

## THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

[FOR THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.]

The Catholic Church has been, in all ages, pre-eminently in the true sense of the word, and nowhere to-day is there greater evidence of this than in the commendable efforts which she is putting forth in the republic to the south of us in behalf of higher education, as well as the education of the masses. For years she has maintained in that country, by a sacrifice and devotedly, a system of parochial schools where her children, during their tender and formative years might obtain an education based upon sound Christian principles. The state built parochial schools splendidly equipped and manned with the state's money, for the purpose of giving the children of the country an education which should fit them for the duties of citizenship, but the Church felt that to make good citizens, heaven and conscience must be at work, and therefore she determined to fit her children not alone for the discharge of civic duties, but for the more important and higher work—the citizenship of heaven. The Catholic Church has no quarrel with secular schools and utilizes them where she cannot have her own ideal school, wherein knowledge and religion go hand in hand, she knows full well that to an extent even secular schools are a great safeguard of the state—much better than a standing army—that ignorance is productive of vice, but she recognizes too, that only Christian intelligence and Christian virtues, can a safe and trusted citizenship be built up.

Now, what has the Catholic Church in the United States done during the past few years, along the intellectual lines? Has she not thrown her activities out in every direction. The school, the college and the university have felt her divine impulse, and are responding as if by magic at the touch of her spiritual wand. Truly the times are big with possibilities for the Catholic people of this country if they are but alive to the demands and conditions which circumstances impose upon them and realize individually the collective duty of the whole.

This is an age for Catholic laity with strong, active, intelligent and practical faith. The Catholic Church in the United States is awake to these conditions—these surroundings. No person attending the Catholic Summer School at Chicago two years ago, could fail to discern the growing power of the American Catholic laity—how vital and intelligent is their faith. The Church has been the handmaid of science and art in every age of the world's progress. Is it any wonder then, that from her throbbing brain and spiritual heart have flowered the beginnings of a great seat of learning in this country—the Catholic University of Washington. Is it any wonder that for Catholic higher education in America what Louvain, Salamanca and Bologna have done for advanced Catholic thought in Europe. That this great and promising institution will have difficulties to encounter in carrying out the history of every great achievement that stars the world's progress is a history of struggles and trials and momentary darkness, are the full dawn of triumph set in.

Almost coeval with the founding of a great Catholic university in America which owes its existence to the wisdom of the Catholic hierarchy and the munificent gifts of a Catholic lady, the Catholic Summer School, which was justly designated the People's University, found birth and origin in the brain and solicited heart of a progressive Catholic young layman, Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio. The present summer school, which is the fruit of its existence and it now has a delightful and permanent home on the picturesque shores of Lake Champlain at Plattsburgh, N.Y. The good which this Catholic Summer School will do is incalculable, and it is a credit to the work and the aim of its promoters, of which I wish specially to speak in this paper.

The Catholic Summer School has really grown out of the intellectual needs of the Catholic people of America. It had to come just when the Catholic University of Washington had to materialize in face of the urgent and pressing needs of the Catholic Church in this country. This is an age of wonderful intellectual activity, not alone in the few, but also in the masses. The Catholic Church is meeting everything challenging the solutions of science, the truths of philosophy, yes, the very foundations of faith. It is an age rich in the advantages which secular knowledge offers but is dangerous to faith and morals, because of the poison which lurks so insidiously in the intellectual repasts that are offered. The Catholic Church feels that for her children to be safe amid such a pestiferous atmosphere of doubt and error, they must have their lives and the principles of their actions upon Catholic teaching, and be guided by those who are in her heavenly wisdom instructed unto light. You cannot shut your eyes to the needs of the times, and Catholicism those needs that Catholic laymen be trained along Catholic lines of thought and possess a scholarship adequate to cope with the very boldest assaults of the agnostic and the atheist. The Catholic of the future must be to wage with the scientist not the theologian—thus proving that the ark of God's faith is also the ark of all true knowledge and wisdom.

With this object in view the Catholic Summer School invites as lecturers the most eminent Catholic scholars of the country—professors who are specialists in philosophy, psychology, history, social science, literature and art, the student and thinker, earnest for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, may not only catch up something of the divine fire of enthusiasm for study, but may bear away in his light intellect a light which may make clear the dark visions of others.

Now what is Canada going to do for the Catholic Summer School of America? What will be her share in this intellectual revival of Catholic America? Will a land which has given a McGee, a Cartier and a Thompson to statesmanship, a Connolly, a Laval and a Lynch to the Church, have no share in this glorious labor to which all are invited?

Is all the work of our Canadian Catholic universities and colleges vain and useless? Do we graduate out all? Is it our only duty heretofore to amass money and be successful men leaving to our children the estates and palatial residences and to God's Church the tithes of selfish and mispent gains? Is there not a higher ambition than a bank account—a higher living than a satisfaction of the senses? Here in Ontario we Catholics are as one to five in numbers. Does it not behoove us, therefore, to seek intellectual strength that we may in some measure be able to cope with the forces arrayed against us? And if we seek further intellectual strength it must be through ourselves—the laity. The priests of God's Church—God bless them!—cannot do everything for us. They have for years, so to speak, borne us upon their backs—fighting our battles, educating our children and wrapping about our souls the mantle of spiritual comfort.

Should not Catholic laymen in Canada be doing and doing aware to the needs of the times as are the Catholic laymen of the United States? If we make mistakes the divine light of the Church will set us right. What are we doing for the future? What are we doing to spread the truth abroad? A few individual efforts have been made by one or two Catholic societies but with no concerted action.

Here, then, is a grand opportunity for Catholic laymen in Canada to unite in furthering the interests and aims of the Catholic Summer School. Its location is not remote, its interests are identical with our own, its spirit truly Catholic and Catholic. Nearly every city in Canada has its contingent of clever Catholic young men and women. Why should they not be represented at the Summer School? Look at the work which the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association of Canada has done during the past three or four years and tell me if we have not the material for intellectual achievement. This society has succeeded marvelously well because it started out with high ideals and lived up to them. These young ladies have done the best and most creditable work that has ever been done by any Catholic society in Ontario. Let Canadian Catholic young men and women, therefore, possessing the best of health and vigor, place their grimmage to the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh, N.Y., which opens July 6th and closes August 18th upon the programme of their summer vacation and they need have little fear but that daylight will prove a blessing to their trip.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

Donohoe's Magazine for July is a strong, attractive number. The lighter literature, with the excellent and plentiful pictorial setting which so well becomes it, is made a prominent feature; but the more serious articles which give it the same higher value.

Dr. Edward McGinnis has a powerful paper bearing upon the present conditions of labor and capital in the United States, in which he makes a vehement protest against the growing tendency to support the forces of large fortune in the republic. Another remarkably able contribution is from the pen of Charles S. O'Neill entitled "In the footsteps of Father Damien." A series of administrative and practical articles in this article and make it doubly instructive.

A writer in ever welcome Popular Astronomy for June makes some practical suggestions concerning the teaching of astronomy from the elementary text books. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the customary book lesson is well calculated to produce the impression upon the mind of the student that astronomy is a dead subject. How much more comprehensible and interesting would it be to apply his suggestions to the information on current celestial phenomena is what is most desirable? Text book knowledge is cold and above the heads of young people. Could they be only be taught to look up to the face of the sky, it would rouse their minds to the beauties of popular astronomical study. Popular Astronomy cannot be to highly commended upon its influence in the field of work for beginners.

We have received No. 24 of vol. iv. of "The Organ," containing twelve selections for the organ or pipe organ for church and home use. These selections can also be played upon the piano. "The Organ" is published by Geo. Molinoux, 10 East 14th street, New York.

Dr. Henry C. McCook's new volume, entitled "Old Farm Fairies," or a Summer Camp in Brownland, is a most King Coburn's "Pixies," will be published July 20, by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. It presents in a pleasant and most interesting form, some of his observations and findings in nature history. The pixies are all signed the part of Pixies or goblins, and the Brownies are made to personify insect forms, especially those useful to man and against which spiders wage continual war. It is a book that will interest old and young alike.

N. 2 vol. vi. of the "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia" brings the full text of a lecture on the planting of the faith in America, with illustrated views, delivered by Rev. J. J. Devitt, S. J., of Georgetown University. This paper is a magnificent tribute to the mission. aryl zeal of the early Irish priests on this continent.

## The Fight Which is to Come.

The fate of the civilized world had always hung upon the strength of the Aryan nations, and the coming of the Asiatics across their way into Europe and to flood the Western world with Oriental ideas and habits, modes of government, and forms of religion. The struggles of Greece with Persia, and of Rome with Carthage, the struggle of the Greeks, Romans and Teutons with the Saracens; the conflicts, extending to our own times with the Turks, were but so many acts in one long drama, of which the earliest members to be found in the pages of Herodotus and the latest might be studied in the telegrams of the daily newspaper.—Life of Freeman, Dean of Westminster.

## FAIRM AND GARDEN.

When the calves which have been getting milk are turned out to pasture they should have a grain ration for a while, at least once a day. The too sudden weaning is not otherwise to result in the loss of flesh. A well fed winter calf will be in the condition in the spring, and is desirable that this be continued. It cannot be by turning them off in the wood lot or back pasture to shift for themselves. Such a course is certain to result in loss of condition. Where it is possible to do so, it is best to give them milk until at least six months old, and grain—ground oats and bran—as soon as they will eat it. A good start makes all the difference between a good animal and a poor one. A stunted calf or a stunted pig will not recover from the effects of it. So take good care of the young things if you would have thrifty, profitable growth, which leads to quick maturity. Sometimes the calf which has been always fed on milk, placed before it will be slow to find the watering place, and so suffer from thirst. A little patience and encouragement, perhaps dipping the water up in a pail once or twice, may be necessary. Look out for this.

The first purpose in cultivation, says the American Cultivator, is to make the soil fine, so that seeds may germinate freely in it, and food and water may run easily through it. But an object scarcely less is to increase soil fertility by mixing surface and under soil together, and thus promoting their fermentation. It is for this that corn and potato ground is hauled after the seed is planted. On moderately rich soil such cultivations are equal to the addition of several loads of manure per acre. An incidental advantage is that such harrowing of the surface destroys all weeds as quickly as their seeds germinate.

When any lump, however small it may be, is felt in the udder or in the teats or over, it indicates either an inflammatory disease or some injury. The starting of such a trouble may be a bruise or undue pressure on the udder by the cow lying on stony ground, or the result of exposure to cold, or of too much heating food, as when a pint of excess. The remedy is to give a glass of raw linseed oil, repeated in three days, or a pound of Epsom salts, with bran and linseed meal afterward, two for three times. Hot fermentations with gentle heat and a cathartic liniment will generally remove the trouble. If there is trouble in getting the milk a milking tube must be used. This may be procured at any drug store.

The effect of frost on succulent plants is to change some of the starch in them into sugar. This is the reason why potatoes that have been frozen are sweet when cooked. The same occurs in the leaves and stems of corn, and as the sugar is more digestible than starch, the effect of the frost is to make the corn more palatable. It is also the reason why the stalks of corn are so sweet when they are cut up for silage. The sugar is more digestible than starch, the effect of the frost is to make the corn more palatable. It is also the reason why the stalks of corn are so sweet when they are cut up for silage.

Cream is never or very rarely the same in two samples. It is simply a mixture of the fat in the milk, in the form of minute globules, with a part of the watery part. The cream may have all the way from 12 to 60 per cent. of butter fat in it, depending mostly on the time the milk has stood for the cream to rise, and the temperature at which the cream is raised. So that there is so different in various samples that it cannot be valued at all satisfactorily, and thus, when cream is sold, it is taken under the most uncertain basis, and the quantity of butter in it is never to be known until it is churned.

The disease of the skin called ringworm is caused by a minute plant that grows in it and destroy the roots of the hairs, making bald spots. It grows from one small spot where the roots of the hairs are taken on to the skin, and spreads every way, thus making a ring or round spot, whence the name of it. It is easily cured by application of any caustic substance that will destroy it, such as crocus or fluore of silver blue vitriol or iodine tincture. To get the best effect, it is best to wash the part with hot water to soften the skin, that the application may be better absorbed.

Quick grass is hard to get rid of when growing on any kind of land, but if the soil is sandy its extermination is attended with much more difficulty. The reason for this is because the roots are liable to run deeper and besides a covering of straw or other material over the grass, another the weed so much as more compact earth would be apt to do. Inasmuch as the only way to destroy the grass is to dig it up and burn the roots, if these roots penetrate deeply into the soil a greater amount of labor is required to remove them. And if the land is poor already, this raking up process involves taking away about all the fertility it has left. Therefore some farmers believe that if the soil is too poor to grow any other kind of grass, it is better to let the quick grass alone for the sake of what little profit there is in it. It is not of much use, though its presence may be better than leaving the ground bare, the great objection to allowing this grass to grow is the danger of its spreading and infesting more valuable land.

The currant worm will be around now and a great deal of damage unless checked. There are several insecticides useful in stopping the ravages of this fellow, one of the best and cheapest of them being a solution of saltpetre or copperas. Dissolve a teaspoonful of copperas in a pint of hot water, then add it to two gallons of water, and you have a compound that will prove effective. The bushes should be drenched with the mixture by means of a hand pump or syringe. Another good preventive is a solution composed of an ounce of powdered hellebore and two gallons of water. This remedy is a little more expensive than the first one, and it does the work no better.

## DOMESTIC READING.

"Throw your whole soul into your life's work. Seek your life's nourishment there."—Bulwer.

"To dispense with civility is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment."—Bulwer.

"Kivy is fixed only on merit, and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright."

"If thou do it, the joy fades, not the pain; if it be pain, the joy fades, not the pain."—Bulwer.

There are enormous boys that throw you to a greater distance than the wrong end of any telescope.

We never show our own weakness so plainly as when we exhibit impatience for the weakness of others.

The grace of courtesy shows want of breeding; that civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

It is said that Jesus "became poor"; more worthy of remembrance is "he fact that He remained poor."

Flattery is like a nail, which, if not driven in, will box your own ears instead of driving those of your enemy.

The grace of perseverance is the most important of all; it crowns all other graces.—St. Vincent de Paul.

Rise early, watch, pray, labour, read, write, be silent, and bravely endure all adversity.—Thomas A. Kempis.

It is not the words that are spoken, but the thoughts and the spirit of the speaker. Not in the words and phrases of the tongue, but in ourselves are triumph and defeat.

It is important to think right, more important to feel right, still more important to do right, but to be right is the most important of all.

A truism is a seed which ought to have been planted in man's lives, but has been kicked about in the dry and empty garret of their brains.

One of the saddest conditions to which the human mind can be reduced—not from faith, but from from pains and weariness—is no longer to fear the Shadow feared of men.

You alone possesses the present, too much to know that you do not have the future to doubt of what is its own; too sure of itself to doubt anything.—F. Marion Crawford.

The end of education is the formation of character; character rests on the basis of morality; and morality, if we have life and energy, is interested with religion.—Bishop Spalding.

Cultivate the tenderness within you that years over evil-doers and has a tear at hand for rogues and rascals. It is something you will not be ashamed of when you come to die.

There is no great and no small; to the soul that counts, all things are equal, and it counts every thing.—F. Marion Crawford.

In conversation, as soon as we have perceived the result of mind of those with whom we speak, we should stop there; all that is said further, being no longer comprehended, might pass for longer to think of it.

Religion, as the knowledge of God and of His will, and the ordering of our lives with relation to this knowledge, may be emptied of all Divine life by the habit of valuing it as a means to the end of safety or happiness.

I would rather have the consciousness of my dying bed than I had been a little "soft" and sentimental, if you like to call it so, in my dealings with sinners than to have to die with the memory of hard words spoken and a helping hand withheld, and so would you when you come to think of it.

As you grow older and the heart within you pines for Heaven, as a bird, long impressed, pines for the green covert of the woods, don't you find yourself growing more charitable towards sinners?

Why should we have sympathy for a broken body and have no sympathy in our hearts for a broken soul?

Whenever we deviate from the line of moral rectitude, we must inevitably do a wrong to ourselves or others; justice, which ever leans on the side of mercy, will teach us the right paths in life to walk in, and if we follow its teachings we shall always be on the side of right.

He who commits a wrong knowingly and wilfully, ostracizes himself from the society of the virtuous and the good.

I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child, Rose-ringing and gentle, and merry and wild, Like the thrill of a bird in the twilight's soft hush, Or the murmur of a brook in the forest's deep shade, Or the murmur of a brook in the forest's deep shade, Or the murmur of a brook in the forest's deep shade.

Lemon Float—Boil one quart of fresh milk and three table-spoonsful of sugar. Mix one table-spoonful of corn starch, stirred smoothly, and the grated rind of a lemon, and cook for five minutes, add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and stir constantly for five minutes. Put the saucepan in which it was cooked into a pail of ice cold water, and when it is cooled, strain into a pudding dish. Sprinkle with sugar and whites of the eggs, add the juice of the lemon and two table-spoonsful of sugar. Pour over the pudding and serve ice cold. Grated cocoanut can be added to the whites with advantage.

Meringue Pudding.—One quart of fresh milk, two cups of bread crumbs, four eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one large lemon, juice and half the rind grated. Soak the bread crumbs in the milk, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, the butter and sugar rubbed to a cream, also the lemon. Bake in a buttered dish until firm and slightly brown, draw to the door of the oven and cover with a meringue of the whites, whipped to a froth with three table-spoonsful of powdered sugar, and a little lemon juice. Brown very slightly, sift powdered sugar over the whole and serve cold.

Scalloped Cauliflower.—Butter a basin or pudding mold, place some strips of lean ham or bacon at the bottom, next some strips of uncooked cauliflower, and fill up all spaces with a simple stuffing of bread crumbs, minced beef steaks, parsley and herbs and seasonings, mixed with an egg; then more sprigs of cauliflower, and more stuffing, and so on, until the basin is full. Cover all tightly with a plate and bake in the oven for nearly an hour. Turn it out on a dish and serve at once. Cauliflowers plainly boiled are frequently used as a garnish to the edges of a savory dish, notably of stews, curries and minces, and a few small sprigs are essential to true Scotch broths.

## The Land Leaguer.

"For this Catholic Register: Oh! I'm in it fair as the day, His eyes are so blue and so bonny I And he's from his forehead away, The hair falls like handfuls of money, His smile is so serious and kind, His words are not many, But he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

Few are his words, you will find, His smiles are not many, But he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

You'll seldom find him at the dance, And always in front at the luring, The shrewd one he is with a glance, While his red lip with scorn is curling, But hear him his reapers behind, The blithest of any, Oh! he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

And some of the boys say he's proud, From reading it all has arisen, But he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

Since he came "suspect" from the prison, Aye, he has the pride of his kind, He's no "old man," or grumpy, And he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

Our sorrow he calls him his son, The curse is just like a brother, He's playful to each and to all, And the light of his eyes to his mother, For clearly his soul is outlived, Without creases or cranny, Ah! he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

When Ireland is wanting a son, To suffer and die for his people, He'll count upon Fintan for one, And ten thousand besides if he need 'em. On hunting or hill-side aligned, And foremost of any, Oh! he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

Few are his words, you will find, His smiles are not many, But he's the lad to my mind In all Kilmogony."

—WILLIAM DOLLARD.

## FIRESIDE FUN.

"That's the girl." "But why do you think they are engaged?" "Because he has stopped taking her to the theatre, and she to church instead."

Naturally Comes After Beef.—"Isn't it rather cold my dear, to send soup after the beef?" "Not in this case, my darling, it's ox-tail soup."

"Anyway," said the corned philosopher, "when the women get into Congress, you won't hear any more of that 'I pause for a reply' chatter. They won't pause. No."

Theatrical Nephew: "Have you seen 'The Ladies' Idol'?" "Old Bachelor Uncle: 'Sold out' seen them anything else. They are always idle, except when mischief-making."

"Have you heard that the big sleeves are going out, George, dear?" "Yes, my love, I have, but I don't believe it." "Why not, George?" "I don't believe they can get through the door."

"Briggs: 'You may not believe me, but I had a hard fight with myself before I gave in.' Snigger: 'Oh, I believe you. When I was a child, I was myself it's always a 'put-up job.'"

Tomkins: "Who was that lady I saw you with at the ball last night?" Jones: "Lady? Ha, ha, ha! That's a good joke. I must tell her. That was no lady; it was my wife."

He had lingered long, and after a silence she remarked: "Do you know, I really believe papa thinks you're dead." "Why?" "Because he hasn't heard from you since the late Mr. Smith."

She: "I can't help thinking I have seen your portrait in the newspapers, somewhere." He: "Oh, no, doubt it; it's often been published. But I don't think you're mistaken. What were you cured of?"

She: "Do you remember you said you would do anything I asked when I promised to marry you?" He: "Yes; but I didn't know how much more time a woman had to think up things to ask for."

Limited—Patient (about to have his leg removed, cheerfully): "Well, doctor, I'm afraid I won't be able to go to any more dances." Dr. Knifer: "No, after this you'll have to confine yourself to hops."

A proselyte, unable to decide to which of the many creeds within the pale he should give his adhesion, on being told that there were seven sects within sects, answered that he should certainly prefer one without them.

Jasper: "Curry is the architect of his own ruin, he is not a happy man." Yes, when he built it he did not provide it with any exits."

"Are abbreviations proper?" asked the young woman. "It depends," replied her father, "on the occasion. On the English language or a bicycle costume, they are proper. On the other hand, on the English language or a bicycle costume, they are proper. On the other hand, on the English language or a bicycle costume, they are proper."

She: "I'm afraid that it is not me that you're after, but that it is my money you want." He: "How foolish in you to say so. You are my money, and I want you. I want you without first getting you."

Papa: "Where is your mamma?" Little Daughter: "I think she has gone to Mrs. De Fashion's four-o'clock tea." "Did she?" "Yes, but I heard her say she wished Mrs. De Fashion was in Halifax, as she went out about five."

The Ease of It.—George (nervously): "I'd like the heat in the world, Kitty, to marry you. I don't know how to propose." Kitty (promptly and practically): "That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa."

A Happy Thought.—She (on the evening of the wedding day): "Oh! Harry, just look what a large piece of wedding-cake has been left! What ever shall we do with it?" He: "I tell you what, my dear. I'll send Mrs. De Fashion to the kitchen at once, and then I shall be sure he won't sleep tonight."

"I have been on this line twenty years, and know what I am talking about," said the railway guard to the passenger who complained of slow time. "Twenty years! What station did you get on at?" gasped the passenger.

We are basting Turkey nicely just now. But, if we are not very careful, all the fat will be in the fat. What Armenia has to understand is that, having so much to do with Russia leather and French polish, we may find ourselves well tanned."

"Mamma, when Willie has a toothache you take him to the dentist and have it filled, don't you?" asked Tommy. "Yes, dear," said mamma. "Well I got a stomach-ache, don't you think we'd better go to the confectioner?"

Mrs. Brown: "I had to cook that fish at once, as I was afraid it wouldn't keep." Brown: "Great Scott! I'll go straight down to the market a piece of my mind."

Mrs. Brown: "Stop a minute, my dear! It was the fish you caught yourself this afternoon."

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