

Geraldine, the young man added, "You must forgive my servant for his rudeness, but the Red Tower rarely receives visitors now, and Cormac has learned the lesson of his race—to mistrust the stranger."

These last words he said bitterly, almost to himself. Mr. Geraldine hastened to assure him that he considered Cormac's conduct most estimable, and was about to withdraw, but the young man restrained him with a gesture.

"If the Red Tower has any interest to you," he said, "I shall consider myself honored if you will allow me to conduct you over it. But little is left now to interest the scholar or the student; but there may be something, and the view from the summit is worthy climbing for to any one who has taken the pains to make his way to its foot."

While he was talking Mr. Geraldine watched his face curiously. "Where," he kept asking himself, "had he seen it before?"

Somewhere, he was positive, and recently—but where?

"I shall be most happy to accept your kind offer," he answered, "if honest Cormac will consent to accept my apologies for disturbing him. May I ask the name of your host? My name is Geraldine, a wandering Orientalist, with enough Irish blood in his body to love castles and legends, and enough antiquarian perception to guess that this castle has a legend, and to long to learn it."

"The Red Tower has many legends," said the young man, somewhat sadly. "My name is Murrough MacMurrough; my friend is Brian Fermanagh. Will you enter? Allow me to lead the way."

The bewildered dwarf made way for his master, and Mr. Geraldine followed him across the threshold of the Red Tower into a dimly lit hall, while Brian Fermanagh brought up the rear. Cormac, with a heavy sigh which expressed his last despairing expostulation against the admission of a stranger into the Red Tower, closed the great door behind them. This operation he performed with a great noise of locking and bolting, and an ostentatious display of precautions against any further possible intruders.

"Of course I knew the face," thought Mr. Geraldine. "This is the Young Irelander I saw in the street yesterday."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Never jest with your wife on subjects which she regards sacred.

The husband should possess virtues and the wife should fail to appreciate them, and vice versa.

Love is the foundation, stone of home. Without it the most magnificent structure in the world cannot be more than a dreary dwelling place.

High life in our great cities, notably in Washington, which causes the husband to pay attention to another man's wife to the utter neglect of his own; and which tempts the wife to bestow her charms upon men in whom she should have only a common interest, is a curse to the home.

The country people do not participate in "high life" as this low life is called, and should be thankful for it.

If there are any differences between husband and wife they should be settled by the rule of reason and with hearts full of love when they are alone. Never discuss them before guests.

It is also well to have but one mind for the little ones. Do not decide matters in an off-hand manner if it is of importance and can be postponed until you and your husband, or your wife, as the case may be, can consider it on its merits. Then the father will not request one thing and the mother another quite opposed to it. Settle your differences in private, and then without any quarrel.

If your husband differs from you it does not follow that he loves you the less.

It is always right to respect your parents. Indeed, you can not hold them in too high esteem for your own good and their own pleasure; yet to repeatedly tell your young and comparatively inexperienced wife how your mother did and make detrimental comparison to your life companion (who should be your life's first love), is sure to cause a sore place which will not readily heal.

Whenever your wife pleases you, no harm will ever come of your telling her so. Do not gush, however, and try to express more than you feel. But your feelings should be the full measure of appreciation.

Bear ye one another's burdens and be ever willing to break clear over the "half way" line.

Teach your children the law of love, not obedience to dictatorial commands.

If your husband repeatedly finds pleasure away from home, try to think if you always make it as pleasant for him as you should; if your wife is slack, may it not be largely due to your failure to testify of your appreciation of her efforts, or even to your very lack of appreciation at times?

Husband and wife, have no secrets concealed from each other. They will destroy your mutual confidence.

To purify your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice.

To St. John of the Cross. A Sketch of the Founder of the Order of Mount Carmel.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

A Sketch of the Founder of the Order of Mount Carmel.

During the week a triduum was held at all Carmelite convents of the world in honor of St. John of the Cross, who is the patron saint of that sublime order of pious men and women.

The services at the convent, corner of Cedar and Centre streets, Boston Highlands, were conducted by His Grace the most reverend Archbishop. We find the following sketch of the great saint in the Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore: "If the great ones of the earth take their names from the estates which belong to them, we could never give to this holy religious of the Order of Mount Carmel a more suitable name than that of the Cross. The only inheritance he ever desired was the cross, the opprobrium and the humiliations of Jesus Christ."

It was in the cross that he placed all his hopes. It was from the cross that he drew all his glory. It was to the cross that he gave all his love, and never did worldly desire with more eagerness the pleasures and delights of life than did this great servant of God hunger to be despised, humiliated and afflicted with his crucified Lord. St. John of the Cross was born at Fontiberra, a little town of Old Castile, between Avila, Salamanca and Medina del Campo, within the diocese of Avila, the birthplace of Saint Teresa. He was born on June 24, 1542, and by the special dispensation of divine Providence named John in baptism, for he was to show forth in his life a striking resemblance both to John the Baptist and the beloved disciple.

His father was Gonzales de Yepes and his mother Catherine Alvarez, a poor orphan. They were both natives of Toledo. Don Gonzales had been brought up by an uncle, a rich merchant of Toledo, who frequently sent him to Medina del Campo on business for the house.

On these journeys Don Gonzales was in the habit of stopping at Fontiberra, where he met and married the poor orphan, Catherine Alvarez, without the approbation or consent of his relatives. His uncle and kindred, indignant at the step he had taken, disowned him and left him to the poverty he had courted. He learned the art of silk weaving from his wife, and strove to gain a livelihood by it; but his gains were small, and henceforth his days were days of penury and toil, unrelieved by a single ray of prosperity. Three children were born to him, Francis, Luis and John. Luis died in early childhood, and the two others grew up to shed a glory on the family of De Yepes, which no other member of it had done.

Catherine Alvarez was early left a widow in desperate circumstances. She had to labor hard at silk weaving to support herself and her children. But she was a valiant woman, a saint herself and worthy to be the mother of saints. She brought her children up in the fear and love of God, and early instilled into their young hearts a tender, filial love for the Blessed Virgin. They well repaid her care and devotion, for Francis de Yepes was a saint as well as his younger brother, whom he survived sixteen years, and when he died, on the feast of St. Andrew, 1607, the whole city of Medina del Campo was moved, for he had been regarded as a saint who wrought miracles and had the gift of prophecy.

John, the younger, showed almost from infancy signs of the sanctity to which he was called. Pious, humble, meek, modest, affable, exempt from the faults of most other children, he began early in life to repress the old Adam within him and subject his flesh to the holy discipline of the gospel severity even before he felt its first stings. The passion of his life was to

SERVE GOD AND TO SUFFER FOR HIS LOVE.

His only fear was to offend Him; his only desire was to please Him, and his only grief to see Him dishonored and offended. Our blessed Lord and His holy mother showed all through life a special favor for and a special protection over this lover of the cross and of Mary. Twice during his childhood he was saved from danger of death by Our Lady's assistance. When he was scarcely five years old he was playing with some children near a pool, into which he fell. The waters were deep and muddy, and the frightened children could only cry for the help they could not give. He sank beneath the waters and rose again to the surface, where he remained, showing no signs of fear and uttering no cry. A beautiful lady had appeared and offered her hand to help him out, but he, seeing his little hands all covered with mud, out of respect refused to take it. A peasant passing held out a rod to the child and, drawing him safely out, disappeared from sight of the astonished children. Saint John always thought it was Saint Joseph. Two years later, being in the country with his mother and his brother, a frightful monster in the form of a wild beast rushed upon him as if to devour him, but, child as he was, scarcely seven, he showed no signs of fear, and, making the sign of the cross, drove the beast away.

Catherine Alvarez, when her son Francis married, in 1551, removed to Medina del Campo to find in his household a home for herself and her young son. He was, as his father had been, a weaver, and they were very poor. Poor as she was Catherine Alvarez sent her children to school, and when she came to Medina del Campo to live she sent John to the school for the poor. The boy was studious and attentive, but above all, to the religious exercises practiced there. He used to serve Mass every day at the Augustinian Convent of St. Mary Magdalen.

At the age of thirteen his mother had him apprenticed, but the boy who was so quick at school was too dull to learn a trade. It was time lost.

God had other designs for him. Don Alonso Alvarez was a gentleman who, having no vocation to the priesthood, devoted his life to the care of the sick. He had taken upon himself the care of the Hospital of the Conception at Medina del Campo. Hearing of the fruitless efforts of our saint to gain a livelihood for himself and his mother, he offered to take him into his service and to place all his hopes, and to see to his schooling. The offer was gladly accepted.

In 1551, the very year that Catherine Alvarez had come to Medina del Campo, the fathers of the Society of Jesus had opened a great school there, the first they opened in Spain, and to that school John de Yepes came daily from the Hospital of the Conception. Young as he was John de Yepes knew the worth of the learning which the fathers of the society taught him, and discerned from the first the use to which it might be put. They taught him how to pray and how to describe the different states of prayer, and his own life was really more a life of prayer than of study at this time. If he was not wanted at the school or hospital he was in the church or some secret place of prayer. When he was in his twentieth year he began to think of the state of life in which he could best serve God and His Holy Mother.

One day at prayer he heard these words: "Thou art to serve Me in an Order, the ancient perfection of which thou shalt help to bring back." The Carmelite fathers had come to Medina del Campo in 1580, and to their mode of life he felt himself called. He applied for admission, and took the holy habit among them on the feast of St. Matthias, Feb. 24, 1553, being in the twenty-first year of his age. With the habit he took the name of John of St. Matthias.

After a year in the novitiate where his regularity and obedience, his recollection and fervor, his penances and the austerities permitted him were a fountain of edification to all in the convent of St. Anne, he made his holy profession in the hands of Father Angel de Salazar, provincial of Castile, in 1554. The formula of his profession, written by his own hand, is religiously preserved in the archives of this convent.

AND THE POOR LITTLE CELL HE THERE OCCUPIED has been converted into a chapel, though the convent itself never adopted the Reform of St. Teresa. He was sent to Salamanca to make his theology and was there ordained a priest in 1567. The graces he received at his first celebration of the holy mysteries increased within his soul a longing for solitude, and he began to think of entering among the Carthusians. St. Teresa had recently founded the second house of her Reform at Medina del Campo. She heard much of the holy young man, and feeling that he might help her in her intended Reform for the men, earnestly desired to see him. He came and she told him that God called him to sanctify himself in the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and that she was authorized by the general to found two convents for men, and that God had sent him in answer to her prayers to be the first instrument in this important work.

On Sept. 30, 1568, he took possession of a poor little dwelling at Duruelo, which he converted into a convent, and remained there alone until the first of Advent, when two other friars joined him. St. Teresa had cut and made with her own hands the first habit of the Reform. On the first Sunday of Advent the three first religions of the Reform renewed their vows, renouncing forever the mitigation and promising to live until death, according to the primitive rule, taking, respectively, the names of John of the Cross, Angel de Jesus and Joseph of Jesus Christ of the Cross, or Jesus Christ Crucified. Such was the origin of the Discalced Carmelites. The odor of their sanctity soon spread over Spain, and St. Teresa was soon obliged to found three other convents at Pastrana, Manresa and Alcala. The example and exhortations of St. John of the Cross inspired the other religions with the spirit of retreat, of humility and mortification.

His own great love of the cross shone in all his actions and words. To purify him more and satiate his thirst for sufferings, Almighty God made him pass through the most terrible trials, interior and exterior. Spiritual dryness and desolations, temptations and scruples, until it seemed to the saint

HELL WAS OPEN AND READY TO receive him. His own admirable work, "The Obscure Night of the Soul," gives an admirable description of the agonies he then endured. His whole life offers a continual vicissitude of crosses and privations, and of heavenly visits and spiritual favors. He never received an extraordinary grace that was not preceded by some great tribulation. God gave him the hardest of all crosses to bear, the persecution of good men, and those men his own brethren in religion. He was kidnapped by the Mitigated Carmelites and put in prison, as a rebel, at Toledo, where he was kept nine months and treated with almost incredible cruelty. He was delivered by the direct intervention of the Mother of God. Soon after his deliverance he was made prior of the Calvary, the desert of the Reform.

In 1579 he founded the Convent of Buzea and two years after was made prior of Granada. In 1585 he was elected provincial of Andalusia and in 1588 first dignitary of the order. It was

about this time he founded the Convent of Segovia, where, being in the church one night in prayer, our Lord asked him, "John, what shall I give thee for all thy labors?" And the saint made this wonderful answer: "Lord, to suffer and be despised for Thee." He got his heart's desire—his prayer was answered. God, to perfect his virtue, sent him a second trial, which came again to him from his own brethren. In the chapter held in June, 1591, he was deprived of employment in the order of which he had been the first convent of Penca, worn out with labors and sufferings. Two friars, whom he had been obliged to reprimand, were especially bitter against him and spread such calumnies against him as caused him to be shunned by all for fear of sharing his disgrace. He bore it all with joy and patience and received from heaven many favors and consolations, proving by his own experience that the soul that is faithful in serving God is always joyous.

When he was attacked by his last sickness and could no longer conceal his choice of a home either at Buzea or Uboda, where he could be better attended than where he was. From HIS LOVE OF SUFFERING he chose Uboda, as one of the two friars spoken of above was the prior, and St. John knew he would show him no kindness. He suffered excruciating tortures from an ulcerated leg, upon which many painful operations were performed. He was burnt up with fever; the prior refused him every relief from within and without, barely allowing him what would keep him alive, and to crown all, for the perfection of his sacrifice, God left him for some time a prey to interior desolation. But his love and patience augmented daily, and his crown was ready for him. On Dec. 13, near midnight, he recited with a clear voice the Miserere. On hearing the bell for Matins, which in the convents of the Discalced Fathers is said at midnight, he asked what the bell was ringing for. They answered for Matins. He looked at them smiling, as if to take leave of them, and said: "I am going to sing Matins in Paradise." Then taking up his crucifix he kissed it saying: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and passed away like a child falling to sleep in the arms of his mother.

It was on Saturday morning, Dec. 14, 1591, in the fiftieth year of his age, and the twenty-eighth of his religious profession—five of which he had in the Old Observance and twenty-three in the Reform of St. Teresa. But to know St. John of the Cross one must read his writings. The life of a saint is as Bourie truly says, his interior life, his life hidden in God. The recital of his writings St. John of the Cross has opened to us the secrets of his union with God. He has torn aside the veils which hide the Sanctum Sanctorum from his soul. Read them if you wish to know the saint whom St. Teresa called a heavenly and divine man. The writings of this great saint, with those of the Virgin Saint of Avila, Teresa of Jesus, form the most precious treasure of Carmel, as well as one of the most magnificent properties of the church. Until the end of the time these works will exercise a glorious apostolate. They will incessantly revive in Carmel its primitive fervor, and influence the hearts of the faithful with the fire of divine love.

RENOUNCED FREEMASONRY.

Actor Florence Returns to the Church While on His Death Bed.

William J. Florence, one of the foremost, if not the very first of contemporary comedians, died at Philadelphia on last Thursday night. For many years Mr. Florence, whose right name was Colin, had been a Free Mason, having been one of the organizers of the Mystic Shrine. A few days before his death Father Flanagan, of St. Mary's church, Philadelphia, was induced to the bedside of the dying actor, who renounced Free Masonry and received the last sacraments of the Church.

Mr. Florence's remains were taken to New York, where funeral services were conducted at St. Agnes' church. The ceremonies, which were unusually beautiful and impressive, were attended by a large congregation. Every seat was occupied and the altar and space around it for several feet were banked with flowers. Interment took place at Woodlawn cemetery.

On Monday Cardinal Gibbons, at the request of numerous friends of the late Mr. Florence, celebrated Mass for the repose of the soul of the departed at the Baltimore Cathedral.

Jahesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me much good. I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

New Sarum Notes.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used six bottles of B. B. B. I took it for liver complaint. Before I took it I had headache and felt stupid all the time, but now I am healthy and entirely well. In addition I have a good appetite, which I did not have previously.

LIBBIE PORTER, New Sarum, Ont.

Mr. Henry Graham, Wincham, writes: "I was in North Dakota last May, and I took a bottle of B. B. B. and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery with me, as I did not feel safe without it. While here a lady friend was suffering with Indigestion, Biliousness and Headache. I recommended the Vegetable Discovery to her and she tried it, and the result was that it did her so much good that I had to leave the balance of the bottle with her."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

A CONGREGATION OF LAWYERS.

The Mass of the Holy Ghost Honors the Opening of the Courts.

The London Law Courts have reopened after a long vacation. In old Catholic days, on the opening of the Courts, the Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost was said in the presence of a congregation made up of judges and lawyers, in order to invoke a blessing on their labors. This year, by the desire of the Catholic members of the Bar, and with the permission of the Cardinal-Archbishop, this custom was revived. The Mass was said on Monday morning at the Church of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia, Lincoln Inn Fields. This church may be regarded as the parish church of the lawyers' quarter of London. One of the great lions of Court is at its very doors. The Temple is within its district, and also the Law Courts themselves. The place could not well be more appropriate.

It is curious to see how the London papers, in noting the revival of the ceremony, make all manner of mistakes. One usually well-informed newspaper states its readers that the only Mass of the Holy Ghost is still said at the opening of the Law Courts, the little principality of Monaco. Now, not to mention the fact that it is said in Spain, the writer can hardly know much about Paris or he would remember that the beautiful church of the Sainte Chapelle, once the chapel of the old palace of the French kings, is now officially recognized as the chapel of the Palais de Justice, that is to say, of the Law Courts, and that every year, on the day when the Courts resume their sittings, the Mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated there in the presence, not only of the Bar but of the judges and all the officials. The French bar has clung to this pious custom, just as it has refused to allow the crucifix to be removed from its place above the judge's seat in the Courts.

The Rev. Dr. MacArthur and Catholic Loyalty.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Sun:—

SIR—Good Dr. MacArthur, in his thanksgiving sermon, blames Catholics for saying that "we are Catholics first and citizens afterward." But is not the Doctor in the same boat with us? Is he not "a Baptist first and an American afterward?" Is not his conscience first and the civil law afterward? Or does he mean that no matter what the State orders he must obey it? That if the State, for instance, makes a law abolishing the Ten Commandments or any one of them, or forbidding the reading of the Bible in Baptist churches, or baptism by immersion as dangerous to public health, he will obey the State? Must a citizen give such allegiance to the State as to be ready to sacrifice to it conscience, religion, the divine and the natural law and God? Is it Baptist theology that should serve God?

But the Doctor's theology has never worked practically in this country even among the Baptists. They have never been models of American citizenship. They filled the rebel army. The rebels whom Catholic Phil Sheridan chased down the Shenandoah Valley were not Catholics. Large numbers of them were Baptists.

It is a pity the good Baptist raid of yesterday did not fall in the morning, so that the eloquent Doctor might have had a chance to bathe his head and cool his brain before preaching an inflammatory sermon. Respectfully,

HENRY A. BRANN, D. D., Rector of St. Agnes' Church, November 27.

It Seldom Falls.

DEAR SIRS,—I took two bottles of Harvill's Pectoral Balsamic Elixir, and it cured me of hoarseness and tightness of the chest after other things had failed. I have also tried B. B. B. It works splendidly for weakness and headache.

SAMUEL DADDOCK, Beansville, Ont.

Joseph Rosen, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lame neck which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever used. It has been a great blessing to me."

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