

BY ELEANOR C. D.  
O sacred flames, that glow  
From out the Sacred Heart  
Come, flood this dusky soul  
And fill it with your light  
Reveal to me each spot  
That in its guilty depths  
Lurks, as with a fiery  
My spirit's murky night

O rosy crown, O cross  
Of this brave Heart, be  
Implant within my flesh  
A purpose from above  
A resolution firm and true  
To shun all sin, to hate  
And persevere in what  
In God's pure grace are

ENVOY—THE SACRED  
Come, now, dear child—come  
My sweet tribunal, dost  
Zest breathe to me, for this  
Do penance Go in peace

An Irish Squire's  
When one speaks of  
ularity a qualification  
needs to be noted. It  
clusively confined to  
nation, though not  
heads, that was the  
ponderance of the  
was O'Connell unpopu  
Protestants, he was  
to them. Many  
leaders before his time  
since his time, might  
following was some  
through the various  
and classes of Irishmen  
Curran, John Martin,  
But to the Protestants  
well seemed a comb  
Fawkes, the Pretender  
Rome. While his tria  
or rather concluding  
gentleman, named  
type of the staunch  
of the day in Ireland  
southern country. "I  
hopes in the merits  
Mr. Fliott?" asked  
stood by his bedside,  
murmured the dying  
you directing all your  
moment to the heave  
Mr. Fliott?" "An

"Above all, I trust  
one and feel at peace  
With all mankind  
genial old fox-hunter  
solemn pause. "M  
half whispered, "is  
yet?" "Yes sir, ab  
The dying man ro  
stantly said with  
about the trial? "I  
victed?" "Found gui  
to be God?" "The  
sition of the worthy  
Sullivan's New Irela

My Little  
BY FATHER  
I wish you knew  
Between ourselves,  
of the brightest  
ten birthdays, and  
altar boys that ever  
survived. He was  
Valentine's day. A  
he is to his mo  
sure for he tries to  
the time. And no  
for his merry face  
spread sunshine wh  
am ten years old to  
me on that particu  
am glad of it. I w  
nine all the time."

Now, this little  
sides attending to  
another good quali  
scholar of the par  
o'clock every morn  
finds him at his d  
class is dismissed, y  
first in those sport  
good, healthy boy  
to indulge. But  
grows dark he fol  
the birds who retur  
after he had finis  
brings his books an  
estly does he work  
think he had ever  
bowed down a ste  
raised the highest k  
in kite time.

But, of course, he  
fection, who no fa  
no, he is to his mo  
angel. His answe  
questions given him  
always correct, but  
very amusing.

The other day, a  
daily visits to the  
surprised to see th  
look of indignati  
something had hap  
room that ruffled h  
he was as full of  
body could hold.

"The boys in th  
me," he said, in an  
and to the cause of  
"Yes; they went  
out loud."

"I guess you di  
them laugh," I sai  
"No, Father W  
anything."

"Well, how did  
It was in ge  
Sister Mary aske  
principal product  
Islands, and I ju  
and they all laugh  
But my server  
boy in the main, a  
over he had a  
troubles, and was  
ever.—The Orpha

A Lesson for th  
Some time since  
in cutting down  
the workmen, who

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

JULY 16, 1892.

6

## THE SPIRIT OF ST. JOHN.

A Glowing Eulogy of the Beloved Disciple of our Lord.

BY RT. REV. BISHOP KEANE.

Among the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ there are three who stand forth with special prominence, because in each of them our Lord has embodied a spirit of special importance to His Church, through each of them He teaches a special lesson, by which His Church is ever to be guided. These three are St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John.

St. Peter, chosen by our Lord to be the foundation rock of His visible Church, and to hold the keys of her universal spiritual jurisdiction, symbolizes the central authority which is to maintain the Church of God forever in organic union and harmonious symmetry.

St. Paul, called to be the Apostle of the Gentiles, symbolizes the burning zeal which is to carry the word of God to the ends of the earth and incorporate all the scattered tribes of the human race as branches of that Mystical Vine, members of that Mystical Body.

St. John, the Beloved Disciple, symbolizes the animating spirit of the whole Church, the Spirit of Divine Love, who is the Soul of the Mystical Body, who is the Life Sap of the Mystical Vine.

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

We see at once that each of these three great essentials of the work of the Church is essentially necessary to its completeness. It would be idle in us to inquire which of them is of the greatest importance, since we recognize that without any one of them the work of Christ and His Church would ever remain mutilated and incomplete. And yet our hearts may be pardoned if they cannot help feeling that in the spirit symbolized by St. John there is a special sweetness which is not symbolized by the other two. What would our earthly pilgrimage be without the sweet comfort of God's love? No wonder, then, that among all the glorious Apostles, he who comes closer to our affection is the one who was privileged to pillow his head upon the heart of Jesus Christ and forever to symbolize His love.

St. John was not always of that spirit. When first he became a disciple of our Lord his spirit was all vehemence, and we might almost say violence. He and his brother James were called by our Lord, Boanerges, that is, Sons of Thunder, because of the burning vehemence of their zeal. The Gospel tells us that on a certain occasion, when our Lord was insulted by the populace of the town, James and John came to Him boiling over with indignation, and begged Him to call down fire from heaven to destroy those wicked people. Our Lord knew well that it was only devotedness to Himself which called forth these sentiments in their hearts, and yet He rebuked them severely. "You know not," He said, "of what spirit you are." The spirit that animated them was that of human vehemence and human wrath. It was very far from the spirit of the Sacred Heart of Christ, our Lord; far from that spirit by which His Church was to win mankind for God and to hold them firmly in the pathway of His love.

HE LEARNED TO BE MEKE.

St. John never forgot the rebuke thus gently and yet sternly administered to him by our Blessed Saviour. From that time forth his desire was to be filled with the spirit of his Master's meek and humble heart. No wonder, then, that he was privileged to have that heart for his resting-place at the Last Supper, at which Christ was to institute the Sacrament of His Love. No wonder that to him was entrusted the custody of the sweet Virgin Mother, who, above all else on earth, was dear to the heart of her Divine Son. No wonder that in all the history of the holy Church he was to symbolize and to teach that spirit of charity which alone makes God live in us, and alone makes us fit to live in Him.

In all his Apostolic ministry this was the spirit which St. John breathed around him. And especially in his advanced age we are told that this was the one lesson which his disciples heard from his lips. Sunday after Sunday he would stand before them, even when the decrepitude of age made him need to be upheld in the pulpit, and Sunday after Sunday this same lesson came from his lips: "My little children, love one another." And when his audience grew tired of always hearing the same thing, he told them that this was the summing up of all the lessons which the Divine Master had taught him, of all the lessons which they needed to learn and to practice.

HIS LESSON FORGOTTEN IN THE LAND OF HIS APOSTOLATE.

Even since then history has shown us how true was that which St. John taught his people, how imperative the need of that lesson, how terrible the consequences of neglecting it or proving unfaithful to it. No very great lapse of years was to pass by until his beloved Asia Minor, which has been the chief seat of his apostolic labors, was to witness the sad consequences of failing in the lesson of loving one another. Soon the voices of St. Basil and St. Gregory were to be heard deploring the spirit of disunion which was destroying the harmony of the Church of Christ in the very scene of St. John's labors, and before long St. John Chrysostom, driven into exile from his patriarchal See, and passing through Asia Minor to his place of banishment, had to cry out to the Lord in the bitterness of his soul that his chief persecutors, his most ruthless

assailants, were men who made profession of religious zeal, but who had failed to learn St. John's lesson: "My little children love one another." And because the Church of Christ cannot live without the spirit of Christ, therefore the religion of Jesus Christ died out in Asia Minor, and we behold the spectacle of the crescent everywhere taking the place of the cross.

THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY.

The religion of our Lord carried its conquests westward, and all Europe became by degrees Christendom—the kingdom of Christ. Everywhere the zeal of St. Paul animated the missionaries, who even in the most distant wilds preached the name of Christ and won the fierce barbarians to His knowledge and His love. Everywhere the spirit of St. Peter united these widely separated regions into one Church, having for its centre the See of Peter in Rome. And everywhere the lesson of St. John teaches these wild tribes of men the spirit of the Prince of Peace. Mother Church invents device after device to tame their warlike temper, and to train them, little by little, to self-control and to ways of peace. She puts into the hands of the knight whom she has blessed the sword whose cross-hilt is to remind him of the Cross of Christ and of the mercy to poor sinners therein symbolized; and the thought of it warns him that even his most sanguinary foe must receive mercy if he asks it for the sake of the Crucified One. She binds them to the observance of the Truce of God. She makes their common spiritual Father the arbiter of national disputes. Step by step she leads them towards universal fraternal charity.

CHRISTIAN UNITY IMPERILED.

And now that centuries have passed we look over the continent of Europe, and ask, How does it fare with the spirit of St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John? Nearly everywhere, alas! we see the work of St. Peter in danger, the unity of the Church threatened, loyalty to the Chair of Peter imperilled; and why? Because nearly everywhere we see the spirit of fraternal charity supplanted by the spirit of hate; we see nation arrayed against nation in bitter hostility, and the sons of men, instead of listening to the love of another, "listen rather to the wild, fierce cry of angry nature and hate one another for real or even for imaginary wrongs. Nay, we behold religion itself made a cloak for sectional hate; for the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century was far more a work of national exclusiveness than of doctrinal or moral considerations. Is it, then, to be with Europe as it was with Asia? Is the Church of Christ to die out from among the people, because the spirit of St. John is losing its power to govern them? Oh! let us pray that the warning of our divine Lord may ring in their ears: "You know not what spirit you are," and that, casting away hatred which cometh from the evil one, they may take into their hearts that mutual love which alone is of God, which alone can keep united with God, which alone insures both to individuals and to nations lasting happiness and prosperity.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. PAUL IN AMERICA.

Still further westward the Providence of God has carried the work of His Holy Church. From end to end of this vast continent the spirit of St. Paul has carried the knowledge of Jesus Christ. From the Atlantic to the Pacific missionary zeal, like to that of the Apostle of the Gentiles, has everywhere planted the Cross of Christ. And everywhere the spirit of St. John, linking these farthest provinces of the Church of Christ in closest organic unity with the Church's centre. Geographical distance has been powerless to diminish in the least the attractive power of the See of Peter; on the contrary, it seems to have only increased its intensity, for in all this world there are to be found no more devoted children of our Holy Father the Pope than the Catholics of the United States. Everywhere, too, the spirit of St. John has been carrying on its blessed work. From all the nations of the Old World multitudes of willing exiles have come to fill up the vast expanses of that country. In the Old World they were enemies, arrayed against one another by national animosities and rivalries which had lasted for centuries. There they are all one people, fellow-men, brothers in common humanity and brothers in common belief in the good God and in His Divine Son.

Even the spirit of sectarian hatred, with which the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century infected Europe, has not been able to live upon the soil of America. It flourished here for a while in the old colonial days, but the Providence of God and the genius of America killed it at last. And although the harsh cry of bigotry may still occasionally be heard in our midst, the voice that is sweetest in the ears of the American people is the voice of Him who said: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another."

THE SPIRIT WITH WHICH WE ARE TO TREAT ONE ANOTHER.

We Catholics differ indeed in religion from the bulk of our fellow-citizens; but Providence has shown us that it is not in the spirit of the Sons of Thunder, not in that spirit which Christ rebuked, that we are to deal with them, but in the spirit of the beloved St. John: "My little children, love one another." No other spirit than this will ever win the strayed children of God from their errors, and lead them to unity in the truth.

And we, while agreeing in the Holy Catholic faith, yet differ among ourselves in many things. We trace our origin to various nationalities. We speak, or our ancestors have spoken, different tongues. Differences of opinion, too, about such things as the Church of God has not positively decided may naturally exist among us. Now, we may be sure that all these things the evil one will try to use as occasions and means for killing among us the spirit of the charity of Christ, as he has, alas! so unfortunately succeeded in killing, or at least diminishing, it among the children of God in other ages and other climes. He will do his best to pour into our hearts the spirit of human indignation. He will do his best to make us forget the lesson of St. John: "My little children, love one another."

As long as we bear that lesson in mind, no differences can divide us or do us harm. Though gathered from all the nations, and with all the tongues together in loving, brotherly union, showing forth that variety in unity which is the wonderful characteristic of the universal Church of Christ, and our differences and discussions would ever be those of brethren, seeking only the fullest truth and the greatest common good.

Oh, brethren, love one another; for thus, indeed, shall you abide in God, and thus shall God abide in you.

## CANON O'SULLIVAN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE TESTIMONIAL.

A large and influential meeting of the parishioners and friends of the Very Rev. Canon O'Sullivan, P. P., V. F. Dingle, was held in the Coffee Room of Lee's Hotel on Monday evening at 7 o'clock. Mr. John Adams (chairman) presided. The others present comprised the representative men of the united parishes of Lispolie, Ventry and Dingle, over which the Canon has ruled as pastor for thirty-seven years, during which time he has deservedly earned the golden opinions entertained for him by not only the people of his own creed, but also of other religious persuasions. Indeed, the connection of religion is so great that within a few years after entering upon his pastoral charge of these parishes, Dingle, Ventry and Lispolie became, by his sole untiring energy, possessed of churches whose architectural beauty have ranked them in the forefront as gems of Divine worship. The Dingle church, the admiration of all for its loveliness and style, lacks an organ, and the worthy Canon has intimated his wishes that the proposed testimonial in recognition of his Golden Jubilee would go to provide one, and in this connection it must be said that during the Canon's long pastoral charge he has not called for, nor has he been the recipient of, any money collected for his personal use.

The gentlemen in attendance this evening were Father Scollard, C. C.; Messrs. T. W. Cullen, Manager National Bank, treasurer; Dr. Hudson, Dr. McGuire, John Mason, Thomas Galvin, Tralee; T. T. Galvin, Michael McCarthy, P. Grey, Thomas O'Donoghue, G. P. Collier, Michael McDonnell, John Howitt, D. J. Griffin, D. E. Griffin, M. P. O'Donnell, P. Devane, P. Moore, P. J. Hayes, National Bank; John O'Connell, Patrick Long, Strand Street; John Casey, Lispolie; T. O'Connor, do; John Hickson, do; John Kavanagh, do; Denis Galvin, do; L. O'Sullivan, do; John Curran, Ventry; Michael Long, do; M. E. Fitzgerald, do; Maurice T. Moriarty, do; Patrick Garvey, do; C. G. Burke, Accountant National Bank, Joint Secretary, and John Casey.

The Chairman said it was most pleasing and encouraging indeed to find that from the many present, and the distances from which so many had come to be present at that hour of the evening, there was every certainty the proposed testimonial would be worthy of the Canon's acceptance, and creditable to his parishioners and friends. All were aware of the manifold claims of our estimable P. P., and he (the chairman) need not recapitulate them. He had by his zeal and his disinterestedness as a pastor endeared himself to every one. Well now, considering the late hour, and the distance of the late arrival from home, he thought it advisable to make the proceedings as brief as possible, and so at once proceeded to the appointment of sub-committee to further the testimonial fund in each of the parishes. (hear, hear).

The Secretary read the following letter from Dr. Miles, J. P.:

DEAR SIR—I regret I will not be back from the country in time to attend the meeting this evening, but I am very grateful for the privilege of being allowed to join in the testimonial to Canon O'Sullivan, who is so justly revered by every community, irrespective of class or creed.

Yours faithfully,

J. F. MILES.

G. E. Burke, Esq.

A subscription of £1 accompanied Dr. Miles's letter, and £1 was also acknowledged from Mr. Thomas Galvin, merchant, Tralee.

The necessary steps being pointed out for those immediately responsible for the furtherance of the testimonial fund, the meeting adjourned to Wednesday evening. —Kerry Sentinel, Tralee (Ireland), June 4.

A Big Trouble.

The great sciatic nerve, when disturbed, can give more pain than any nerve of the human body. Fortunately it is easily subdued by the right remedy at the right time. On this subject Mr. William Blagden, of Elenor, Bakewell, Derbyshire, Eng., writes: "I was a sufferer from sciatica for two years. St. Jacob Oil completely cured me when all other remedies had failed."

## COSMOTHEISM vs. CATHOLICISM.

The *Globe*, a quarterly review of Philadelphia, contains a curious and suggestive article by Mr. W. H. Thorne, the editor, on "Cosmotheism vs. Catholicism," in which are evident the struggles of a mind troubled and tortured by doubt and yet slowly tending toward the truth, which, by the mercy of God, can hardly fail to be reached at last.

Mr. Thorne, as he relates, was born and brought up in the Church of England. Then he studied for the Presbyterian ministry, but found that he could not preach the doctrines of Calvinism. He has conducted services in Protestant churches since, in various places, until within the last few years, when his health did not permit it. But his article shows that after reading a vast amount of literature and occupying his mind almost incessantly with religious subjects, he has arrived at the conclusion that the world must eventually come to what he terms Cosmotheism or to Catholicity. It is plain to see that he, for his part, is drawn irresistibly toward the latter.

The article is a peculiar specimen of self-dissertation, and it is singular also from the fact that it shows how a man may be innately conscious of truth and yet not fully willing to acknowledge it to himself. He says: "It is clear, and ever more clear to me, that the balance of the present and the whole of the next century belong to Christ and His true Catholic Church."

This fact being thus clear to him, the fate of such a writer, who is sincere and seeking for truth and safety, is inevitable.

The infidel writers of the day, he remarks, such as Herbert Spencer—verbose and unintelligible—are obliged to admit "an infinite and eternal energy, God, in all things proceed," which is the Scriptural narrative and argument, the author of the article under consideration remarks that he feels the pressure "to sink his own right and reason and to emphasize the probable wisdom of the consensus of the consecrated masters and teachers of the Church of Rome." Then he proceeds:

"The main force of the Scriptural argument is based upon the idea that the Scriptures are heaven-inspired, and the main force favoring the special view of God in all things proceed, which is the belief that the Catholic Church is the inspired vehicle of the interpretation of God and Christ and the Scriptures to a lost and darkened world. But the Scriptures themselves, as the selected best words of the race—as the survival of the fittest after many a bloody battle—have a value apart from all our notions of supernatural inspiration; and the interpretations of the Catholic Church altogether apart from one's belief or no belief in their supernatural and infallible relation to God in Jesus Christ, have a value as the utterances of men trained and consecrated for and to the study and interpretation of the Scriptures, and especially as these interpretations are the declarations of the picked or chosen and ablest men of the great Catholic organization. And it is for all these reasons that I am inclined, more and more each year, to question and doubt, if not to deny, my own rational sight in favor of the sight of the united, picked and strongest servants of the Church, as this sight has been over and over again recorded during the past eighteen hundred years."

Then Mr. Thorne touches upon what he terms the scientific argument: "The latest deductions of science, so-called, admit and teach that in all material substances there is a potential life, formless as far as known; this, by the way, is a teaching of science—new within these last twenty years. Another step, and science assures us that any and all material substances, reduced to their last analysis by any known or imagined processes of fire, disintegration or pressure, are simply converted into points of force. Therefore, the universe, under sufficient destructive agencies, might be reduced to a simple point of force. And the presumption is that this potential life, or this point of force—which, of course, to a seeing mind, are one and the same—is separate from or separable from matter; in some sense superior to it; may exist without it; and if these so-called scientific deductions and assumptions are true, they would seem to argue against the essential and eternal unity of mind and matter, and would seem to be favorable to the orthodox idea of a self-existent, immortal, spiritual God, superior to matter, and its true Creator."

Although a Protestant himself, Mr. Thorne can see no help or hope from Protestantism. No many men should be better able from experience to judge that it has made bundles and bundles of creeds, he says, "to which its ministers are constantly proving disloyal, is itself a confession and absolute proof of the essential weakness of all Protestant churches. Protestantism cannot hold its ministry loyal to Christ or even to God Almighty; and for this reason, though it has been beautiful in its kindness to me, and often beautiful in its ministry to me, I now see that it is doomed."

The tobacco of Martinico was once the favorite with the smoking world, and when old Father Hempen descended the Mississippi about 1800 the Indians were much surprised to see a European with such an excellent sample of their native plant. But the smokers of the "Myrtle Navy" would give but a poor account of the once celebrated Martinico. Their favorite brand is much superior to it as it was to the raw and uncurled leaf which the Indians of that day smoked.

No other Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This is a startling confession from one born and reared in the Protestant Church and imbued with its teachings, and breathing for so long its vital atmosphere of hostility to Rome. And this candid and clear-thinking writer thus concludes:

"Again, I say to all seekers after God and true religion: It must be for you, and for all men, either Cosmotheism or Catholicism or Atheism, and repeated evolution into annihilation or everlasting damnation. For the present, I think it is Christ and Catholicism, and I am more than willing that it should be so."

Such a man, we think, cannot remain much longer out of the pale of the true faith, and that he may be guided to safety by the unfailing light will be the prayer of those who sympathize with minds in doubt and unhappiness, hopefulness and dread.—Baltimore Mirror.

## Stubborn Facts.

London Catholic News.

The Orange confession of faith is a thing that Protestants can never be proud of, and that Catholics should bear well in mind just now when such trumped-up charges are being brought against our co-religionists as a preparation for the Ulster Convention. The present Earl of Enniskillen said six years ago, speaking at Florence court, County Fermanagh: "Roman Catholics must live, and they may go elsewhere to live, and joy be with them. I say if you don't feed them they will have to be fed in some other country, and they will leave Fermanagh, and that is all we wish." And a few years previously the Rev. Henry Burdett, chairman of an Orange meeting at Newbliss, county Monaghan, uttered his pious and glorious sentiments in this tone: "I believe in my heart and soul that the Roman Catholics of this country are in a most deplorable state of idolatry. I believe a Roman Catholic dying as such is lost and lost for guided." One more specimen of the style it comes from Rev. Henry Henderson, addressing a meeting in the county Down: "As long as there is Protestantism in the land, and a Protestant sovereign occupying the throne, so long must there be Protestant ascendancy, and we are determined never to surrender that Protestantism or to be false to it."

So much for the Orange confession of faith! Now for a few tough facts:—There are 70,000 Catholics in Belfast; there is no Catholic in the Council, the highest body of the city; in the City of Derry there are 17,000 Catholics and 12,000 Protestants; yet not one Catholic is employed in any department whatever. In Armagh and Down not a single Catholic has been appointed to any elective municipal office. Facts are stubborn things, and no matter to what heat of logic the above may be submitted, they will be found (like Meg's jelly in "Little Women") not to jell.

The Redeemerist Fathers have permanently established themselves on the Pacific coast. Last May, in compliance with the request of Bishop Junger, they took charge of the Sacred Heart Church, Seattle. Since then they have erected a convent, built a school, and purchased a dwelling for the Sisters. The school is conducted by the Dominican Sisters. About 200 children, boys and girls, are attending.

## The Only Remedy.

GENTLEMEN, I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for my blood and for pimples, and two bottles made a complete cure of my case. It is the only remedy I could find to help me. MISS JULIA VIGER, Trenton, Ont.

## A Canadian Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhoea, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

## A Child Saved.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only have a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child. MRS. W. S. SWEET, Campbellville, Ont.

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(CUT PLUG.)

## OLD CHUM

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