THIRR issued forth a double flood, The streams of water and of blood From that deat side.-lieldges.

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BEVENTH MONTH OI DAYS

July

THE.
PRECIOUS BLOOD

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78901	Su. News	**:	Seventh Subday After Pentecost. THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD. Vesper Hymn. "Yestivis Resonent." R. Benedict XI. B. Hugene Hi Marvas of B.V. Mary. Seven Brothers Martyrs. S. Hus I S. John Gusibert.	4 42 4 43 4 44 4 45 4 46	8558888	221-100	4456665	\$ 43 9 22 9 56 10 23 10 57 11 57	Hop NOO
14 15 16 17	%	*****	Elighth Sunday After Penticost, 3. Anaclete, Vesper Hymni "Inte Confessor," (In. Toronto, Dedication of the Cathedral, Vesper Hymni "Coclestis Urbs.") 5. Bonaventure, 5. Bonaventure, 6. Lady of Mount Carmel, 6. Leo IV. 6. Camillus of Lellis 6. Symmacus.	4 47 4 48 4 49 4 50 4 51 4 52 4 53	77777	58 58 67 56 56	0006666	A M. 9 30 1 3 1 42 2 23 3 13 4 06	OON'S PHASES LAR Quanter
ii Bi Bi	34 ×43000	W.	Ninth Suaday After Pentecoat. S. Jerome Aemiliani. Vesper Hymuz "Iste Confessor" (In Lity of Toronto, "Coelestis Urts.") S. Alexis S. Mary Magdalene. S. Apolitinaris L. Vincent de Paul J. JAMKO Apost.c. S. ANNS.	4 53 4 54 4 56 4 56 4 56 4 54 4 59	777	54 53 52 51 50 49	000000	001 Klar 8 41 9 10 9 20 10 20 11 43	er 23.00 m 0.00 m
	Su. M. T W. T.	Ŧ,	Tenth Sunday After Pentecost. 3. Veronica Juliana. Vesper Hymn . "Sanctorum Meritis." 5. Victor I and Companions. 5. Felix II. 9. Martha 8. Ignatius Loyola.	5 0 5 2 5 3 5 4	17	18 17 45 41 43	6666	11 17 11 57 A M 0 43 1 33	NA X

Indulgenced

"My God and my all P. An indutgence of 10 days granted to the faith? I as often as they recite this ejaculation.

HOME CIRCLE eeeeeeeeeeee

OVER THE WAY.

Across in that mansion yonder Half hidden by curtains of lace, see through its polished windows, A child's sweet little face. His form is clad in a texture Of soft and silken array, For fortune has showered its favors On my neighbor, over the way.

And here in my little cottage When my day s toil is done, I sit with my little darling And gaze on the setting sun. My babe is dressed in cotton, It's little feet are bare; ; Yet its lace is as sweet and hand-

'Al my neighbor's boy, over there.

My home is small and lowly. With its curtains of simple chintz, My baby's wardrobe only Some pretty colored prints. Her habe has many changes Of raiment for every day, And beautiful, costly garments Clothe my neighbor's boy, over the

My/neighbor's lotty mansjor With its statues of marble and

Its freecord walls and ceilings Are admired by all who pass. 'And I, in my humble cottage, Murmured and thought alway, That heaven sent all its brightness To the mansion, over the way.

Ask me; how we judge each other. I thought her heartless and cold, So proud of her wealth and splendor, Of her satin's shimmering fold, But I saw her to-day in the garden, Guiding his steps to and fro, Then I knew she was bearing the bur-

Of a mother's bitter woe.

'And now in my little cottage Though I toil hard all the day, I would not exchange with my neigh-

In the mansion over the way. And though no diamonds adorn me, To my fate I am resigned. My babe's eyes catch the sunshine, But my neighbor's boy—is blind.

'Alasi how often we murmur And fill with regret the day, Thinking others have all the sunshine While our clouds are always gray. We may not see their sorrow Mor their trials, day by day. Yet each heart bears some burden.

Like my neighbor, over the way. -Susan Coolidge.

A LINIMENT FOR THE LOGGER. -Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined, are of daily, experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr Thoma's Eclectric Oil when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

"If you want to know what a man is, examine his castles in the air," said an old, sick pauper in an English workhouse to a writer for The Spectator.

The obstacle to following the advice, and thus increasing our knowledge of human nature, is that these same castles are off the line of our railways, and that, even if we reach the portcullis, we are all too likely

to be without the password What we should like to be it er secret than what we are. We know, that Raphael aspired to be a poet instead of a painter, and that "Dante

once prepared to paint an angel:15 The boy has visions of his triumphs at the bar or in the laboratory. The girl dreams of fame as a novelist or a singer, or of social power and charm These are natural enough
But the really interesting question

is, "What is the air castle of the man or woman who in the eyes of the world has scored a brilliant success?" In nine cases out of ten it would be found to be in the nature of a return to simplicity. The rich banker, dreams of the joys of the farmer, the woman of society pictures to herself the grateful solitude of life on a remote ranch. She may even sigh for the quiet of the convent, notwith-standing its stern rules. What seems monotony to the villager promises peace to the weary dweller in the great city. A glimpse of a hundred air castles would discover in scores of instances that the desire for luxury and display, had given way in the world of dreams to a new regime of "plain living and high thinking."

SCHOOLBOYS' READING.

Does the schoolboy of to-day know anything of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, James Russell Lowell and Fitz Greene Halleck, whose poems his father or even his elder brother can still recite? He is such a superior young person that we hesitate to question him as to what he really knows and what he has put behind him as belonging to a past age Ond often wonders whether he has abandoned the habit of reading everything except the current periodicals and popular novels. If the worthles just mentioned and others of their day have been laid on the shelf, so far as educational purposes are concerned, who are their successors? The modern school education is unquestionably a great advancement over that of even twenty years ago, yet is it not possible that in some ways its attitude is a trifle too iconoclase tic? Conservatism and clinging to traditions are, in their way, excel-

lent habits for a commercial people,

and we should be sorry to see the

boy of to-day grow up entirely ignor-

SLAP-BANG

(From the French by J. Christie)

The firtle boy lay paie and listless in his small white cot, gazing with eyes, enlarged by fever, straight before him, with the strange fixity of illness which seems to see already more than is visible to living eyes His mother, sitting at the bottom of the bed, biting her fingers to keep back a cry, noted how the symptoms deepened on the ghostly little face, while his father, a strong workman brushed away his burning tears.

The day was breaking, a calm clear, lovely day of June. The light began to steal into the poor apartment where little Francis, the son of Jacques and Madeline Legrand, lay very near death's door. He was seven years old, three rosy weeks ago, as happy as a bird. But one night, when he came home from school, his head was giddy and his hands were burning. Ever since he had lain there in his cot To-night he did not wander in his mind, but for two days his strange listlessness had alarmed the doctor He lay there sad and quiet, as if at seven years old he was tired of life, rolling his head upon the bolster, his thin lips never smiling, his eyes staring at one knew not what He would take nothing-neither medi cine, syrup, nor beef-tea

"Is there anything that you would like?" they asked him

"No, ' he answered, "nothing '

"This must be remedied, the doc tor said "This torpor is alarming You are his parents, and you know him best Try to discover what will interest and amuse him " And the doctor went away

To amuse him! True, they knew him well, their little Francis They knew how it delighted him, when he was well, to go into the fields, and to come home loaded with white hawthorn blossoms, riding on his father's shoulders. Jacques had already bought him gilded soldiers, figures, "Chinese shadows," to be shown upon a screen. He placed them on the sick child's bed, made them dance before his eyes, and, scarcely able to keep back his tears, strove to make him làugh.

"Look, there is the Broken Bridge Tra-la-la And there is a general You saw one once at Boulogne Wood, don't you remember. If you drink your medicine like a good boy, I will buy you a real one. with a cloth tunic and gold epaulettes. Would you like to have a general?"

"No," said the sick child, his voice. dry with fever. Would you like a p

lets, or a crossbow?" "No," replied the little voice, de-

And so it was with everything even with balloons and jumping-jacks Still, while the parents looked at each other in despair, the little voice responded, "Not Not Not"

"But what is there that you would like, then, darling?" said his mother "Come, whisper to me-to mamma," And she laid her cheek beside him on the pillow.

The sick boy raised himself in bed, and, throwing out his eager hands towards some unseen object, cried out as in command and in entreaty, "I want Slap-bangi"

II.

"Slap-Bang!"

The poor mother looked at her husband with a frightened glance What was the little fellow saying? Was the terrible delirium coming back again* 'Slap-bang!" She knew not what that signified. She was frightened at the strangeness of the words, which now the sick boy, with the perversity of lilmess-as if, having screwed his courage up to put his dream in words; he was resolved to speak of nothing else-repeated without ceasi

"Slap-bang! I want Slap-bang!" "What does he mean" she said; distractedly, grasping her husband's hand. "Oh, he is lost!"

But Jacques' rough face wore a smile of wonder and relief, like that of one condemned to death who sees a chance of liberty.

Slap-hang! He remembered, that well the morning of Whit Monday, when he had taken Francis to the .circus. He could hear still the child's delighted laughter when the clown the beautiful clown-all be-starred with golden spangles, and with a huge many-colored butterfly glitterant of all those things which make ing on the back of his black costume, fragrant the memories of our own skipped across the track, tripped up

the tiding-master by the heels, took a walk upon his hands, or threw up to the gas-light the soft felt hats. which he dexterously caught upon his skull, where, one by one, they formed a pyramid; while at every trick and every jest, his large droll face expanding with a smile he uttited the same catchword, sometimes to a roll of music from the band, "Slapbang!" And every time he uttered it the audience roated, and the little fellow shouled with delight

Slap-bang! It was this Slap-bang, the circus clown, he who kept half the city laughing, whom little Francis wished to see, and whom, atas! he could not see as he lay pale and leeble in his little bed.

That night Jacques brought the child a jointed clown, ablaze with spangles, which he had bought at a high price Four days' wages would not pay for it, but he would willing ly have given the price of a year's labor could be have brought a spile to the thin lips of the sick boy

The child looked for a moment as the toy which sparkled on the bedquilt. Then he said, sadly, "That is not Slap-bang, I. want to see Slapbang!"

If only Jacques could have wrapped him in the bed-clothes, borne him to the circus, shown him the clown dancing under the blazing gas-lights, and said, "Look there!"

But Jacques dld better still He went to the circus, obtained the clown's address, and then, with legs tottering with nervousness and agitation, climbed slowly up the stairs which led to the great man a apartment. It was a bold task to undertaket Yet actors, after all, go sometimes to recite or sing at each men's houses Who know but that the clown, at any price he liked, would consent to go to say good-day to little Francis. If so, what matter his reception?

But was this Slap-bang, this charming person called Monsieur Moreno, who received him in his study like a doctor, in the midst of books and pictures, and all the luxury of art' Jacques looked at him and could not recognize the clown. He turned and twisted his felt hat between his fingers. The other waited. At last the poor fellow began to stammer out exunheard of - that he had come to ask, but the fact was, it was about his little boy-such a pretty little boy, siri and so cleveri Always first in his class-except in arithmetic, which he did not understand A dreamy little child-too dreamy-as you may see"-Jacques stopped and age he continued with a rush - "as, you may see by the fact othat he nothing else, that you are before himhis mind on-"

Jacques stopped Great beads stood gans, have no equal on his forehead and his face was very pale. He dared not look at the clown, whose eyes were fixed upon him What if the latter took him for a madman, and showed him to the

door? "Where do you live" demanded Slap-bang

"Oh! close by The Rue des Abbesses!"

"Come!" said the other, "the little fellow wants to see Slap-bang well, he shall see him."

III.

When the door opened before the clown, Jacques cried out joyfully, 'Cheer up, Francis! Here is Slap-

The child's face beamed with expectation He raised himself upon his mother's arm, and turned his head towards the two men as they entered. Who was the gentleman in' an overcoat beside his father, who smiled good-naturedly, but whom he did not know? "Slap-bang," they told him. It was all in vain. His head fell slowly back upon the pillow, and his great and sad blue eyes meened to look out again beyond the narrow chamber walls, in search, unceasing search, of the spangles and the but-

terfly of the Slap-bang of his dreams; "No." he said, in a voice which Ripears. Oncertion and Lewiston. sounded inconsolable; "no; this is not Slap-bang!16

The clown, standing by the little bed, looked gravely down upon the child with a regard of infinite kindheartedness. He shook his head, and looking at the anxious father and mother in her agony, said smiling, "He is right. This is not Slap-bang '

And he left the room. "I shall not see him; I shall never

But all at once-half an hour had not clapsed since the clown had disappeared - the door was sharply opened, and behold! In his black, spangled tunic, the yellow tuft upon his head, the golden butterfly upon his breast and back, a large smile opening his mouth like a monty box, his face white with flour, Slap-bang, the true Slap-bang, the Slap-bang of the circus, burst into view. And in his little white cut, with the joy of life in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the little fellow clapped his feeble hands, and, with the recovered gatety of seven years old, cried out.

"Bravo! Bravo! Slap-bang! It is he this time! This is Slap-bang! Long live Slap-bang! Bravo!"

IV.

When the doctor called that day, he found sitting beside the little patient's pillow, a white-faced clown, who kept him in constant ripple of laughter, and who was observing, as he stirred a lump of sugar at the bottom of a glass of cooling drink,

"You know, Francis, if you do not drink your medicine, you will never see Slap-bang again!"

And the child drank up the draught. "ls it not good?"

"Very good, Thank you, Slapbang."

"Doctor." said the clown to the physician, "do not be jealous, but it scems that my tomfooleries have done more good than your prescriptions. '

The poor parents were both crying but this time it was with joy.

From that time till little Francis was on foot again, a carriage pulled up every day before the todging of the workman in the Rue de Abbesses; a man descended, wrapped in great coat with the collar turned up to his ears, and underneath are rayed as for the circus, with his gay visage white with flour.

"What do I ove you, sir?" said Jacques to the good clown, on the day when Francis left the house for the first time. "For I really owe you everything!"

The clown extended to the parents his two hands, huge as those of Hercules:

"A shake of the hand," he said. Then, kissing the little boy on both cuses. "It was unpardonable-a thing his rosy cheeks, he added, laughing: "And permission to inscribe on my visiting cards, 'Slap-bang, doctor-acrobat, physician in ordinary to little.Francisi'

BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY -The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means botties of drugs never consumed. He has stammered, then screwing up his cournot the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which mell villainously and taste worse But if he wants to see you, that he thinks of have the will to deal himself with his allment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmalee's Vegetable; always, like a star which he has set Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive or-



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