## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

the image of Mary from the profanation of the heretics, or to die in the attempt.

A MARTIN AND A MARTIN

2

"Hail, Mary !"

"Hall, Mary !" Gabriel cried, With reverent 'sar; She, with sweet wondering eyes, Marvelled to hear.

Hail, Mary !" Lo it rings Fhrough ages ou; Hail, Mary !" It shall sound Till time is done.

"Hail, Mary !" infant lips Lisp is to day; "Hail, Mary !" with faint smile, The dying say.

"Hall, Mary !" Many a hear!, Broken with grief, In that angelic prayer Has found reifef.

"Hall, Mary Queen of Heaven !" Let us repeat. And place our fair spring flowers Here at her feet.

-From Adelaide Procter's "Annuncia

OF MAESTRICHT.

Oa the 8th of April, 1579, an unusual

for the last three months had been en-

camped before the walls of Maestricht.

assault was to be made early next morn.

II. Early the next morning, the assault began. The Catholics had raised six bastions along the line of the trenches, so hugely high as nearly to be on a level with the walls of the besieged city: and had also run a mine under the trenches, as far as the most near the gate of Saint Samue

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE

had also run a mine under the trenches, as far as the most near the gate of Saint Servius. On the bastion, just opposite the image of our Lady, stood Alvar de Mirabel, silent, pale, restlessly awaiting the signal for the attack. He had laid aside musket and word, but pistols were hang-ing from his belt, and he held in his hand one of the large Flemish pikes, called *springstock*, the long handle of which would aid aim in leaping the ditch. The Prince himself gave the signal, from the summit of a mound just within the camp. As the trumpet-call sounded every standard was lowered, and the whole army, as one man, fell on their knees, to implore the protection of the Lord of hosts. He gave another signal, and in an instant the cannon pealed, the mine expleded, and the assault began. Then might have been seen a strange spectacle. A man appeared to fly through the air from the bastion of the basiegers to the battery of Burgos. As the very feet of the astounded soldiers he quickly let fall the *springstock*, by aid of which he had accompliahed this tre-mendous leap, and before the enemy could recover from their aurprise, he had seized the image of our Lady in his arms, let himself drop with it to the ground. Large and heavy though it was, he kept his hold with iron tenacity, until he rolled over and over down the glacis, and at last, bruised and bleeding, almost insensible, lay at the bottom of the trenches. Lieutenant Alvar de Mirabel had accomplished his oath. excitement pervaded the troops which Preparation was rife in the camp; for an assault was to be made early next morn-ing. Prince Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma and Placentia, Governor-General of the Low Countries for his Catholio Majesty Philip the Prudent, was holding an inspection of his troops. Mounted on a white horse, and wearing a blue mantile trimmed with sable, sur-rounded by a brilliant crowd of officers, he galloped from line to line, animating all; then rode to the various quarters of the camp, directing the preparations. At a little distance, rose the dark frowning walls of the city of Masstricht, then suffering from the threefold scourge of war, famine, and heresy. The heretic soldiers who composed the besieged force, sacked the Catholic churches, and destroyed the images of our Ludy and

III.

force, sacked the Catholic churches, and destroyed the images of our Lydy and the Saints, and even placed some of them on the walls, where they would be most exposed to the fire of the Spanish artillery. One large image of our Lydy, with her Divine Caild in her arms, they had placed upon the parapet of the battery nearest to the Catholic trenches; and the addiara arraying themselves in III. The assault went on with varying suc cess; but just as the Catholics began to shout: "Hurrah! the Burgos gate is won!" there was another fearful explo-sion, and stones, earth, and human limbs went flying through the air. The be showd a prune a countermine, and it went flying through the air. The be sieged had sprung a countermine, and it had destroyed the flower of the attack-ing army. The retreat had to be sounded. That evening, Alexander Farnese visited every quarter of the camp, re-newing the courage of his soldiers and cheering the wounded. In the very centre of the square which was the scene of our last night's sernor, he saw the image of our Lady, placed triumphantly by the soldiers on a gun carriage, which battery nearest to the Catholic trenches; and the soldiers, arraying themselves in the sacred vestments of the altar, paro-died with impious gestures the most solemn rites of the Church, while the Spanish soldiers, gazing at the scene from the besieging camp below, gashed their teeth with indignation at the blas pheny, and longed for the hour of the assault

assault The hoùr had come at last. Late in the evening of that same day, in the quarter of the camp allotted to one of the most distinguished infantry regi-ments of the Spanish force, occurred a scene scarcely to be witnessed amongst armies in the present day. In a sort of course left onen amid the tents, was a square left open amid the tents, was a large group of soldiers, some standing, some seated, others in lounging attitudes. arge group of solid-rely, some sentences, some sented, others in lounging attitudes. All, however, were listening to the words of a man of small stature, wearing the Jeauit habit. Standing on a small plat-form, formed of a plank laid upon drums, and holding up a large crucifix, he was preaching ferrently to those fierce sol-diers, preparing them to die, in order to prepare them to conquer. As the passionate exhortation of the priest was coming to a close, a yourg and handsome officer, wearing the uniform of the infantry, joined himself to the audience. He had just come off guard at the bridge of boats, which communi-cated between the companies encamped on each side of the River Meuse. With no very reverential air he listened to the with a gilt head and silken tassel, the distinguishing sign of a captain of

no very reverential air he listened to the sermon's close.

sermou's close. Young and thoughtless, though gener-ous hearted, the licutenant had, but a few days before, been rather sharply re-proved by one of the Fathers for some

II.

cries of triumph were heard from the outpost, as the guard discovered Father Juan. The priest was led—supported, almost carried—to the Prince's presence, and a cordial applied to his lips. Con-sciousness soon returned. Alexander Farnese reverently kissed the Jesuit's hand and led him to his horse saying, "Mount, Father Juan; go to my tent, I command you, nor quit it till you have had rest and refreshment." Then, turning to the new captain Miratill you have had rest and retreamment." Then, turning to the new captain Mira-bel, who with many others was look on, he added : "Hold the Father's stirrup, Sir Alvar de Mirabel; and confees, there are times when it is a harder thing to give an absolution, than to scale a rampart."

A DAY'S HUNTING.

A LEGEND OF PRINCE MAX. ADAPTED FOR THE YOUNG CATHOLIC BY

"COUSIN GASTON." "COUSIN GASTOR." Maximilian I., who reigned in Ger-many between 1493 and 1519, was a passionate lover of hunting, and the his-tory of his reign is filled with accounts of daring feats and narrow escapes that rival those of any lion-hunter of to-day. The following adventure befell him while he may set a prime.

The following adventure befell him while he was yet a prince: One beautiful morning in the early autumn, long before the sun had risen above the tops of the Alps surrounding a small village in the Tyrol, the inhabitants were awakened by the gay music of bugles and hunting horns announcing that the imperial prince was about to start on a chamois hunt. He had arrived the evening before, having been led to choose this little halmet as his starting-point from the fact that the mountains choose this little namet as his starting point from the fact that the mountains surrounding it were a favorite grasing ground of his best beloved game; the chamois—best beloved because its chase was attended with the greatest danger.

was attended with the greatest danger. The villegers were quickly astir to witness the departure of the brave pro-cession of knights and nobles and yagers that accompanied the imperial hunts-man. They gaily followed their guides to the steep, rough sides of the moun-tain in whose recesses it was said there was a herd of chamois feeding. At first they amused themselves with song and jest and yodel; once among the rocks, however, the paths became so difficult they were forced to settle quietly down to steady climbing, which needed all their breath and strength, practised as they

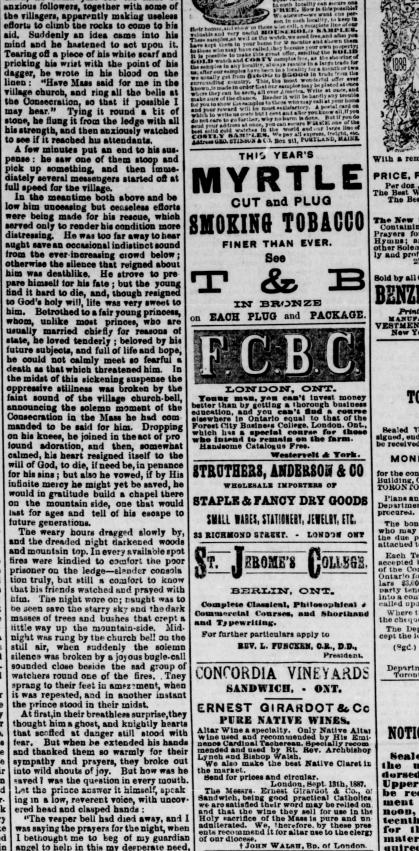
to steady climining, which needed all uter breath and strength, practised as they were to such exercises. The party was preceded by one of the oldest and most experienced of the guides, who led them on quickly until guides, who led them on quickly until they reached a level spot many hundreds of feet above the village, where, as they reached the edge of the forest that skirted the a'p (or pasture ground), he signalled a bait and pointed to the op posite side, where there was a flock of a dozen or more chamois grazing, while, as is the habit of these animals, one old buck stood on the highest of the sur-rounding rocks as a sentinel to guard them against surprise. by the soldiers on a gun carriage, which was covered by a banner won that day. The Captain General asked the meaning of this, and was told of the gallant deed of the lieutenant, as well as of the scene of the previous evening. Alvar, though lame and bruised, and marked with many a wound, was standing near; and the Duke called to a page who stood behind, and took from him a short lance

rounding rocks as a sentinel to guard them against surprise. After a short consultation with their Tyrolean huntsmen (or, as they are called, "yagers"), the imperial party separated that they might the better and more quietly surround their game. Creeping carefully through the bushes and behind the rocks till they were within bowshot of the azimals, the hunters thought themselves aure of their "Receive," he said, "Senor Alvar de Mirabel, this mark of a captain's rank. He who can perform such a deed, well deserves to command. But where is Father Juan ?" No one could tell. He had been seen, hunters thought themselves sure of their prey, when the old bearded sentinel on the lockout caught sight of a plumed has that was lifted too high in the eager-

No one could tell. He had been seen, during the oncet, in company with the other Fathers, assisting the sick and dying, but no one knew where he was. At last, an old soldier said that, about hall an hour before, the Father had asked him many questions about the moat at the Burgos Gate, now full of the wounded and dring from the aerulogion of the ness of its wearer to have a better look at the herd. In an instant a shrill cry like a whistle gave the alarm, and like trained cavalry the chamois stopped feeding and gathered together to look in which direction came the threatened and dying, from the explosion of the danger, their bright eyes shining and their nostrils dilating in their effort to At this moment, there was a loud shout of many voices amongst the troops, and a tumultuous rush to the edge of the deep fosse or ditch which divided the scent the coming foe. In another in stant they tossed their graceful heads and bounded off, closely followed by the

peccadillo; and he was still smarting under the rebuke. The Jesuit, in concluding his discourse, had turned towards the walls of the city, and, pointing to the statue of our Lady which stood out clear in the glare of two and alone, unarmed, save with the cruci-tor the destination of the statue of the statue of two statue of the statue

the base of the oliff. The fact of his friends being at hand was some little comfort at first, but, alas ! their very sproach seemed only to show more plainly his horrible danger. Looking down, he could just see the knot of anzious followers, together with some of the villagers, apparently making useless efforts to climb the rocks to come to his aid. Suddenly an idea came into his mind and he hastened to act upon it. Tearing off a piece of his white scarf and pricking his wrist with the point of his dagger, he wrote in his blood on the lines: "Have Mass said for me in the village church, and ring all the bells at the Onsecration, so that if possible I may hear." Tying it round a tit of stone, he flung it from the ledge with all his strength, and then anziously watched to consecration, so that if possible I may hear." Thing it round a tit of stone, he flung it from the ledge with all his strength, and then anziously watched to up something, and then imme-diately several messengers started off at full speed for the village. In the meantime both shore and be were being made for his rescue, which served only to render his condition more aught save an cocasional indiatinct sound from the ever-increasing crowd below; otherwise the silence that reigned about him was deathlike. He strove to pre-pare himself for his fate; but the young thin it hard to die, and, though resigned to God's holy will, lite was very sweet to him. Betrothed to a fair young princes, whom, unlike most princes, who are state, he loved thenderly; beloved by his future subjects, and full of life and hops, he could not calmly meets of farful a destin as that which threatened him. In the midst of this sickening supense the off the do is, and then, somewhat off the silence thenderly is beloved by his future subjects, and full of life and hops, he could not calmly meets of farful a chast has that which threatened him. In the midst of the silence them. Dropping on his knees, he joined in the act of pro found adoration, and then, somewhat will of God,



was saying the prayers for the night, when I bethought me to beg of my guardian angel to help in this my deeperate need, promising, if ever I become emperory would strive to serve the Church by every means in my power, to befriend and support the good, and to purify if possible, if not, to punich, all evil. While yet on my knees, I heard a sweet voice at my side saying : 'Prince Max, arise and follow me !' I looked up in fear, for who save a spirit could be there and at that hour? I saw a youth in the dress

Under the paironage of the Rev. Father Labelle. Stablished In 1884, under the Act of Quebec 32 Vict., Chap. 33, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colorization of the Province of Quebec. beside me, and in his hand he held a crook; strange to say, though there was no light but that of the stars, I could see him, his face, his features, even the furry mantle over his shoulder, as plainly as if the sun shone. Frightened lest it might be a sprit of evil, I made the sign of the cross and cried out, 'In the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Carist say who art thou !' Then he smiled, and in the same voice replied: 'In the name of the same Lord follow me and it shall be well with thee,' Then taking me by the hand, he led me to the edge of the rock on 

NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

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Commissioner.



Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and en-the undersigned and en-the undersigned and en-the undersigned and en-per Canada College," will be received at this Depar-ment until twelve o'clock hown, on Thursday, the Fif-teenth day of November next, is the several works and materials, labor, etc., re-guired for and in the erection and construction of the pro-best of the several works and materials, labor, etc., re-guired for and in the erection of the several works and materials, labor, etc., re-guired for and in the erection of the several works and materials, labor, etc., re-guired for and in the erection of the for and in the forms to be obtained at this heat function of the pro-best of the form and the set of the forms to the form, with the chaid function of the sum of the form and the set of the forms to of the form and the set of the forms to for the form of the set of the set of the set of the form of the set of the set of the form and the set of the set of the set of the form and the set of the set of the set of the form of the set of the set of the set of the form and the set of the form and the set of the set o

NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

Friendship.

C. S., IN CORK FXAMINER.

Hast thou a friend, constant when sorroy As when around these all is joy and mirth 1 Oh ! cherish him as Goo's best cift on eart For such a friend is not the lot of all. rize him, though humble-humble frien

are wise; Prize him, though poor and lowly-dear far stant twinkle of the meanest star, comet's transient blaze. And mo

we prize The humble robin's rustic garb who stays To cheer our home through gloomy wint

days, Than the blithe, wandering cuckoo's richguise, only through the sun-bright summ

and when dark winter comes, outspread

his wings, And speeds away in search of bright skies.

## Written for CATHOLIC RECORD. CATHOLICS OF SCOTLANI

BY THE REV. ENEAS M'DONELL DAWSC LL. D., F. R. S.

PART II.

JAMES GRANT, J. M'DONALD, GEO. HA

ETC, AND THEIR TIME. Notwithstanding the cordial rega and co operation Lord Linton and S John Dalrymple had met with in En land, there arose some difference t tween the Scotch and English repu sentatives, which led to there bei separate bills for the two countrie That the objectionable laws were enact by different Parliaments, an English a a Scotch Parliament, was made the pr text. It was a frivolous one, howeve and, it is supposed, was merely used the English committee as an excuse getting rid of the Scotch Bill. Lo Linton immediately saw the Lord Adu cate of Scotland, Henry Dundss, w willingly undertook to introduce a b of relief for his Catholic fellow-count men. He observed, however, that would be better to watch the progress the English relief bill, before taking a the English relief bill, before taking a steps, and see how it succeeded. there should not be time in the Parl ment that was then sitting, he pledg his word to obtain for the Scotch Cati lics, in the next session, all that th English brethren should obtain in t evicting one

existing one.

Existing One. It was managed so as to have the En-lish bill presented to the House of Co-mons by two leading members of to Opposition, Sir George Saville and 1 Dunning. Their addresses on the occasi much have been highly credifying to to Dunning. Their addresses on the occas: must have been highly gratifying to it Catholics, as well as that of Attorn General Thurlow, who also spoke support of the measure. Leave v given to introduce the bill without a d sentient voice. The Lord Advocate th observing how the House was dispos rose and asked leave to bring in a simi bill for Scotland. This was granted w the same unanimity. It was fou however, to be too late in the session introduce the Bill; but the Lord Ad introduce the Bill; but the Lord Ad cate renewed his piedge to Lord Lin that the provisions of the English i should be extended to Scotland dur

the next sitting of Parliament, The English Reliet Bill, meanwh passed through both houses withou division. It was read a first time May 15th, and received the royal asso June 3rd, 1778. Its terms were, in a stance, the same as already pointed of The only condition for enjoying benefit of it was declared to the taking and subscribing in Register the new Oath of Allegian appended to the bill. The English Ca olics readily came forward to swear a subscribe as required. The day after bill passed a form of prayer was prom gated in all the Catholic Churches a chapels in England for "our most gri ous sovereign King George III., royal consort and all the royal family.

It was a source of happiness for Bis Hay, during his sojourn in London, to otten with his venerable friend Biss Challoner, now in his eighty-seve

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which stood out clear in the glar torches placed on either side of it by the mockery of the heretics, he exclaimed :

"Is there not one of you who will dare comething to rescue that image of our dearest mother? Save it; and we will give thanks at her feet for the taking of Maestricht.

The young lieutenant threw down his gauntlet of mail, exclaiming, in the in-solent tone which came from his previous irritation :

"May I never more set foot in Castile, if this little Father Juan does not think it as easy to scale a rampart, as to give an absolution !"

an absolution !" The words rang out through the square, and they reached the ears of the Jesuit as he stopped down from his extempor-ized pulpit. He still held aloft his cruci-fix, and his small frame seemed to grow taller; his humble look had given place to an imposing mejesty which was unmistakeably impressive.

"Do you know me, lieutenant?" he said, laying his hand on the arm of the lent officer.

"Yes!" answered he, in astonishment. 'You know, then, that I am a priest ?"

"Yes," he said again. "Then kneel down, and kiss the anointed hand that blesses and absolves in the name of Carist."

And as Father Fernandez prono

And as Father Fernandez pronounced these words, his tone was so authorits-tive, his look so majestic, that the young man was subdued. Slowly he uncovered his head, sank on one knee, and kissed the hand the religious held out to him. Then the Father threw himself at his feet, and bowed his forehead to the dust. "You have given satisfaction to the minister of God, Sir knight," he said ; "the man, the wretch, the low born peasant, Juan Fernandez, is not worthy to kiss the dust off your feet. Trample on him, for you will only tread on a mass

on him, Senor Alvar de Mirabel, trample on him ; for you will only tread on a mass of sin and wretchedness. The generous heart of the young officer was quickly and deeply moved—but at inat instant, the last bugle rang out on the evening air, and the men retired hastily to their tents. Two hours later, a tall form, wrapped in a dark cloak, left the tent of Father Juan, where, after making his contession, Alvar de Mirabel had sworn to rescue

fix on his breast, towards the most at the that seemed only less than that of the

The Father advanced upmoved, neither hastening nor slackening his pace. Arquebus after arquebus was dis-charged at him, and, as he reached the onarged at him, and, as he reacted the moat, there was quite a heavy fire. The Jesuit fell, and rolled down to the bottom of the moat, where he lay as dead, on the top of a heap of corpses. Night fell; and when darkness covered

that field of blood and horrors, the Jesuit that field of blood and horrors, the Jesuit heedfully raised his head from its ghastly pillow, and listened for any sounds that might come from the city. All was still. Then he sat up, and gradually stretched his limbs, stiffened from their long and painful constraint, whilst he had feigued death to avoid the Huguenot fire. Contit he than heren the arim supstile.

Gently he then began the grim spostle-ship, for the sake of which he had risked his life\_to feel among those cold corpses for any faint sign of life, whispering: "Brother, are you still alive? I am Father Juan, come to hear your confession, that you may save your soul !"

sion, that you may save your soul!" Sometimes there was no answer, some-times a groan showed where life still lingered. Then he dragged himself towards the sound, and repeated his question. If a second groan responded, he gently removed the weight of the dead bodies, placed his ear to the dying lips, and gave the abcolution, pouring out the saving streams of the Precious Blood, to bathe the departing soul. By degrees, he passed from one end of the most to the other, having heard the confessions of forty-two dying men. When his zeal could find no more, and now just before dawn, he clambered wearily up the sides of the fosse, and regained the camp. All correred with blood and mire, unrecognizable and well-nigh lifeless, without strength even to grasp the crucifix on his breast, he crawled on till, as he heard the challenge of the advance guard, he fell fainting on the ground. Sometimes there was no answer, some

In x on his breast, towards the most at the Burges Gate. The Huguenots saw him coming, and discharged a small canon at the auda cious intruder. The Catholics held their breast ; for they guessed his heroic intention. in the bushes. When too late to stop in his wild career he found himself on the

his wild career he found himsell on the edge of a sheer precipice many hundreds of feet high. With a cry of terror he caught at the overhanging bushes, but in vain; down he slid, down, down, till he was breathless with the speed and horror of the fall. Suddenly something struck his feet, checking his descent, and with an algost hundress institut of struck his feet, checking his descent and with an almost hopeless instinct of and which an almost hoperess instinct of self-preservation, he grasped at and caught a wild grape-vine that was trail-ing a scraggy length over the wall of rock. This saved him, and with a half-unconscious "Thank God!" he gathered

himself together and stood up to take breath and look around, A very short examination sufficed to

m his horrible situation. He was standing on a ledge of rock as far alike from the top of the precipice as from the bottom, and *nothing* absolutely within reach by means of which he could either help himself or be aided by others. The position was ghastly. He must either starve to death, or dropping asleep from weariness, fall headlong into the abyss below ! Faraway in the sunlight gleamed the houses of the village, which he had left but a few hours ago so full of life and blue, cloudless sky; and, as if to mock him, yonder, on a peak just visible over the bushes on the further side, stood the chamois he had been chasing, quietly grazing as though perfectly aware of his security in the helpless situation of his

the contessions of forty-two dying men. When his zeal could find no more, and now just before dawn, he clambered wearily up the sides of the fosse, and regained the camp. All covered with blood and mire, unrecognizable and well-nigh lifeless, without strength even to grasp the crucifix on his breast, he crawled on till, as he heard the oballenge of the advance guard, he fell fainting on the ground. The Captain General was issuing from his tent in the early dawn to direct the renewal of the assault, when the loud

which uses, in the taking me by the hald, he led me to the edge of the rock on which we stood, and pushing aside the moss, pointed to a spot whereon I might set my foot; still holding my hand, he walked in front of me and marked with his crook my every step until he had guided me to the bottom of that awful precipice. When I reached the ground I looked back at the dizzy height, where but a short while before I seemed condemned to die, and with a heart over flowing with gratitude I turned to thank my shepherd saviour—he was gone! I only heard his voice, as in a distant whisper: 'Remember thy danger, for

whipper: it is the second of the second seco remember all And the face of my angel-for it was he and no other who helped me in my need-will be ever in my mind while I live, and when I come to die may he be beside me."

The imperial party returned to the village, and in the early dawn the prince hastened with his followers to the church hastened with his followers to the church and offered up a solemn Mass of thanks-giving for his wonderful deliverance. The chapel still stands on the mountain-side which he had built in memory of his vow, and history bears witness to his well-meant though sometimes mistaken efforts to serve the Church in fulfilment of the second part of his memia of the second part of his promise.

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THOMAS D. EGAN, Osholic Agency, 40 Barcley St., New York.

Catholic Agency, 42 Barelay St., New York.

Challoner, now in his eighty-seve year, but who, nothwithstanding his gr age, enjoyed excellent health. ' Sootch Bishop, as usual, a man of world although not worldly-minded, w a good deal into society, paying and ceiving many visits, sometimes on bi ness, and sometimes for acquaintas sake. Returning to Edinburgh with L Returning to Edinburgh with L Linton he gave the Scotch Cathe great comfort by informing them is there was, at length, a pretty sure p peot of obtaining relief from the w and most trying of the penal laws. advised them, meanwhile, to com-themselves with becoming moders on the auspicious occasion, which, ind they were in the habit of doing, and gether with him, express their gratif to the Almighty for the happy is events had taken. In one of his left to Bishop Grant, he shows his appre-tion of the recent good fortune, and the Relief Bill "an amazing affair." The time for the annual meeting of

the Relief Bill "an amzing affair," The time for the annual meeting of Scotch Bishops had come, and Bi Hay repaired to Scalan, where he sp the greater part of July. He was gre renewed after his labours and busy in London, by the unbroken repose invigorating breezes of that lo clan. He recreated to find that Invigorating breezes of that lo glen. He regretted to find that health of his brother bishops had gre failed. He said with grief, that he c not hope to enjoy much longer his in course with the senior bishop, and Bi Macdonald of the Highland dis Macdonald of the Highland dis although not aged, was in very del health. The chief business of bishops at this meeting was the pley duty of informing the Cardinal Propaganda of the success of the lish Relief Bill, and the expectation had in Scotland of being simi benefited in a few months. The co tution of the administrators of the sion temporalities had been rev sion temporalities had been rev and the bishops, in conjunction them, addressed a letter to them, addressed a letter to clergy, advising them of the ohd Bishop Hay availed himself of his let at Scalan to overtake his foreign respondence. In one of his letter cays regarding the new oath prese to the English Catholics : "The nothing in it egainst consoi although it is conceived in very is