# SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

### The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, We feel our riches as we look to Thee, And know without Thee we but poor should

Who art The rich in this world's transient, fleeting or indeed if they Thy love know not. te all is pure and peace is always, will love abound, for love is Heaven still.

Hallowed Are an Lay works on land or on the sea, For after many days they must return

Thee. Be Thy name Forever praised in every clime and State, For thou alone art God, and God alone

Thy Kingdom Ali the search and all the starry heaven And ali its peace in mercy by Thee given. Come

To our sou's and teach us more of grace That we at last may praise Thee face to face Thy will Is surged h supreme, but ever for our good. And, could we comprehend it, soon we should

Be done With unbelief's cold questions, doubt and and know Thy will as it appears. And feel and know Thy will as it appears. On earth There is no good, no grace but from Thy

hand. The seed was rown o'er all the barren land. As 'tis in Heaven

the on cearth, and in Thy love us that we may meet with Thee love.

Give us Yes, give us more of Thy endurance here, More of thy faith and trust, and less of fear

This day Help us resolve to do whate'er is right. And thus resolved to do it with our might.

Our daily bread It ever talls as manna from Thy hand. Sustaining life and comfort through the

Sustaining life and confort through the land. And forgive us Yes Fainer, pray forgive us all our sin, And through repentance let Thy grace come in. Our trepatases Are many, our good deeds but few; But in mercy pardon, nor forget the good we do. As we forgive

we do. As we forgive Boshall we jorgiven be, is of Thy teaching, Boshall we jorgiven the second second But, Father, for still more of mercy are we reaching. Those who trespass against us We gave about and fud are very few Compared with all to whom we evil do.

Ever in the straight and narrow way That leads at last unto the perfect day.

For we are very itall and very weak And ever Thy protecting care would seek. But deliver us

all of wrong and all this world' deceit And let us find Thy pardon solace sweet.

May we ever turn to seek the good. And so live all the world in brotherhood.

At last may every voice above, below the Triumphant sing in praises to their God.

THE CONVERSION OF PAUL FEVAL.

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH AUTHOR FINDS PEACE IN THE TRUE CHURCH-AN INTERESTING STORY.

When we hear the word "conversion," one of two things immediately occurs to cut minds. Either we suppose it to re-fer to a turning from Protestautism to the Church, or we read it with a smile as being phraseology appertaining to those semi hysterical scenes among a crowd of Salvationist or Biptist agitators, who truth, but who can answer for his last have thouted or walled themselves into a hour? Indifference, in itself, may be, and semblence of fistitious repentance. But often is the most certain of condemna-among Catholic nations, this word, and tions !" the event which it signalizes, is recognized as a very real and genuine portion of every day experience. It means that the every day experience. lax, the careless, the unpracticing Chris tian is brought, perhaps by a sermon, or a book, perhaps by some sorrow or trial, perhaps quite directly through the pray-ers of same loving soul longing for him, to lead a new life of pentience and fervor.

So, too, we have perhaps been some-times puzzled by the expression fraires con-versi as describing one portion of the inversi as describing one portion of the im-mates of a monastery, simply because of this change in the meaning of the word that modern heresy has brought in. We find it hard to realize that this name is

given to those who have entered on the higher life at a comparatively late period of their lives instead of being brought up to it from their childhood. In the same way it sounds strange in our ears to hear a Catholic, an ordinary man of the world, (who would, at any stege in his career, probably have acked for a priest were he in danger of death, and whose children

# "Otoran bonds" were waste paper . . . and they were papers!" For a mo-ment she turned pale as she faltered out, "the children !" Then FAITH ROSE SUPREME, come. "Tell me the story of your First Communion," he seld to him, "you have often promised to do." "Oh, not now, father, it is too late; see, it is nessly our dinner hour, and I have eaten nothing yet

FAITH HOSE SUPREME, and sinking on her knees she whispered, "Will you pray with me?" He rose and folded his hands mechanically, thinking if indeed any tangible thought took words in his bait stunzed brain, "If it can do no good, at least it is no harm," while she repeated aloud the Oar Father, the Ave Vorum rol Salve Baring

Verum and Salve Regina. Then, before rising, she threw her arms round him and klessed bim, with so content-ed a face that he felt half aggrieved, and

wished he had not been "so complain as to yield to her request. However, they went down stairs together, and one of his little girls running up to him, laughed out, "Oh, father, you are making a face just like what I make when I am

scieg to cry !" The children went off to school; the father sat on, thinking, thinking, in that desolate blankness of utter despair over what was to come next. They were living in comfort, not to say luxury; children at expensive schools, well trained servants, a handsomely furnished house, an income of

about £3,000 per annum earned by his pen, and by the labor of years ; and now all, all was gone at one blow ! By and bye his wife returned to him, and sitting by his side, began to question

him : "Have you any work to do ?" He thook his head sadly. "Shall I ever

He shock his head sadly. "Shall I ever fore the altar, all the tender plety of sis-ters and mother, the manly sanctity of "Then if it does not vex you, dear, tell his devoted elder brother, about whose

his devoted elder brother, about whose name many touching memories circled, which we cannot enter upon here; all this explained to those who knew the fact, that when this recent friend, belong-ing to his new, modern, middle-sged Parisian life, suddenly uttered names from the dead past, the armor of reserve "Then if it does not vex you, dear, tell me a little more. How much have we left-at least, about how much ?" "Nothing-absolutely nothing." Nothing left! they could terrealy realize the fact. Let any of my readers picture it themselves. A well-farmished picture it themselves. A well farnished house, a staff of servants, a family of children, everything which is embraced in the term "current expenses," the more easy the circumstances, the greater the blow, all this. . . to come suddenly to a full stop, in the very stream and every day routhee of life. Perhaps in years to come he might regain some few thousands of frances by unremitting toil, but in the meanwhile—what ? And here his wife's soft whisper fell upon his ear: in which Feyal had so rigorously clothed In which Feval had so rigorously clothed himself was broken through, and when the priest spoke of one who had left them to enter the religions life, . . . "her name is Mother St. Charles, but in the world she was called Mdle. Clemence Loirler."

wife's soft whisper fell upon his ear: 'There is a God who sees the wound of thy heart." But that wound was as yet thy heart.' too recent, the blank too dark, to accept of each consoling words. As he after-wards said of himself, in words which initate! My son, go down on your

to confession !"

every one of us may well ponder, "I was LIVING ACCORDING TO THE LAW oF GOD," living, that is, a blameless life as the world

the subject without grave necessity. But he as yet was reluctant to take this de-cided step, which meant-taking a stand

"with a great sigh of relief as though a burden was being lifted from me." The priest pointed to a prie dieu in the room, and, as he knelt beside it, restled in his would reckon it-"yet without pre-occu-pying myself about God, . . . . at the door of the sanctuary, but outside. This name the Confileor, which the penitent had forgotten and could not repeat. Then position is of all others the most perilous, because it is not open to remorse. I was quite at ease there, outside God, nothing tempted me to enter in ; and this peace-able indifference is like an untroubled sleep-the last hour may awaken it, in

knees !"

-"My son," he said "you cannot yet make your confession, but tell me now that you give yourself to God with all your heart." "W.th all my heart I desire to belong to God, Father," repeated his penitert, slowly and reverently as a vow. It was all so simple, so childlike; a prodigal son returning to his Father in neaven; and when, radiant with joy, the good pifest pushed him from the door with a gay "Bon soir et a demain Paul heard, from behind its closed portals, the shepherd's voice going up in joyous notes, At last, when his fevered brain, which At last, when his fevered brain, when seemed as if it could not feel the want of God, yet could not rest without Him, wanting all else, had unavailingly re-viewed and rejected every project of hops, the words escaped bim, "What would you shepherd's voise going up in joyous notes, chanting the *Te Deum*; and all alorg the road homewards something seemed to laugh within him with the words, "I love the words escaped him, "What would you do, in my place ?" She answered swiftly and decidedly : "In your place I should go I will love Him," until at length God. It was not a new thought, this that the

God. I will love first, distance in the second adding accent, and not too near, because in her ear, "It is done! I love God! I belong to God!" One is relactant to break the spell of Verification of the second sec watchful wife thus enunciated. He knew that she had long? been praying that he might make a good confession, and even, fearing the effect of too much urgency, her THAT FIRST CRY OF SUPERNATURAL GLADconfessor had advised her not to mention

NESS which knit these two hearts still more closely in one, to each other, and to the Infinite Heart of Love. But his own words flow on irredstably, thought upon words flow on irredstably, thought upon thought coming swiftly and sweetly still.

on God's eide. He had come from a Bre-ton home, and from parents who were not only plous but saintly in their lives; and the home of his childhood was filled with "What a contrast between this night and the preceding one! I had Jesus recon-ciled at my bedside, and I confiled to Him with serene faith, the future of our such an atmosphere of holiness that once,

English investors like a thunderbolt, that "Octoman bonds" were waste paper . . . and they were paupers!" For a mo-ment she turned pale as she faitered out, knew instinctly that the hour of grace was

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Nevertheless, stay with me," urged the

began to question and talk. The memory of his childbood's home, and above all, of

HIS FIRST COMMUNION, were things so cherisbed by him, that he

first fervors of those wondrous days, when he had for the first time knelt be-

"Clemence !" he cried, "Charles

yet more."" It was this twofold offsring which pro-duced no less than seventy thousand france for the benefit of the rising Rglicedu Sacro Caur-a magnificent result for a brochure sold at twenty five cants per copy, but counted as little by bim who copy, but counted as hitle by him who wrote that "The sac fice of the drop of water or the mouthful of bread, off-red by the poor, is of untold value indeed, but the rich man cannot get off so easily ; his offering must cost him dear, and moreover must bring to himself as little

"Nevertheless, etay with me," urged the priest, "you shall have some food here." "Oh, noneense !" laughed his visitor. The priest still signed to him to stay, murmuring as if to himself, "It is the day —and the hour !" "I am a prisener, am I?" smiled Feval, "I am a prisener, am 1.7" smilled Feval, moving towards the door. His questioner made way for him, slowly and reluctantly; then, as his hand was on the door, unable to represe the rigg emotion, the priest burst forth: "The hour is past and gone! Let me clasp your hand, at least, for if you go one non will measure reluct. I have

now, you will never return. I have prayed to your dead, and they have not heard me!" Then, holding his hand in a despatring clasp, 'I was wrong to ask you for the story of your past life. . . I know it already !" "Impossible !" and is entre of himself Forel trunch back and in spite of himself, Feysl turned back and seemed almost to invite comment and condemnation from his former associates. One day, meeting one of these, he told them that he had now become a practical Catholic. "Well, I am hardly surprised," snswered never bore an allusion to them. All the

bis friend, "for you are a Breton, and that explains it. You have an archa dogical heart attracted by the things of the past, all events you will never fail so low as to believe in La Salette and Lourdes, and what they call the Sacred Heart. . . !" How often the same words have been said to many a convert! In this instruce, however, they had a totally contrary effect on the hearer's mind from any-thing his questioner had anticipated. FEVAL HAD LED SO FURELY A SECULAR LIFE and you cling to your ancient God as you do to your ancient king, . . . but at all events you will never fall so low as to FEVAL HAD LED SO PURELY A SECULAR LIFE

that he had never, save as a passing allu-sion, even heard of Lourdes and La Salette; but when he went home that night he said to his wife, "Tell me, you know all about such things, what are Lourdes and La Salette? She opened her prayer book and took therefrom a picture of Mary,

Charles ! Charles !" And, scarcely know-ing what he did, a barst of tears choked with her face hidden in her two hands, --Mary weeping over France! "There!" she said, "it is that !" his voice, while the good priest, holding up his crucifix, cried, "Behold the God of Love! the God of Sacrifice! Behold the The thought here hinted at was followed

join a parochial pilgrimage to the provi-sional chapel of the great National Shrine While eng which was to be built at Montmartre, and after the ceremony of presenting an ex volo Feval was introduced to its first chap-

wrots eloquent appeals on its behalf, and left the house in which they had installed themselves on their reverse of fortune to take up his abode nearer the shrine of his devotion ; at the foot of the hill, that he might give himself the "mortification

Veuillot's stirring distribes from week to Veuillot's stirring diatribes from week to week, here he received the little coterie of friends, Chinchelle, Bene, Veuillot, Buet, who still remained to him, and here, while at work on the last of his books, a grand design, entitled, Les Peres de la Patrie, in which he proposed to sketch the lives and work of all the great

founders of Christianity in France, sudden stroke of apoplexy crippled him probably have asked for a priest were he in danger of death, and whose children were being brought up religiously, speak of his own sudden conversion on such a day and at such an text of Parisian life, and work and unre-self recorded, and as such surely possessed of mean many line darked such are done surely possessed For five long years he lingered, a helpless

THOMAS O'BAGAN

Thomas O'Hagan, M. A , Ph. D., is one f the rising litterateurs of Canada, and he bids fair to take high rank amongst those who have reflected credit by their intel-lectual achievements, on their Irish extraction. Mr. O'Hagan was born in 1855, near Toronto. the capital of the Province of Ontario. In his childhood his parents removed to the County of Bruce, which was then newly settled, and was still, for the most part, a wildernoss. His early education was obtained in the public school at a time when schools of its class, in a new settlement, were far from effi-cient. He made there such rapid progress

Quent prize winner in Latin and English, and even at that time he displayed a fond ness for, and a proficiency in, composi-tion, which augured well for future liter. ary fame. In 1874 Mr. O'Hagan entered the teach-

ing profession, and during the succeeding nine years he held the Principalship of separate schools, the object being to en-able the supporters of these schools to avail themseives more fally of the aivan-tages the law was intended to confer upon them. In this solitation Mr. O'Hagen took an active part, and he acted in 1878 as president of the first and only convenas president of the first and only conven-tion ever held by the separate school teachers of Ontario. The desired amend-ments to the Act were conceded by the legislature a few years later; but the suc-cessful issue of the agitation was largely due to the work done in its earlier stages by Mr. O'Hegan. From 1883 to 1888 Mr. O'Hegan held Clarsical and Modern Language Master sthos in reveral of the leading high schools tion ever held by the separate school teachers of Ontario. The desired amend-

Love! the God of Sacrifice! Behold the God of Charles, whom Charles strove to initiate! My son, go down on your knees!" "I did not kneel, I fell down," he relates, burden was being lifted from me." The burden was being lifted from me." The

It is traction. While engaged in teaching he read the work prescribed for the Arts course in Ottawa University, which conferred on A. and M. A respectively. On the former of these occasions he took honors in Eng-lish, Latin, French and German, and was selected to write the Graduation Poem, lish, Latin, French and German, and was selected to write the Graduation Poem. His "Profecturi Salutamus," which was The "Frotecturi Salutanua," which was composed for this occision, was afterwards warmly praised by the poet Whittier. His master's thesis had for subject the poet Longfellow, and it merited and received bits which allos allos allos allos and received high praise alike for literary excellence high praise sitke for interary excellence and sound criticism. At the last shaual commencement of Syracuse University, N. Y., Mr. O'Hagan won by examination the degree of Doctor of Pailosophy in the English department of the post-graduate course, and was personally complimented by the Chancellor Dr. Sims, on the excel-

lence of his papers. Mr. O'Hagan's literary activity has been incessant. His volume of poems entitled A Gate of Flowers has won for him an A Gate of Flowers has won for him an honored place among Canadian poets on the universal testimony of veterans of the literary art like J. G. Whittler, Oliver Wendell Holmes. J. M. Le Molae, Sir Daniel Wilson, J. G. Bourinot, G. M. Grant, Lord Dufferin, O. G. D. Roberts, Louis Frechette, W. Kirby, Charles Muir, Louis Frechette, M. Alexander, Mallach Goorge Stewart and Alexander MacLash-lan. He has been a voluminous contribulan. tor to the periodical press, the following journals, with others, being included in the list of those for which he has written :



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self recorded, and as such surely possessed of more than common interest. The re ligious biographies of modern France abound in such examples, from Lacordaire, with his il est probable qu'un jour je sera Chretien, and with his grand apostolate afterwards, down to Henri Lasserre, struck down at the feet of Jesus and Mary, by the light of the Grotto of Lourdes, and recording his testimeny in a work which has done much to propagate devotion to

Mary Immaculate. A man in the prime of life full of youth and vigor, and with the somewhat pensive been studious air of the successful journalist and author, sat, leaning his head on his hands, bef re a well worn ecritorie covered with books and papers, in his comfortable study, quiet and alone. It was mildday, the hour when in French families, all young and old, assemble for the first time to partake of the substantial "breakfast" which takes the place of an Ecglish Tast' which takes the place of a highlight lunch. His children, eight in number, awatted the father's presence, six of them being hearty schoolboys and schoolgirls, just at home for the midday meal from their respective convents and colleges, and forming a lively chorus to the plates which a trim Parisian clatter of plates which a trim Pa bonne piled at the head of the table.

bonne piled at the head of the table. Finding that he did not appear, the mother, who was a sweet, gentle woman, left the room, and went to her husband's study.

"Are you not well, dear ?" was her first question ; then, as he did not answer, she sat down and looked him in the "It is true, then ?" she continued

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softiv. "Yes, it is true." "Ab, they want to make some changes in your manueeript? Never mind, what does it matter?" "It is not that," he answered, forcing himself to speak, "it is . . . that we are nutred !" And taking her two hands in his, he told her what had come upon them. How, having (imprudently, no doubt, placed the whole of his capital in a foreign security which yielded high interest in order to meet the growing expenses of their children's education, he had that very day received the news which came upon numbers of French and

mitting devotion to a literary career. At the moment of which we write, he stood conspicuous before the world as Faul fiaished page is written by my other self. it seems to me a hundred years ago. Feval, one of the most successful novelists of the day, a favorite at Court, a contemcannot finish it." porary and almost rival of Dumas, Hugo, And with these words he closed the old Flaubert, and the rest, at least as regards popularity, bis works translated into life, twenty different languages, and running through hundreds of editions, and his in on t And what of the new life which dawned And what of the first where when the ray on that eventful afternoon, when the ray of grace so effectually touched his heart? From the successful novelist and courted dramatist, Paul Feval become the knight come from this source alone, averaging, as we have said, over  $\pounds 3,000$  a year. He had

errant and chosen champion of Catholicism for the next ten years, developing new INDIFFERENT ALL HIS LIFE TO RELIGION, in spite of the prayers of his mother, the exhortations of his holy elder brother, fire and eloquence in the defence of the Jesuita, the priesthood, the various topics and diffigulties of the day, and above all, and the inflaence of a devout and loving wife; and his First Communion had, up to this time, been his last—the story in France: True, his works had never been tainted with immorality and uncleanness of his beloved devotion to the Sacre Caur. He revised and republished his former works, destroying as far as possible the old editions lest they should do harm, and that he might gain nothing himself by the which has made the very neme of "novel" in France a thing to be doubted of and feared ; still they would not have received process, he refused to benefit by the sale of the loose sheets, which were sold as the acclamations they had done, but for a certain harmony with the prevailing taste usual to tobacconists and other shops for usual to to bacconists and other shops for wrappers, but gave every sou to the poor. Indeed, he gave the first fruits of every psyment in charity, and the whole pro-ceeds of one of the most successful of his certain harmony with the prevaiing taste of the time; and for a novellst to be a Catholic in anything but name, was to condemn himself to obscurity and con-tempt. His confreres treated his lack of violent irreligion with indulgence, "be-cause," they said, "he was a Breton," and Bretons always kept some remuant of pamphlets to the building fund for the great N stional Church of the Sacred Heart at Montamatre. A TOUCHING PASSAGE occurs in this same pamphlet, which, giving as it does expression to what we

Bretons always kept some remnant of faith, even involuntarily ; but he knew, when the savings of years had been swept from him at one blow, that his only means of making such a fresh start in life as to keep his head above water, was to pander to the popular taste more than he had may almost term a new phase in alms-giving, we cannot refrain from reproducing here: "A fortnight sgo I was finishing this book, when I learned from the triumph

Heart. And, as I wrote, another thought came to me; I said to myrelf that, accord-ing to the Word of Gud, whoseever divulges the good which he has done, has already received his reward in this world;

therefore I determined to make a twofold offering first of the payment which I should receive for my work, and then of

ant clamors of some anti-religious papers that the subscriptions to the Veu Nationa

were steadly decreasing. The thought then came to me to write this. . . with a view of making an offering to the Sacred

life ; and after that, taking a yet unfinished novel from his desk, he wrote upon the half-filled page these words : "This un

HUMAN RESPECT (?)

Chancellor Henry R Pierson, of Albany, delivered an interesting address at the commencement exercises of St. John's College, Fordham, and in the course of an extended and thoughtful oration, ex claimed : "Though I am a Protestant, I can thank

God that there is a Catholic Church. You have nothing of which to be ashamed in the Catholic Church, and much of which you ought to be proud. I, a Protestant, tell you that you need to stick up boldly for your religion, and the people with whom you come in contact will like you all the more." That, in substance, is the feeling of

every honest and candid Protestant. What a lesson do not such utterances teach What a lesson do not such utterances teach to those among us, who, when we acknowl-edge that we are Catholles, are fain to qualify the grudging admission in some way which we think will be pleasing to

our non-Catholic friends. Let us be Catholics above all and before all. What profit would it be to gain the world and lose our souls? Yes, let us stick up boldly for our religion, and we shall thus secure the respect of all the honorable people who may happen not to be of the household of the faith -Ex.

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#### Constant Care.

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founding many literary societies in towns in different parts of the Province, and always infused some of his own literary enthusiasm into the young people whom he gathered around him. To his other accomplishments he adds that of being graceful elocutionist. He was trained in the Philadelphia and Chautauqua schools, and his services as an exponent of the umorous and pathetic in literature are

in wide demand. Mr. O'Hagan commenced, during the past year, the study of law, taking his course in the office of O'Sullivan & Anglin, a well known law firm of Toronto, the principal of which has a wide reputation as a versatile writer of historical and legal monographs. He is taking concurrently the course for the LL B. degree, and if past achievements are a fair basis of pre-diction, he will certainly win increased distinction in his new field.

Personally, Mr. O'Hagan is a true, genisl, and warm hearted friend, whose urbanity and rare gifts of conversation make him a favorite in social circles. As

yet, that celestial rapture, which Emerson from heaven, has not rriege altar. Needless says, falleth down from neaves, Needless led him to the matriage altar. Needless to say, especially to realers of his poems, that while Mr. O'Hagan is thoroughly that while Mr. a warm place in his saye, falleth down

Canadian, he has a warm place in his patriotic heart for Ireland. Few are better acquainted with her blood and tear stained history, and fewer still, have for the lish cause that profound sympathy of which only the postical temperament is capable. One who has achieved so is capable. is capable. One who has achieved so much before reaching the age of thirty-four, has evidently ahead of him a useful and distinguished career, the development of which will be watched with kindly Interest alike by his fellow Canadians and his feilow-Irishmen.--Wm. Houston, in King's College Record.

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