to its nour-

's Food

D DOUBLE STEREOPTICON

T ENTERTAINMENT. Il Views of the world re-Play of Oberhammer-ired the World's Fair be added, making a entertainment.

autiful Exhibition, entitled for both Old and Young,

Beautiful Views, includinvited from the reverend 3. A. Branches.

H KERN, Dis. Dep. C.M.B.A. Box 46, Waterloo, Ont.

ED GLASS CHURCHES.

the Lowest. LAND & SON

reet West, TORONTO. NTS WANTED

olumbian [Catholic Con

gress.
ree volumes in one large
ly bound in full gilt, embracproceedings of the Chicago
s, of 1893, giving in full the
addresses, essays and resoluress, and on Catholic Educais added an epitome of Cathoses in America. Published by
the of the Cathoses in America. Published by
the of the Cathoses in America. Published by
the of the Archdiocese
is Grace the Most Reverend
ian and pretaced by Reverend
than cellor of the Archdiocese
s book is a imitedly the best
r now on the market. The
given to agents. Address at
and circulars, T. J. Kelly &
st., Toronto, Ont.

Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894.

High Noon.

Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent
day
Leaves less than half remaining! For the
dark
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candle to the stick. The sputtering socket yields but little light. Long life is sadder than an early death. We cannot count on ravelled threads of age Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use The warp and woof the ready present yields, And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink How brief the past, the future, still more brief, Calls on to action, action! Not for use Is time for retrospection or for dreams; Not time for self-laudation, or remorse. Have I done nobly? Then I must not let Dead yesterday, unborn to morrow shame. Have I done wrong? Weil, let the bitter tasts

Have I done wrong? Weil, let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,
And keep me silent when I would condenn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them. Looking
back
My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue! Sorrows shine
In rainhow colors o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth
Out to the western sky, still bright with noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men. and with myself. Up the steep summit of my life's forencon, Three things I learned—three things of prec Three things I learned—three things or precious worth.
To guide and help me down the western slope.
I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save:
To pray for courage, to receive what comes.
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus
And only thus, can good come unto me;
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not—This alone is gain.

## THE NEW DISEASE.

The A. P. A. Gets a Caustic Scoring From a Non-Catholic-An Epidemic of Fear - Bogies Everywhere - The Sewer Rats Thrive by Fear and Their Only Weapon is Untruth.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD. Condensed from the Arena for June.) The latest thing in neurotics is par-

anoia. No doubt it has always existed, but until a disease becomes popularized, so to speak, it cannot consistently lay claim to a technical name. The distinguishing symptom of this malady is fear. The victim is very sure that some one is plotting against him. He knows it. For many months this fear may be upon him and his intimate friends see nothing wrong in his manner. But he is alert, vigilant and on the lookout. Suddenly some day he sees his wife sprinkle a white powder in his soup. It is salt, but you could never convince him of that fact. He refuses the soup, and his life for the time is spared Next day he slyly exchanges his cup of coffee for hers. She does not drink all of her coffee—he knows why, but keeps the information to himself. Certain conspirators come to his house in the disguise of ragpeddlers, milk-men, etc.; he sees them and mentally makes note. He observes these men afterward on the street but they pretend not to see him; they turn their backs and walk away. He confronts them, they are astonished and protest their innocence—"just as the guilty always do."

The ropes are being drawn tighter around the helpless victim. He sees his children are eying him—yes, even they have joined the enemy. A neighness that he does not feel; it can be seen in his eye. Relentless hate is on the poor fellow's track—ruin, disaster, disgrace, dooth. Slower the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swung aloft: at the integration of the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swung aloft: at the integration of the conductor's signal to start. disgrace, death. Sleepless nights follow days of hot anxiety, and one of two things happens. The unhappy two things happens. The unhappy wretch in frenzy strikes down his wife or son or neighbor who he imagines is about to wrong him, or he flies to a distant city to elude his pursuers. Arriving there he detects still other villains on his track; breathless, with bloodshot eyes and blanched face, the cold sweat standing in beads on his forehead, he rushes into a police station and demands protection. gets it; for every police captain has n more than one just such case.

There are now strong symptoms of a social paranoia to be seen in certain parts of our country. If the antidote is not given it may become a scourge that will hold our fair name up as A BYWORD AND A HISSING BEFORE THE

CIVILIZED WORLD. This disease has found a favorable soil in many sections, especially in the rural districts of the West. The widespread financial depression has hit the farmer hard. The rustle of the mort gage has sung in his ears night and day, and visions of a gigantic sum mons and complaint backed up with writs of ejectment, have haunted his dreams. Bad legislation, bad crops and bad theology are a trinity of bad things. The result has been that a condition favorable to a suggestion

and the suggestion has come. A year ago I was visiting an old farmer friend in Illinois, and very naturally the talk was of the great Fair. Was he going? Not he — he Fair. Was he going? Not he — he dared not leave his house a single day; did I not know that the Catholics had been ordered by the Pope to burn the barns and houses of all heretics? It sounded like a joke, but I saw the grey sounded like a joke, but I saw the grey eyes of this old man flash and I knew he was terribly in earnest. With trembling hands he showed me the Pope's encyclical, printed in a newspaper which had a deep border of awful black. I tried to tell this man that Pope Leo XIII. was a wise and diplomatic leader and probably the he was terribly in earnest. With trembling hands he showed me the

most enlightened man who had been fidels " are not alarmed. But a refer-ELLA WHEELER WILCOX IN THE ARENA FOR at the head of the Roman Church for many years; and by no human probability could he do a thing which would work such injury to the Catholics as well as the rest of humanity. (This pretended encyclical has since been proven and acknowledged a forgery.) But my argument was vain. I was taken to the two clergymen in the village, a Presbyterian and a Methodist; both were full of fear and hate

many preachers never spoke in pub-lic without fanning the flame. A. A. lodges were rapidly initiating new members, and lurid literature which was being vomited forth from presses in Louisville, Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City was being sent out

For a year I have endeavored to find proof that the Catholic Church in America was arming and drilling men or countenancing such action, as so boldly stated by the leaders in the A. P. A. In many cities I have been given permission to search every part of convents, monasteries and churches where arms were said to be stored. In vain has been my search. I have used all methods known to detectives to find any Catholic in mother. possession of orders to maltreat his neighbors. No request or suggestion or hint showing a desire to injure Protestants have I ever been able to trace to a Catholic priest, bishop or other dignitary. And it is now the con-clusion of all unprejudiced men who have investigated the matter that the have investigated the matter that the letters, "encyclicals," "bulls" and orders which are being printed in various A. P. A. papers and purporting to come from the Roman Catholic Church are flagrant forgeries.

The A. P. A. seeks to spread hate:

IT THRIVES BY FEAR, AND ITS ONLY

WEAPON IS UNTRUTH. This broadcast sowing of falsehoods is doubtless done by men who are thriv ing by it politically and financially, and the real victims are the people who believe these outrageous stories, subscribe for the papers and pay dues to be initiated into the A. P. A. lodges. Yet whenever any one has taken up pen to try to stop the insane panic he has been greeted as "a Jesuit hireling." Occasionally, however, we get a clear note of protest from such well-known men as B. O. Flower, Washing ington Gladden and David Swing; men who have so placed themselves on record in the past that their attitude toward Rome cannot possibly be mis-

understood. Some weeks ago it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my permit, and with-out a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the quick motion as if crossing himself, seized the lever, and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities; over switches, crossings, bridges, culverts and through tun-nels and viaducts at that terrific rate

of a mile a minute. THE LITTLE MAN AT THE THROTTLE looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand was on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid, for I saw that he was not. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me nor at his fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he still forced the flying monster for-

At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were un-strung. I had had enough for a life-time. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman:
"Bill, why does he keep moving his

lips when there at the lever?"
"Who—th' ole man? Why, don't
you know, he's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident - the nerviest man that ever kicked a guage cock, he, 'swelp me!

Bill is not a Catholic, neither am I, but we do not ask whether the engineer who pilots us safely to our destination is Presbyterian or Baptist; we only ask that he shall be a man who knows his business and is willing to do it. And yet the A. P. A. are clamoring for the removal of all Catholics from the employ of railroad companies; and their oath of initiation requires that the candidate shall never

ence to the A. P. A. will show a fine array of names of orthodox clergymen who are "waging the war." And the more orthodox they are the fuller of fight they seem. "High Church" talks extermination of Catholicism, but "Low Church" is not panic-

stricken. We know the excellent work of the Jesuits among the Indians: we know the lives of La Salle and Marquette. A LITTLE LEFT OVER FOR EACH OTHER.
They were sure that the order to kill and burn had gone forth.
And so in many towns and villages as I journeyed I found this quaking fear. In many places men were arming themselves with Winchester rifles; many preachers never spoke in out. wherever tender hands are needed.
On battlefields where "Christians"
have gone forth to kill each other,
their white flag of peace is always
seen. They whisper words of comfort
to the dying, they close the eyes of the
dead, they straighten the stiffening
limbs, and by their presence lend a
show of decency to the last sad scenes.
Then we know the good work of the
Protestants. We know their Chautau-

Protestants. We know their Chautau-qur circles, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the W. C. T. U., the college settlements, the asylums, hospitals and homes. Catholic and Protestant alike pray to one God, and He who hears the cry of the nun as she watches by the bedside of the dying, harkens also

Let Protestants, Catholics and lovers of truth everywhere be willing to strike hands for good, and let us say as a united people, that in this glorious land there is no room for a secret society that seeks to spread broadcast hate and fear! For if we sow hate we must reap hate. We awaken in others the same attitude of mind that we hold toward them. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you

## ST. JARLATH'S COLLEGE, IRE-LAND.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. What a familiarly happy day is the sixth of June in Old St. Jarlath's! Books are locked up, study halls deserted, and the sombre suitane of the

class-room is exchanged for the more gay apparel of the rusticating student. Homer and Horace alike, though studied for fine or six weeks previous, preparatory to examinations, with the most unremitting assiduity, are by the great majority of students shelved for the holidays. Not so, however, with all, there are those who never lose sight of their books, not even during vacation, and to day they are shining scholars in every pathway of life. Amazingly strange indeed are the vicissitudes of life! But a very few years ago there were two or three hundred students, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-two, gathered in the college chapel on the eve of June 6th, the eve also of summer vacation, listening to a lecture by that peerless president — Father Kilkenny. Eloquently did he expatiate on the guidance of a student's life, outside as well as inside the learned institute. Young, apt, sage minds, such as will be met with in no other country, drank in the idiomatic grandeur of expression, and implanted that germ on their minds, until it has grown, and expanded, and blossomed, beneath every clime. Well may the world say this distinguishing mark is racy of the soil, for wherever he may be met with, the Irishman's bosom heaves with a tender emotion when the silvery sound of eloquence falls upon his ears. But particularly stirred were those young men who listened to their vacation lecture, as they called it. There is something saddening always about a change. No matter how bright the future prospect may appear, no matter how irksome, regular or austere the past may have been, there is still a tinge of regret at parting. This same sadness frequently leads the mind to appreciate the sublime and the beautiful; and what could be more beautiful; tiful or soul-stirring than the flowery language of a pious, learned priest. So thought his hearers on this occasion, their minds fresh from the pages of Cicero and Demosthenes. where are they all to-day Scattered over creation: some mission ers as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, carrying the cross, the standard of salvation, the most remote regions of heathenism. Others are engaged in law and medicine, some have distinguished chairs in distinguished colleges, and some have to fight life's battles in various minor occupations. But all, I am sure, are true as steel to the good teachings instilled into their youthful minds. Could they all meet again, in that neat little chapel, what fond acquaintanceships would be renewed, what an interchange of queries and double queries would have to be disposed of, what hands shaking and joy-

ful demonstrations of brotherly love

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO. His Grace Archbishop Walsh at Port

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Few days have a deeper interest and graver importance for young children than the day of their confirmation. The preparation, as well as the reception, makes an impression upon their tender souls which time cannot efface. On Wednesday, May 23, St. Patrick's church witnessed one of these happy events, when His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, administered the sacrament of confirmation to a party of the children, and also to three adults, converts of the parish.

parish.
The Archbishop was accompanied by Vicar-General McCann, of St. Michael's cathedral, Toronto, and Very Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catharines. There were also present Rev. Fathers Sullivan, Allain, Lynett and the pastor, Rev. Father McEntee.

Harris, St. Catharines. There were also present Rev. Fathers Sullivan, Allain, Lynett and the pastor, Rev. Father McEntee.

Promptly at 9 a. m. the Archbishop, accompanied by the above priests, proceeded to the sanctuary, where His Grace ascended the throne prepared for him.

In procession the children entered the church, filed up the main aisle, and took their places. The girls were neatly attired in white, with veils and wreaths, and the boys wore white ribbons on the left arm.

Before Mass His Grace, the Archbishop advancing to the front of the sanctuary examined in catechism the youthful candidates who were seated before him. Each child replied with that correctness and earnestness which bespoke the excellent and thorough manner in which they had been prepared. Carefully and faithfully had they been instructed and drilled for the proper reception of this beautiful and important sacrament by the esteemed and devoted pastor, Rev. Father McEntee.

Solemn High Mass, coram pontifice was sung by Rev. Father Sullivan, as celebrant, with Rev. Father Allain as deacon, and Rev. Father Lynett as sub deacon, the Archbishop being supported on his throne by Vicar-General McCann and Very Rev. Dean Harris.

After the reading of the Gospel Very Rev. Dean Harris stepped to the altar railing and addressed the crowded congregation, many of whom were non-Catholic brethern, as to the nature of the sacrament and its obligations. The rapt attention throughout the whole of his impressive and exceedingly interesting discourse, as well as the enthusiastic expressions of admiration, since heard on every side, show that the expectations of the people were more than satisfied.

Mass was then continued, and at the conclusion the solemn ceremony of confirmation took place. Before administering this important sacrament, His Grace, in addressing the children, pointed out to them the distinction existing between baptism, which, introducing us into the Church, leaves us infants, and confirmation, by which we become strengthened, receiving the

DORNOCH.

On Wednesday, June 6, His Lordship Bishop Dowling drove from Durham to Dornoch (a distance of nine miles), in company with Father Maloney, of Durham, and Father Kelly, of Walkerton. About half way the Bishop was met by Father Buckley, the pastor. Twenty young men on horseback, together with seventy-live carriages, followed to the church. After High Mass, celebrated by Father Buckley, His Lordship carefully examined the thirty-two canidates and was more than pleased with their answers, which showed careful training. Besides the above named clergy, Rev. Father Marijon, of Toronto, and Fathers Grannotier and Kelly, of Owen Sound, were present, all of whom assisted the Bishop during the ceremony of confirmation.

CHATSWORTH.

On the way to Owen Sound his Lordship stopped at Chatsworth and confirmed fifteen children.

WIARTON.

On Thursday, June 7, the Bishop went to DORNOCH.

on Thursday, June 7, the Bishop went to Wiarton, in company with Fathers Grannotier, Maloney, Buckley and Kelly, On the following morning twenty-two were confirmed. On Sunday His Lordship will be in Chern Samud, and in the evening he will. Owen Sound, and in the evening he will lecture on his trip to the Holy Land. On Monday he will be in the Irish Block, and on Tuesday in Meaford, where he will take the train for Hamilton. His Lordship will have confirmed one thousand during his northern visitation.

selves in such a manner as to render their thoughts worth storing away. By all means let us cultivate punctual attendance. Our meetings are always of an interesting character, so much so that those who once make it a point to come feel that it is both pleasant and profitable to be in attendance. Three applications were received and of this court. Several applications are expected at next meeting with a few more to be enrolled in the membership. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for an excursion, which will take place. At an early date, and will be announced later, at our convention held at St. Paul's last week our representative. Ph. Destruchy, had the high honor conferred on him of being elected a member of the constitution committee. Able addresses were delivered by a few of the members and a very profitable evening was brought to a close with prayer. Next meeting will be on June 21.

ANDREW KERR, Rec. Sec.

OUR DUEY.

ANDREW KERR, Rec. Sec.

OUR DUEY.

special when the torsee, Arghebather, and we strong the strong of confirmation to a party of the strong of the str

single voice effect against the many others raised in opposition to him?

There is danger ahead, and if we are alive to our own future interests, it is our duty to rouse to action in this important hour. Let no attempt that may be made by oily-tongued politicians draw the attention of the Catholics of Ontario away from the fact that the rights and privileges which have been given them by the constitution of our country are threatened by an unprincipled appeal to bigotry; that an effort is made to keep them from offices and representation: and there are those who would even deprive them of the right to earn bread for themselves and families—an organization whose aim is social and political destruction to a peaceful and law-aolding minority, and whose members are demagogues devoid of principle or Christian charity.

These facts lead but to one conclusion: we

From Oshawa.

Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, — We intend to build our new church this summer, and in making room for the building it will be necessary to remove a good many of the head-stones and monuments which have been in this loid cemetery for many years. While we do not want to remove the remains or stones unless where necessary, the names of some of the old settlers will have to disappear from the graveyard. But in order to perpetuate their names and the dates of their death, etc., it is decided that a large tablet will be erected in the new charch where the

collecting funds in aid of the Home Rule cause. Father Flannery then announced that a collection would be taken up at the church door on Sunday, the 10th inst., and sent out the following circular to the priests of the diocese of London :

country are threatened by an unprincipled appeal to bigotry; that an effort is made to keep them from offices and representation: and there are those who would even deprive them of the right to earn bread for themselves and families—an organization whose aim is social and political destruction to a peaceful and law-aoiding minority, and whose members are demagogues devoid of principle or Christian charity.

These facts lead but to one conclusion: we must if we would preserve our claim to recognition as a respectable minority of the population of this province, unite in returning men to the Legislature who have no part with the fiery fanatics who are enemies to justice, liberty and right.

It is, then, our duty, if we desire to retain our freedom in this fair Province, to give our hearty support to the Reform candidates with the earnest expectation that Sir Oliver Mowat and his colleagues may continue the good work they have carried on in the past without fear, favor, or partiality.

A BRUCE CATHOLIC.

effort to obtain for Ireland the rights granted to every other nation — of framing her own laws — and an opportunity of recovering in due time her long lost prestige and dignity of "Insula Sanctorium et Dactorum."

Dear Father—A very pressing letter received last week from Hon. Ed. Blake, has awakened me to the necessity of sending out a circular as above. The balance of Canadian funds must all be audited and cabled to London on June 24.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

I am yours very respectfully,

W. FLANNERY, D. D.