, whose mother-house is at Namur, have now as many as thirty-nine convents in the United States, aggregating 1,100 Sisters 28,000 pupils, mostly in parish schools. Twenty of these are in Massachusetts, seven in California and the rest in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Rhode Island and Washington.

Catholicism is evidently making great progress in the Oceanic isles where the zealous Marist Fathers have been toiling for some years with wonderful results. A late announcement from these missionary fields is to the effect that 2,000 of the native population recently embraced the faith at one time, and that many more conversions were certain.

Twenty-three converts of the Catholic faith were received into the Church recently as a result of a mission of one week given to the men in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. A still more remarkable result followed a recent mission in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth street, where the number of converts was over seventy.

Father Hughes, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Binghamton, N. Y. has small pox. The priest's residence is quarantined and guarded by special police men. Several weeks ago Mrs. Duebler of that place, died of small-pox. When she was dying she sent for the priest.

He bravely responded and administered the rites of the Church. It is believed he contracted the disease then.

Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke Vicar General of the diocese of Albany has been nominated to succeed the late Right Rev. Francis McNierny. Bishop Burke was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1842. His early education was at St. Charles preparatory seminary, Baltimore. His power as a pulpit orator, zeal as priest, and ability as Vicar-General made him the choice of the clergy and laity.

On the 6th of April the Trappists of Westmale, in Campine, Belgium, sent two priests and three brothers, under the direction of Father Joseph, from Antwerp to the independent State of Congo. Father Joseph is a distinguished agriculturist, of robust constitution and an energy of iron. He is not yet fifty-years old. They will settle in N'Tampa, about two hundred kilometres from Boma and fifty to the south of Stanley pool and Leopoldville. To get to their destination the missionaries will have to struggle through a savage country across dangerous paths.

A "Convert's Catechism" has been gotten up by the Reverend Father Reichart, of Heaton Norris, England. Cardinal Vaughan says of it: "This book supplies a much felt need, and does so in a very efficient and satisfactory way. The clearness and simplicity of its style, combined with the soundness of its matter, will make it a most useful help to all our clergy engaged in the important work of receiving converts in the Fold of the One True Church." It may prove equally available in this country to put into the hands of persons needing instructing in the faith.

The recently elected superior-general of the Redemptorist Order has conferred a distinguished honor on an American priest, Very Rev. Joseph M. Schwarz, head of the Redemptorist province of St. Louis, Mo. The superior-general has made Father Schwarz one of his consultors. Father Schwarz is the first American priest to be made a consultor. He went to Rome recently to participate in the election of the superior-general. The office of consultor is personal with the superior-general and lasts during his life. Father Schwarz was born in New Orleans about forty years ago. He was educated at the Redemptorist novitiate at Ilchester, Md., and after his ordination he was placed in charge of the preparatory college there. He was elected provincial of the St. Louis province a year ago.

Babies

ought to be fat. Give the Thin Babies a chance. Give them

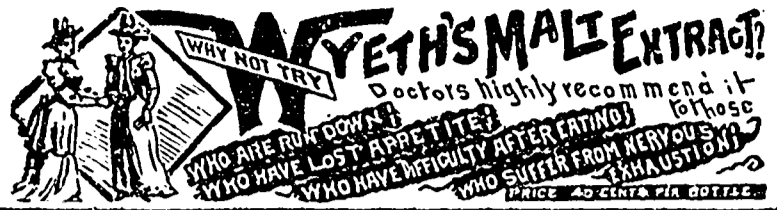
Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, and watch them grow Fat, Chubby, Healthy, Bright. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Boererville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

The Ontario Carpet Cleaning Co.'s STEAM CARPET CLEANER

GIVES BEST SATISFACTION.
RATES:—Cleaning and laying Brussels, 5c. per yd. Wilton, 6c. Cleaning only, 3c. UPHOLSTERING in all its Branches. W. O'CONNOR, who is a practical Upholsterer with fifteen years experience, attends personally to all work. ONTARIO CARPET CLEANING CO. W. O'CONNOR, 10 Marlborough Ave. Telephone 3711.



MURPHY GOLD CURE CO'S. INSTITUTE,

FOR TREATMENT OF

ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE DISEASES AND TOBACCO HABIT.

WM. HAY, Manager, 263 WELLESLEY ST., TORONTO
JOHN TAYLOR, Managing Director, Ottawa.
Patients treated at their residence when required. Correspondence strictly confidential

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.

CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000.

Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto.

DIRECTORS:

HON. FRANK SMITH, Senator, President.

EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President.

WM. T. KIELY, JOHN FOY, EDWARD STOCK.

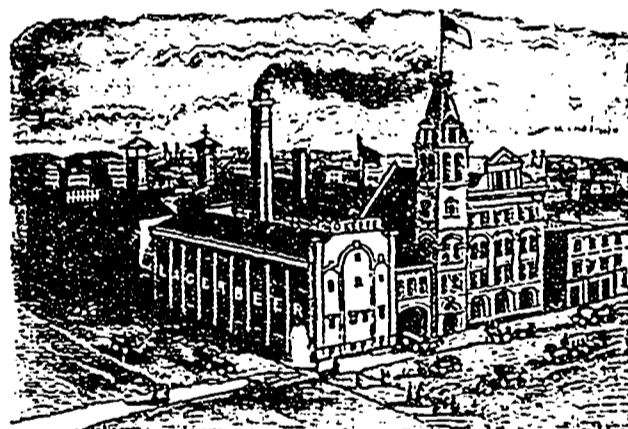
JAMES J. FOY, Q.C., Solicitor.

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

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

Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m.

JAMES MASON, - - - Manager.



THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO LIMITED.

EUGENE O'KEEFE
Pres. and Manager.

WIDMER HAWKE
Vice-Pres. and Asst. Mgr.

SPECIALTIES—English and Bavarian Ales, in wood and bottle. XXXX Porter, Gold Label, in Bottle. Pilsener Lager, equal to the imported.

P. BURNS & CO.

1856. ONLY IMPORTERS OF 1893.

Celebrated Scranton Coal and Best Steam Coal IN THE MARKET.

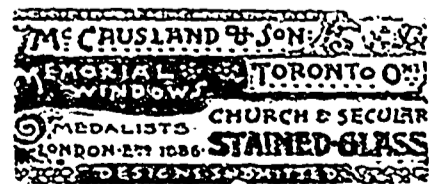
HEAD OFFICE—38 King street East.

BRANCHES—546 Queen street West, and 399 Yonge street.

WEDDINGS, WEDDING CAKES, WEDDING SUPPLIES

HARRY WEBB,
20 447 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

FLEXIBLE BRIDLED BOECKH OVAL, ROUND, FLAT TRY THEM MADE IN EVERY SIZE READY FOR USE PAINT BRUSHES.



\$3 a Day Sure. Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, don't fail to write to-day. Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Deaths.

Chas. McKinley, riveter, aged forty-two, was accidentally killed at the Queen's Island, Belfast, on Monday April 23d.

Captain Burke, of the 51st King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, stationed in Belfast, died in the Royal Hospital on April 20th, from a fractured skull, sustained by being thrown from his horse at the Holywood Arches. Captain and Adjutant William Henry Marsh Burke was born in Dublin on the 9th April, 1859. He took part in the Burmese expedition, 1880-87, during which he was in command of the mounted infantry. He was mentioned in the despatches, and for his services received the medal, with clasps. He also took part in the operations of the 2nd Field Force in 1890, being till August 14, 1891, commandant of the Parandhur Sanitarium. He was a good officer, and well liked by the men. His sudden and untimely death at the early age of 35 years has cast a gloom over his brother officers and the men of his regiment, with whom he was very popular.

Armagh.

James Orr, Esq., J.P., of Cranagill, Loughgall, has been made a Deputy Lieutenant of the county Armagh.

Father Patrick Hughes, who has recently been appointed parish priest of the important parish of English, was made the recipient of a splendid address and magnificent testimonial from his late parishioners in Loughgall, on April 20th.

On April 21st, the remains of the late Mrs. James Jordan, Lurgan, were removed from the residence of her husband, Mr. James Jordan, High street, for interment in the Dougher Cemetery. Mrs. Jordan was a member of almost every Catholic religious society in the town, and Mr. Jordan had the entire sympathy of the people of Lurgan of every shade of opinion in his sad bereavement.

Mr. James Savage, sen., Lisburn, was buried in St. Patrick's Catholic Cemetery, Lisburn, on April 21st. The funeral was very largely attended, not only by the inhabitants of Lisburn of all classes, but also by friends from Belfast, Newry, Dromore, Hilltown, and the surrounding town. Deceased was long and favorably known and highly respected as one of the oldest and most successful business men in the town, having succeeded his father many years ago. He had retired from business some twelve or fourteen years since.

Cork.

With sincere regret we have to announce the death of Mr. William Brew, hardware merchant, Kilrush, who departed this life after a lingering illness (of enlargement of the heart), on the 14th of April. Mr. Brew, who had been under local medical treatment for some time past, recently went up to Dublin for medical opinion, but all that human aid could do to relieve his sufferings was unavailing, and he finally succumbed to the fell disease at his temporary residence, Rutland Square, Dublin, where one of the Jesuit Fathers attended him in his last moments. His remains, encased in a handsome oak coffin, were conveyed by rail to Kilrush, and brought to the Catholic Church, where they lay on the catafalque until Tuesday morning, April 17th, when a Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered up, for the repose of his soul, by the Very Rev. Dr. Malone, V.G., assisted by Rev. D. Courtney, C.C.; Rev. M. Sweeney, C.C.; Rev. John Sheehan, C.C.; Rev. L. J. Browne, P.P., Doonbeg; and Rev. T. O'Meara, P.P., Killimer. The church crowded by those who had come to pay their last tribute to the memory of their departed friend. After the religious ceremonies the solemn cortege proceeded to the Parish Church-yard, where the remains of Mr. Brew were laid in the family vault. The deceased was a general favorite with his acquaintances, enjoying the greatest respect of all with whom he came in contact in his business capacity. He was a man whose every action was prompted by the good will he bore his fellow-creatures, a loyal and true friend, a devoted husband, and a loving brother.

Cork.

The late Mr. Mathew Honan, who occupied a foremost position in the commercial life of Cork, but who had retired from business for a great number of years, has left a very large sum of money in aid of local charities. The entire estate is said to be of the value of £150,000. The deceased has left £40,000 to establish an institute for aged ladies and gentlemen in indigent circumstances, £3,000 to the Capuchin Fathers' Holy Trinity Church; £3,000 for the enlargement of St. Patrick's Church, the parish church of deceased; and £1,000 to each of the principal churches in the city. He also left £25,000 to a female relative.

The Gaelic Language League has received a splendid push forward from Cork. A branch was established there on Sunday, April 23d, at a meeting representative of all parties in the City of the Lee. It was presided over by the Mayor, and the resolutions were supported by, amongst others, Mr. Denny Lane, Very Rev. Dean McSwiney, Father John O'Leary, Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P.; Alderman Madden, and Mr. S. J. Murphy. A most influential committee has

been formed, and altogether the new branch promises to be a source of immense strength to the organization. We hope it will stir the Irish-speaking population of Munster to pride in their distinction, and lead them to preserve the treasure of which they are the inheritors.

Donegal.

Mr. Henry Stubbs, of Dandy, Ballyshannon, has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant for county Donegal.

Dublin.

The will of Lord Crewe, who died on Jan. 3d, in his 82d year, has just been proved by his nephew, Lord Houghton, the net value of the personality amounts to £53,365, most of which goes to the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

According to the latest Parliamentary returns, the number of Parliamentary voters on the registers, in Great Britain, now in force are, in England and Wales, 4,895,112; in Scotland, 925,628; in Ireland, 737,951; total for the United Kingdom, 6,258,691.

The latest accounts from Ireland state that the unveiling of the Barry Sullivan monument, in Glasnevin, will take place in June and not in September as has been stated. The unveiling will be presided over by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who will deliver a brief address on the merits of the great Irish actor, and by Mr. J. Ward, of Belfast, who will recite special lines composed by H. K. Cowan, M.A.

Fermanagh.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Edward Fitzgerald Hickson (Resident Magistrate at Loughrea), to be a Resident Magistrate for the county Fermanagh.

Galway.

Father Colgan, P.P., Arran Island, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions towards the Arran Distress Fund.—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, £52-£40 of which was given to Father McDonald and £12 to Father McPhilpin; the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, £3; Dr. McDermott, Bath, England, per the Bishop of Galway, £1; Anonymous, per the Bishop of Galway, 10s.; a Dublin Priest, per the Archbishop of Tuam, £1; Very Rev. Canon Grealley, P.P., V.G., Newport, £1; a Sympathiser, Dublin, £1; Miss Kate Scully, 33 St. Mary's, Northumberland road, Dublin, £1 5s.; Mr. Bernard White, Morehampton road, Donnybrook, £2; Mr. William Bergin, Mountjoy street, Dublin, £1; a Sincere Sympathiser, Dublin, £1; Mr. John Bulger, Hotel, Forns, 10s.; Three Children, Dublin, 10s.; T. T. Hurley, Drimoleague, Cork, 5s.; G. Nagle, Carmanan, Omagh, 5s.

Kerry.

The Irish shore end of the new Atlantic cable of the Commercial Company was successfully laid a few days ago at Waterville.

The police huts at Dromultoo and Mount-eagle, in the Castleisland district, have been taken down, and the men stationed in them transferred to Castleisland.

Pat Carroll, of Ballykealy, was evicted on April the 18th, at the suit of his landlords, the Messrs. Quill, and it is commonly rumored, with what amount of truth it is not easy to say at present, that the farm has been grabbed by some friend or neighbor of his.

The old woman named Knightly, who with her husband was so badly burned at the Maharees, on April 19th, died shortly after receiving medical and spiritual aid. The old man, though seriously burned too, is progressing favorably. It appears the old couple were sick and unable to escape from their burning hovel until assistance arrived.

Kildare.

Mr. John Bowen, postmaster, Eyrecourt, county Galway, has been appointed, on promotion, to the charge of the Naas Post-office, rendered vacant by the retirement of Miss Atkinson, who, for many years, filled the responsible position of post-mistress.

A meeting of the committee appointed in connection with the movement to erect a cross to the memory of the late Rev. S. Doyle, P.P., Athy, was held in the Town Hall, on April 25th. Mr. C. Timmons presided. On the motion of Mr. M. Doyle, seconded by Mr. W. W. Baldwin, it was resolved that the design for a Celtic Cross of Messrs. Fitzpatrick & Sons, Glasnevin, be accepted, and that the Hon. Sec. be directed to ascertain about the time the cross would be ready for erection. The cross will be of Ballinaloe limestone, and about 13 feet high from the ground; it will be inter-leaved with Celtic ornaments on front and pannelled on the back and sides, and will cost about \$500.

Kilkenny.

The following were among those who obtained prizes for excellent answering at the examinations held in St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, on April 3d, for the annual distribution of prizes:—Senior grade—Messrs. Philip Moore, Dunnamaggin; Richard Murphy, Danesfort, and Michael Sherin, Kilkenny, "tied" for first place with 1,976 out of a maximum 2,000. In the middle grade W. Clery, Windgap, won the first prize; the third prize was tied for by Edward Walsh, Mooncoin, and Laurence Minogue, Ballycallan. Mr. E. Walsh was subsequently awarded the prize. Mr. Thomas Walsh, Aghnaviller, also won a prize. The examinations were in the highest degree creditable to all concerned.

SUNLIGHT SOAP
LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT!


DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her **SUNLIGHT SOAP**, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.

Experience will convince her that it **PAYS** to use this soap.

HOLLIDAY'S CELEBRATED EAST KENT ALE AND PORTER
NOW ON SALE
At all First-class Wine Merchants, Hotels and Clubs. Try it.
If your dealer does not keep it Phone 3100.
T. H. GEORGE, Sole Wholesale Agent,
699 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Father Mollinger's Great Remedies Conquer Disease



Catarth Cure..... \$1.00
Cure for Epilepsy and St. Vitus Dance 1.00
Indigestion and Liver Complaint Cure 1.00
Rheumatism Cure (three separate prescriptions combined)..... 2.50
Blood Tea, for constipation and purifying the blood..... 25
None genuine without my name on each package:
A. F. SAWHILL, Allegheny, Pa.
For sale by all druggists.
LYMAN, KNOX & Co.,
Wholesale Agents, Montreal and Toronto.

D. MCINTOSH & SONS
Manufacturers and Importers of
Granite and Marble Monuments
Mural Tablets, Fonts, Etc.
Office and Showroom,
(524 YONGE ST. Opposite Maitland St.)
— Telephone 4239.

POWELL & PARKINSON,
Have the largest stock of
Granite and Marble Monuments
IN THE CITY.
Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere. Telephone 1627.
336 Yonge Street.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE.
SINGLE TRIPS.
Commencing MONDAY, May 14, steamer **CHICORA**
will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., for
Niagara, Queenston, Lewiston,
connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways and Falls Electric Railways.
Tickets at principal offices.
JOHN FOX, Manager.

M. MORAN,
House and Sign Painter, Etc.,
Painters, Grainers, etc.
Send for Circular sample, etc. of first class and anti-graining done with my new trade Metallo Graining Tools. M. MORAN, 115 JARVIS ST., TORONTO, Ont.
Agent for J. J. CALLOW.

TORONTO CARRIAGE WORKS
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES & WAGGONS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
CULLERTON & MCGRAW
29 and 31 AGNES STREET, TORONTO.
Repairing and Re-painting a specialty.
Moderate prices. 19-17

St. Jerome's College
Berlin, Ont.
Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address, Terms including all necessary expenses, except for books \$141 per annum.
REV. THEO. SPETZ, C.R., D.D.,
President

Confederation Life Building
Yonge & Mitchell Sts.
TORONTO
British American Business College
The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.
O'DEA & HOSKINS

CATHOLIC DEVOTIONAL READING
— FOR THE —
MONTH OF MAY.

A Flower for each day of the Month of May...	10
New Month of May Cloth	40
The Young Girl's Month of May Paper	10
Our Lady's Month Cloth	25
Tickets for the Month of May per package	5
A Flower every Evening of the Month of May Cloth	35
Little Month of Mary Leatherette	35
The Child's Month of May Paper	10
Cloth	18
New May Devotions. By Rev. A. Wirth, O.S.B.	1 00
The Month of May. For Congregational Use Cloth	30

SOUVENIRS FOR HOLY COMMUNION.
The Great Day; or Souvenir of Holy Communion. Cloth..... 45
Counsels on Holy Communion. Paper..... 15
Stories for Holy Communion. Cloth..... 50
Invout Communicant Cloth..... 25
Commandments and Sacraments. Cloth..... 50

ROSARIES:
Pearl, Amethyst, Amber, Garnet and Crystal.
PRAYER-BOOKS:
Bound in French-morocco, morocco extra, calf, velvet, borine, ivory, pearl, &c., &c.
MEDALS:
In Silver, Silver-gilt, and Gold.
COMMUNION CARDS.
of all Sizes, for Framing.
Any of the above articles mailed free, on receipt of advertised price.

D. & J. SADLER,
TORONTO, No. 123 Church street, MONTREAL, No. 1609 Notre Dame st.

The Register
Book and Job Printing
DEPARTMENT.

Every Description of Work Neatly Executed.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.
Write for Prices or Telephone 459

Swinging to Dreamland.

By WILLIAM S. LORD.

Swing, baby, swing to dreamland,
There, sweet, in slumber go.
My song will blend in ecstasies
With songs the angels know.
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollow holden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swaying, swinging,
High up among the stars.
At mother's wish upspringing
Shall sleep let down the bars.
Although thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt in my arms holden
Wake bright and laughing soon.

Selected Receipts.

SPONGE GINGER BREAD.—One cupful sour milk, one cupful good molasses, half a cup butter, two eggs, and a teaspoon of soda in the milk, and one tea spoon of ginger. Add enough flour to make as thick as pound cake. Warm the butter, molasses and ginger, add the milk and the flour, and bake as quickly as possible.

VINAIGRETTE SAUCE.—Put into a vessel six hard boiled egg yolks rubbed through a sieve, smooth nicely while beating with a spoon, and incorporate slowly two gills of good oil, two spoonfuls of cold veloute sauce, a little vinegar, mustard, pepper, chopped parsley or chives. Serve this sauce the same time with the asparagus, or else serve them with a Hollandaise mousseline sauce.

ASPARAGUS TOPS FRIED A LA MIRANDA.—Bend and break off the tender part of the asparagus into one inch lengths; blanch them well in salted water, drain and dip in fine cracker dust, then in beaten egg, and finally in bread crumbs. Fry, drain, salt and dressed on a folded napkin, laying a bunch of fried green parsley on top; serve apart, a sauce made with one hard-boiled egg yolk mingled with one raw yolk, mustard, salt and pepper; beat vigorously, stirring in a little olive oil and Tarragon vinegar.

ASPARAGUS TOPS A LA MAINTENON.—Have all the asparagus of the same size, not too slender; break off the ends at the beginning of the tender part, strip off the heads and cut the tender parts into inch lengths; put the heads aside to cook separately; plunge the lengths into boiling salted water, place in an untinned copper pan; boil quickly, keeping them slightly hard, then wipe on a cloth, and put them into a thin sautoir with melted butter. Season, heat rapidly white tossing, then move. The asparagus can now be laid in a little veloute and chicken juice; serve the asparagus in a vegetable dish, surrounded with croutons of bread shaped like a cocks-comb, fried in batter just when prepared to dish up.

BOILED ASPARAGUS WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.—Have the asparagus freshly picked, if practicable, trim the tops and scrape or peel the stalks, then pare them into equal lengths and tie them into small bunches, separating the larger ones from the smaller; fasten them well with string. Boil the asparagus in plenty of salted water in an untinned copper basin, plunging them into the liquid. Cover the vessel and let cook slowly. As soon as they are done drain them on a sieve, and afterward untie the bunches on a cloth and dress them symmetrically in a pyramid on a folded napkin; carefully reserve the handsomest ones for the top. Send to the table at the same time a good Hollandaise sauce, or else a vinaigrette sauce.

A new embroidery, or rather revival, which will undoubtedly be very popular, is made by darning flowers or conventional designs on net. A very pretty effect can be produced by buying very open Swiss work by the yard and using it as a background, filling in a pattern with satin stitch.

Why Not Women Architects.

It is a surprise that women have not taken up architecture as a profession to a fuller extent, for there is no business for which woman seems more peculiarly fitted. Men have little practical knowledge of the value of space in a house, or of the advantage of closets, or of the disagreeable incidents which occur in an illy arranged mansion. The home is especially the woman's sphere, and houses designed by women for women should theoretically, and would practically, prove that many and great improvements could be made on the majority of these clap-trap affairs which are now being put up. Of course, women could not do the supervising and practical construction, but it would be a comparatively easy thing for a female architect to find a reliable builder to take all that part of the off her shoulders, or she could have a trained manager, who could make her estimates and attend to the strictly business part of the office. Not only is a woman's knowledge of the needs of a home more practical, but the artistic is also more fully developed in her than it is in a man. She can estimate an effect more quickly, and, as a rule, she has a great deal more knowledge of the value of colors and the influence of lines in the production of the desired effect. Perhaps before many years we will see a great many houses which are the conception of the feminine brain, and the houses thus designed may be an improvement on those which are now produced from masculine conceptions.

The Secret of Happiness.

There is an old story about two buckets that hung in the same well, and passed each other many times a day on their journeys to and from the depths.

One day one of these asked the other why it appeared so melancholy, and received this reply:

"It is because I cannot help reflecting how discouraging it is that no matter how full we come up we always go back empty."

"Why," responded the first bucket, "that is an odd way of looking at it. For my part I am always congratulating myself that no matter how empty I go down, I am always sure to come back full!"

The moral of this story is that our happiness is not nearly so dependent upon our outward fortune as we are apt to imagine.

The Ex-Priest Slattery.

The great anti-Catholic lecturer, the ex-priest Slattery, in answer to a statement of *The Monitor* on the 7th inst., denied that he was ever drunk. His conduct at San Jose gives the sequel. We quote from the *Star* of last week: "Slattery, the alleged ex-priest who lectured here recently, is a disgraceful character. A short time ago he visited San Jose, and we are reliably informed that his behavior was not becoming of a reformer and a gentleman. He got beastly drunk, and while in that condition one morning acted so boisterously because he was refused further "stimulants" that he was commanded to leave a certain resort for the hungry and thirsty. Failing to promptly obey the command he was thrust into the street, and should have been kicked into the gutter where he belongs."

The man's villainess can only be equalled by his audacity and the folly of his followers.—*Monitor, San Francisco.*

The Rev. Dr. Campbell, Protestant Dean of Dromore, died at Lurgan, on April 23d, in his 53d year.

On April 16th, in Wexford, a boy named Roche, who resides in Joseph street, and is employed at Messrs. Pierce's Iron Works, was working at a planing machine when his hand was caught by it, and one of his fingers was taken off and other portions of his hand were crushed. He was brought to the infirmary immediately and had his injuries dressed.

"GONE WEST."

THE DOMINION REGALIA CO.,

Finding their old stand much too small for their rapidly increasing business, have

REMOVED

to the larger and commodious premises known as

76 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

COME AND SEE US.

Professional Cards.

F. W. CAREY, LL.B. J. M. QUINN.
QUINN & CAREY,
Barristers, - Solicitors, - &c.

OFFICES—Rooms 6 and 7 MILLICHAM'S BUILDINGS,
85 ADELAIDE ST. EAST,
TORONTO, ONT.
Telephone 1159.

HEARN & LAMONT,

Barristers, Solicitors, Proctors in
Admiralty, Notaries, &c.

OFFICES: TORONTO AND TOTTENHAM,
47 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West,
Toronto; Bend's Block, Tottenham.
EDWARD J. HEARN, JOHN LAMONT, B.A.
Residence, 10 Soraburen Ave., Toronto.
Toronto Telephone, 1640.

ROSS, CAMERON & MALLON

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

25 Bank of Commerce Building,
King St. West, Toronto.
Telephone 374.
Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D. M. G. Cameron.
Jas. W. Mallon, B.A., LL.B.

CAMERON & LEE,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

EQUITY CHAMBERS,
COR. ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA STREETS,
TORONTO.

BRANCH OFFICE: OAKVILLE, ONTARIO.
D. O. CAMERON, B.A. W. T. J. LEE, B.C.L.
TELEPHONE 1553. 28-1y

FRANK A. ANGLIN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,

NOTARY, &c.,

OFFICES: MEDICAL COUNCIL BUILDING,
Corner of Bay and Richmond Streets,
(Next door to the City Registry Office).
TORONTO. CANADA

C. J. McCABE,

BARRISTER and SOLICITOR.

Office: 69 Adelaide St. East,
TELEPHONE 1458. TORONTO.
Money to Loan. Conveyancing.
C. J. McCABE, B.A.

FOY & KELLY,

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

OFFICES

Home Savings and Loan Co.'s Build-
ings, 50 Church Street, Toronto.
J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY

Macdonell, McCarthy & Boland

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

Office—Quebec Bank Chambers,
No 2 Toronto street.
Toronto.
Money to Loan.
A. C. Macdonell B.C.L. W. C. McCarthy.
W. J. Boland.

MULVEY & McBRADY,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY,

Room 67, Canada Life Building,
46 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
Telephone 705
THOMAS M. VEY. 17-6m L. V. McBRADY.

J. J. LANDY,
Solicitor, Notary, Etc.

OFFICE: 120 YONGE STREET.
Room 7.

Dr. EDWIN FORSTER

DENTIST,

OFFICE:
Corner Buchanan & Yonge sts. 24-y

J. J. CASSIDY, M.D.

TORONTO.

Office and Residence, 69 BLOOR ST. EAST.

OFFICE HOURS:
8 to 10 A.M.,
1 to 3 P.M.,
6 to 8 P.M.

TELEPHONE 3544.

Jas Loftus, L.D.S., D.D.S. J. Robins, L.D.S., D.D.S.

DRS. LOFTUS & ROBINS,

DENTISTS

Cor. Queen and Bathurst sts. Toronto, Ont
Open at Night.

POST & HOLMES,
ARCHITECTS.

OFFICES:

Rooms 28 and 29 Manning Arcade,
A. A. POST Toronto. A. W. HOLMES
TELEPHONE 451.

C. P. LENNOX, L.D.S.

C. W. Lennox, D.D.S., Philadelphia

:: L. D. S., Toronto ::

C. P. LENNOX & SON.

:: Dentists ::

ROOMS A AND B, YONGE ST. ARCADE,
TELEPHONE 1846 :: TORONTO

DR. MCKENNA,

244 SPADINA AVE

TELEPHONE 2993.

0-6m

EYESIGHT PROPERLY . . .
TESTED

MY OPTICIAN,

159 Yonge st., Confederation Life Bldg.

TORONTO. 10-3m

A. J. McDONAGH,

DENTIST,

Office and Residence

274 SPADINA AVE.,

Three doors south of St. Patrick st.
Telephone 2322.

COSGRAVE & CO.

MALTSTERS,

Brewers and Bottlers
TORONTO.

Are supplying the Trade with their superior

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian
Straw of Hops. They are highly recom-
mended by the Medical Faculty for
their purity and strengthening
qualities.

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

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St.
TELEPHONE No. 264.

Bible Confirmed by Discovery.

Infidels believe some statements in the Bible to be made out of whole cloth. Skeptics accept the book as far as "their reason" permits; like the woman who was relating a runaway, and she trusted in Providence—till the harness broke. Some Christians look upon the scriptures as a child does the science of electricity. They cannot see the why and the wherefore, but suppose they will understand some day. But time and again discovery blows a bugle call of victory. The advance of science is a juggernaut that crushes beneath its wheels the captives of unbelief and denial. For example, the description of the armor worn by Goliath is considered a little "stretched" by the incredulous. Of course 208 pounds for a coat of mail was a little more than modern warriors can carry. A spear head weighing twenty five pounds required a mighty arm to wield it effectively. But along comes a discovery with "the colossal head of an immense lance," found in an ancient Armenian royal palace. Its breadth is five and a half inches, its length thirty one and a half inches, with six holes by which it was fastened to its shaft. The Old Testament is not so bad after all.

Besides news is continually flashed over the wire of archaeological discoveries which confirm the Bible history. Every find in this century has been like a lightning bolt, to strike into everlasting annihilation the doubts and quibbles of the infidel or the agnostic.

A Royal Notice.

For some time past reports have been spread abroad that Princess Clementine, third daughter of the King of the Belgians, would before long be entering a convent, but they were denied as quickly as they were published. The news, however, is true. As all the world knows, Princess Clementine was betrothed to Prince Baldwin, of Flanders, to whom she was greatly attached. His unfortunate sudden death came as a fearful shock and destroyed all the worldly hopes of the young princess. She consequently made a vow to enter religion as soon as her majority gave her liberty to follow her choice. The resolution would already have been carried into effect, but out of deference to family wishes and acting under advice, her Royal Highness consents to wait until after the approaching marriage of Princess Josephine, her cousin, with Prince Hohenzollern, before quitting the world for the cloister.

The "Treaty Stone."

One of the objects of unending interest to the Irish tourist in the ancient city of Limerick is the famous "Treaty Stone," which, on the memorable occasion of the capitulation of the city, after enduring two sieges (October 3, 1691), served as a writing-desk, whereon Sarsfield and De Ginklo and the English Commissioners appended their signatures to the articles of the treaty, which, though subsequently ratified by William III., was never kept by the English, and, indeed, as Davis had tersely written, was

"Broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry."

The "Treaty Stone" is a large oblong block of unburnt limestone, one end of it being several inches lower than the other. It stood originally on the side of the road, near the foot of old Thomond Bridge, on the Clara side of the Shannon, and was an unending object of attraction to all that passed that way, the tradition of its use on the occasion referred to being clearly handed down from one generation to another. When the old bridge was removed, to make way for the present structure, the grade of the roadway was raised several feet, and the old stone was for many years half

buried in a pit which the workmen had walled up around it. Through the efforts of a few patriotic citizens, it was at length raised to the level of the footpath, on the side of the bridge opposite to where it now stands; and there it remained for many years, until public attention was drawn to the fact that it was in danger of being carried away piecemeal by tourists and relic hunters, who, whenever a chance offered did not scruple to break off fragments of it as souvenirs. Steps were at once taken for the preservation of this venerable "relic of the past;" the pedestal on which the stone now stands was erected; and, on its completion, the stone itself was elevated to its position in presence of the Mayor and Common Council and the assembled citizens of Limerick.

Sir Charles Russell.

The elevation of Sir Charles Russell to a seat on England's highest court is an honor won, as it should be, even more by his abilities as a lawyer than by his fidelity to the Liberal party in politics. It is, however, the first time that an Irish patriot and staunch Catholic has been so honored, Judge Mathew, a nephew of Father Mathew, never having been active in the politics of Ireland. Lord Justice Russell, as he will hereafter be known, comes of an old family of the counties of Down and Louth that has had several members distinguished for their superior talents. His uncle was the famous Very Rev. Dr. Russell, for a long time President of Maynooth College, and his brother is Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., editor of the *Irish Monthly* and a writer of note. By marriage he is allied with another well-known Irish literary family, his wife being a sister of Rosa (Mrs. John T. Gilbert) and Clara Mulholland. It is the bench, more than its new occupant, that is to be congratulated.—*Catholic Standard.*

The *Graphic* says that an operation will be performed on Mr. Gladstone's eyes within the next ten days.

Prof. James Bryce has been appointed President of the Board of Trade in succession to Mr. J. Mundella, who resigned a few days ago. Baron Tweedmouth succeeds Prof. Bryce as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Wit and Humor.

When a friend turns out to be a trump, then is the time to discard him.

Rimple: "Does your wife obey you as she promised to do at the altar?" Simple: "Well, the fact is, I've never dared to test her."

At the Opera.—Mrs. P'Om de Terre: "Don't you think, Count, that the acoustics are very bad?" Count Wait'Er: "I smell nousing."

Teacher: "I don't suppose any one of the little boys here has ever seen a whale?" Boy (at the foot of the class): "No, sir, but I've felt one."

"How will I enter the money the cashier skipped with," asked the book-keeper; "under the profit and loss?" "No; suppose you put it under running expenses."

The butcher (haughtily): "Madam, my reputation rests upon my meat." Doubting Customer: "Well, if it's as tough as that last steak you sent me, I feel sorry for you."

Obedient Child.—Teacher—"I gave you three examples in arithmetic, and you have not done one of them." Pupil—"No; my father told me always to shun bad examples."

Detective (hurriedly): "Where did that fellow go who just now ran out of the hotel?" Citizen (still rubbing the toe that the fugitive stepped on): "I don't know, but I hope he'll go where I told him to."

Coroner—"Is this man whom you found dead on the railway track a total stranger?" Mike (who has been told to be careful in his statement): "No, sir. His legs are gone entirely. He was a partial stranger, sir."

Patients Wife—"If you cannot decide what is the matter with my husband, hadn't you better call in some other physicians for consultation?" Family Doctor—"Mercy, no, madam. My ideas are confused enough already."

A firm wrote to a piano dealer who owed them money—"Dear Sir—Will you be kind enough to send us amount of your bill? Yours truly." To this the firm received the following reply: "Gentleman—Your request is granted with pleasure. The amount of my bill is £120—Yours truly."

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, May 23, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 58	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Barley, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	6 0	6 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 05
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 08	0 12
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 18	0 20
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 16	0 17
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 40	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 40	0 45
Onions, per bag.....	1 15	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 40	0 60
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	3 00	4 75
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	11 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, May 22.—There was a decided improvement in the quality of much of the export cattle on offer here to-day. The demand was fair to start with, but it eased off, and prices showed no material advance, though a few deals were reported at \$4 30 and \$4 35, and one at \$4 40 per cwt. The bulk of the buying appeared to range from 4 1/2 to 4 1/4, and 4 was a common figure.

There were few outside buyers for butcher cattle, and the trade was rather slow. Messrs Rogers and Halligan purchased three loads of mixed shippers and butchers, averaging 1,150 lbs, at \$3 40 per cwt.

Sheep are nominal; yearlings unchanged; and spring lambs in rather better inquiry. Good yearlings are in request, but poor qualities are weaker. A bunch of 55, averaging 80 lbs, sold at \$2.25 each; a bunch of 23 spring lambs sold at \$3.75 each; 13 at \$3.50 and 14 sold at \$4 each.

A bunch of 44 calves averaging 120 lbs, sold at \$3 90 each; a bunch of 13, averaging 140 lbs, sold at \$5 each; 24, averaging 130 lbs, sold at \$4.75 each; and a bunch of 19, averaging 125 lbs, sold at \$4.30 each.

A little over 1,200 hogs were in, and prices for the best were quite ten cents off; while heavy hogs were not wanted at a decline of 20c and 35c per cwt. Still all were sold.

Two battalions of troops have been sent to Blassendorf, Transylvania, to quell the riotous disturbances of the Roumanians at that point. The trouble grew out of the recent trial of Roumanian "patriots" for treason at K'auenburg.

Church Pews.

SCHOOL FURNITURE

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

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

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY,

258 QUEEN STREET WEST, Directly opposite Fire Hall. Headquarters for Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Pharmaceutical Preparations and Family Medicines. ALSO SICK ROOM, NURSERY & TOILET REQUISITES. Liberal discount to Religious Communities. PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY. Postal and Telephone orders receive immediate attention. E. G. LEMAITRE.

EMPRESS HOTEL

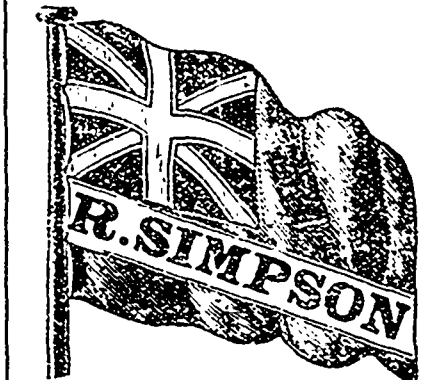
339 YONGE STREET, Corn. Gould Street TORONTO. TERMS: \$1.00 & \$1.50 per day. Street cars from Union Station pass every 3 minutes. R. DISETTE, Proprietor. Telephone 2279.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

54 and 56 Jarvis St., TORONTO. Rates: \$1.00 and \$1.50 per day. H. DONNELLY, Proprietor.

MAPLE LEAF HOTEL.

CLANCY BROS. Beg to inform their friends and the public generally that they have opened their New Hotel, Nos. 771 to 775 Queen st. E. Corner Saultier street, Where they will keep a First-class Stock of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Bass's Ale and Guinness's Stout ALSO IN STOCK.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

BUILDING SALE.

A single instance will illustrate the money to be saved in buying here just now. A lot of Flannelettes, beautiful goods, in checks and stripes, marked 6c. to clear, regular 10c. goods. Another lot of Flannelettes, fine quality, marked 7 1/2c., regular 12 1/2c. line. Is not this a substantial saving on the most staple goods?

Every lady has a right to be particular in the quality and make of gloves that she wears. Ill-fitting gloves can be had, but never at this store.

In a line of goods as completely staple as boots and shoes, the reductions that we are making from our always very close prices are quite remarkable. Let the list speak for itself:

- Ladies' Mongolia Kid, button, Piccadilly last, patent leather tip, regular price \$1.75, sale price \$1.25.
- Ladies' Vici Kid, button, Piccadilly last, long or short vamp, regular price \$2.50, sale price \$1.75.
- Ladies' Vici Kid button, hand-turned, patent tip, regular price \$2.50, sale price \$1.
- Ladies' Donzola Kid Oxford, pat. tip, hand-turned, regular price \$1.25, sale price \$1.
- Ladies' Vici Kid Oxford, pat. leather tip and facing, hand-turned, regular price \$2, sale price \$1.50.
- Ladies' Tan Calf Oxford, hand-turned, Piccadilly toe, regular price \$1.75, sale price \$1.25.

R. SIMPSON,

S. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge st. Entrance Queen st. W. New Annex, 170 Yonge street. Store Nos. 170, 171, 172, 173 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

CLINTON H. MEHEELY - BELL - COMPANY

TROY, N. Y., Manufacture a Superior Grade of Church, Chime, and School Bells.

THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XIII.
PARTINGS AND MEETINGS.

The third day of festivity at Woolton Court was entirely of a popular nature, and on the same scale of magnificence and beauty. The nearest barn had been emptied and decorated, to rival in effect the saloon of the mansion. The band was the same, and the supper more abundant, if not more refined. Mr. Grainger, the butler, did the honors with Mrs. Tartsen, the housekeeper, and the reduced family party within the mansion contented themselves with the hired services, at their late dinner, of the respectable waiters from the hotel in the village. On the following day "farewell" was said for a while, and keepsakes were exchanged, and promises made of portraits and letters; and Violet endeavored not to weep, and was strengthened in her courage by the discovery that although the Earl of Charleton could not be won from his home and domestic family at the approaching Christmas, and that Lord Stanmore must, in filial affection, remain with him over the actual solemnity; yet he had accepted the invitation to Marsden for New Year's Day, where he would remain till after the holidays.

"There will be no partings in heaven, thank God," cried the duchess; "but on earth they are useful; for but for them we should find this 'the best of all possible worlds,' as the French infidel really called it."

"Ah, duchess, what are we to do without you?" cried Lord Seaham. "I will not say, 'we could better spare a better woman,' because a better does not exist; but we shall sadly miss your windings up, your dramatic surprises, your final scenes. Twenty years hence Clara may, in her own way, supply your place. She has genius enough now, but with her discriminating good sense she sees that her age, and in her actual position, retirement is the more dignified and graceful. So you see, duchess, you are absolutely necessary, like the last bright touches in a picture, to our Christmas holidays at Marsden. Will you come?"

"Do not tempt me, marquis; my duty at Christmas does not lie at Marsden, but in a certain arm-chair in Leicestershire, among step-children and step-grandchildren at Polhill Towers, who, having received me forty-six years ago, when I was nineteen, and they little children, as their own mother, deserve to be treated as my flesh and blood."

"But cannot you combine the two good things?" pleaded the marquis. "Cannot you divide the Christmas part in Leicestershire, part in Cheshire?"

"I will write to you," replied she; "I will ascertain whether the division can be effected without causing pain. If not, it ought not to be attempted. Wear of coolness and estrangement in families, the fault lies with the one who first let it be perceived that the family circle is twined outside his heart instead of within it, but my carriage is first at the door, I understand, so all the wise things I have yet to say on that head shall be given on paper."

"Come, Lady Clara, let us walk through the rooms together, for I shall not see you again till you are the soldier's wife. A little box of jewelry is already packed up with yours, which I hope you will wear some day during the honeymoon, in remembrance of your mother's old friend. Kiss me, Violet. remember to ride on horseback and practise the harp alternate days, that your figure may remain as perfect as God made it. Good-bye—good-bye—all—all"

Lord Charleton was on the steps of the portal, and handed the warm-

hearted duchess to the carriage; she had not remarked the exact number of the steps in descent, and raked falling, but recovered herself, assisted by her venerable cavalier, who, in his anxiety, called out, "Take care, Emma."

In another hour, Arthur and his grandfather were seated together, for the first time alone at the dinner-table, since their familiar home at Marseilles.

"These festive days must have fatigued you, my lord," observed Arthur, when the servants had retired.

"They would have done so," replied Lord Charleton, "had not everything been so well organized, that there was no anxiety—no confusion."

"Thank you, my dear lord—thank you, my own best-loved grand father!" And Arthur, resting his face on his hands, wept in a sudden outburst of emotion that surprised even himself. The venerable grandfather did not arrest this salutary relief; but charged the current of Arthur's thoughts by saying:

"These festivities over, we have in duty to welcome a different guest—one whom we receive in faith, that the body sown in corruption shall rise to a joyful immortality. I expect the body of my son and your father, on Friday next at nightfall. I do not wish the funeral rites to be in secret. On the contrary, I rather court publicity, for reasons I will unfold to you at another time. I wish a procession to go the length of the causeway to meet the body, composed of the household servants and those immediate settlers on the estate who have been accustomed, in the old times, to wear the livery, on state occasions, of Woolton Court. Each will bear a torch and receive a long black scarf. I desire that you will act as chief mourner. I shall receive you—both—here the voice faltered—"both my living and dead treasures in the chapel of my fathers." After a short pause the earl added: "After the solemn interment of my son, I wish that of my uncle. But the false report of his suicide would require witnesses to prove its falsity, that he may receive Christian burial. It is, therefore, doubtful whether a long delay may not occur—that is, a delay beyond Friday next."

"Why, Turner and Jenkins can attest that he was alive long after his supposed suicide," observed Lord Stanmore.

"Yes, but it appears that Turner and Jenkins have themselves become suspected by their overwrought zeal, and that their word, when given for the advantage of the old family, would not be deemed sufficient. There must be the medical attestation. This can be procured; for, the medical gentleman who attended my uncle is still alive, but removed to a distant town. I shall have the desired attestation by post."

The interval between the joyful festivities of the earl's return and the solemnities of Christmas was occupied by these two obsequies, which were duly performed according to the pious wishes of the Lord of Woolton. Then followed the holy season of the wondrous birth—the crib of Bethlehem, and all its tender and grateful associations. It was also a season of benefactions to the poor; and Christmas week passed swiftly thus in sacred deeds for God and man till new-year's eve, when, at the earl's express desire, Arthur fulfilled the engagement to join the family party of the Marquis of Seaham, at Marsden Park, Cheshire. Thanks to cross-country railroads, our hero arrived the same day to a late dinner, and, by an expeditious toilet, contrived to be one of the first in the drawing-room, where Lord Seaham greeted him warmly, and introduced his brother, Lord Claud Chamberlayne, who had arrived just before Christmas from the court of Munich. There was a strong

likeness between the brothers, and evidently a perfect understanding between them: this was a pleasing dispelling of prejudice in Arthur's mind against presumptive heirs. The dinner party consisted of Sir Henry and Lady Clara Moorland, a dowager Countess Silbrook, and Miss Tolman, her granddaughter, Lord Claud Chamberlayne, a Colonel Harris, and the private secretary to the Marquis of Seaham, a Mr. Pemble. The conversation during the short interval that occurred before dinner was chiefly between the marquis and his new brother-in-law, Sir Henry Moorland, with occasional sounds of merriment from Lord Claud and a group whom he was entertaining by a description from a clever French work (by Baron Thibault), and his own experience of the excitement in the streets of Munich, at two intense and all-absorbing epochs of the day—an excitement which continuing throughout the year, never abated, was ever up at fever point, and extended to the hidden aristocracy as well as to the visible and active body called "the people." This was the rush from all the private dwellings, including palace and hovel, with mugs and jugs to fetch beer from the enormous tuns stationed at the accredited vendors only; the which tuns, immovable in their vastness and solidity, might, in contrast to the agitation around them, fitly represent the passive sublime.

"For 'beer,'" continued Lord Claud, "'beer' takes a position in Germany unknown even in England. It makes its importance be felt; it forms one of the grave topics of the day; it ranks with prime ministers, influences foreign diplomacy, keeps up friendly relations, cements the Germanic Union, and, finally, is quaffed by the Queen of Bavaria, every night at supper."

Dinner being then announced, the marquis, inviting Lord Stanmore to follow with Lady Clara, led the Countess Silbrook to the centre of the table, as at Rockley. Sir Henry Moorland, with the aid of Lord Claud, who yielded his precedency, offered his arm to Miss Tolman: the group of gentleman followed. Lord Stanmore cast his eyes on the vacant chair to the left hand of the marquis, and, smiling, said:

"I am glad to see that nothing is changed from the dear cottage by the lake of Windermere." He then continued in a low tone to Lady Clara, as the voices around permitted him, "for your marriage has changed nothing to me,—we met too late. I admire Sir Henry Moorland extremely,—a fine martial figure, with a most expressive countenance; no one would detect his misfortune. But he must be on the shady side of forty, therefore considerably your senior."

Lady Clara merely observed, "I feel assured that you will appreciate each other, and become great friends." After this the conversation became general on the approaching meeting of Parliament, and the consequent removal after the Christmas holidays, from Marsden Park to St. James' Square.

At the usual moment, in the last course, Lady Violet, gliding to the vacant chair, and protected by her father's hand, looked, and bowed, and smiled all her innocent pleasure at seeing Lord Stanmore once again, and it not unfrequently happened, during the following half-hour, that where the right hand would, on other days, have been employed, it was now the left that handed the sweetmeats to her father, or raised the wine-glass to her lips, that left delicate hand, on which rested, in fidelity, the emerald ring of her betrothal. In the evening there was music. The ladies also worked, partly in compliment to Lady Silbrook, who was one of those surviving ladies of the court of Queen Adelaide, who worked as indefatigably as in the days of Queen Matilda and the tapestry history of the Conquest. The marquis had seated himself by Lady Silbrook's little work-table, and unperceived by

her, was concentrating all his attention on the open page of a book before him. For the first time since his early boyhood, the great man was puzzled,—hopelessly puzzled,—and must have retired as crestfallen as any of those incompetent applicants for office whom he had dismissed, had his country imperatively exacted his scientific and practical knowledge of its contents.

"Claud," said he at length, as his brother passed him, "just look at this. Can you form any idea of its meaning and intention? There is neither preface nor title-page to guide to the solution of its mysteries; and yet it seems to be English, and we might well be expected to have some knowledge, however superficial, of the scientific terms of our country."

"How delicious it is to be a little puzzled in this common-place world!" said Lord Claud, taking the book. "No, I cannot make this out: 'Per! two, turn over, drop one, take up the ribs,'—'cast off,—repeat' Oh, here is a clue, 'knit five plain rows.'"

"Oh! it is my knitting-book, or rather part of my book," cried Lady Silbrook. "I have given all the first part to a friend, who is somewhat my pupil in fancy knitting. Just imagine my possessing a book understood by my poor weak mind, and beyond the capacity of two such geniuses, and learned geniuses, too."

"So this is a printed direction for lady's work," said Lord Seaham, examining the little book; what an extraordinary production! Your mind, I perceive, Lady Silbrook, is perfectly engrossed by these minute changes. You have also count, knit eighty-four rows; leave two ribs. No wonder your ladyship has become so silent. You are rendered, by this all-engrossing work, perfectly independent of the society of your fellow creatures. It would be a great alleviation to a prisoner in solitary confinement, to be taught this work;" and taking out his pocket book, the memorandum was made: "a work easily learned, that absorbs the mind from all sense of loneliness,—solitary prisoner,—Countess of Silbrook,—books written to instruct."

As the marquis closed his pocket-book, his attention was arrested by a conversation between Sir Henry Moorland and Lord Claud Chamberlayne; so laying down the knitting-book by the silently-counting Lady Silbrook, who could only bow and smile, he approached the animated speakers.

CHAPTER XIV.
DIPLOMACY AND WAR.

"What was the last wise thing you were saying, Claud?" demanded the marquis, seating himself near his brother.

"We were speaking of political exaggerations," replied Lord Claud, "and their consequent reaction; and whether it were not better to let all violent movements rush on without control, in the certainty that all exaggerations must become too palpably mischievous not to disgust in the end, and produce a reaction almost but not quite as violent, till at length, like the gradually lessening motion of a suspended object, a vibrating pendulum, the action ceases, and all is calm, and, were it a question of inert matter, stagnant; but a human population cannot stagnate."

"That is very true," said Lord Seaham, "one of the best faculties given to man is his power of mental equilibrium; he sees, ponders, compares, adjusts, and chooses at length the solid best; that is to say, a moral and durable good. Can you say as much for your favorite Armstrong gun, general?" added he, turning to Sir Henry, who replied, "that as man was born a pugnacious animal, and was prone, as they had just determined, to violent impulses, in the desire to secure for himself a solid and durable good, he must constantly fight."

"Well," continued the general, "if man must fight his fellow-man to obtain this good, and the science of his country has brought this means of success within his reach, is he not wise and patriotic to secure it, by giving science and practice every advantage possible?"

"Certainly," said the marquis; "science and mechanical art, laborious experiments, and constant practice of newly-invented means of defence, are due to the love of country. We may lament the necessity of war; but if war be inevitable, we are bound to be grateful for every fresh aid to success. Still, no gun is a moral and a durable good, and therefore all the pomp and glitter of the army is not to be compared to the meek influence of diplomacy, which, by no other weapon than the tongue or the pen, calms all these exaggerations, these national jealousies, these pugnacious propensities, or rather their furious development; and, at length, leads the wolf to lie down with the lamb."

"Sir Henry observed, smiling, "that with many an honest man the term 'deceit' and the term 'diplomacy' were synonymous."

"There is something certainly more straightforward in the blow of a cannon-ball," said the marquis, "but observe and acknowledge this—that if in reconciling friends in private life you are justified in concealing all that could keep alive or cause fresh irritation, and you charitably dwell on the good qualities, and still more on the high opinion each has of the other, how much more when whole nations are involved in the questions of war and peace. We diplomatists have high authority on our side: 'Blessed are the peace-makers.'"

"The first battle, however, that we hear of," said Sir Henry, "was in heaven; and if the angels had not fought bravely, their diplomacy would have availed them little."

"Well," returned the marquis, "we are agreed that fighting must take place so long as there is evil. War is a sad necessity, because of the imperfections of all things here below. The test that war is an evil is, that in heaven there will be no more fighting, but an eternal reign of peace."

"And no more diplomacy," persisted the general: "where there is an eternal peace, no peace-makers are required."

"They are eternally and gloriously rewarded," said the marquis.

"And so is the heroic soldier," continued Sir Henry, "greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friends. So highly do the army chaplains abroad think of the sacrifice of life that a soldier makes from duty, that if he be otherwise in a fit state to die, that is, in a state of grace, they consider it a martyrdom by which he immediately enters heaven. Now they do not pronounce in this way on the diplomatist. I think they consider rather that the great man has probably to wait some time in the ante-rooms above before gaining admittance: 'faire l'ante chambre,' as our neighbors say."

"Come, my dear decorated general," said the marquis, "if you made the diplomatist remain in the ante-chambers of the heavenly court, because of the dress of wordly honors, what do you intend for a soldier who does not die on the battle-field?"

"He has died for his country by desire, and by exposure and risk," said Sir Henry, "and the sin which causes fighting to be a necessary evil no more takes from the merit of the sacrifice, than in the case of actual martyrdom, when idolatrous and wicked judges condemned the early Christians."

"That is a very good argument," observed Lady Clara.

"It is," said her brother. "This soldier of yours, Olara, is worth grappling with. You do not think, however, that we have finished the argument, do you? because I have further to observe, that as mind is

superior to matter, and soul to body, the diplomatist, that is, the peaceful statesman, who loves his country more than his party, and yet sees that his party is, when united, of the greatest service to his country; when that statesman cannot conscientiously vote with his party, and foresees, nevertheless, that his not doing so will break up the most generally upright and useful cabinet that has ever been formed—this crisis of self-sacrifice, of desertion of friends, of mental agony—this is martyrdom. We know from history and biography," continued Lord Seaham, "that when several of these conflicts occur in the career of a statesman, and that he is gifted or cursed with a delicate sense of honor, strong affections, and feeling too acute, we know that in the end the seat of reason has lost its equilibrium, and suicide has ended all."

"Alas! not ended!" said Lady Clara, "his eternity but then begins."

"I understand and feel all you say," observed Sir Henry, "in which you mean, doubtless, to include the being misjudged and misrepresented, not only by the public at large, but also by the statesman's own personal friends?"

"Yes, indeed," continued the marquis, "this last hidden blow has, perhaps, been the one to strike fatally both heart and brain."

"And are there no culminating hours for the soldier?" said Sir Henry.

"Is there not an awful responsibility in giving a word of command that shall decide the slaughter of thousands—send the souls of thousands into the presence of their Maker? Then, again, is it nothing to lose a battle; to sound a retreat; to know that stupidity, or cowardice, or treachery has ruined the best tactics and the finest army in the world? To know that, in her first disappointment, the mother country may utter words that will become historical, and all against you? That the triumphant welcome home is to be exchanged for a private return in small numbers at a time; and that at headquarters some polite and well-meant words will alone greet you, such as, 'Well, general, these are the chances of war. Cannot expect all to be all Marlboroughs and Wellingtons. Et!—Did your best. No more can be asked of any man,' &c."

"Yours was a very different reception, Moorland," observed the marquis. "I saw the actual emotion in the royal personages who bestowed, or witnessed the bestowal of your decorations, and I heard the gracious words. There were many there that day who would gladly, for such historical words, have compromised for your privation; who would literally 'have given their eyes' for their monarch's and their country's thanks and praise."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

There is no religion without mysticism. God Himself is the great secret of nature.—Chateaubriand.

True devotion does not consist in feelings of affection or in exterior acts, but rather in a disposition of the heart to will nothing but what God wills, and to refuse Him nothing.—Mère Marie Therese.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Nearly Fifty Years.

Experience in Manufacturing Pianos of the Highest Grade is an asset few, if any, manufacturers can lay claim to.

The Baby Grand
The New Transposing
Piano

And other specialties are an outcome of these years of piano thought and study. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers of first-class Pianos in the Dominion.

HEINTZMAN & Co.

117 KING ST. W.,
TORONTO.

BAILIFF'S OFFICE

Chattel Mortgages, Rents, Notes and Accounts Collected. Prompt Returns.

Notes Discounted and Money Loaned.
F. B. MORROW,
61 Victoria Street

TELEPHONE 1406.

M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
286 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

"VITALIZED AIR"

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

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Freehold Loan and Savings COMPANY.

DIVIDEND NO. 69.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after

THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE NEXT, at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May inclusive.

Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at 2 p.m. Tuesday, June the 5th, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of Directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,

Managing Director.

Toronto, 19th April, 1891.

BOOK BINDING.

Magazines, Music, Hymnals and Law Books Re-Bound.

BLANK BOOKS A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern.

PAPER RULERS, Etc., Etc.

WE MANUFACTURE THE

BEST LETTER BOOKS in the Market.

LAWSON & WILSON,

44 and 46 LOMBARD ST

Telephone 2406.

F. ROSAR, UNDERTAKER,

240 KING ST. EAST,
TORONTO.

TELEPHONE 1034.

J. YOUNG, (ALEX. MILLARD),

The Leading Undertaker
347 YONGE STREET.
TELEPHONE 679.



Having secured the Canadian agency of the LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF

CATHOLIC MUSIC

We shall be pleased to forward Catalogues on application, and should you require anything in the music line, whether it be Sheet Music, Music Books or Musical Instruments, remember we are Manufacturers, Publishers and General Dealers in everything pertaining to a First-Class Music Supply House. Catalogues free on application.

Mention goods required.

WHEALY, ROYCE & Co.,

138 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle insidious are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus. JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

RUBBER BOOTS

And Other Rubber Goods Repaired

H. J. La FORGE

Fine Boots & Shoes Made to Order

134 CHURCH STREET

Toronto, - Ont.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

W. My Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., May 11th, 1894.

The gossipmongers have been busy this week with talk of a pending dissolution, and the near approach of a general election last night, however, has quieted them for the time. The Government secured a new lease of life by a majority, small it is true, but still larger than they anticipated. The old ship has weathered another storm, although it would be useless to deny that there was a nasty sea on, and it was well known on board that breakers were ahead. The Redmondites had declared their determination to vote in a body against the Government and grave fears were entertained as to the solidarity of the Nationalist vote. It was an open secret that strong pressure was being brought to bear upon several of them by their constituents to vote against the second reading of a bill which was to bear so hard upon one of Ireland's chief industries; but to their credit, be it said, they stood true and by their loyalty saved the Government. It will not be too much to hope that this staunch fidelity on their part at a trying time will not be forgotten by the Liberals when laws affecting some of Ireland's dearest interests are under consideration in the House.

Yesterday could scarcely be called a working day at Westminster; and yet everyone was about somewhere or other. The Chamber was full; the lobby was crowded; and it was difficult to find a seat either in the library or smoking room. Still interest seemed wanting at any rate for some time after questions and few members seemed to care much about discussing the Bill before the House. Only one topic of conversation found listeners, and that was the approaching division. Men gathered in the lobby and the corridors, and seemed to delight in trying to make all sorts of calculations out of facts and figures, which would not bear close examination. There was, too, an air of smartness about certain members which gave them the appearance of wedding guests; the almost summerlike trousers, black frock coat, and button hole bouquets, certainly betokened that a function of some kind had been going on.

The absence of Mr. Asquith from the front bench explained the riddle to the initiated. It was his wedding to Miss Tennant that caused the lobby to wear so gay an aspect. By the way *Punch* this week has a joke on the marriage. An Irishman is represented as saying: "Sure the ceremony must remind him of 'Tennant Rites,' and the question of 'Home Rule' will be settled afterwards. St. George's is not an ideal church to be married in; but it seats many people, and on this occasion was full almost to overcrowding. Fully an hour before the service was timed to commence the galleries were crowded with spectators, mostly ladies; and outside were still more crowds who were unable to gain admission. On each side of the altar (how Catholic it all seems!) huge palms towered over banks of lilies, the pure whiteness of which was unrelieved by even the faintest tinge of colour. On the altar, too, lilies were arranged in profusion on each side of a large cross composed exclusively of white flowers. To the Parliamentary on-looker, it seemed as if the House of Lords and the House of Commons had met on the same front bench. Lord Rosebery and Lord Coventry, Mr. John Morley and Sir H. James, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Arnold Morley, were interesting couples. But all eyes were turned in the direction of Mr. Gladstone, who in spite of the rain, had come out to see his protegee married. The first verse of the hymn 'Oh, Perfect Love' was being sung, and the members of the bridal process-

attention was distracted by loud cheering in the street outside. Shortly afterwards it was explained by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who were shown to seats in the nave.

The wedding presents were exceptionally rich and numerous. They numbered close on 450, and everyone who is anyone seems to have sent something to the brilliant collection. The Prince of Wales sent a sapphire and diamond brooch, and Mr. Gladstone seven volumes of his "Gleanings," with the inscription, "To Margaret Tennant, from W. E. Gladstone, with warm recollections and fervent hopes. Sit Deus illuminatio tuo."

Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, there was a pathetic fitness in his presence at the meeting called to consider the proposed monument to Sir Andrew Clarke. Sir Andrew was Mr. Gladstone's physician and most devoted friend. His death is to the venerable statesman an irreparable loss. It was noticed that Mr. Gladstone was not the same man when the vigilant guardianship of the faithful expert who knew him so well was withdrawn. The intimacy of their personal relations was largely due to identity of spirit. Both were workers of the undaunted type. Mr. Gladstone told a story at the meeting of some friend of Sir Andrew Clarke's who had con-doled with him on the approaching end of a holiday. "I love my profession," said Clarke, simply. It was no hardship for him to tear himself from recreation and return to the busy round of duty. In this he was exactly akin to Mr. Gladstone, who, even now the great burdens and responsibilities of the Empire are withdrawn from him, is still the prodigious workman. Age, the decay of sight, the loss of friends, make no difference in this respect to that marvellous energy of mind and body. In his eighty-fifth year Mr. Gladstone is still incapable of idleness. Many strenuous workers have loved idleness in season for its own sake; Mr. Gladstone never. He has found his recreation in varying the form of toil. There is no doubt that the fragmentary translations of Horace, just published, are part of a considerable work in which the late Prime Minister was wont to spend precious leisure in the midst of the most laborious occupation of State affairs. To throw off a political crisis by doing a page of Horace into English was infinite ease and refreshment to a giant amongst toilers. It is natural that he should cherish the memory of a man after his own heart - a man who shed lustre even on a profession which enjoys a peculiar fame in the cause of humanity. Sir Andrew Clarke had that infinite virtue in a physician of broad and sagacious counsel. To many of his patients he gave a moral tonic much more potent than any prescriptions made up at the chemist's. He had studied life deeply, and his wisdom carried healing as well as his professional advice. Such a man is worthy to be honoured by those who mourn his death.

The other day I was one of a number who went to hear one of our "apostle of light and leading" lecture on the art of conversation. But I am afraid I learned but little therefrom. We were told that there was a great difference between conversing and talking. Conversation, it seems, is discussion without argument. Discussion is the life of conversation, but argument is its death. How far you may discuss a point in a general company without endeavouring to confute an adversary is a delicate problem which the lecturer indicated without attempting to solve. In the old days when conversation was supposed to flourish, the eminent persons who shone in it certainly did not observe this golden rule. From Dr. Johnson to Charles Lamb, they had no scruple in confuting one another. Johnson's exploits in this line are too well known

to be cited, and Lamb's desire to feel a gentleman's bumps on an historic occasion could scarcely have ministered to social harmony. Macaulay never conversed without argument, and at Sam Rogor's celebrated breakfast the guests, figuratively speaking, often pelted one another with the outlery. We are constantly told that conversation is a lost art, but there is strong reason to believe, that the art, whatever it was, bore little resemblance to that we were asked to subscribe to at the lecture.

A Limerick telegram states that Lord Enly lies ill at Toroo, the Mousell family seat, and that very little hope is entertained of his recovery. He is in his eighty-second year.

In a letter by Robert Sou' Joy, recently said in London, there appears an extraordinary piece of conceit. He compares therein his own dull poem "Madoc" with Scott's "Lay of the Last Minister," and actually adds this peacock sentence: "But my scorn will continue to grow when his Turkey bean shall have withered."

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective

Trusts Corporation

OF ONTARIO
And Safe Deposit Vaults.
Bank of Commerce Building, King St. TORONTO.

Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.
Capital Subscribed, \$800,000.
Hon. J. C. AINSIE, P.C., President.
Hon. Sir R. J. CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G., Vice-President.
Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-President.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.

Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.
N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same.
A. E. FLUMMER, - Manager.

Kenny's Celebrated HAIR RESTORER.

A valuable East India Remedy. Restores the bald head; stimulates the scalp to a healthy action; keeps the head cool; removes dandruff, strengthens and prevents the hair from falling out; preserves and makes it pliable, soft and silky. It has no equal for the prevention and cure of baldness. Hundreds testify to its efficacy.
50 cents and \$1 per bottle.
Or 6 large bottles for \$5.
Circulars and testimonials forwarded on application to all parts of Canada and United States.
870 1/2 College Street, Toronto.
For sale by Druggists and Manufacturer.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Toronto General AND SAFE DEPOSIT Trusts Co.

VAULTS, - CORNER - YONGE AND COLBORNE STS., TORONTO.

Capital, - - - - \$1,000,000
Guarantee and Reserve Funds, \$225,000

Hon. Ed. Blake, Q.C., LL.D., President.
E. A. Meredith, LL.D., } Vice-Pres'ts.
John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., }

Chartered to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER, AGENT, etc., and for the faithful performance of all such duties its capital and surplus are liable.

ALL SECURITIES AND TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE INSURED IN THE COMPANY'S BOOKS IN THE NAMES OF THE ESTATES OR TRUSTS TO WHICH THEY BELONG, AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

The protection of the Company's vaults for the preservation of WILLS offered gratuitously.

SAFES IN THEIR BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT.

The services of Solicitors who bring estates or business to the Company are retained. All business entrusted to the Company will be economically and promptly attended to.

J. W. LANGMUIR, MANAGER.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of May, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE	DUE
G. T. R. East	8.00 a.m.	7.15 p.m.
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 a.m.	7.35 p.m.
G. T. R. West	7.30 a.m.	12.40 p.m.
N. and N. W.	7.30 a.m.	10.05 p.m.
T. G. and B.	7.00 a.m.	10.55 p.m.
Midland	7.00 a.m.	12.30 p.m.
O. V. R.	7.00 a.m.	12.15 p.m.
G. W. R.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 p.m.
	10.00 a.m.	7.30 p.m.
	6.15 a.m.	10.30 p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 a.m.	12.00 p.m.
		4.00 p.m.
U.S. West'n States	6.15 a.m.	12.00 p.m.
		10.30 p.m.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at 8 a.m., and on Saturday at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

WESTERN Assurance Company.

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

Fire and Marine.
Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT: A. H. SMITH, Esq.
VICE-PRESIDENT: Geo. A. Cox, Esq.

DIRECTORS
Hon. S. C. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq.
Geo. McMurrich, Esq. A. T. Fulton, Esq.
H. N. Baird, Esq. Robert Beatty, Esq.
J. J. KENNY, Managing Director

SOLICITORS.
Messrs. McCarthy, Oale, Hoskin and Croelms - Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire.
On Hull, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation.
On cargo Risks with the Maritime Provinces, by sail or steam.
On Cargo by ^{air} to British Ports.

Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS,

10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.
Telephones 592 & 2075.

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS N. TLYON, TORONTO