

LORD RUSSELL'S CHILDHOOD HOME.

How the Life of the Lord Chief Justice of England Began.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson contributes to a recent issue of the *Ave Maria* a fascinating sketch of Lord Russell, of Killowen, the first Catholic Lord Chief Justice of England, since England's break from the Church in the sixteenth century. We quote:—

The house where the great lawyer first saw the light was a tall, old grey house at Ballybot, a suburb of Newry, near which was his father's brewery. Arthur and Margaret Russell were parents of five children, two boys and three girls. The father, long an invalid, was a man of most sweet and indulgent character; the mother, with her strong, noble, energetic nature, had the greatest possible influence over the character of her children. In that truly Christian household all the virtues were taught, and most especially the virtue of charity. Indeed, "the charity of Christ urged us" might have been written on those nursery walls; for, of the five children who played therein, four dedicated themselves to the service of God in religion, while the first lived to be so great an honor to the Church of which he is a devoted son as Lord Russell, of Killowen.

Of that family life one now and again catches a glimpse in the poems of the well-known Dublin Jesuit, who is Lord Russell's brother: as for instance:

"The harsh word 'beggar' was under ban
In that quaint old house by the sea;
And little blue frock's announcements ran:
'Tis a poor little girl—a poor blind man—
Poor woman with children three."

And again, when he counts God's benefits, we hear of:

"Chiefest as first, the truest, best of mothers,
Whose kind, firm presence never since hath
slept;

"And those fair angels, saintly, wise, light-
hearted,
Whose smile made pure the very air I
breathed.

"And who at parting (for we all have parted)
Sweet sanctifying memories bequeathed."

The "quaint old house by the sea" was Seaford, Killowen, where the family removed while Charles was still a little boy. In this enchanting place, between the mountains and the sea, the children found a paradise. They were free, and even encouraged, to make friends with the peasant folk about them; and they knew every old Tom and Biddy of the district, were familiar with all their aches and pains, and were welcome guests at the cottage hearths. Killowen village nestles delightfully under the lee of a mountain; Carlingford Bay faces it, and the children knew all the delights of mountain and sea. They are not forgotten there. The peasants yet remember the charity of the mother, and are proud of the distinguished son. He does not forget Killowen, any more than his Jesuit brother, who, hearing a cock crow in France, is reminded of the chancicler

"That daps his wings and crows, perchance,
this hour
Before George Killy's door in dear Kil-
lowen."

but has often revisited the beloved home of his boyhood.

A little discursiveness about those dear brothers and sisters may be pardoned. Father Mathew Russell is, to a section of young Irish writers, a far greater man than his brother. He edits the *Irish Monthly*, a little green-covered periodical which has weathered the storm and stress that especially beset Irish periodical literature for well over a score of years. How many pretentious periodicals it has seen born and die? The *Irish Monthly* is the nursery of young poets. Nothing goes by fear or favor; and the timidest neophyte may send the most blurred manuscript, confident that if there be in it the tiniest seed of poetry, it will be recognized by those kind editorial eyes.

Father Russell's friendship, once won, is never-failing. He is extraordinarily like his distinguished brother, and yet extraordinarily unlike. Lord Russell has a square, massive face, of curious ivory pallor, with piercing, deep-set eyes that mentally dissect you as they gaze. Father Russell is a little rosy man, with a round face that wears an expression of absolutely tender benignancy. As he bustles into the big bare parlor of the Jesuits to receive you, his very "Good morning!" has a kindness in it impossible to describe; and the very sight of his face disarms the Protestant to whom "Jesuitical" has long been an adjective of boding. Yet there is the inexplicable family likeness which would make recognize you the one from the other all the world over.

Father Russell's devotion to literature is only less than his devotion to his priestly office. His kindness to his literary circle shines on the just and the unjust. People of all religions and no religion ask for Father Russell at Gardiner street, and it may safely be said that none go away unblessed. There is scarcely a writer of note who has come out of Ireland in the last twenty years, irrespective of creeds and politics, that has not contributed to the *Irish Monthly*; and it is surprising to find by how many Protestant households, even of the narrow Low Church which prevails in Ireland, Father Russell's name is loved and honored.

To his sisters, the nuns, Father Russell refers in a verse quoted earlier. There is another verse, even more tender, which must refer to one of them:

"Oh, for her earnest faith who said
To me, a headless boy,
When some long 'yeat' that we paid
Would my dull faith annoy:
'Now wait and say another prayer
(How swift the time has flown!)
'Till some one comes, I can not bear
To leave him all alone.'"

The three sisters entered the Order

of Mercy. Of these the eldest, who became a nun at eighteen years of age, volunteered a little later to go out to San Francisco to found a conventual hospital. That was in 1854, and since then the work of her hands has so marvellously increased and flourished that she is now something of a power in the State.

The other two remained in the Newry Convent of Mercy, where one, Sister M. Aquin, died in 1876. The other still survives. I should like to quote a description of Sister Aquin, taken from "Hester's History," a very early novel by Miss Rosa Mulholland, who was devoted to the gentle nun:—

"Here were sweet, tender, pitiful blue eyes, and a brow smooth and serene under its spotless little band; no latent fire, no lines to show where frowns had been. The face was oval and softly moulded, and very winning in its exquisite freshness and purity. The mouth was noble, and though ever quick with the right word, was, in its changing expressions, most eloquent of much that is left unspoken. The complexion was so dazzling fair, so daintily warmed with its vermilion on the cheeks, no paint or powder could mimic it; only early rising, tender labors, never ceasing and perpetual joy of spirit, could be combined in producing it. The quaint black garment, the long floating veil and narrow gown of serge were right fit and becoming to the wearer. They laid hold of her grace and made their own of it; while she, thinking to disguise herself in their sombre setting, wrapped the unlovely folds around her, and shone out of them as only the true gem can shine. The shadow that the black veil threw around her face made its purity almost awful, but its bloom and simplicity more entirely enchanting."

The future Lord Chief Justice was named after his father's young brother, then student at Maynooth, but afterwards, from 1857 until his death in 1880, the president of that cradle of the Irish priesthood. Dr. Russell was a great and distinguished scholar and writer, a man of the world after the manner of Cardinal Manning or Francis de Sales, a saint who had for his exemplar "the first true gentleman that ever breathed," as an old poet quaintly and reverently described Our Lord. He was Newman's friend, the one who helped him most of all. As the "Apologia" says: "He was gentle, kind, unobtrusive, uncontentious. He let me alone." So it would seem it was Dr. Russell's personality more than his arguments that helped the great Cardinal.

After those halcyon, boyish days by the sea, and on Killowen Point that stretches like an arm of grey shingle into the sea, Charles Russell went to school to a Mr. Nolan in Newry. Later he spent some time at St. Malachy's, Belfast, and at Castleknock, near Dublin. Still later he put his name on the books of Trinity College, Dublin, and himself under the tutelage care of his townsman, Dr. Ingram, who wrote the finest of Irish revolutionary songs, "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" But at this time he was already practising as a solicitor in Belfast, and he never took out his degree. He was a mere boy when apprenticed to Hamill & Denver, a Newry firm of solicitors.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.

Prof. Robinson and Judge Baldwin Discuss Their Mutual Relations.

Prof. William C. Robinson of the Yale law school and Justice Sewen E. Baldwin of the Connecticut Supreme Court Sunday night in the United Church (Congregational), at New Haven, Conn., discussed "The Mutual Relations of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches."

The church was crowded and numbered among the authors very many of St. Mary's Catholic Church, of which Professor Robinson is a member.

The professor's arguments were altogether on the same lines as his paper read before the Unitarian convention at Saratoga a few weeks ago, and covered the topic from the Roman Catholic standpoint.

Justice Baldwin, in replying, dwelt briefly upon the points on which the churches differed from the time of Henry VIII. to the present day. In closing Justice Baldwin said:

"Our enemies are its enemies. The great danger to republican government in America now comes from two sources—the spread of anarchy and the incorporation into our society of masses of new come foreigners, unfamiliar with our institutions and ignorant of the necessary limits of liberty. Against both these forces the Roman Catholics are our best allies. It is full time for all Christian men to pull together in warfare with the bad in the world. Our differences are as nothing compared to the points on which we agree, and it will be the fault of the American Protestant if he does not welcome and solicit the support of Catholic churches on every question of ethics and morality."

There we have the expression of candid and intelligent Protestant thought for the reason that there is no more enlightened and fair-minded people on the face of the earth than Americans, Apaisism, which relies wholly upon ignorance and prejudice for success in its contemptible crusade against Catholicity, may as well banish all hopes of ever prevailing in this land.

A cough which persists day after day should not be neglected any longer. It means something more than a mere local irritation, and the sooner it is relieved the better. Take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is prompt to act and sure to cure.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON THE RE-UNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Catholic Truth Society recently held its annual conference in Preston, the main feature being the significant and eloquent address of Cardinal Vaughan upon the subject of England's return to the Catholic faith.

An English Church Congress opened at Exeter a few days since. The Bishop of that See presided and urged upon the Anglican Church a catholicity of spirit towards other denominations.

Again, we read in the latest despatches from Rome that the Pope is preparing a special appeal to the clergy of the Anglican Church on the subject of the reunion between them and the Roman Church. All these incidents coming together show that efforts are being made to profit by that disposition of minds in favor of unity of belief and identity of communion.

Cardinal Vaughan said:

"One of the happiest signs of the times is the growing desire for the reunion of Christendom. This noble aspiration manifests itself outside the Church in societies at home and conferences abroad. It witnesses to a state of dissatisfaction with the religious divisions which cover England. It recognizes, at least in some degree, the incalculable evils which spring from the sin of schism. The pressure of grace and the Catholic instinct carry the minds of some still further. They ask themselves of what avail the exercise of many virtues by the soul that is an alien from unity and severed from the vine? They fear, with good reason, that their prayers and good works will not avail to salvation unless they are quickened with the life of the true vine, unless they are living members of the Body of Christ, which is His Church. With them the question of reunion is one of life or death."

There are some who in this movement are not led by proper motives and who seek union with other Christian Churches by a compromise of truth, by methods which are not based upon unity of dogma. This is the essential condition of true union, and all else must necessarily fail as being fictitious and as a covering for error. Such would be the union suggested by an Anglican appeal couched in these words:

"One effectual way of displaying the credentials of the Church of England to the world, and asserting the rights which those credentials bestow upon her, is for the thousands of Anglican Catholics who visit countries owing allegiance to the Pope to go as members of the Catholic Church for holy Communion to the churches of the land in which they are sojourning. Such an open and collective movement would do more for the Anglican communion abroad than building chapels has accomplished. Our duty is plain, the issues are with God."

Cardinal Vaughan characterized this method of procedure as a spiritual brigandage and wholesale sacrilege. To call themselves members of the Catholic Church and forcibly enter into communion with this Church on a name which means for both two essentially distinct creeds is condemnable by all honest minds and can never lead to union. They are wolves in sheep's clothing who steal into the fold.

But on the other hand there are many earnest and prayerful souls who desire to be united to the true Church by the observance of the precepts and the profession of faith. They should not only command our sympathy, but our prayers and advice. Many are kept back only by domestic ties and by fear of losing that position by which alone they can gain a livelihood. The Holy Father is touched by the earnestness of many who are anxious to return to the Church, but who are deterred for this and many other similar reasons. Quite recently, in his "Encyclical to the Rulers and People of the World," the Holy Father has made a new appeal to the consciences of our separated brethren.

"Let us, one and all," he says, "for the sake of the common weal, labor assiduously to restore the ancient concord and union. To bring about this concord and to spread abroad the benefits of Christian revelation the present is the most reasonable time, for never before have the sentiments of human brotherhood penetrated so deeply into the souls of men, and never in any age has man been seen to seek out his fellow-countrymen more eagerly, in order to better both to know and help them."

Why should not our present century, which is hastening to its close, by a happy change of circumstances, bequeath to mankind pledges of concord and the prospect of those great benefits which are dependent upon the unity of Christian faith?

The Church makes no compromise with error. She cannot accept a reunion on the basis of a common formula of belief which each one is allowed to interpret the formula as he pleases. There must be unity in the interpretation as well as in its outward expression. Moreover, the Church cannot accept reunion on the basis of simply believing in Christ; it must be based upon Christ as a living teacher and embrace everything which He has taught. All truths explicitly proclaimed or implicitly contained in Christ's teaching must constitute by necessity the material object of faith. If these conditions are not verified, if this basis is not accepted, then there can be no union, nor can the Church accept reunion if she be obliged to change in the slightest degree her constitution. This is divine, fixed by her Founder and incapable of being modified or changed by man. These are truths which are immutable. But when there is simply discipline in

question, when it is merely a matter of legislation, the Church for a greater good may admit changes and modifications. Here we will use the Cardinal's own words:

"The invisible rock is Christ, the visible rock Peter, constituted in one solidity with Christ. These are truths which are immutable and no man can change them. But the Church is free for the sake of some greater good to admit changes and modifications in her discipline and in legislation which concerns times and circumstances. She has power over her own commandments and over questions of discipline, such as clerical celibacy, communion under both kinds, over her liturgy and the language in which the liturgy is clothed. Nor would she hesitate again to make concessions, as she did in times past, for the sake of some great good, could they be shown to surpass in value adherence to the points of discipline to be relaxed. Let so much suffice upon the general principle of concession or compromise."

Thus in the matter of compromise there can be none if it affects the truths of faith or the divine constitution of the Church. The Church, however (and the Cardinal speaks for England) will show herself condescending in things which she can change for the benefit of the Anglican clergy, provided she considers it to be for the spiritual benefit of their souls, and consequently for a greater good.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

A MORAL REVOLUTION.

Father Mathew's Work, Begun in 1838, Still Goes on the World Over.

Some one has said that the names and memories of great men are the dowry of a nation, and Carlyle believed that "universal history is at the bottom but the history of great men."

Heroism is not greatest on the battlefield where martial lines, trumpet notes and clang of battle urge men to deeds of daring. Heroism is greatest in the battle of manhood and principle, for truth and right were heart acts on heart and human sympathy spurs to action. Such heroism and such a hero we have in the immortal Father Mathew.

NEITHER SOLDIER NOR STATESMAN but a man filled with noble purpose recognizing the sufferings of humanity; seeing the chains more galling than those on limbs of slave, he answered the call of manhood to emancipate, to elevate and to save; a man with an idea which he impresses on his age; who stands forth before the world as a benefactor, a regenerator, and a savior of human kind.

Born at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, Oct. 10, 1790, Theobald Mathew offered in early life little that was remarkable. His character towards his playmates, his kindness to dumb animals, his evenness of temper, gave evidence of the benevolence of after life and of sympathy for human suffering.

WENT TO MAYNOOTH IN 1807.

Developing an inclination for the ecclesiastical state he is found in 1807 on the benches of the great college of Maynooth. Shortly afterwards he entered the Capuchin Friars, and was destined to become one of their shining lights. In 1814 he was ordained priest and exercised his ministry immediately in Kilkenny, where he labored earnestly and faithfully among the poor, attracting all hearts to him by his benevolent disposition and his great charity. We find him soon afterwards removed to Cork, working zealously in the friary made famous by the great Father O'Leary. Suffice to say that he was truly a man of God, laboring as the faithful priest among the poor. Anxious to educate his people he opened an industrial school and taught it himself.

HIS GREAT SINCERITY.

His great sincerity was the secret of his eloquence, and his preaching won the highest praise. For years he was one of the governors of the house of industry in Cork, where the poor wrecks of society found a home; there he saw misery and ruin and traced it all to intemperance, and his heart went to relieve society and his people of this evil. In 1835 a temperance movement began in Cork under the direction of Protestant gentlemen, among whom William Martin, the Quaker, was a prominent figure. They differed in religion from the great bulk of the population and their doctrine was strange; hence we are not surprised to find the movement making little headway. William Martin, recognizing in Father Mathew a man of the people and a leader of the people, appealed to him again and again to enter the lists and battle for temperance. Father Mathew saw the evils around him among the rich and poor; he saw happiness banished from many a home, and ruin and dishonor fall on many a youth; he saw the Irish character, with its destiny for great deeds, almost completely shattered by intemperance; he saw the people, and he asked himself the questions: Could religion avail? Was there a remedy in the total abstinence pledge? Would the habits, customs and associates of the Irish permit a man to rise up and destroy them? Vast interests were at stake, large capital was invested in the traffic. All were weighed in the balance with manhood, and manhood finally drove him to draw the sword against them. In April, 1838, he called a meeting in his little schoolhouse and appeared for the first time as the advocate of the pledge. There did he utter those memorable words.

"HERE GOES IN THE NAME OF GOD," words destined to electrify the world and lead millions captive.

The sixty names given at the first

meeting were increased in nine months to 156,000. From all parts of Ireland pilgrims came to Cork to see Father Mathew, to take the pledge from, and be blessed by him. Limerick, Waterford, Dublin and the Protestant north received him as a conqueror, signed his pledge, wore his medals and formed an army of temperate men such as the world has never seen before.

In 1842 he went to Scotland, in 1843 to England, and the same enthusiastic success met him everywhere. His health failing, rest was ordered. Difficulties arose, as difficulties will come in the pathway of all reform. O'Connell, recognizing the elements of strength for his repeal movement from the temperance body, himself entered its ranks. The famine, which makes men sad with even the thoughts of its horrors, devastated the country and broke the courage of the great leaders of the people both in social and political reform, and buried for a time the aspirations of the nation. America had opened its hospitable home to the oppressed and starving peasantry of Ireland. Father Mathew saw the Irish in this land of freedom, with character and intellect inferior to none, in the presence of gifts and honors free to all. He saw the fiend that destroyed his character abroad. He learned of the inroads that intemperance was making among them, and despite entreaties and threats—despite certain death by reason of his health—he set out for America in June, 1849. New York received him with enthusiasm, the governor of Massachusetts, the great men of the State, irrespective of race and religion, welcomed him to Boston. Salem opened its arms to receive him, every town in the State did him honor and thousands of men CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT KNELT AT HIS FEET.

He took the pledge and wore his medal. The abolitionists who strove to utilize him for their party against slavery found that he had one idea and that, the abolition of the slavery of intemperance. He hated the slavery of the black man, and had so expressed himself in Ireland with O'Connell, but he hated still more the slavery of drink, which enchained white and black alike. His well-known opinion on slavery drew upon him from the South in certain quarters, and even in Congress, the disapproval of prominent statesmen, but he was determined to allow no shade of politics to enter into his temperance movement. In spite of this

OPPOSITION HE WAS HONORED IN CONGRESS. Cass, Clay and Seward eulogized his glorious deeds in the interest of humanity. He traversed the United States, visiting over twenty-five States, administering the pledge in ever three hundred cities and towns, carrying with him on his return a scroll bearing the names of over six hundred thousand men pledged to total abstinence. His work was done and he returned to Ireland in 1851, shattered in health, but full of honors from a grateful humanity. He died Oct. 8, 1856. His country and the world met his death with regret, his God met it with reward everlasting. The characteristics of his life were benevolence, self-sacrifice and disinterestedness: in one word, his life was charity. Like the great Master, whose minister he was, he went about doing good; he crystallized the Christian idea of self-denial. He found humanity by the roadside suffering, and, like a good Samaritan, he set to work to relieve its wants. He found one of its great diseases to be drunkenness, from which pauperism and crime sprang, and his benevolence led him to labor to diminish these evils by striking at them in their source, which is intemperance. This was his mission, and this the ideal of his life.

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