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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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Register of the Week.

Few events of a passing nature roused so much interest as did the visit of the Spanish caravels. The term caravel was applied to small ships used by the Spaniards and Portuguese for long voyages in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. With three of these vessels Columbus made his first voyage; and now to give greater reality and interest to the World's Fair these have been reproduced, and have already taken part in the Spanish celebration of the centenary. *Santa Maria* the second, which was the name of the vessel which carried Columbus, was built at Cadiz in Spain last year. On the 20th of July she started for Palos, the port from which Columbus had sailed, to commemorate the event. Last February, in company with the two other vessels, the *Pinta* and the *Nina*, she started for America. In crossing the Atlantic the two smaller vessels were towed by steam convoys; but the *Santa Maria* sailed unassisted. This last is a three-masted vessel, with a length at the water line of 71 feet 8 inches; beam 25 feet 8 inches; depth of hold, 12 feet 5 inches; and her displacement 238 metric tons. Her tonnage is given at 127.57. At bow and poop arise the castles to a height of about twenty feet. The hull, as a whole, is short and very chunky; the gunwales, wide and heavy. Besides a painting of the Blessed Virgin, from whom the vessel takes its name, there are several heraldic devices ornamenting the shield-shaped stern. The *Pinta* and the *Nina* are smaller.

As we inspected these pioneers of the Atlantic we understood very well one source of the opposition to the enthusiastic Columbus.

Amongst the latest visitors to the Holy Father were some Italian pilgrims on their way home from the Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem. His Holiness expressed his pleasure at seeing the pilgrimages to the Holy Land increasing, and showed himself as quite satisfied with the result of the Congress.

Cardinal Mazella has been named President of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas in the place of the late Cardinal Zigliara.

A brief account appears in the *Tablet* of a strange sickness which is troubling some of the Chinese missions. It is called the red serpent, and derives its name from the fact that the person attacked by it notices on the arm a red stain that appears spirally round the arm, and which gradually grows until it reaches the neck. Unless the illness can be cured before the red lines appear on the neck the person attacked dies of suffocation

after fearful agony. It seems that this illness always breaks out with the cholera in certain parts of China.

The feast of St. Urban, June 9, was celebrated in Rome by the re-consecration of a very ancient Church dedicated to the Saint. It stands upon the Appian way above the celebrated grotto of Egeria. Before Christian times it is said to have been a Temple of Bacchus, and marks the spot where Hannibal turned back from the gates of Rome alarmed at the visions which prevented his nearer approach. A romance is connected with its pagan history. Herodes Atticus was a man of good Athenian family, who came to Rome and was appointed tutor to Marcus Aurelius. Herodes married Annia Regilla, a descendant of Regulus, the hero of the first Punic war. They resided happily together at this, her villa, for some years. But the wife died suddenly in the prime of life and her brother accused Herodes Atticus of being her murderer. A trial took place. he was absolved, there being no proof. To perpetuate her memory Herodes built this temple, which, after the fall of paganism, shared the fate of many others. But in the beginning of the ninth century it was consecrated by Pope Pascal I. to St. Urban. It was again abandoned until the reign of Urban VIII., when it was restored a second time. As the centuries rolled on it fell again into solitude and disuse, until now it is once more restored for the requirements of the devout people of the Campagna.

It is a long lane that has no turn, and at last the turn in the Home Rule Bill has been reached. The Grand Old Man moved in the English House of Commons, that the Bill be reported through Committee on July 31st. The leader of the Opposition asked for the terms of the resolution before it was made known to the House. With subtle irony Mr. Gladstone informed Mr. Balfour that the resolution was based upon the proposal made by the Conservatives by which the Crimes Act was rushed through Parliament in 1867. The following is the report of the Opposition's feeble attempt at hoisting the resolution.

Mr. Gladstone then moved the adoption of the resolution providing for the quicker passage of the home rule bill.

T. W. Russell moved the rejection of the resolution.

Mr. Chaplin, president of the board of agriculture under the last Salisbury administration, criticized the minister for their refusal to debate the resolution and eventually moved that as a protest against the conduct of the ministry an adjournment be taken.

Mr. Chaplin's motion to adjourn was defeated by a vote of 303 to 279.

Mr. Russell's motion to amend practically so as to reject was defeated by a vote of 306 to 279.

In continuing the debate on the original resolution, Jesse Collings, Liberal Unionist for the Bordesley division of Birmingham, declared that in stripping amendments the government might hide another gigantic

error like the one that rendered necessary the revision of the financial clauses of the home rule bill. He accused the government of intending to evade altogether the discussion of the land question.

Ferdinand de Rothschild, Liberal Unionist for the Aylesbury division of Buckinghamshire, moved that the house adjourn. Everybody was anxious he said, to follow the prime minister's example, and go to bed.

These words were greeted with cries of "Shame" from the liberals and the speaker reproved Mr. De Rothschild.

In urging the government to assent to an adjournment, Joseph Chamberlain made a cutting remark concerning Mr. Gladstone.

Twenty Liberal and Irish members cried "Shame," and somebody shouted "Judah." The speaker interrupted the discussion to rebuke the unidentified shouter.

Mr. Balfour made a final appeal to the government to accept Rothschild's motion to adjourn.

The house then divided on the motion, which was defeated by a vote of 284 to 257.

Viscount Cranbourne, Conservative moved to adjourn. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour and others spoke on the motion.

Thomas Sexton, anti-Parnellite, accused the opposition of trying to force an all night sitting upon the house and then trying to back out. On division the Cranbourne motion to adjourn was lost by a vote of 270 to 242.

At 3.30 o'clock Charles Conybeare, Radical for Northwest Cornwall, moved the closure. The speaker flatly refused to put the question, and the debate on the original resolution was resumed.

After some further discussion Mr. Balfour agreed to conclude the offering of amendments at 7 o'clock to-day, and Sir Wm. Harcourt consented to adjourn the house.

The members rose a few minutes after 4 o'clock.

The motion was subsequently carried by a vote of 299 to 267.

The election in the parliamentary division of North East Cork to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Michael Davitt was held on the 28th of June, and resulted in the return of William Abraham, anti-Parnellite, without opposition. In the South-East division of Cork Dr. Andrew Cummings, anti-Parnellite, was elected by acclamation.

A bye-election in England, Pontefract, caused by the unseating of the member, who was a Liberal, resulted in a victory for the Gladstonian candidate, T. W. Hussey, with a majority of 32. The Conservatives had made heroic efforts to win the constituency, as a Liberal defeat would have been interpreted to signify a re-action against Home Rule.

His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, replying to an address from his old diocese of Raphoe, amongst other things said. "You make reference to Lord Salisbury. I think the best return we can make his lordship for the hard things he said of us, is simply to leave him alone. His visit to our country was a complete fiasco from beginning to end, and if we said anything about it now, it would only tend to give importance or dignity to what was a very undignified and unstatesman-like proceeding. Better leave it in silence. When a balloon gets a rent in it, it is almost impossible to patch it up again. I think it is pretty much the same way with political balloons. I think that the priests and people of

this grand old country who have been so hardly spoken of can afford, without the least prejudice to their character, to let all these calumnies and hard sayings pass without saying a word in return. I think that is the Christian way, and I think also it is the dignified way. We have no reason whatever to be ashamed of what we were called, 'a lamentably disciplined body of Celtic priests.' We have not the least reason in the world to be ashamed of that description, and speaking of the body of the Catholic clergy of Ireland, I defy Lord Salisbury or any other statesman to find in all Europe a more faithful, disinterested or devoted priesthood than this 'lamentably disciplined body of Celtic priests' that he spoke so disrespectfully of."

The details of the *Victoria* disaster served only to reveal greater horrors from which the unfortunate hundreds suffered. The vessel sank slowly, and, like a great vortex, sucked all within its reach. The engines were in a water-tight compartment, so that the steel flanges of the screws kept swiftly turning, and with their knife-like edges, cutting the water and the limbs of the poor fellows as they battled in vain against the suction. They were drawn down and thrown against the sharp blades. One man who escaped told how he saw fifty fighting with each other and with death. Then after the knives had disappeared beneath the closing waves, there was a muffled sound of thunder, the waters were tossed up and steam burst from them, scalding the swimmers. The boilers had exploded and the survivors were beating waves of steam. Thus, say the despatches, in less than ten minutes death in three awful forms attacked the officers and crew of the *Victoria*—death by drowning, death by the screws, and death by scalding water.

A few returns of the new German Reichstag are still subject to revision, viz., five constituencies where irregularities vitiated the elections. But if these be allowed to the parties entitled to them the list of 397 deputies is divided generally as follows amongst the parties: Clericals, 82; Social Democrats, 15; Conservatives, 77; Free Conservatives, 25; National Liberals, 52; Richter Radicals, 23; other divisions, 93. Of the whole number of deputies 92 are counted for the Army Bill and 185 against it, while thirteen are doubtful. It is thus rightly conjectured that there will be a working majority in favor of the Bill—more war-like peace, more taxes and heavier burthens for the German peasants.

Every human affliction is the disappointment of some affection, the loss of some sweet custom, of some dear hope, and when that ground gives way beneath our feet, we gravitate to a lower, or we seize a higher, and the trial reveals what we are worth. *Martinian*

THE VATICAN AT CHICAGO.

From the Republic, Boston.

To the Catholic visitor to the World's Fair, that was so auspiciously opened, among the most interesting exhibits will be those which Leo XIII., in his desire to co-operate in the success of the exposition, has sent to it from the Vatican library, and the greater portion of which exhibits bear, directly or indirectly, on the earlier history of this continent. There is probably no larger, richer or more comprehensive collection of historical documents and antiquities of all sorts to be found anywhere than may be seen in the treasure house from which the Sovereign Pontiff selected the articles which constitute the Papal exhibit at Chicago this year; and hence the following brief sketch of the famous Vatican library may not be found lacking in interest at the present time.

The inception of a library connected with the residence of the head of the Church in Rome, doubtless, was undertaken by the very first Pontiff of that city, who knew the future ages would require a reference to the doings of the primitive church, and accordingly took care to preserve in the Papal archives an account of all the important events in the world that were transacted in their days. It is generally accepted as a fact that during the reign of Constantine a collection of books, records, etc., was located in the Lateran, and that this collection was subsequently transferred to the Vatican, and became the nucleus of the great library in whose possession the latter building now rejoices. It is recorded of Pope Zozimus, who occupied St. Peter's chair in the eighth century, that he enriched this Vatican collection with a number of valuable Greek and Latin manuscripts that had come into his possession. The first great addition to the Vatican library, however, took place during the pontificate of Nicholas V., who was Pope from 1447 to 1455, and who not only purchased for the library the bulk of the books and manuscripts which, after the fall of the eastern empire, fugitive Christians brought to Rome, but also sent agents to Constantinople and other points in the East, whence they brought back vast stores of literary wealth, all of which were placed in the Vatican archives. This Pontiff, furthermore, caused the Monasteries of Germany, Britain and other Catholic lands to be levied upon for original copies of the works of ancient ecclesiastical writers, and when it was found impossible to procure the original work, he had authentic copies made and forwarded to Rome. Yet so few were the printed works of the world at this period, Nicholas, after all his energy and searches, left the Vatican library in the possession of but 5,000 volumes.

The next Pope to exhibit himself zealous in behalf of the library was Sixtus IV., Cardinal Bessarion, who wore the tiara toward the close of the fifteenth century, and whose industry in adding to the Vatican collection was loudly praised by the contemporary writers. A number of his immediate successors continued the same good work; and in 1568 the library had gained so many volumes Sixtus V., then the occupant of the Roman See, found it necessary to add another apartment, and employed an architect to cut in two the Cortile di Bramante, also called the Belvidere, by a new range of buildings, in which he placed numbers of new works. Clement VIII., purchased the famous collection of books and antiquities which Falvius Urbinus, a noble Roman, had gathered, and added them to the library, which, during the administration of the same Pontiff, was increased by the valuable number of palimpsests that the Benedictine monastery of Bobbio sent it. At this time there was on the Vatican shelves 11,160 manuscripts, of which

nearly 9,000 were written in Latin, and the rest in Greek.

The first printing press was put in the Vatican library by Pope Paul V., who transferred it to the one erected by Paul IV., and the next notable accession to its wealth was the Palatine collection, captured at Heidelberg by Tilly, and by the great captain presented to Gregory XV. This collection contained nearly 2,600 manuscripts, four fifths of them being Latin and the remainder Greek ones. The Urbino library was added to it by Alexander VIII., early in the seventeenth century, and the founder of this collection is said to have been such an enthusiastic Bibliophile that, at the taking of Volterra, in 1472, he asked for nothing more than a Hebrew Bible which he discovered, saying that would suffice for his share of the spoils. This collection added to the library nearly 3,000 manuscripts, and in 1690 the Alexandrine library, the property up to that period of Queen Christina of Sweden, and consisting of all the literary treasures which her renowned father, Gustavus Adolphus, had carried away from Bremen, Prague and Wurtzburg, after his conquest of those cities, were merged with it, adding over 2,300 volumes to its shelves. Clement XI. presented fifty-five rare Greek manuscripts to the library in the last century, his agents having secured them in Syria and Egypt whither they went in search of them by his order; and Benedict XIV. presented the Vatican with close on 4,000 manuscripts which he obtained by the purchase of the Ottoboni collection. Other collections were added by the subsequent Popes, notably by Pius VII., Leo XII. and Gregory XVI., the last the predecessor of Pius IX., who added to the library ten spacious rooms, known as the Apartment Borgin, for printed books alone. The Heidelberg collection, referred to above, was in great part restored to that city in 1815, on the application of the Prussian King, and, in 1796, Pius VI. was forced to allow the French Government to select 500 volumes from the library, but the greater number of these subsequently found their way back to the shelves. At present it is thought that there are about 22,000 printed volumes in the library, of which 2,500 are fifteenth century editions, many of vellum; 400 Aldines and a number of other rare copies. The manuscripts are about 25,000, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Coptic, Syriac and other oriental languages, and of these many are of incalculable value, since duplicates of them cannot be found anywhere.

A visitor to Rome recently, who had the pleasure of being conducted through the Vatican library and archives, thus wrote of that wonderful collection: "We were taken through the Vatican library by a chamberlain of the Pope, who was able to obtain entrance for us to the rooms and access to the rarely-seen manuscripts. It is a wonderful series of apartments, magnificently frescoed, and containing the gifts of sovereigns. But it is for the number, rarity and importance of its manuscripts that the Vatican is famous. We saw one important manuscript, deciphered by Cardinal Mai, which contains 'De Republica' of Cicero, a discourse of St. Augustine on the Psalms, and fragments of Terence. In the same room we were permitted to examine an autograph letter of poor Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII.: the book of Henry VIII. against Luther; the manuscript autographs by Petrarch and Tasso, with miniatures by Perugino, and so on. The richness is in terminable. I stopped before an extremely rich case of illuminated manuscripts, where I found the vignettes of one now attributed to Raphael, and also of another ascribed to Dante, written on and commented upon by Boccaccio, also the breviary of Mathias Corvinus, the last King of Hungary; the famous Bible of the

fourth century; the sermons of the monk Jacques, with miniatures, and songs and prayers in Japanese characters."

The post of Vatican head librarian is a cardinalial office, and one which has been held by many eminent ecclesiastics. Probably the most renowned of such librarians was Angelo Cardinal Mai, who was born at Schilparlo, in the Italian province of Bergamo, March 7, 1774. This wonderful linguist joined the Jesuits in his 25th year, and for a while he taught in the Neapolitan college of that order. Archbishop Lambrascini, the prelate who consecrated Leo XIII. half a century ago this year, induced him to go to Orvieto, of which See he was the ordinary, and it was there that Mai imbibed that love of archaeological studies in which he was destined to attain such renown. A vacancy occurring later on in the Vatican library, he was appointed to the head of that by the influence of Cardinals Consalvi and Litta; and once he found himself among the inexhaustible and unutilized treasures of the church, his remarkable ingenuity and powers of research asserted themselves and accomplished the wonderful discoveries which he achieved. Cardinal Wiseman has given us a description of Mai's methods, which is very interesting reading. "To drop figures," said the eminent English churchman, "the peculiarity of Mai's wonderful discoveries consisted in the reading of manuscripts twice written; or, as they are more scientifically called, palimpsests. A book, for instance, may have been very properly catalogued as containing the commentaries or sermons of some abbot of the eleventh or twelfth century, works of which there may be several other manuscripts in the library. Edited or not it is improbable that this volume has been, or will be, looked into for a century. But the lens-like eye of a Don Angelo peers into it, and it becomes a treasure trove. The writer of the middle ages has taken down from the shelves a work which he considered of small value—perhaps there were duplicates of it—some letters, for instance, of a heathen emperor to his tutor, and had scrubbed, as he thought, the parchment clean both of its inky and moral denigration, and then had written over it the recent production of some favorite author. It is this under writing which Mai scanned with a sagacious eye, perhaps it was like the lines of a repainted canvas, which, in course of time, came through the mere evanescent tints superadded, a leg or an arm cropping out through the mouth of an impassioned head by the second artist; and he could trace clearly the large forms of uncial letters of the fourth or fifth century, sprawling through two lines of a neatly written brevior. Or the scouring has been more thoroughly done, and then a wash of gallic acid revived the pallid reed strokes of the earlier scribes."

Up to the administration of the present Pope, these inexhaustible treasures of the Vatican library were available only to the favored few who formed, as it were, portions of the Vatican household, Leo XIII., however, renowned literateur as he is himself, and patron of all the arts and sciences, soon after his coronation, decided to throw open the Vatican archives to historical students, and invited such personages from whatever religion they professed, to avail themselves of the stores of information in the archives. And Protestants, no less than Catholics, have availed themselves of the Papal invitation, which ought to be considered an ample refutation of those old calumnies which charge the Catholic church with fearing the truth and with concealing the real facts of history.

In choosing from these archives an exhibit to be sent to the World's Fair, the Holy Father naturally selected

articles relating to the earlier history of this continent; the Papal map of division; copies of letters written by Columbus, and charts said to have been employed by him on his famous voyage of discovery. These exhibits, are, of course, reproductions, or phototypes, of the original documents, which it could not be expected the Holy See would allow to quit the archives; and the Pope shows his good will toward this country by sending hither duplicate sets of the exhibits, one for the Columbian Exposition, and the other for the national library at Washington. The Catholic who visits Chicago this year should not fail to see the Papal exhibits of ancient American manuscripts that are to be viewed there.

The Symbol I. H. S.

Non-Catholics and even some of our Catholic friends visiting the College, are at a loss to explain the monograms, I. H. S., which blazes with golden rays in the pediment of our facade writes William P. Gavan in "The Highlander." Like many other signs and characters these letters have a meaning quite different from what people commonly attribute to them. It is an interesting story to learn the reason why they are used by the Church and in particular by the Society of Jesus.

In the early ages of the Church the Christians had to be very careful of the way in which they talked in public; for if they uttered a word to the effect that they were Christians, they were often seized and tortured to death. Similarly, they had frequent recourse to signs and symbols to preserve their holy things from profanation. A pagan, for example, meeting the image of a fish in the Caesars or elsewhere carved in stone or wood, would never suspect a religious meaning. Yet it was the emblem of our Lord Himself. The letters of the Greek word meaning a fish, Ichthys, are the initials of our Lord's title, "Iesus Christus I Heou Uios Soter," in English "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour."

So it was natural that the holiest of names, the Name at which every knee in heaven, on earth and under the earth should bend, should at the same time appear frequently and yet be preserved from profanation by the most mysterious of symbols.

Now IHSOUS is the Holy Name in Greek capital letters, the H being simply the long E of the English, I. H. S., was simply the abbreviated form used by the early Christians. In former times it was also occasionally abbreviated, I. H. C., with a line over the top signifying that it was an abbreviated form. These letters are the I, the long E or Eta, and the S or Sigma of the Greek. The Greek S of the early times was written in a variety of ways, often like the S or C of our time. The emblem traveled from Greece to Rome, and was afterwards ignorantly written in Roman letters, I. H. S. The line of abbreviation over the H was soon forgotten, unless the cross sometimes set over the H is to be considered as replacing it.

The two interpretations, I Have and Jesus Hominum Salvator are pious indeed but warranted by history. The symbol is Greek, and is simply the three first letters of the name of Jesus in that language. It is for this reason that the Jesuits, or members of the Society of Jesus, chose it for their emblem.

In conclusion we may tell a little story referring to the use of this emblem by the Jesuits. A Franciscan monk once playfully interpreted the letters for a Jesuit as "Iesuate Habent Satis" (The Jesuits have enough). "Yea," the Jesuit answered, laughing, "provided you then read the letters backwards, Si Habent Iesum (if they have Jesus)."

In old times it seemed to be thought that a medicine must be nauseating to be effective. Now, all this is changed. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one of the most powerful alteratives, is agreeable to most palates, the flavor being by no means medicinal.

FROM CAMP TO CLOISTER.

THE MARQUIS OF SEGARRA.

The recent announcement that the Marquis of Segarra, who is described as having been one of the bravest Spanish noblemen who espoused the unlucky cause of Don Carlos, has laid aside his sword and exchanged his uniform for the habit of the Trappist Monks, does not afford the first instance on record wherein the cloisters of religion have won soldiers weary of strife and battlefields. As the *American Catholic News* reminds its readers, even in the earliest annals of the Church may be found numerous cases of such conversions; and St. Paul himself was in a certain sense a soldier, while in the more modern records of religion not an age has passed wherein some warrior did not resign his sword to take in his hands the breviary, and not a few such personages attained high honours and rank in the Church. The story of St. Ignatius, for instance, is well known, and the poet has given it in verse by relating how when the Spaniard hung his votive blade in the Chapel of Our Lady of Montserrat.

"Glorious," he cried, "with thee I've done
Fame, thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now;
To track thy footsteps, Saviour God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod,
Hear and record my vow."

The Religious Order which the Marquis of Segarra has joined has welcomed valiant warriors to its ranks before it received him among its members. The recent reunion of the two Trappes, effected at the last General Chapter of the Order held at Rome, brought out the story of the present Superior of the Community, who, as Captain Whart, achieved an enviable reputation for a soldier. In fact, it may be said that the Cistercian Order has always owned a special power of attracting war-weary soldiers within its cloisters, and has opened the doors of its Monasteries to many such personages.

BARON GERAMB.

One of the most celebrated of such recruits to its ranks was Baron Geramb, who went to Rome during the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., and achieved no little notoriety there, as he had previously done in London, by his cleverness, oddities, and receptions. The famous Cardinal Wiseman, who spent considerable time in the Eternal City after the entrance of the Baron into the ranks of the Trappists, has left us a graphic extract of the man as he saw him at Castel-Gaudolph, where he was the guest of the Franciscans, at their Convent at that lovely spot. "If the stranger examines him," wrote the English Churchman of the Cistercian, "he will easily discern, through the gravity of his look, not only a nobleness of countenance, and through the simplicity of his habit not merely a gracefulness of demeanour which speaks the highly-bred gentleman, but even visible remains of the good-humoured, kind-hearted, and soldierly courtier. There lurks still in his eye a sparkling gleam of wit suppressed, or disciplined into harmless conversations. Once when I met him at Albano, he had brought as a gift to Cardinal Acton a spirited sketch of himself and his gallant gray rolling together in the dust. When I called on him at his Convent, he showed me an Imperial letter, just received, announcing to him the gallantry and wounds of his son, fighting in Circassia, and several other Royal epistles, written in the pleasant tone of friend to friend." Yet Cardinal Wiseman adds this ex-soldier was at the time he saw him a true Monk of that strictest of all the Religious Orders, the Cistercians. His only room was his Convent cell, devoid of not alone luxuries, but articles which most persons consider indispensable for comfort, his fare was of the simplest sort, and his daily avocations were

prayer and meditation. The causes which led to Baron Geramb's Religious life were somewhat curious. Some years before he had taken refuge in London, but the attention of the Government having been drawn upon him, he was ordered to quit the land in which such men as Garibaldi and Mazzini had received a welcome. He refused to do so at first, and barricaded his house. Of course, the law prevailed in the end, and he was, after a gallant defence of his castle, sent out of England. Then he went to France, where for political offences he was arrested and imprisoned at Vincennes. It so chanced that the celebrated Cardinal de Gregorio was an inmate of the same prison; and the patience and Christian demeanor of that excellent ecclesiastic made such a deep impression on the soldier that he entered into conversation with him, with the result that when he was liberated he forswore his former life and sought admission into the Trappists, joining the Order of France, his native land. Subsequently he was sent to Rome on a special errand, and it was there that Cardinal Wiseman met him and was deeply impressed with him. The good Baron remained in the Monastery the rest of his life, and at his death left behind him the memory of a faithful and devoted Monk.

CAPTAIN THE HON. C. R. PAKENHAM.

Another noted instance of the abandonment of a military for a Monk's career was that exhibited forty years ago, when Charles Reginald Pakenham, the fourth son of the Earl of Longford, and a native of Dublin, joined the Passionists. In doing this young Pakenham forsook a career in which a number of his relatives had won renown. Several of his uncles had attained the highest ranks in the British Army, and shown remarkable bravery and skill in the Peninsular campaign; two of his brothers older than himself wore the Queen's uniform, and he was distantly connected with the Duke of Wellington. After graduating from the Sandhurst Military School, young Pakenham joined the 72nd Highlanders, in 1839, as an ensign; two years later purchase gave him the rank of lieutenant in the same regiment; in 1846 he was appointed captain of the 69th Foot, and the same year, in order to accept the invitation of his uncle, General Edward Pyngar Lygon, who wanted him for an aide-de-camp, he exchanged into the Grenadier Guards. The Tractarian Movement was not without influence on Captain Pakenham, who, being instigated to lead a better life than a soldier usually follows, began to study the truths of religion, and ended by asking and obtaining admission into the Catholic Church from Cardinal Wiseman in 1850. The following year, while on a visit to his uncle, the General Lygon already mentioned, he made a Retreat at a Passionist establishment, St. Saviour's, in Worcestershire, and there took the determination to relinquish the Army and enter the Monastery. His spiritual adviser counselled him, fearing that he would find the Passionist rule of life too rigorous, to imitate the example of St. Ignatius and join the Jesuits. But the captain declined, and asked to be taken into the Passionists as a lay-brother. To this request, which his confessor deemed altogether too modest, a negative answer was made; and the ex-soldier was at once told to begin the study of theology and prepare himself for ordination. He was made a priest in 1855, by Bishop Ullathorne, in the chapel of St. Mary's College, Oscott; and almost immediately after his ordination he was sent to Rome, in charge of some novices. The Superior-General then despatched him to Ireland, to open a house of the Order, and in pursuance of that plan he built the Church of Our Lady of

Refuge at Rathmines, and laid the foundation of the Passionist House of Mount Argus, in the Dublin Archdiocese. There he lived and died, a true son of St. Paul of the Cross, to whom Ireland owes the introduction into her limits of the Passionists, and of whom the following pen portrait was drawn by one who often sat beneath his preaching. "His figure was tall and graceful and erect, though somewhat attenuated, his features small rather than prominent, his tanned hair brown, his eyes blue, his well set head rather small than large; his complexion fair, but alas! there burned upon his cheek, in mournful index of his too short career, that bright and fitful hectic bloom which heralds to an early tomb." He did not appear to be more than twenty-nine years old, though known to have numbered some few more. The Irish tones of his voice seemed almost entirely vanquished by a strong dash of English and Italian accentuation acquired by long residence in England and occasional domestication with members of the Brotherhood who are natives of Sunnyland."

A BRACK OF CARDINALS.

The Religious Orders of the Catholic Church have not by any means monopolized, however, all the soldiers who laid aside their swords and uniforms to enter the Ecclesiastical ranks; and such individuals have, at different times, been found in every rank of the Priesthood and Hierarchy. Pope Pius IX. is said to have served in the Noble Guard before he finally decided to devote his splendid abilities to the service of the Church, which afterwards elected him to the See of St. Peter. The number of Cardinals who were warriors in their early youth is large. Cardinal Howard was, before he entered the Ecclesiastical ranks, a member of the British cavalry; and Cardinal Schoenborn (the Archbishop of Prague) rode with the Prussian dragoons at Sadowa, and distinguished himself by his bravery.

MODERN AMERICAN INSTANCES.

Turning to the United States, Detroit's first Bishop, the Right-Rev. Frederick Rese, who died in Switzerland about twenty-three years ago, fought as a dragoon under Blucher, at Waterloo, before going to Propaganda to study for the ministry, and the number of priests who were in the Army before they began their Ecclesiastical career defies count. One such died the other day, up at Chicopee, in the person of the Rev. Evariste Pelletier, who wore the Papal uniform in the latter part of the 'sixties, when Catholic Canada sent a battalion of zouaves to Rome to defend the Holy See. Probably no Religious Community that is represented in America counts more ex-soldiers among its ranks than the Paulists of New York, who are, nevertheless, one of the least numerous of our Religious Orders. A writer in the *New York Sun*, some years ago, called attention to that fact in the following manner: "Father Elliott," said he, "is a splendid specimen of a six footer, and has a voice that rings like the keynote of a bugle. He is of Irish parentage, and is noted as a preacher in the Paulist mission and as a writer in the *Catholic World*. He entered the army as a private in an Ohio regiment, and served through the Rebellion, earned a lieutenant's commission. . . . Father Robinson was in the Confederate Service, and, strange to say, the section of the Army of which he was a member was in several engagements opposed to the Union troops in whose ranks Father Elliott fought. The queer changes that time brings about are shown in the fact that they are now brothers enlisted under the same flag in the battle of the Church with the world, the flesh and the devil. Father Deshon was a student at West Point with General Grant, at whose obsequies, it will be remembered, he

was one of the special mourners from the great commander's companions in arms." Holy Cross College, which will soon celebrate its semi-centennial, about thirty years ago had another West Pointer for its President in the person of the late Rev. James Clarke, S.J., whose early military training showed itself in his martial bearing and fondness of strict habits of discipline, but were the writer to undertake to enumerate all the ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church who formerly followed the pursuit of arms, he would require far more space than this article allows. The Church has always won such recruits to her ranks, and the entrance of the Marquis of Segarra into a Trappist Monastery is plain proof that she has not yet lost her power to attract.—*Weekly Register*.

The Composer Verdi.

To a man of such strength and health, such brains and wealth of imagination as Verdi, nothing is impossible. His is not the nature of a Rossini, who after a series of successes made in full vigor of manhood, sat down and spent the rest of his witty existence chewing the cud of memory, but rather that of a Titian, whose work ceased only with the breath of life.

There is a curious parallel between these two great artists—the painter who worked without apparent loss of power to the age of 99, and only died by the accident of the plague, and the composer who produced his best and most mature work at the age of 79 and is to all appearance capable of as much more both good and new. In such hale veterans this century has happily been rich, and Italy can claim her share. In Verdi she has a source of pride which she is not slow to appreciate or backward in acclaiming.

Those who witnessed the triumph of his last opera could not fail to be deeply impressed, on the one hand, by the touching affection which leavened the enthusiasm of the country—an affection felt and expressed alike by king and by peasant—and on the other by the modesty and dignity with which it was accepted by the great composer.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a violent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improved fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

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Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammononton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammononton Missions.

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Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

On May 30th, ex-Police Superintendent of the A Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, while engaged repairing a door in the yard attached to his residence, No. 5 Rathgar road, fell suddenly forward on his head. Medical aid was procured immediately, but life was extinct.

On June 7th, a woman named Eliza Kerwan was found drowned in the river, at Clonmel. At the inquest the evidence tended to show that she had committed suicide, because she believed a man whom she wished to marry cared for another woman. A verdict of suicide while temporarily insane was returned.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

PAPER BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

Archbishop Ireland and the Rev. John M. Cleary represented the Catholics at the opening of the Congress on Social Purity in Chicago. On the request of President Binney, Archbishop Ireland opened the proceedings with prayer and made an address, during the course of which he said:

The highest evidence of civilization in a people and of their practical Christianity is social purity. Civilization is the freedom of the human being from animalism and his enthronement upon the elevated plane of rational life. The strongest hold which animalism has upon the races is in the sexual passion. The triumph over this passion, the reduction of it under the laws of reason is the supreme act of the spiritual power in man. The religion of Christ at once differentiates itself from all religions, present and past, in demanding, as none others do or did, the complete triumph of the spiritual over the animal in man. Its moral standard is divine on its face, worthy to have come from the home of the angels. The founder of a human religion, dependent in its extension upon human sympathies and aids, would never have dared base his moral code upon the taking of the cross and the nailing to it of all one's concupiscences. So zealous was Christ for social purity that He wreathed his own personality in its most translucent beauty—holy virginity. He was born of a Virgin Mother, and he lived a virgin. The two noblest Christian ideals, Christ, divinity incarnate, and Mary, humanity sublimated into maternal relation with the divinity, were virgins.

The superiority of the Christian over other civilizations comes chiefly from its elevated standard of morals, and the visible manifestation of this superiority appears in the position of the Christian woman. In pre-Christian religions and civilizations woman was the servant, without honor or rights, the mere toy of passion. What else could she be in Greece or Rome, where the ideal woman was a Venus? The pure Virgin of Nazareth, from whom was born God incarnate, became the ideal woman of the New Dispensation, and all was changed for daughter, wife and mother. The woman henceforward was queen of the home, and as the power of the Christian religion grew, so grew in the minds of peoples the dignity of womanhood, its influence and the respect awarded to it. The hope of pure morals, the hope of high civilization, is woman, and all her power for good comes from her purity and from the love for purity which she has been able to maintain in the world around her. With the decay of social purity woman's reign diminishes, the Christian home yields the place to the harem or the house of sin, and with the degradation of woman civilization perishes.

As is the dignity, the importance of social purity, so is the value of work given to preserve and defend it. There is room for this work. I have told the Christian ideal, I could tell at length the blessed fruits produced by it in our days and country, as whenever and wherever the truths of the Christian religion are preached. But my purpose at the present moment is to show the obstacles social purity must contend with in the widening out of its reign and in extending its blessedness upon souls.

See the wiles and activeness and open warfare of impurity. The popular literature of the day is largely subservient to it. Novels exhaling its Stygian stench, vulgar news stands and book agents' baskets. Papers teeming with salaciousness obtain readers by the hundreds of thousands and drive out of the market self-

respecting and decent publications. Painting and sculpture, whose mission it should be to elevate and ennoble the mind by the representations of humanity's best deeds and dreams, reveal the human form in hideous suggestiveness. Theatrical posters nailed up in prominent streets and squares of the cities are to our young people unmistakable object-lessons in lasciviousness, and the stage, which might be one of the most useful interpreters of wisdom and virtue, not infrequently becomes the pandurer to lowest passions.

Cultured society, unconsciously perhaps, but not less effectively, serves the interests of vice by its immodest fashions in dances and in female dress. Public opinion is debased; virtue, it is thought, is sufficiently avenged when a fallen woman is declared an outcast; but the man who compassed her ruin goes scot-free and is the welcome visitor to club and drawing room. Laws against open immorality are dead letters. Temptor to sin promenade unmolested our streets, homes of iniquity flaunt their wickedness before the public gaze; orgies born of demoniac fancies occur in public halls with the avowed connivance of the police. Sin sets itself up as a profession under shadowy names, through which the purpose is easily read, and advertises itself through the columns of our newspapers. Base men and women go around entrapping unwary girlhood into lives of shame; procurers and procuresses are constantly prowling, as so many jackals, in search of human bodies to cast them in prey to cruel lust.

Laws protect sin. The child of 12 or 14 years in many places is presumed to be of sufficient age to barter away her innocence, and her seducer cannot be convicted of crime. There are States in the country where the violation of a woman is no violation of law, if her color is not Caucasian white. The impudence of vice attempts to go farther, and demands that infamy be licensed by law, that women be stamped with the badge of professional vice, and that the partner in iniquity be protected by the law of the land, and be secured by legal requests from the diseases to which criminal indulgence might otherwise expose them. Nor in the enumeration of sin's agencies must I overlook the prostitution of medical science in the service of passion, holding out to woman, unmarried or married, the promise to free her from the fruit of the womb, nor that of the legal profession in obtaining, under flimsiest pretences, divorces, and destroying the sacredness of pure family life.

In the war which I would have waged in defense of social purity I address my most earnest appeal to women. In the spread of immorality woman suffers more than man she is weaker, and the slavery, the degradation falls heavier upon her. Can it be that the women of the land will not rise in indignation to ward off polluted hands from so many young girls who are under our eyes entrapped and sold into the service of sin, or who are regularly compelled to endure this dire slavery because of poverty and the pressure of their unfortunate surroundings? Whatever alterations for the better have in late years taken place in public opinion and in legislation regarding social purity are mostly to be attributed to women; in their hands is the guardianship of private and public morals.

What special lines of thought and methods the deliberations and resolutions of the congress shall follow it is not my province to indicate. The united wisdom of the members shall decide those points. All methods in themselves legitimate shall be welcomed by me, and shall receive my heartiest co-operation. When a giant evil stalks through the land I call for allies from all directions, whatever be

their peculiar arms or whatever their peculiar organization. Each and every one of them will do something to weaken and repel the enemy, and this is the end we are seeking. I have said that I invoke the energies of men and women. I now say I invoke the energies of people of all forms of Christian belief, and of all people who, if not Christians, have yet to heart natural morals and good citizenship. It is useless to hope in our present conditions that public opinion can be affected and public danger repulsed if we do not bring together as citizens all our forces and act as one people, independently of church organizations or other limited influences.

Ottawa University.

The following is a list of the Degrees conferred by the Chancellor and Senate of the Ottawa University:

The degree of Licentiate in Theology was conferred on Rev. Thomas Murphy, O.M.I. The degree of Bachelor of Theology was conferred on Gustave Simonin, O.M.I. and Telesphore Campeau, O.M.I.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. Justice Elzear Taschereau, Ottawa, Ont., and Very Rev. E. MoD. Dawson, V.G.

The degree of LL.B. ad eundem gradum was conferred on L. D. Beck.

The degree of Licentiate of Philosophy was conferred on Patrick Cullen, B. Ph., Albert Newman, B. Ph., Louis J. Beaupre, O. M. I., B. Ph., John Duffy, O. M. I., B. Ph.

The degree of Bachelor of Philosophy was conferred on Thomas A. White, Francis J. McDougal, James Murphy, C. J. Sloan, O. M. I., Joseph U. Vincent.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Mgr. Ricard, V.G., Aix, France.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Patrick Cullen, Hugh J. Canning, John P. Smith, Albert Newman, Francis J. McDougal, Thomas A. White, John J. Meagher, Fred. F. Owens, Isalah French, Leon C. Raymond, Walter E. Cavanagh.

Patrick Cullen obtained first-class honours in mathematics.

The following have successfully passed their intermediate examinations: Messrs. Cornell, O'Boyle, J. O'Brien, A. Gagnon and Charles J. Mea.

Those having this year passed their matriculation examinations are: Messrs. A. Belanger, Qilly (hon. in classics), McGarry, P. J. Clancy, E. O'Reilly (hon. in classics), W. Walsh, T. P. Fay. Honor in classics—J. M. Foley, G. Fitzgerald, T. J. Kaly, Thomas Frederick, Thos. Kelly, G. Prud'homme, F. M. Devins and L. Tighe.

Those having received commercial diplomas are: H. Peters, A. Belanger, H. Gosselin, J. Burgess, Albert Quesnel, C. Brophy, E. Corkery, P. Garneau, Alb. M. Donnell and H. O'Rourke.

THE MEDALISTS.

The following having proved themselves worthy received medals:

Silver medal for religious instruction in English course—James Murphy.

Silver medal for religious instruction in French course—Leon Raymond.

University course, sixth form, silver medal presented by his Eminence Cardinal Ziggara, awarded to James Murphy.

Silver medal presented by his Excellency the Governor General, Earl of Derby, awarded to M. Powers.

Silver medalists in fifth form—E. Connell, A. Gagnon and Wm. O'Boyle.

Fourth form, silver medal—John O'Brien.

Collegiate course, third form—Gold medal presented by Rev. Mr. Boucher, Haverhill, Mass., awarded to Mr. Thos. Fay, oblat junior.

Second form, division A., silver medal—E. Tessier; division B., silver medal, awarded to W. Kehoe.

First form, division A., silver medal—Presented by John McCabe, LL.D., awarded to Louis Simard, division B., silver medal awarded to W. Sullivan.

Commercial course, fourth grade, silver medal—Awarded to M. J. Belanger.

Bronze medal, third grade, for best average—Awarded to David Kearns.

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Song of the Spring in the Summer.

By Alice Maynell.

O poet of the time to be,
My conqueror, I began for thee.
Enter into thy poet's pain,
And take the riches of the rain,
And make the perfect year for me.

Thou into whom my lyre shall fall,
Whenever thou comest, hear my call.
O, keep the promise of my lays,
Take the sweet parable of my days:
I trust thee with the aim of all.

And if thy thoughts unfold from me,
Know that I too have hints of thee,
Din hopes that come across my mind
In the rare days of warmer wind,
And tones of summer in the sea.

And I have set thy paths, I guide
Thy blossoms on the wild hillside.
And I, thy bygone poet, share
The flowers that through thy feet where'er
I led thy feet before I died.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Pope is to send a beautiful present a rare specimen of jewelry art, to the Duke of York on his marriage.

A unique piece of work in the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, is a picture done in hair of the "Landing of Columbus."

Sixty thousand Italian ladies, led by the flower of the aristocracy of Rome, are petitioning the chamber against divorce, which, they contend, is an offense against religion.

The Twenty-third General Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will convene in the City Hall, Springfield, Mass., on August 1st, at 2 P. M.

During the last year France was, as usual, the largest contributor to the work of the Propagation of the Faith, the amount being 3,012,560 francs. North America comes next with 440,446 francs.

A disastrous cyclone destroyed the front walls of the abbey of New Engleburg Conception, Mo., which was in process of erection. The cyclone came in with great force and blew down 10,000 square feet of solid brick wall.

Two communities of Jesuits, whom persecution drove out of France, have established themselves in the East, one in Alexandria, the other in Beyrout. In the latter place they have a flourishing college with 550 students, and a printing press which does the work in some 14 or 15 languages.

Preparations are already being made in more than one locality for the annual pilgrimage to the famous Canadian shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec July 26 is St. Anne's day, and on that day the ceremonies at Beaupre are the most imposing. The entire month, however, and some of August's days will see pilgrimages arriving at the Canadian shrine.

On July 18 and 19 a Catholic musical festival will be held in Chicago, at which eight or ten Chicago choirs will assist, and there will also be present choirs from New York, Detroit, Belleville and other Eastern and Western cities. The St. Gregory Saengerbund, of Chicago, has in charge the preparations for the festival, and the leaders of this society, who are priests and organists, perfected arrangements.

The late Leland Stanford was a man of generous impulses and broad mind. It will be remembered that he, through his estimable wife, erected a statue of Padre Serra, the founder of the early Catholic missions in California, at the point on the Californian coast where the padre is believed to have landed when he came up from Mexico to begin the evangelization of the Californian aborigines. The statue was placed in position and unveiled a year or so ago.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, had a narrow escape from injury several days ago. He was being driven to the depot in order to take the train for Zaleski. The horses were very spirited, and as they were crossing the temporary bridge near the little Miami tracks they were startled by an engine blowing off steam and one of

them stepped over the edge of the bridge and immediately fell into the ditch at the side. Assistance was at once rendered, but the carriage and the other horse were narrowly prevented from going into the ditch. Bishop Watterson leaped out of the other side of the carriage, and so was able, fortunately, to escape uninjured.

Rev. Father Ernest Van Dyke, pastor of St. Aloysius' Church, Detroit, returned to that city several days ago, looking happy and healthy after an absence of seven months spent in foreign travel. He visited three continents and saw what is most interesting to the Catholic—the Holy Father and the Holy Land. Father Van Dyke asked his Holiness to bless his parish, his mother, his relations and his friends, and the venerable Leo graciously consented by laying his hand on his visitor's head while he uttered, "I bless your parish, your mother, your relatives and your friends."

The annual display of vestments made by the ladies which compose the Children of St. Mary's Society, took place at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Detroit, Mich., June 14. There were twenty-five complete sets of different colors, and other smaller pieces, together with an abundance of altar linen, all daintily arranged, and each piece exquisitely finished, showing the amount of skill and industry expended in its completion. This society is full of energy, and its object is to donate the result of its labors to the poor parishes in and out of the diocese. Applications are made during the year, and at the end the distribution takes place. Bishop Foley was present and complimented highly both the work and the motive which prompted it, and congratulated the members upon the success of their society.

Cayuga.

A despatch from Cayuga dated July 3rd, says: St. Stephen's Catholic church of this place was yesterday the scene of some very interesting and important events. The Right Rev. Dr. Dowling of Hamilton, assisted by Fathers McKay and Switzer, were present. At 9 o'clock the church was crowded to the doors, and every available space being occupied. It is thought that about 600 people were present. The first ceremony was the ordination to the priesthood of Mr. George Murphy, a popular and talented young resident of this place, who has just completed his studies in the seminary at Montreal. The ceremony was imposing and lasted about two hours. At 11 o'clock his lordship proceeded to invest with the insignia of his office the incumbent of St. Stephen's, Dr. P. M. Bardou, who has recently been promoted to the dignities of doctor of divinity and missionary apostolic to the Pope. The last feature of the morning service was the presentation of an address to the bishop by Mr. John A. Murphy on behalf of the congregation. The distinguished prelate made an able and very happy reply, in the course of which he recounted some of his experiences and impressions in his recent trip to Rome and the Holy Land. His lordship gave a short address in the evening. This morning the bishop gave confirmation to about thirty children. The party will return to Hamilton at 6 o'clock this evening.

[We offer our congratulations to Father Murphy and extend to him our best wishes for a long and increasing usefulness in his high and holy career.—E.D. CATHOLIC REGISTER.]

Severe Abscess Cured.

DEAR SIR—I had an abscess just behind my right ear, in August, 1891. After suffering for three months, I began to take B. B. B., and after one month's use of it I was very much better, and the abscess entirely disappeared in four months. I am certain that Burdock Blood Bitters is an excellent remedy.

FLORENCE M. SHAW, Solagirth, Man.

District Inspector Dee of the Phoenix Park Depot has succeeded District Inspector Moore in the charge of the police district of Collooney. The latter has been transferred to Tassan.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

Berlin.

Thursday June 29th, was a memorable day for the Catholics of Berlin, and especially for St. Jerome's College, the centre of Catholic education in Hamilton dioc. The day opened with the ordination of Rev. J. Koslowski, a member of the College staff, to the holy priesthood; in the afternoon the annual commencement exercises of the College took place, followed by a banquet of the students, ex-students and invited guests; and in the evening the Alumni Union of St. Jerome's had its regular meeting.

A large number of guest-were present at the various festivities; this among those in attendance were Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton; Very Rev. Vicar-General Blass, O.R., New Germany; the Rev. Fathers Kenny, S.J., Gulpak; Brozman, Formoso; McCall, Knismore; Hinchey, Hamilton; Slavik, Galt; Gnam, Stratford; Gehl, St. Clements; Watuszewski and Czimi, Chicago, and many other ecclesiastical and lay gentlemen.

The ordination took place in the parish church at nine o'clock; a large and devout congregation assembled at the impressive ceremony and at its close thronged to the communion-railing to receive the blessing from the hands of the new priest. Rev. J. Koslowski is an old student of St. Jerome's College; six years ago he went to Rome to enter the Congregation of the Resurrection, and after spending one year at Lemburg, Austria, he returned last year to become a member of the faculty of his Alma Mater, as well as to finish his theological studies. The students of the College showed their great esteem for their professor by presenting him with an excellent chalice and an address at dinner on Thursday.

The commencement exercises of the College in the afternoon consisted of a short programme of English, Latin and German speeches and a number of choice musical selections, followed by the distribution of prizes and medals. The medals were distributed as follows: Good conduct, P. J. Donovan; general proficiency, P. J. Donovan; religious instruction, P. Dinsgan; mental philosophy (Latin), Alex. Walter; mental philosophy (English), F. X. Pruss; rhetoric, P. L. Mahony; Latin syntax, J. Lenhart; English, P. J. Donovan; arithmetic, J. Lenhart; history, P. J. Donovan; natural science, J. Doyle; book-keeping, W. Smith; German, F. X. Pruss. After the distribution his Lordship Bishop Dowling, in a few remarks congratulated the College and its teachers on the success of the past year and spoke words of encouragement and advice to the students.

The Alumni meeting in the evening was most successful. After the election of officers a large number of subscriptions amounting to \$800, to the "Father Louis' Memorial Fund" were received; this fund was founded some years ago in commemoration of the deceased President of the College, Rev. Louis Funcken, and, with the amounts subscribed at Thursday's meeting, will reach nearly \$3,000, the whole of which has been contributed by former students of the College. W. M.

Brampton.

A mission was opened in Brampton June 25th by Rev. Father Ryan, and closed on the Wednesday morning following. All the services were well attended, especially on the Tuesday evening, when the eloquent preacher excelled himself. A great number of other denominations flocked to the little church, and their behavior was most edifying. The music was very fine; the singing of the Ave Verum by Rev. Father Trayling on the last evening at Benediction deserves special mention and great credit is due the organist, whose energy is indefatigable. The decorations of the altars were really beautiful. Miss Wigley and Miss Lamphier are to be congratulated on their good taste and the arduous care bestowed on their little church; which can really be held as a model to other country parishes.

All through the month of June, owing to Miss Wigley's energy and attention, a light was kept perpetually burning before the picture of the Sacred Heart. The Mission Church at Brampton is attended from the parish of Orangeville, whose energetic priest, Rev. Father McPhillips, is so much beloved, not only for his affability to all, but his piety and zeal in the exercise of his priestly functions, and his great charity to the poor.

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Yours truly,
WM. ROBINSON, Wallaceburg.

On Saturday evening, May 27th, while Mr. John Hayes, of South Circuit road, Dublin, was walking near the quarry at Finglas, his dog jumped into the water. In trying to save the dog, Mr. Hayes fell into the quarry, and was drowned.

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THE CHURCH AND WOMAN.

MATRONS NOTED IN HISTORY.

Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., in *Philadelphia Catholic Times*.

To the cursory reader of the Gospel scarcely anything is more striking than the infinite tenderness and the immeasurable pity which Jesus manifested at all times to the weaker vessels of humanity. He loved to dwell surrounded by the little children; rough treatment of them annoyed Him; He compared His kingdom to their pure hearts; He rejoiced that the little and the humble were let into the secrets of the Father, and He proposes to His disciples as the model of ecclesiastical authority the simple, direct and candid hearts of little children.

With the women of the Jews He was no less gentle and pitiful. Already His love of the little ones must have captivated the female heart. He was Himself the only son of Mary. His most consoling words were for the women of Jerusalem, His most touching miracles for the widow of Naim, the Hæmorrhæissa, and the daughter of Jairus. He rendered a delicate homage to the office of women when He drew from the pains of travail one of the most profound and human-sorrowful of His illustrations. And in the sublime scene of the rehabilitation of the fallen sister from Magdala He defied for her all the social conventions and executed a moral revolution. He began His miraculous career at the wedding of a young Galilean bride. In return the women of the Jews were His staunchest defenders. Some, like Salome, the wife of Zebedee, clung to Him from the beginning to the end. Others, like Joanna, the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna gave of their riches for His support, went about with Him and the apostles through cities and towns wherever the good news was spread by the Master. They anointed His head and feet; they rejoiced more than all others when He rode triumphantly into Jerusalem; they sorrowed at the gathering clouds which were soon to burst over Him; they stood afar off and wept as He passed on to His doom; they remained when all others had fled; they were the first at the sepulchre, the first human witness of the resurrection, the first apostles of Christianity, since it was they who first carried the glad tidings that Jesus liveth forever more, and faith in Him and His promises is neither vanity nor delusion.

By a law of history the great institutions which most affect mankind bear always certain ineffaceable marks of their origins—the aroma, it were, of their primitive surroundings and the best indices of the spirit and aims of their founders. The female sex, which plays so conspicuous a part in the life of Christ, is no less active in the earliest formative period of His Church. On the morrow of the Ascension we find them at Joppe, a little circle of Christian seamstresses, under the care of Dorcas, who paid back by the coats and garments they made the services rendered them by the deacons established to take care of the needy and neglected. Their dwellings at Jerusalem were among the first churches in which the brethren broke bread from house to house and took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart. When Peter was delivered by the angel it was to the house of Mary, the mother of John Marcus, that he went, where many were gathered together and praying. After the dispersion of the Apostles we find in the meagre records of their history numerous facts that show how important a share women had in the success of their evangelical labors. The Lady Electa would seem, according to the second epistle of St. John,

to have been the centre of an important community.

I need only refer to the ancient and venerable local traditions of Rome, which preserve the memory of the relations between St. Peter and the females of the house of Pudens, and those which concern the ancient house of Prisca on the Aventine. The Christian world has never seen devotion superior to that which the earliest Christian matrons of Rome manifested. Their praises are in Clement of Rome and the Shepherd of Hermas, i.e., in the earliest non-canonical literature of the Christians. But it is in the life of St. Paul that the Christian female apostolate finds its best known models. This time they are taken not from the Jewish and Syrian women, the Galilean neighbors of Christ and the female relatives of rough fishermen, but from among the elegant and refined society of Greek cities. When St. Paul began to preach at Philippi, he spoke to the women who had assembled by the riverside to pray, no less honorable persons, no doubt, than the noble women of Thessalonica, and the still more noble and honorable women of Berea, who shortly after received his words with joy. It was at Philippi that he met and converted Lydia of Thyatira, the purple dealer, whose heart the Lord specially opened "to attend to these things which were said by Paul," and whose hospitality and generosity the apostle felt bound to accept.

We may believe that there was no less devotion to the Apostle among the cultivated matrons of Ephesus and Corinth, though he was afterwards obliged to utter severe reproofs to some of the latter. Yet he seems to have preserved the greatest regard for the women of Philippi, since in none of his epistles do we find stronger expressions of affection for his converts than in that of the Philippian. He calls them his joy and his crown, and in the same breath utters the name of Evodia and Syntyche. He speaks of his "sincere companion" and the other women who have labored with him and Clement in the gospel, and whose names are written in the Book of Life. Among the most distinguished of his Athenian converts was the woman named Damaris. In the epistles to the Romans he gives us an insight into the little circle of females whom he had not yet seen, but whose reputation for Christian zeal had gone abroad, like the faith of the Romans, into the whole world. There is his helper in Christ, Prisca, the same as Priscilla, the Roman Jewess who, with her husband, Aquila, had befriended Paul during their exile at Corinth, who laid down their necks for him, and to whom all the churches of the Gentiles were indebted. There is Mary, "who hath labored much among you."

There are Tryphena and Tryphosa, in whom some modern critics recognize ladies of the imperial family, and Persis, "the dearly beloved, who hath much labored in the Lord." There is the mother of Rufus, so dear to Paul that he calls her his own mother, and finally there are Julia and the sister of Nereus, together with Olympias, not counting the unnamed women of the households of Aristobulus and Narcissus and of Nero himself. Of Mary and Persis, Tryphena and Tryphosa, he positively says that they have much labored in the Lord, and this is why he is so bold in commending to them the person and mission of their sister Phoebe, "who is in the ministry of the Church that is in Cenchrea, and who has assisted many and myself also."

This is a precious page from the earliest records of Christianity, and the names of women are inscribed on it in immortal lines. They are the mothers of the infant church, the laborers, the helpers, the ministers,

the providers and the consolers. They are ranked by the Apostles for devotion and hard work with the bishops and priests and chief men of his missions. From the women of Rome and Philippi he no doubt received a very large share of the funds he expended on his missions and charities. They kept alive his teachings and sought out new hearers for the word of truth. By a delicate and subtle instinct woman recognized from the beginning all that Christianity meant for her, and no one labored with more zeal and intelligence to spread and explain the new teachings which recognized in her an equal and opened such illimitable avenues to the exercise of her peculiar virtues and capabilities. In all the culture-lands bathed by the waters of the Mediterranean thousands of females, very frequently of the highest classes, enrolled themselves under the banner of Jesus and proceeded to revolutionize the ethnic inner life of as many thousand families.

The Roman world, as we have seen, was tolerant of a greater public freedom for women than the old Greek world. The latter indeed, permitted them to belong to private societies of succor, insurance, amusement and even for religious purposes, but in the former they had conquered still greater liberties. They could join the numerous corporations permitted and registered in the office of the city prefect, could even found them and preside over them. They were not forbidden to become proselytes of the Jews, nor to join the grotesque cults of Asia. This large civil and religious liberty of women in the early imperial epoch was of the utmost benefit to the new religion. It was some time before the state suspected what Christianity meant for Gentilism, and in the meantime the propaganda had been carried on with unrelaxing zeal within and without the Empire. Everywhere it began with a few chosen families, and everywhere the females of these families appear as very active and stirring in the furtherance of its interests. They make long journeys like Phoebe; they give abundantly like Lydia; they teach and instruct like the Philippian helpers of Paul and Clement; they give prestige and political protection like the noble dames of Thessalonica and Berea; they are the nuclei of combat against heresy like Electa; they capture the heads of the great Roman families like Tryphena and Tryphosa, they provide shelter for the celebration of Mass like the daughters of Pudens, and they create the first landed interests of the Church by turning over to her their family cemeteries like Lucina and Priscilla and Cecilia. Columbus discovered a new world in the physical order. He broke down the mysterious ocean wall, and gave over to the intellect of man things hidden from the hoariest antiquity. But Christianity discovered a new social world when it brought forth woman from the depths of her degradation, enforced or voluntary, and placed her transmuted, purified and elevated heart among the new psychic forces destined to alter profoundly the ancient social constitution of the world.

Outside of the canonical writings of the New Testament, the earliest record of the Roman Church is the noble letter written to the Corinthians by St. Clement, the fourth Bishop of Rome. After referring to the deaths of Saints Peter and Paul, he is moved at once to glorify certain women who had suffered cruel and unholy insults for the sake of Christ, but had safely reached the goal in the race of faith and received a noble reward, feeble though they were in body. Almost, if not quite, contemporary is the shepherd of Hermas, in which earliest picture of Roman Christian society Grapte is represented as having charge of all the widows and orphans in the

city, and worthy of hearing the special revelations of the shepherd angel to the ex-slave Hermas.

The apocryphal accounts of the apostolic journeys abound with traits of female devotion and energy in the Christian cause. Though they are very frequently of heretical origin, overlaid and colored with the thoughts and expressions of later ages, yet it cannot be doubted that much of their contents is historical truth. Among these apocryphal *The Acts of St. Paul and Thecla* are pre-eminent not only for their pathos and great age, since they existed already in the time of Tertullian, but also for the vivid picture they give us of the genesis of an apostolic conversion. Thecla is a heathen maiden of Asia Minor, who happens to overhear the preaching of St. Paul on virginity and straightway accepts the Christian doctrine, to the great disgust of her mother and lover. When Paul is banished from the city, she is condemned to be burned at the stake, but escapes miraculously and follows the apostle to Antioch in Syria, where she is again made to undergo great sufferings for Christ's sake, and where she succeeds in converting a noble lady in whose veins flows the blood of the Ptolemies. Thecla distributes among the poor the wealth which her royal convert showers on her, and later on begins the Christian apostolate by donning male garments after receiving from St. Paul the commission to teach. Eventually she takes up her residence at Seleucia, in Asia Minor, where she gathers about her a body of Christian virgins and widows, and founds one of the most famous of the early female monasteries. There are wild, incredible details in this legend, yet it is so ancient and corresponds so closely to the New Testament picture of the early Christian women that we cannot but feel that there is in it a solid substratum of truth, and that, later follies and exaggerations aside, Thecla is a true portrait of the devoted Greek women who abandoned all for Christ and His pure teachings, and gave up their lives and fortunes to the fearless propaganda of the new doctrines.

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A COUPLE OF DAYS IN PETERBORO.

While we are writing our name in the Visitor's Book, where I noticed many complimentary remarks from well-known people interested in hospital-work, the bell for Benediction rings, and we willingly avail ourselves of the Mother Superior's kind invitation to attend. The little chapel is across the hall, directly opposite the Dispensary, quite near the main entrance. It is almost filled with the quaintest little congregation. The Bishop, who delights to be with his people, officiates. It is St. Patrick's Day, a great feast in this Convent hospital, and I am told when those inmates who could attend in the chapel were gathered there in the morning, they were so delighted to see the picture of their dearly-beloved saint honored on the Altar, that one old woman, in the overflowing of her affection, raised her arms up and exclaimed aloud: "Glory be to God and St. Patrick; his blessing on you all this morning." She made her excuses after Mass to the Mother, saying she felt so glad she could not but speak out. As the mother tells us of the poor old woman's gratitude her own face lights up with pride in the happiness of her afflicted family. What a lesson, what a living example of disinterested charity in this self-sacrificing devotion of the Sisters! Their labor must be unceasing—there are but eight Sisters, including the Superior, Mother Vincent, to do the work of this large establishment, not to speak of the additional arduous and uncongenial task of collecting provisions and funds through the country. Some help is given in the house by young women, who are left afflicted in any way, destitute or homeless.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in Peterborough, as a Diocesan community, date from 1890—the Mother house in Lindsay, with Mother Austen as Superior. Mission houses have been established at Cobourg, Port Arthur and Fort William. The community now has forty five members.

Mother Vincent, who has been in charge in Peterborough for nearly ten years, came from Port Arthur, where she had been doing hospital work for ten years. Much of the progress and increasing usefulness of the hospital is due to her wise direction and skillful management.

The hospital was begun in 1888. The corner stone was laid October 31st by the then Bishop of Peterborough, his Lordship Bishop Dowling, now of Hamilton, and was not finished till nearly two years later. On August 20th, 1890, it was formally opened by his Lordship Bishop O'Connor. Bishop Dowling was present on that occasion, and many priests of the diocese, as well as laymen of all denominations.

The scope of the hospital is shown by the following extracts from the Bishop's inauguration speech: "Its doors will be open to the sick of every denomination, to Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant. Our Church teaches us to practice charity taught us by Christ, if we desire to be his true followers. No person will be refused admission into this hospital because of his religious belief. Sickness and energy will be the key that will open wide its doors for those who desire to seek relief within its walls. The Sisters of St. Joseph, who are well known as careful and trained nurses, will have charge of this institution. Though there will be a regular staff of physicians to attend the patients in proper rotation, yet every physician of the town or country will be gladly welcomed at all times to attend the sick who would specially require their services. Also ministers of every denomination will be free to visit those who would specially require their spiritual assistance. This basis is sufficiently broad to satisfy even the most fastidious."

Another religious community doing good work in this town is the Congregation de Notre Dame. The Congregational Nuns, as they are popularly called. I spent a very pleasant hour and more at their fine building—a large three-storied red brick immediately facing St. Peter's. The Sisters have been here for the past twenty five years. Their convent has been enlarged several times and beautified, while their extensive grounds have been most carefully cultivated. The first community, consisting of four Sisters, was established here in Bishop Horan's (of Kingston) time.

The Sisters teach the Separate School for girls, which is under the Convent roof. Four large cheerful and airy rooms, supplied with every requisite, are devoted to teaching purposes. The children are neat, bright and intelligent. The classes are well-graded, and the teachers most painstaking. In the primary room we see some very little tots, who sing their little songs joyously. School does not seem a very dreary place for them. Besides the omnipresent blackboards and maps, there are a crucifix, a statue, or some religious pictures, while pots of flowers are in every room. Everything is bright and cheery. In the Senior or fourth book department the exercise books are on the children's desks, and the contents are most creditable. Some twelve or fifteen girls are expected to write on the entrance examination papers.

The school becomes very dear and interesting to me, when I learn that not so many years ago school was taught on this same ground by one very dear to me.

There are two hundred children—girls attending the Convent school. There is no Select school, and I think this has raised very decidedly, and in every way, the standard of the Separate school. A very large class of music pupils is taught by the Sisters.

A large square, substantial white brick building, standing in an ideal play ground, shaded by a grove of magnificent pines that extend to the next street north (Macdonell st.) is pointed out to me as the Murray street Separate School. The annual church pic-nics were held here before the purchase of the the hospital grounds. Father Collins—a former pupil of St. Michael's College and a brother of the head of the St. Basil's Novitiate in Toronto—is a most courteous guide through the schools. He takes such an interest and pride in the progress and prosperity of the schools that it seems a pleasure to him to visit them and point out their good features. A wide hall runs through the centre of the school; to the right is the principal, Mr. Brick's room. The boys are just coming in from recess, and get into their places in much the same way that all boys do. The class preparing for the entrance examinations is in this room; sixteen are expected to write. Mr. Brick tells me that last year eighteen wrote and sixteen passed, a higher percentage than any eastern school, while the average marks were higher than the average of the total number of successful candidates.

Crossing the hall we enter the opposite door and find ourselves in Form III., or Third Book Class. A lady is in charge of this room. There are two other rooms upstairs, each taught by a lady teacher. There are nearly two hundred children in the building—about the same number in the Convent schools, and also in the Lake Street School. The latter is a fine school in the southern portion of the town, a short distance beyond the C. P. R. track, where three teachers (ladies) are employed. Three grades only are taught there—the fourth-grade pupils, boys and girls, attending the Convent and Murray street schools respectively. An addition was very recently made to this school. The total number of school children is about six hundred. Catechism classes

are held every Sunday in the three schools, and each teacher has in charge the same children who have been with her all week. This must be very satisfactory to parents, but no small sacrifice I should think of the teachers hard-earned leisure. There are, as might be expected, a number of young people attending the convents and colleges in outside cities. No fewer than six young men are at present in St. Michael's expecting to study for the priesthood, while from the diocese of Peterborough there are at least six Seminarians.

One of the Peterborough priests, Father Scollard, is from Ennismore. He was ordained in the Ennismore Church in December, 1890, to the great delight of the people. It was the first ordination in that church. Arches were erected and an address read accompanying an acceptable present. In the Murray Street School the meetings of the Ladies' Sewing Society, of which Mrs. O'Sullivan is President, are held in a comfortably furnished room. Mrs. O'Sullivan is thoroughly identified with all parish work, and is ever ready with open purse and active hand to assist in all the efforts made to alleviate the poor and suffering. Mrs. O'Sullivan is the widow of the late Dr. John O'Sullivan (at one time member of the Legislature), so widely and favorably known throughout the Province as a skillful surgeon, so affectionately remembered by the people amongst whom he practised as the charitable healer of all their ills. Throughout his life Dr. O'Sullivan advocated strongly the founding of a hospital in Peterborough, and expressed his willingness to give liberally towards its erection. His widow has faithfully remembered his wishes, and not only has she contributed to the building of the hospital most liberally, but has testified in other ways her continuous interest in the successful working of the institution.

A society that deserves more than passing mention is the Catholic Association. Its laudable ambition is to educate and cultivate in every direction the minds of its members and to provide means of recreation for their bodies. Its membership is 130. The Association is open to ladies as well as gentlemen. Though the wants of the stronger sex are being provided for more liberally than those of the gentler, this means no discourtesy nor lack of thoughtfulness—it is doing good where good is most needed. I am assured by the Secretary, Mr. Brick, that in a short time—in a very short time, let us hope—that the ladies, whose musical talents entertain the members, will have their own reading room, supplied with the most popular periodicals. Does the male mind, I wonder, expect in the interim to educate their sisters into a desire for something more than the latest book of fashions? Is it not just like their self-asserted superiority to think that we are not yet beyond the fashion plate?

A literary and musical entertainment, with a debate, is given every week in the hall, which is one of their suite of rooms on George street. A series of lectures is given monthly in the rooms, while every three months well-known orators lecture specially for the Association in the church.

The last entertainment given was held in Bradburn's Opera House on St. Patrick's night, when the services of Miss Marguerite Dunn, the talented young elocutionist, so favorably known in Toronto, were secured by this enterprising Society. The other associations—the Emerald Benevolent and the C. M. B. A.—joined in making the entertainment the success it deserved to be.

The Association has a fine reading room, and a library of 1,000 volumes, billiard-room, smoking-room and a gymnasium—all this within two years. Dr. Brennan is President of the So-

ciety; Mr. Brick secretary; Dr. McGrath, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Giroux are some of the prominent active members of the Association.

It is very edifying, on the first Friday of the month, to note the large number of communicants. At least one hundred and fifty members of the League of the Sacred Heart are present at Mass and receive. In the evening there is an instruction given in the church, the beads, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when the Act of Reparation is read.

The Saint Vincent de Paul Society is doing the same good work here that it does wherever established.

The site and grounds of the Murray Street School were at one time the Roman Catholic Cemetery. The town outgrew this, and it was removed to the present fine cemetery situated outside the southern limits of the town in the township of North Monaghan. Some fine monuments and many well-kept plots may be seen here.

There are tending the Peterborough parish now, besides his Lordship, who does a great deal of parish work, Father D. O'Connell, Father Collins, Father Scollard and Father Kelly. Lakesfield, Chandas, Bowmanville and Harvay are outside missions under the charge of Peterborough. M.

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THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- July 6—Octavo of St. Peter and Paul.
7—Blessed Benedict XI., Pope, Confessor.
8—Blessed Eugenius, Pope, Confessor.
9—Seventh Sunday after Pentecost—Wonders of the Blessed Virgin. In Toronto—Dedication of the Cathedral.
10—The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.
11—St. Pius I., Pope, Martyr.
12—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

The Silver Question.

One of the gravest causes of the present financial state of the neighboring Republic is the position of the American Government with reference to silver. When, as it is expected, the difficulty is solved by Congress, and the country takes upon itself the redemption of its depreciated coin and notes, it will quickly right itself. On account of its being produced from abundant mines, silver found in the United States financiers strong advocates for it being made a money standard along with gold: they were, in fact, bi-metallists. For some years they had practically made silver a standard for local trade. Under the Sherman Act the United States Government bought up silver and issued therefor silver notes, payable at par for taxes, customs and certain other legitimate dues.

But it must be borne in mind that silver is also a merchandise, a commodity, and consequently its regulated in its price by the great laws of supply and demand. If the supply increases as the means of production become easier, then a surplus of silver is thrust upon the market and the price falls. The silver in the American treasury is subject to this law; because, if they undertook to sell it, no higher than the market price could be obtained for it. The treasury notes which represent this silver must also fall or rise at the same rate. Now, although for all transactions amongst the people themselves and for home dealings this nominal money may do, it will not be of lasting service when transactions with foreign markets are concerned; because foreigners will sell at gold standard and will not receive pay in silver which, on account of other circumstances, is lower in value. This is the general question, the outcome of the decision of the bi-metallism last year.

But it has lately, on account of the action of the Indian Government, assumed more serious proportions. Last week the Anglo-Indian Government passed an act for the immediate closing of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver. It is stated that the act is done, not that gold may be made the legal tender, but to prevent a greater fall in exchange. If we look a little deeper it will most likely be found that it is a blow aimed by England at bi-metallism. Silver was not in the strict sense of the term a legal

standard of exchange in India; nor yet was gold. But silver was the convenient exchange of commodities the standard of which was really wheat. India was one of the chief markets for United States silver. The consequence of this action of the Indian Government was, therefore, to depress all silver securities in the United States, where coined silver fell the other day to 60 cents upon the dollar.

The following is the view of the Secretary of the Navy. "I think the stoppage of the coinage of silver in India is the greatest blow that has been given to the Sherman law and to the free coinage of silver. The free coinage of silver in India has been pointed to as an object lesson by the advocates of free coinage in this country. It has been urged upon the farmers that India had an advantage over the United States in a higher price for wheat because the currency in India was all silver, ignoring the fact that, while they might get more for their wheat in their own currency, the price in gold was no greater, and the commodities they bought with the money they got for their wheat had to be paid for on a gold basis and still further overlooking the loss through high exchange. It has further been repeatedly said that the high rate of exchange between India and England was kept up by England for the benefit of English merchants that they might sap the very life out of India. Now the coinage of silver there is voluntarily stopped with the consent of India, and it tumbles over both these arguments—that the silver currency was a benefit to the farmers of India and that the exchange was on a system for the benefit of England."

As a result of the action of India and the general effect of the working of the Sherman Act upon the United States, President Cleveland has issued the following proclamation: "Whereas the distrust and apprehension concerning the financial situation which pervades all business circles have already caused great loss and damage to our people, and threaten to cripple our merchants, stop the wheels of manufacture, bring distress and privation to our farmers, and withhold from our workmen the wage of labor; and whereas the present perilous condition is largely the result of a financial policy which the executive branch of the government finds embodied in unwise laws, which must be executed until repealed by Congress; now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, in performance of a constitutional duty, do by this proclamation declare that an extraordinary occasion requires the convening of both houses of the Congress of the United States at the capital in the city of Washington on the 17th day of August next, at 12 o'clock, noon, to the end that the people may be relieved through legislation from present and impending danger and distress."

It looks like the old phinical squabble between realists and nominalists. The world will not be satisfied unless a dollar be really a dollar; and no amount of naming it such by picture bills will make it worth one hundred cents. The United States yielded to the nominalists, but are beginning

to see the mistake. In former times they redeemed much more depreciable notes than the silver notes of to-day, when the war reduced their currency. As soon, therefore, as Congress will have held their deliberations undoubtedly they will cut themselves free from the silver rings and the commercial nominalists that have brought a good deal of pressure and distress in money matters upon the great American people.

So far as Canada is concerned we are fortunately not in it. With a safe banking system, with satisfactory yearly reports, we ought to be contented and rejoice that we are not obliged to convoke Parliament either to repudiate or to make up a deficiency from an erroneous financial policy upon the silver question.

Cardinal Newman.

At the close of the volume of Cardinal Newman's meditations and devotions, edited by Father Neville, and published by Messrs. Longman, Green & Co., will be found the Cardinal's last instructions as to his place of burial and the tablet to be erected to his memory. His words are specially interesting:—June 28, 1876. I wish with all my heart to be buried in Father Ambrose St. John's grave, and I give this as my last, my imperative will. [This I confirm and insist on and command. Feb. 18, 1881.] Then follows a note as to the tablet to be put up in his memory:—If a tablet is put up in the cloister, such as the three there already, I should like the following, if good Latinity and if there is no other objection: *e.g.* it must not be if persons to whom I should defer thought it sceptical. [J. H. N., Feb. 18, 1881.] Johannes Henricus Newman, ex Umbris et Imaginibus in Veritatem, Die—A. D. 18,—; Requiescat in pace. "My only difficulty," he adds, "is St. Paul, Heb. x. i., where he assigns *umbra* to the Law—but surely, though we have in many respects an *eikon* of the Truth, there is a good deal of *skia* still, as in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity."

The despatches of last Thursday announced the death of the Rev. Thomas Mozley, who married, in September, 1836, Harriet, the Cardinal's eldest Sister. The friendship had begun ten years before when Mozley had Newman for tutor at Oriel College, Oxford. He is thus described by the great Cardinal in a letter written in 1829: "Mozley, if he turns out according to his present promise, will be one of the most surprising men we shall have numbered in our lists. He is not quick or brilliant, but deep, meditative, clear in thought, and imaginative." Mozley expressed his opinion of Newman in a letter to his sister: "He (Newman) is indeed better calculated than any man I know, by his talents, his learning by his patience and perseverance, his conciliatory manners, and the friends he can employ in the cause—of whom I hope to be one—to release the church of England from her present and curtailed condition."

He was one of the oldest clergymen in the English Church, being 78 when he died. He was also a very active journalist, having written upwards of three thousand leaders for the *Times*.

As an author, his *Recollections and Reminiscences of Oriel* in six volumes tell in fascinating style the history of a movement in which up to a certain stage the author himself took no small part.

Home Rule at Last.

All apprehensions and surmises as to the fate of the Home Rule Bill seem just now at an end. The pessimistic predictions of Mr. Edmund Yates and the overdrawn pictures of Mr. Smalley as to the growing discontent of the English masses, and the over-widening divisions in the Nationalist ranks; the blustering braggadocio of the Tory leaders, and the Unionist shrieks at the threatened dismemberment of the Empire—all have availed not one tittle in disturbing the equanimity of the Grand Old Man, or of diminishing his solid majority in the House of Commons in favor of justice and fair play to the "Sister Isle." It is universally admitted that never in the history of the British Parliament did any Legislative measure encounter such fierce and determined opposition. Over one thousand amendments are already in print and in the hands of Conservative and Orange obstructionists who, in dogged resistance to Ireland's regeneration, display an ingenuity, perseverance and skill worthy of a better cause.

Edmund Burke declared that the horrors of the Penal Code surpassed all that in the past had been conceived of cruelty and injustice "by the perverse ingenuity of Man." The same perverse ingenuity must labour increasingly in the planning of new devices and insulting amendments, intended to excite alarm in the English mind, or to arouse feelings of indignation in the breasts of the Irish people. Of those tantalising amendments 850 have so far been disposed, and a late cable says "the Opposition appear determined to force all the others." Mr. Gladstone's patience, however, has its limits; and the other amendments, unless brought forward very soon and very mildly, may never be heard of.

The Government seemed at one time afraid of English sentiment to apply the "closure," or to refuse any amendment that had an appearance of adding to the dignity of the Crown or the supremacy of the Imperial Legislature. But a vigorous protest from Mr. Thomas Sexton, that was received with loud cheers by the whole Irish Party, gave Mr. Gladstone to understand that no trifling with Irish sentiment or truckling to Orange hate would be tolerated. And now we have it settled that all debating and amending must cease on the 31st July. The attitude of the Irish Nationalists was backed up strongly by the English Liberals, two of whom—Mr. John Bean, M.P., of Tower Hamlets, and Mr. Samuel Woods, labour member for Southwest Lancashire—asked questions in relation to the closing of the discussion of the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Gladstone, in reply, briefly announced that the following day he would move the adoption of a resolution calling upon the House to expedite the passage of the Bill. On the night

of the 30th June, notwithstanding the fiercest opposition and a whole night's debate the resolution of Mr. Gladstone was carried by the vote of a full House with a large majority in favour of "shutting off all amendments" on the 31st of the present month, and declaring it to be the will of the English Irish and Scotch people, that henceforth and for ever, Ireland shall have a parliament of her own choice, to sit in the Old House in College Green, Dublin, and enact laws for the peace, happiness and prosperity of her people.

No doubt such shall be declared the law of the Empire; but the House of Lords, in all probability, will reject the Bill. Then shall the greatest statesman of this century have an opportunity of impressing the world and history with his greatness. Should he advise dissolution of Parliament by Her Majesty the Queen, a general election must ensue immediately. For this general election should all Irishmen be prepared. But the preparation can not be too soon commenced. It should be going on even now—and not in Ireland alone, but in Canada, in the United States, in Australia, in every country where Ireland's sons have made a home, and where their sons and daughters enjoy the blessings of liberty and opulence bequeathed them by faithful, industrious, hard-toiling fathers and mothers.

In this Dominion the contributions should not be confined to a few cities; every town and hamlet should be heard from. Every parish should hold its meeting. And we are certain that many Protestants, if canvassed, would gladly add their offerings in solid cash to the contributions made by Catholics in so just a cause and so dread a crisis for Ireland's continued misery or triumphant redemption.

A Doubtful Correspondent.

An Italian correspondent of the *Presbyterian Review* afforded in the last number a striking example of the poet's word:

"A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."

Few subjects have for many years afforded such congratulations for success as the Papal Jubilee. But a Rev. Alexander Robertson, residing at Venice in Italy, does not think so, and gives his version of the unprecedented celebration in a letter which was published in the *Presbyterian Review* of June 29th. He starts off with the bold proposition that: "The Pope's Jubilee has not been a success so far as Italy is concerned." For proof he advances such facts as that the King of Italy did not send a present to His Holiness. The "guid" man does not see that it would not have been received. The King of Italy would have been only too glad to have made the Pope a present. "Other Governments may send representatives; Italy's Government chooses to be unrepresented." Why, there was no choice in the matter: a representative from Humberto would have been kicked out—and rightly, if justice has not abandoned the earth entirely.

It seems as hard for a Scotchman to understand what is due to the Holy Father as it is for him to catch a joke. While all the Jubilee celebrations

were going on, the *Review* correspondent never favored its readers with a single line; and now, when all is over, he comes out with a long letter showing he has an erroneous notion of the whole affair. But what is worse, he tries to mislead and draw wrong conclusions from late events. That Italy sent a small subscription we know not, but that it sent a pittance of £8,000 we do not hesitate to deny. But the amount of the gift by no means asserts the anti-papal character of the people. At most, it proves that political influence is working against the Vatican. It proves also that the country is poor; and that the reason of its poverty is not to be sought in the Pope and the clergy of Italy, but in the Government and its wire-pulling, unprincipled, secret-society henchmen.

The letter goes on to show in exulting tones how, by legislation, Italy has been showing its anti-clerical leanings. The Government, by taking marriage out of the hands of the clergy, making it a civil rite; by the secularization of the monasteries; by education being placed in laymen, has "given," he tells us, "great anxiety to the Roman conclaves now assembled." We have no doubt, Mr. Robertson, that such actions on the part of any administrative power would cause anxiety with the head of God's Church. The man who would write Reverend before his name, and would lay any claim to be a spiritual guide, and who would not deplore such work, had better meditate seriously upon the words of the Divine Master: "He that is not with me is against me." He is in his wrong place. He had better throw off the mask; for such a man is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Another subject of anxiety to the Roman conclaves is the scarcity of priests, who, he says, "are not respected because they are unpatriotic." Just as Lord Salisbury regards the Irish priests as degraded and undisciplined, so the Italian politicians look upon the clergy with contempt because they are true to the demands of conscience, justice and lawful authority.

"Another matter that came up at the Jubilee Conclave was the difficulty of getting parents to seek for their children confirmation or even baptism. Sensible parents do not wish their children to have any connection with a system that materially, intellectually, morally and spiritually has been the curse of their country." Furthermore: "It has been resolved in conclave to give the Pope's name Leo, in the case of boys, Leonada, in the case of girls—to every child brought for baptism about this time, and over and above to give each an entire suit of clothes."

That is the veriest kind of nonsense. The poor man has resided so long in Italy that he has a very mistaken idea of Canadians, if he thinks such stuff will go down with any of our fellow-citizens. What he does not know about a Roman conclave and its sessions is not worth knowing. He beats all the other Roman correspondents we ever read, from the *London Times* down to the *Orange Sentinel*, in impudence, falsehood and trash.

Blantyre Park Pic-nic.

If fine weather and beautiful grounds contribute to the success of pleasure parties, Blantyre Pic-nic had in its favor, to their full extent, both these elements. Another fact contributed to the popularity of the affair—the universal feeling that the pic-nic being one in which His Grace the Archbishop had so deeply interested himself, it behoved the Catholic people of Toronto to make it a success. This they did both in point of attendance, which was satisfactory, and in the receipts from the various tables, of which no exact return has as yet been made. After spending a most agreeable holiday unmarred by any incident more disagreeable than the difficulty of reaching King street cars the large crowd dispersed to their homes about eight o'clock. The *Habe's* note upon the journey was corroborated by all who had gone by the trolley:

The route to the picnic grounds lay by the new Toronto & Scarborough Electric line, which was then for the first time opened to the public. The two motors and trailers attached, which were on hand, proved utterly unable to carry the crowds, and frequently broke down. Numbers of people were unable to reach the grounds at all, and many had to walk the whole of the two miles. Otherwise the picnic was enjoyable in every respect.

A full programme of games was prepared, the prize winners being:—

100 yards dash—1, Charles Crowe; 2, R. J. Campbell.

Running hop step and jump—1, William O'Connell; 2, J. C. Griffin.

Shoe race—1, T. K. Murray; 2, M. Landy.

Married men's race—100 yards—1, R. J. Campbell; 2, T. K. Murray.

Running board jump—1, T. R. Campbell; 2, J. C. Griffin.

Three-legged race—75 yards—1, R. T. Campbell and T. K. Murray; J. C. Murray and P. Nolan.

Three quick jumps—1, William O'Connell; 2, Thomas Wilson.

Boy's race (under 15 years); 100 yards—1, W. Johnson; 2, H. Haurahan; 3, Frank Lappan.

Smoking race—1, J. Kearns; 2, P. Nolan.

Old men's race—1, Commander Law; 2, J. P. Markie.

Putting 14 lb shot—1, Richard Dodds; 2, P. J. Callander.

Long distance throw; heavy hammer; silver medal—1, A. T. Hernon; 2, Archie Babcock.

High weight throwing—1, A. T. Hernon; 2, Richard Dodds.

General committee race—1, P. J. Fitzgerald; 2, Bernard Maguffin.

Consolation race—1, J. C. Leach; 2, John O'Donoghue.

Games committee race—1, P. J. Fitzgerald; 2, O. S. P. Grant.

St. Paul's parish won the baseball tournament.

The Band of the 48th Highlanders was in attendance. His Grace arrived about 2 o'clock, and was warmly received wherever his dignified form appeared upon the grounds. Every parish in the city was represented by the zealous and the fair, who lost no opportunity in making their tables more successful than all the others. Amongst the visitors upon the ground we noticed: Monsignor Rooney, Vicar-General McCann, Dean Cassidy, Fathers Marijon, C.S.B., Barrett, C. SS.R., Eand, J. Walsh, Bergin, Jeffcott of Oshawa, Gallagher of Pickering, Whitney of Caledon, Brennan, C.S.B., Teefy, O. S. B., Krein, O. S. S. R., Ryan, Rohleder, Guinane, C.S.B., Coyle, Redden and Cruise, Mayor Fleming, Hon. Frank Smith, Hon. John O'Donoghue, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Messrs. E. O'Keefe, Patrick Hughes, B. B. Hughes, Commander Law,

Thomas Long, T. A. Anglin, Thomas Davies, W. G. McWilliams, C. Burns, Patrick Boyle, J. J. Murphy, T. Callaghan, Thomas Leo, William Ryan, M. O'Connor, D. Kelly, and others.

Editorial Notes.

The general intention for the members of the League of the Sacred Heart during the month of July is Vocations. No better could have been chosen, whether we regard the interests of the Sacred Heart or of the souls uttering the prayer.

One day, when the Blessed Master looked upon the ripening fields of the country around Jerusalem, He bade the Apostles pray for reapers. The prayer has been continually repeated in the Church—the Mother of the Zebedee asking that her two sons have a place in the Kingdom of God is a figure of every generation of mothers in Christian families.

The fields are ever white unto harvest, and the reapers are few. It is especially true that in this age and this country—a young land and an age devoted to materialism the harvest is ready and the mowers are scarce. Young men do not turn readily to the priesthood for the fulfilment of earthly hopes or the prospects of a brilliant career. Education, society, every circumstance tends to turn them aside from that path of conscience which is paved with stone and strown with thorns. Like the young man in the Gospel, they may ask our Lord what to do; and like him they will turn away, for they have many treasures. But souls need priests, society needs them, and the world needs them. Well, therefore, is it that the Leaguers of the Sacred Heart should pray, and earnestly too, for many, true, priestly vocations.

Dominion Day was celebrated throughout the country with the usual number of excursions, pic-nics, etc. Nowhere does it seem to have been celebrated with more enthusiasm or greater success than at Dunnville, where a very large pic-nic was held for the benefit of the Catholic Church. The Hon. the Solicitor-General, J. J. Curran, was present, and afterwards delivered an address in the town hall in the evening. Father Crinnon was unremitting in his attention to his guests, both high and low, young and old.

A beautiful volume has appeared entitled "Carmina Mariana," by Mr. Orby Shipley. It is an English anthology in verse in honor of, or in relation to, the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Editor of the *Irish Monthly* considers this the richest tribute that English Literature has ever paid to the Mother of God, for it contains the best of all, and some of nearly all that has been written about the Blessed Virgin in England, Ireland and America. It is the result of several years' labor, a splendid book in every way—contents and mechanical work—and will be a lasting monument of the compiler's fervor and love of our Blessed Mother. It should have a very large circulation amongst Catholics. Spottiswoode & Co. of London are the publishers, and Benziger Bros. of New York are the American agents.

Wearing of the Green.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

"So you are going over to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time!"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff! There are no Fenians."

"Oh, aren't there, though! Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses, too—just ask Gerald Barrymore!"

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him—hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, he says there are Fenians, no end."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make anything like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way with this case."

"Misguided young man, farewell! If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph."

"Thank you, my dear fellow! That is, indeed, adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence."

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one soft bright day of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London—the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White Roses; of Addison and Steele and Sir Roger de Coverley, of Ruth, Pecksniff and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Penennis and Stunning Warrington.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Spalding. Both were young barristers; both were yet briefless: both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the "Devil's Own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall athletic young fellow, who delighted in the drilling and the rifle shooting, and the privilege—new, strange and dear to young lawyers—of wearing the moustache. He it was who, on the eve of a visit to Ireland, was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland, and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumors of projected Fenian insurrection, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was hoping to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality; longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go down together to Barrymore's house in a mountainous, sea-washed, south western county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made by carriage or on horseback over the mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatter-box and a little of a mischief maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported and told him, with some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism and the dangers of

Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishman rather sensitive of ridicule; and, more over although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs told him; but his unmanly good nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble queenly figure and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an English-woman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavor of her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry, and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irish-women who have seen other countries besides their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the 'boys' of the place against mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not know the existence of a single Fenian in the neighborhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding lauded for the first time at Kingston, the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Everywhere they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected "risings" of the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property and everything else that respectable people held sacred. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighborhood they say things are beginning to look very bad."

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in anything unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandage, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt bold scepticism.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them and they prepared for a journey which Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong sinowy horses. The driver and the postillion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage bolsters.

"I wish we were safe at home, Master Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Master Gerald!"

"Thru for you, boy!" growled the postillion, in assent.

"The whole side of the country is up, I'm told," said the driver.

"More power to 'em!" growled the postillion.

"What nonsense!" laughed Laurence, and he turned to Barrymore.

"Do you really believe such talk as this?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know anything of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to talk on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances at each side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile—a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

"If you were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we should be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? Oh no!"

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians!" said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed.

Just at that moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horse.

"Begorra, they're on us sure enough!" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding!" said Gerald, calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out, and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage, a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a kind of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen," said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic!" was the reply. "Look at our flag!" One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however, was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it too failed in its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; but *ne Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty! Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postillion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see gentlemen, said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. If you had shot one of our men I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course, ignorant of Ireland," said the leader, calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any one of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cut-throats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians!"

"Fenians be—blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better for your own sake, sir, be silent. Go into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on. Laurence could hardly believe the evi-

dence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream:—like the victim of a nightmare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round abruptly, his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a revolver which one of his guards was kindly holding towards his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil, Gerald," said Laurence, now speaking in French that his captors might not understand. "What is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille*?"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword in fluent French, and with excellent accent. "He understands his country, though he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. "They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "(Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence actually fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn of field in front of a large and partly ruined castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle and on the roof, and a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at once," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No, the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airly, I'm told. But *he's* here—bedad the worst look for some people, I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands. For your own sakes, I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near the crowd divided, and a lady on horseback rode forward, then checked her horse, and with a commanding gesture indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat on her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep-blue lustrous eyes, beclustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman? she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, sir, is that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question, Do you really mean to tell me, madame, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, sir—the blind perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may, perhaps, be allowed to excuse your question; but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud clear tone rang like a trumpet call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; to-day you actually dared fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence, "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could, that I have tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declaration blended with high forensic argument. Never had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster and Jules Favre, all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and nationality in the cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonor on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principle of honorable warfare. He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotion no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone:

"In your zeal for your friend, sir, you forget yourself. You forget that we have no cause, no flag, no battlefield, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians!"

"The court is against me," thought poor Laurence sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to move simply in the arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short.

"Spare your eloquence, sir. We have little time here for making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks, and pledge your word of honor to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot at once as a traitor."

"On my word, Gerald," exclaimed Laurence, "I do think you had better join these people. After all, you are an Irishman, you know, and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honorable

enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that, I think, is your name!—you will do me the honor of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honored, I am sure," faltered Laurence, "but my poor friend Barrymore. How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command, we dine at seven."

She bowed, one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a room in the Castle. He passed armed men everywhere. At seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a long dining hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right side of the host, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening toilette. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank liberally of champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this later age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back to-morrow, and tell the people in London what I have actually seen here—soan with my own eyes—they would not believe me!"

"Extraordinary and infatuated people," said the lady. "You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavor to enlighten England. You shall go to-morrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you."

And he thought he heard a faint sigh, and her eyes rested for a moment on his. Alas! by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not to-morrow—no, not to-morrow!" he pleaded. "In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better."

"To-morrow," said the lady, with another half sigh, "we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field, we push forward; should we fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!"

Laurence started. This exquisite creature to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utterly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be better fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend, Barrymore, speak in moments of exultation? And, by the way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course, if he joined the Fenian ranks, Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved! The only disagreeable thing would be, that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess! There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his sentence.

"No, Mr. Spalding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft

and melancholy expression. "You are a brave and generous enemy, and I cannot allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Return to England—the life of your friend, Barrymore, shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied! You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce everything for you! I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you!"

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from her corsage, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spalding and his green order of Fenianism.

"Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian volunteer!" and oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spalding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore. The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked, practical joke to punish Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants, the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the Fenian Amazon was of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole.

He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding, and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green!

Oddities of the World's Fair.

One Austrian firm shows 2,000 pieces of glass woven, from a wine glass as thin as an egg shell to a gold plated punch-bowl, in which a regiment might have laded.

A map of the United States, eighteen by twenty four feet, made of pickles, is a Pennsylvania idea. Cities are indicated by spices. The lakes and rivers are of vinegar. The map cost \$10,000.

A Scotchman, who employs 4,000 French women in Paris making lace, has sent a pair of curtains for a bay window. In the six months required for the making of these curtains 2,000 different women worked on them. The cost of this single pair of curtains three yards long, was \$6,000. The Scotchman himself came to superintend the hanging of his \$50,000 worth of lace exhibit.

A soft, fair skin is the result of pure blood and a healthy liver, to secure which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine. Ladies who rely upon cosmetics to beautify their complexion, should make a note of this, bearing in mind they can't improve upon nature.



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Lulling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Itziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients are given the medicine free.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father KOENIG of Fort Wayne, Ind. Sold by Druggists and all good Grocers and is now under his direct supervision.

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Cote Des Neiges, Montreal, Canada. FOR BOYS FROM 5 TO 12.

This Institution directed by the Religious of the Holy Cross, occupies one of the most beautiful and salubrious sites in Canada. It was founded for giving a Christian education to boys between the ages of five and twelve years. They receive here all the care and attention to which they are accustomed in their respective families, and prepare for the classical or commercial course. The French and English languages are taught with equal care by masters of both origins.

Boys are received for vacation. L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C., President.

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TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

"VITALIZED AIR"
For one month prior to alterations in his parlors, C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist, S. E. Corner King and Yonge Sts. will continue to make plates with best Teeth at his old rates. Painless extraction guaranteed. Special attention also given to Gold and Silver fillings.

A. T. HERNON,
The well-known Church street BUTCHER, HAS REMOVED HIS BUSINESS To larger and more commodious premises, where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

256 CHURCH STREET
Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The London Daily Chronicle referring to the recent Orange riots in Belfast, says: "The publication by the Belfast Catholic Committee of the true story of the recent riots will scarcely be welcomed by Mr. Morley. His statement in the House of Commons is taken up point by point, and compared with the testimony of the local Unionist press, as well as the reports published by us, with the result that very little is left of the official statement. The flying mob, the contending parties, the three minutes' fight at Harland & Wolff's, the orderly processions of Island men, the eccentric amazons, and other stage devices, do not stand the daylight well. What a pity it is that Mr. Morley did not consult the Belfast Unionist Press before he gave himself away. The question is what will he do now? He promised to invite further communications from the Catholics of Belfast, and now though the invitation never seems to have come to hand, he has got the information he desires."

Armagh.

A terrible shooting affair occurred, resulting in serious injury to a servant girl named Eliza McCooney, took place at Crossmaglen, on June 4th. The son of a small farmer named Thomas McAnulty, of Crivecairn, about two miles from Crossmaglen, borrowed a gun from a neighbor for the purpose of shooting crows. Having participated in a few hours shooting, he returned home, the only occupant of the house being the servant, Eliza McCooney. He asked her to go out to see him shoot a magpie, and she complied. He drew the trigger, but the gun failed to go off. At this time the servant was behind him, and on turning round to examine the gun, it went off, the shot entering the unfortunate woman's head, some lodging between the skin and the bone. Dr. McBride was immediately sent for, and on his arrival, attended to the wounds. The woman lies in a very precarious condition. On the 6th, a magisterial inquiry was held by Mr. Harratty, J.P., and Eliza McCooney made a deposition, in which she exonerated the boy from blame, stating that the occurrence was the result of an accident. On these grounds the boy, Thomas McAnulty, who had been arrested and detained in custody, was liberated for the time being.

Cavan.

Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in Kingscourt, on Saturday, June 10th, and on the following Sunday he was presented with an address at a meeting held in the Parochial Hall. In his reply he referred in strong terms to the evils of landlordism, and the disastrous effects of the spirit of facta. He congratulated the people of Kingscourt on the noble stand they had taken in defence of their religion and their country.

Clare.

At the Ennis Summer Quarter Sessions, before Judge Kelly, Q.C., there were only two petty cases of assault to go before the Grand Jury. Judge Kelly, with evident irritation, ordered them to be referred to the assizes, at the same time indulging in some of his usual uncomplimentary references to Clare juries, before whom, he said, he would never try a case. Curiously enough, the two prisoners, thus put back, were an emergency man, and an ex-soldier named Lysaght, belonging to the town, who was returned for trial before the assizes on a charge of having stabbed a man named Spillane from Limerick, who, he alleged, had made improper proposals to his wife.

Cork.

Mr. P. F. Dunn, T. C., Cork, died at his residence, Monkstown, June 13th, aged 44 years. The meetings of the Corporation Committee were adjourned as a mark of respect to his memory. Resolutions of sympathy were adopted by the Cork branch of the Irish National Federation, Cork National Society, Queenstown Dispensary Committee, Blackpool Band and Reading Room Society and other bodies to which he belonged.

At the last meeting of the Queenstown Dispensary Committee, a letter was read from the Local Government Board, declining to sanction the proposed increase in the salary of Dr. Ring. A resolution was passed, pointing out the claims which Dr. Ring had to the increase of salary, which had been sanctioned by the Dispensary Committee and the Cork Board of Guardians, and asking the Local Government Board to approve of the step.

Derry.

The crops in Derry district look remarkably well. Potatoes appear to be a splendid crop, a great many fields being already in full blossom. Turnips promise to be more than an average crop. Grass lands, both pasture and hay crops, are looking well, after the recent rains; while flax appear very fair. Altogether the outlook for the farmer in this locality appears a vast improvement on that of the past three or four years.

Donegal.

On June 11th, Cardinal Logue took part in the ceremonies connected with the blessing of a bell at the Church of Carrigart, county Donegal. He was presented with an address, to which his Eminence replied refer-

ring to the great association connected with the parish and the Irish Church. The Bishop of Raphoe also delivered an address.

Down.

At a special meeting of the Newtownards Farmers' Association, on June 13th, resolutions were adopted in favor of a provision in the Home Rule Bill to bring about reductions of rent by land purchase or otherwise, and thanking Rev. Professor Dougherty and Ministers of the General Assembly for their support of the present Liberal Government. The speakers were all either Protestants or Presbyterians.

Dublin.

On June 15th, Mr. Henry Campbell, who was introduced by the Lord Mayor to the various heads of the Corporation departments at the City Hall, entered on his duties as Town Clerk of Dublin.

The Most Rev. Charles Evre, Archbishop of Glasgow, has appointed Rev. Father Casin, of Carluke, Dean of the Confraternity of St. Bride, in Glasgow diocese. Father Casin has many friends in Dublin and its vicinity.

Galway.

At the Convent of Mercy, Galway, on June 4th, Sister M. Philomena departed this life, to receive the reward of a life passed in faith, hope, love and good works. The deceased Sister was a daughter of Mrs. Tierney, Gort, and entered the convent at the early age of sixteen, and after a long and painful illness of four months, borne with Christian fortitude, died, in the eleventh year of her religious life. At an early hour on the 6th, the clergy and laity of Gort arrived at the convent to attend her funeral, and testify by their presence their appreciation of the striking virtues of the deceased. After Office and Requiem High Mass, the interment took place in the cemetery in the convent grounds, the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack presiding at the obsequies.

Mildare.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh visited Athy, on June 14th, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over 400 children. His Grace was accompanied by the parochial clergy, the Very Rev. Canon Germaine P. P.; Rev. Father Staples, Rev. Father Rowan, Rev. Father Duggan, Rev. Father Sullivan, O. P. Subsequently, his Grace visited the new Convent Schools, which have been erected at a cost of over £3,000. He was conducted through them by the contractor, Mr. D. Carberry, of Athy, and expressed himself highly pleased with the buildings. In the evening, three local bands escorted his Grace to the railway station, upon his departure.

Kilkenny.

The cattle fair held on June 14th was without exception one of the most discouraging yet witnessed in Kilkenny. Prices were below the average realized at preceding fairs, and in consequence of the deterioration of live stock a notice was handed in by Mr. Bowe, at the meeting of the Guardians next day, to be subsequently considered, calling on the Land Commissioners, in view of the decrease mentioned, to further re-adjust judicial rents.

Limerick.

With sincere regret we announce the death of Mr. Francis W. Clery, who was well known and highly respected in both Limerick and Dublin. The deceased gentleman, who was the eldest son of Mr. Michael J. Clery, J. P., of Moorfield, Roebuck, died, on June 9th, in Argeles, France, whither he had gone in the hope of regaining his failing health. Courteous and unassuming, an able and upright man of business, and in every respect an estimable and worthy young Irishman, Mr. Clery was much esteemed by all who knew him. His funeral, which took place on June 15th, to the family vault at St. Laurence's Cemetery, was very largely attended, all the business houses of the city being well represented.

Mayo.

On June 3d, the reception of two young ladies into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, at the Convent in Castlebar, took place. One was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Egan, Glensland, and the other the daughter of Mr. J. W. Mulligan, Charlestown. Miss Annie Kate Egan is the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Egan, and her name in religion is Sister Mary Frances. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, officiated at the interesting and impressive ceremony.

Monaghan.

In the County Monaghan the crops present every indication of an early and unusually abundant harvest. The potato crop promises to be very abundant, and save in isolated places corn is well advanced, and the flax crop looks healthy. Upland hay is also good, and the farmers anticipate a plentiful supply of fodder. Turnips are fairly good, but fruit is not so plentiful as in former years.

Queen's County.

The ceremony of blessing the corner stones of the new Church of the Sacred Heart, Stradbally, took place on Sunday June 18th. Solemn High Mass was previously celebrated in the old church of Stradbally, and the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. P. Foley, B.A., President of Carlow College. The Bishop of the diocese officiated on the occasion, and a large and respectable congregation, and many of the neighboring clergy were present.

Sligo.

The contract for the construction of the Collooney and Claremorris Railway line, for the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company, was executed on June 8th. The works have been in progress for some weeks, upon which between 700 and 800 men are employed. The cost of construction will be £270,000. The contract was given to Mr. Robt. Worthington, of 50 Duane street, Dublin.

Tipperary.

On June 9th, the remains of the late Mrs. Mandoville, of Ballydine, mother of Mr. F. Mandoville, M.P., were removed from her late residence to the family burial place, Burnchurch. The chief mourners were - F. Mandoville, sons: R. B. Feohan, C.T.C., Carrick, and Master Frank Mandoville, grandsons: Dr. A. O'Ryan, Carrick, medical attendant. The funeral was large and thoroughly representative of the adjoining districts of Tipperary, Cork and Limerick.

In Nenagh, on June 16th, Coroner Gleeson held an inquest on the body of Thos. Bourke, who was killed at the railway station by being crushed between the buffers of a goods train. The jury returned a verdict accordingly, and did not attach blame to any official; but they strongly recommended to the kind consideration of the railway company the widow and seven young children of the deceased, because of their poverty and helplessness.

Tyrone.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue laid the foundation-stone of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Omagh, on Sunday, June 18th. When completed, the church will be one of the largest, most commodious, and beautiful edifices in the north of Ireland. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry, at eleven o'clock, and a select choir from Derry was in attendance. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. J. A. Finlay, S. J.

Waterford.

At the Presentation Convent, Lismore, recently, Miss Hanna Keily (Sister Mary Ita), daughter of Mr. William Keily, Ballyneal, near Clonmel, was professed. Very Rev. Monsignor Byrne, in the absence of the Bishop, officiated.

Wexford.

Among the students admitted to sub-deaconship at the recent ordinations in the Irish college Paris, was Rev Patrick King, of Ferns diocese, a native of Askinvillar, Kiltalee.

The project to buy up the old Mountgarret Bridge, and erect a structure to replace it, has been definitely abandoned, as involving too much expense. The project which the committee have now in hands is to purchase the old bridge and put it in repair, and let it do for the present generation.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

TO CREDITORS OF

JOHANNA FORSTER, Late of the City of Toronto, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. c. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Johanna Forster, who died on or about the 28th May, 1893, are required to deliver or send by post to the undersigned, the Solicitors for the Executors of the said deceased, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their claims with vouchers, if any, duly verified by Statutory Declaration on or before the 20th day of July, 1893, after which date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which they shall then have notice; and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not have had notice, as above required, at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto 12th June, 1893.

ANGLIN & MINTY,

24-t 157 Bay st., Toronto.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

TO CREDITORS OF

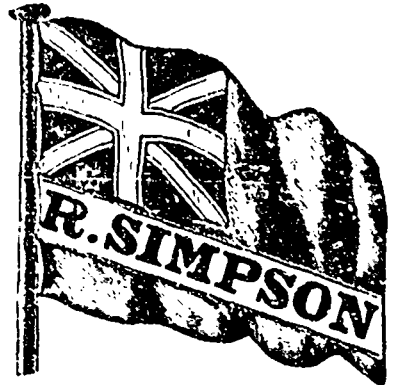
MARY NOLAN, Late of the City of Toronto, Spinster, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to R. S. O., c. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Mary Nolan, who died on or about the 3rd day of June, 1893, are required to deliver or send by post to the undersigned, the solicitors for the executor of the said deceased, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and descriptions, and full particulars of their claims with vouchers, if any, duly verified by Statutory Declaration on or before the 22nd day of July, 1893, after which date the said executor, will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which he shall then have notice, and he will not be liable for any claims of which he shall not have had notice as above required at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto 10th June, 1893.

ANGLIN & MINTY,

25-t 157 Bay Street, Toronto.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

Building Sale.

It makes little difference what you pay us for millinery this month. Our purpose is to get rid of the stock. Beautiful French Pattern Bonnets at ridiculous prices.

- Table of Cheviots, Tweeds, shot goods, etc., were 50c, choice at 25c yard.
Table of Cheviots in shot and plaid basket cloths, whipcords, fancy stripes and plain, were 60c, choice at 35c yard.
Fancy Spot Stripes and shot effects, 50c, were 65c.
Dress Hoses, silk mixtures, shot effects, \$1.00, were \$1.50, \$1.40, were \$1.00, \$0.50, were \$1.40.
2 1/2 inch Pure Silk Surahs, fawns and greys, 25c; regular price, 60c.
2 1/2 inch Black Satin, 25c.
2 1/2 inch China Silk, new colors, 15c.
2 1/2 inch All wool Delaines, 15c.
2 1/2 inch Flowered China, black and white, pure silk, 25c, were 60c.
32 inch Prints, dress patterns, 6c, were 12 1/2c.
32 inch beautiful Prints, light and dark designs, fast colors, 7 1/2c, were 12 1/2c.
Prints, best made, Indigo blue, 10c.
Seaside Suitings, cut to 20c.
Dress Sateens, 12 1/2c, were 20c.
All wool Navy Blue Serge for boys suits, 30c, regularly sold 65c.
Navy Blue Flannels for busting and lathing suits 17 1/2c.
Ladies Kid Gloves, cream and light shades, all sizes, 4 to 6 button, 15c.
Silk and Lace Mitts, 15c.
Silk Gloves, pure silk, 25c.
Fine Lisle Gloves, 20c.
Ladies Stainless and Seamless Cotton Hose, 2 pairs 15c.
Fine Black Cotton Hose, absolutely stainless, 20c.
Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Vests, 4 for 25c.
Dolman Capes, serge, molre silk trimmings, \$1, were \$2.
A Treble Cape, shot silk lining, \$2.50, were \$3.
Jet Capes, \$1.60, were \$3.50. \$1.75, were \$4.
Ladies' Fine Print Wrappers, washable, \$1.
Waterproofs, with cape, 75c, were \$2.

Order any of these stocks by letter if a resident out of town.

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S. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge st. Entrance Queen st. TORONTO.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of July, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns for destination (G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N.W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., U.S. West'n States) and times for Close and Due.

English mails close on Monday, Tuesday and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7:00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31. N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.



AGENTS WANTED To canvass for the CATHOLIC REGISTER Write for particulars, Or apply at office 40 Lombard st., Toronto.

THE MARKETS

Toronto, July 5, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush	\$0 64	\$0 65
Wheat, red, per bush	0 64	0 60
Wheat, spring, per bush	0 61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush	0 60	0 61
Barley, per bush	0 39	0 44
Oats, per bush	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush	0 60	0 61
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.	7 50	0 00
Chickens, per pair	0 45	0 65
Geese, per lb	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb	0 10	0 12
Butter, per lb	0 17	0 20
Eggs, new laid, per dozen	0 14	0 15
Parsley, per doz	0 20	0 03
Cabbage, new, per doz	0 60	0 75
Colery, per doz	0 50	0 60
Radishes, per doz	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz	0 25	0 00
Onions, per bag	1 40	1 50
Turnips, per bag	0 35	0 40
Potatoes, per bag	1 20	0 00
Beets, per doz	0 30	0 00
Carrots, per doz	0 40	0 00
Apples, per bbl	2 00	3 00
Hay, timothy	7 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf	6 00	0 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, July 4.—Among the offerings at the Western Cattle yards this morning were about 550 sheep and lambs, 500 hogs, and some 70 calves. The market altogether was in very bad shape, cables from England were very depressing; Canadian and American steers are quoted in London and Liverpool at 5½d per pound for the best, at such figures there is nothing but loss for Canadian shippers. A depressing influence to day was the announcement that, for the present at least, the embargo on Canadian live Cattle in Britain is not likely to be lifted. The consequence was that prices were off here, and the few deals effected this morning were at from ¼ to 7½c, and nothing above this latter figure was as far as we could ascertain, paid.

In butchers' cattle there was a fair demand for this season of the year, and the best cattle were steady at 4c per pound; in a few cases 4½c was paid to have been paid, but 4c was the outside figure; secondary and inferior sold at from 3 to 3½c per pound, and some very poor stuff sold at a little below 3c. Sheep and lambs were in ample supply, and weak in prices. Sheep were selling at from \$4 to \$5.25 each, and lambs sold freely at from \$3.75 to \$4.25 each.

Calves sold better, if anything like good quality, at from \$5 to \$9 each; more choice veals would have sold, and even the rough and common were easily disposed of. Hogs were weaker, about the best price paid to-day was \$6.50 per cwt., stores brought \$6 to \$6.25; and inferior hogs sold at from \$5.75 to \$6.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labeled thus:
JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Port Stanley Work," will be received until Friday, the 21st day of July next, inclusively, for the extension of the pier at Port Stanley, Elgin County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Post Office, Port Stanley, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signature of the tenderer.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. Roy,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 20th June, 1893.



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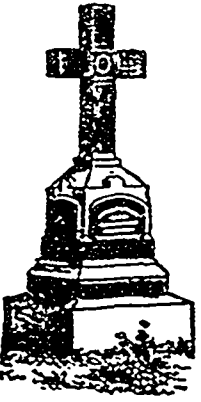
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Sadler's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated	50 4 80
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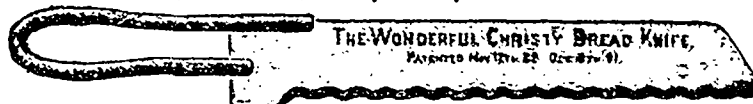
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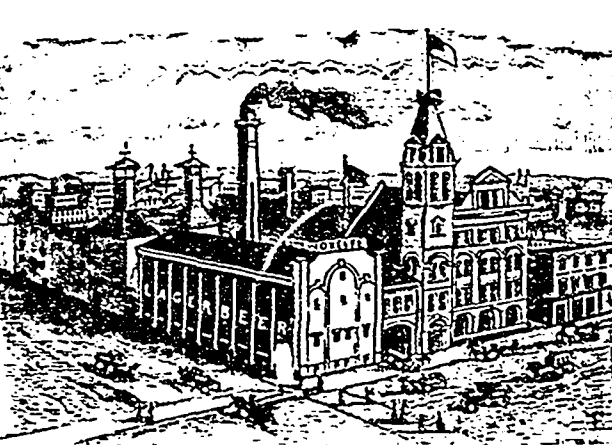
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Every Other Saturday.

Into the Silent Land!
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand.
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, Oh, thither,
 Into the Silent Land?
 Into the Silent Land!
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection, tender morning visions
 Of beautiful souls, the future pledge and band
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
 Shall bear hope's tender blossom:
 Into the Silent Land!
 O Land! O Land!
 For all the broken hearted,
 The mildest herid by our fate allotted
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great departed,
 Into the Silent Land

Household Receipts.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.—To make strawberry sherbet, mash and strain two quarts of strawberries. Cover the mashed berries with two pounds of sugar and let them stand for an hour. Press out the juice. Add as much water as there is juice and the whites of four eggs. Cover and freeze.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cupful of molasses, half a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, half a cupful of butter, flour enough to roll out. Warm the molasses, pour it over the sugar, add the butter softened, the ginger, soda and flour. Roll out, cut and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON BUTTER.—Rind and juice of three small or two large lemons, one pound of sugar, five eggs, butter the size of a walnut; mix all up together and place on the fire; stir constantly, as it must not be allowed to scorch in the least, for which reason a double boiler is preferable. When it thickens remove from the fire and set away to cool. This is "extra good," as the children say, and makes a most appreciated addition to picnic fare.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Peel three good sized cucumbers, slice them half an inch thick and lay in cold, salted water for an hour, then dry on a towel. Put a large frying-pan over the fire, with drippings of lard half an inch deep in it, and when the fat begins to smoke put in the cucumbers, only so many at once as will lie on the bottom of the pan, dust with pepper and quickly fry them brown on both sides. Serve hot. These are very nice with toast.

BLACK COFFEE.—After-dinner or black coffee is made by simply doubling the proportion of coffee to the amount of water. Use two rounding tablespoonfuls of coffee to every cup of water. If you will dip the strainer, or drip, in cold water just before filtering the coffee the fine grains will not go through. Do not fill up the strainer with water, but pour slowly and steadily until all the water has percolated through the coffee, keeping it where it will not cool. Serve it once.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—At up the yolk of an egg and add a teaspoonful of freshly made mustard, then olive oil. "With cautious hand that grudges what it spills," about two tablespoonfuls, then a tablespoonful of vinegar—tarragon is best—with equal caution, stirring all the time. A glass of Chablis, Sauterne or still hock is a great addition. Many ladies avoid vinegar, believing it to be bad for the complexion. In many dishes lemon juice can be substituted for it.

Gardening Notes.

Curiously tenacious of life is that beautiful plant commonly called the ivy geranium. Branches cut off and kept partly immersed in water live on for months, not only with small loss of vitality in larger leaves, but even with some development of leaf buds, and possibly some growth of new wood. This occurs, too, without any sign of

root development in the immersed ends. The clippings are peculiarly fitted for in-door decorations in winter, as the green of the ivy geranium is so fresh as to suggest a perpetual spring. Bulbs that have bloomed in pots can be turned into the garden and left there. They are not suitable afterwards for forcing. Bulbs which have bloomed in the garden can be removed, when the leaves have all ripened, and be stored in a cool, shady place until August and then be again planted; or they can be left in the ground and be allowed to bloom again the following spring.

A new cure-all for ants of all kinds came to my knowledge the other day and was hailed with delight, as this summer we have had the tiny red ants and the large black ones in the house. It is also a remedy for cockroaches and pests that invade the sanctum of the "chef." Place green walnuts in the pantry, closets, cupboards, or any place where the varmints roam. I tried it as soon as I heard of it and the ants left post haste. I also placed a handful of nuts under the red and white peonies, and the ants do not thrive there either. The cure was so quick and so effectual that I concluded I could recommend it to the whole world at large. I have been so tired of the untidy remedies of tea, alum, chalk, etc., littered all over the pantry shelves, and all to no purpose.

Woman's World.

A rose ruching of pinked-out silk in contrasting color is seen at the hem of some of the fashionable dresses. A ruching of this sort, made of velvet and lined with bright-colored silk, was seen on a recent Paris order. The velvet was turned in at the edge and blind stitched down to the silk, which was pinked and plaited very full.

Among the judicious provisions always made by sensible women are wraps suitable for evening outings. A handsome garment designed for this purpose, is a double cape of soft, fleecy camels' hair. It is trimmed with a flat fold edged by a narrow double fold of satin, which is stitched under the edge of the fold of the material. The cape has a collar that rolls back, or can be turned up around the throat if required.

It may be "home where mother is," but the mother who is endeavoring, by herself alone, to make the happiness of home, is carrying a very heavy and a very needless burden. Much has been said of the benefits of co-operation in the past few years, and much has also been urged against applying it to simplify the cares of housekeeping; but the true application of co-operation to domestic life has not yet been made manifest. It is not by many families living in common, that the mother's cares are most efficiently to be lightened; it is by every member of the family, father, sons and daughters, co-operating with the mother to form a true home, that the burden is lifted from her shoulders. It should be lifted from them, and yet it should not be permitted to weigh heavily upon those of any other. How this is to be accomplished it is for the mother to devise.

Trouble at Melita.

Mrs. W. H. BROWN, of Melita, Man., states that two of her children and two others belonging to a neighbor, were cured of the worst form of summer complaint by one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, nature's specific for all summer complaints.

In the German display at the World's Fair, Chicago, a note-book bound in a turtle shell and set with diamonds is valued at \$3,000.

THE HORSE.—Noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that

has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

The Best Hair Dressing

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—L. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

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Old Canadian and United States
 Stamps, as used from 25 to
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Look up your old letters, it will pay you,
 For many of them I pay from

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TRY THEM **FLAT**
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RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

At last he asked her. To his utterable surprise, Ramona cried: "Felipe! The saints be praised! I should never have told you. I did not think that you could wish to leave this estate. But my most beautiful dream of Ramona would be that she should grow up in Mexico."

And as she spoke, Felipe understood by a lightning intuition, and wondered that he had not foreknown it, that she would spare her daughter the burden she had gladly, heroically borne herself, in the bond of race.

The question was settled. With gladness of heart almost more than he could have believed possible, Felipe at once communicated with some rich American proprietors who had desired to buy the Moreno estate. Land in the valley had so greatly advanced in value, that the sum he received for it was larger than he had dared to hope; was ample for the realisation of all his plans for the new life in Mexico. From the hour that this was determined, and the time for their sailing fixed, a new expression came into Ramona's face. Her imagination was kindled. An untried future beckoned—a future which she would embrace and conquer for her daughter. Felipe saw the look, felt the change, and for the first time hoped. It would be a new world, a new life; why not a new love? She could not always be blind to his devotion; and when she saw it, could she refuse to reward it? He would be very patient, and wait long, he thought. Surely, since he had been patient so long without hope, he could be still more patient now that hope had dawned! But patience is not hope's province in breasts of lovers. From the day when Felipe first thought to himself, "She will yet be mine," it grew harder, and not easier, for him to refrain from pouring out his love in words. Her tender sisterliness, which had been such balm and comfort to him, grew at times intolerable; and again and again her gentle spirit was deeply disquieted with the fear that she had displeased him, so strangely did he conduct himself.

He had resolved that nothing should tempt him to disclose to her his passion and its dreams till they had reached their new home. But there came a moment that mastered him, and he spoke.

It was in Monterey. They were to sail on the morrow, and had been on board the ship to complete the last arrangements. They were rowed back to shore in a little boat. A full moon shone. Ramona sat bareheaded in the end of the boat, and the silver radiance from the water seemed to float up around her, and invest her as with a myriad halos. Felipe gazed at her till his senses swam; and when, on stepping from the boat, she put her hand in his, and said, as she had said hundreds of times before, "Dear Felipe, how good you are!" he clasped her hands wildly, and cried, "Ramona, my love! Oh, can you not love me!"

The moonlight was bright as day. They were alone on the shore. Ramona gazed at him for one second, in surprise. Only for a second: then she knew all. "Felipe! My brother!" she cried, and stretched out her hands as if in warning.

"No! I am not your brother!" he cried. "I will not be your brother! I would rather die!"

"Felipe!" cried Ramona again. This time her voice recalled him to himself. It was a voice of terror and of pain.

"Forgive me, my sweet one!" he exclaimed. "I will never say it again."

But I have loved you so long—so long!"

Ramona's head had fallen forward on her breast, her eyes fixed on the shining sands; the waves rose and fell, rose and fell, at her feet gently as sighs. A great revelation had come to Ramona. In this supreme moment of Felipe's abandonment of all disguises, she saw his whole past life in a new light. Remorse smote her. "Dear Felipe," she said, clasping her hands, "I have been very selfish. I did not know—"

"Of course you did not, love," said Felipe. "How could you? But I have never loved any one else. I have always loved you. Can you not learn to love me? I did not mean to tell you for a long time yet. But now I have spoken; I cannot hide it any more."

Ramona drew nearer to him, still with her hands clasped. "I have always loved you," she said. "I love no other living man; but, Felipe,"—her voice sank to a solemn whisper—"do you not know, Felipe, that part of me is dead,—dead? can never live again? You could not want me for your wife, Felipe, when part of me is dead!"

Felipe threw his arms around her. He was beside himself with joy. "You would not say that if you did not think you could be my wife," he cried. "Only give yourself to me, my love, I care not whether you call yourself dead or alive!"

Ramona stood quietly in his arms. Ah, well for Felipe that he did not know, never could know, the Ramona that Alessandro had known. This gentle, faithful, grateful Ramona, asking herself fervently now if she would do her brother a wrong, yielding up to him what seemed to her only the broken fragment of a life; weighing his words, not in the light of passion, but of calmest, most unselfish affection—ah, how unlike was she to that Ramona who flung herself on Alessandro's breast, crying, "Take me with you! I would rather die than have you leave me!"

Ramona had spoken truth. Part of her was dead. But Ramona saw now, with infallible intuition, that even as she had loved Alessandro, so Felipe loved her. Could she refuse to give Felipe happiness, when he had saved her, saved her child? What else now remained for them, these words have been spoken? "I will be your wife, dear Felipe," she said, speaking solemnly, slowly, "if you are sure it will make you happy, and if you think it is right."

"Right!" ejaculated Felipe, mad with the joy unlooked for so soon. "Nothing else would be right! My Ramona, I will love you so, you will forget you ever said that part of you was dead!"

A strange look which startled Felipe swept across Ramona's face; it might have been a moonbeam. It passed. Felipe never saw it again.

General Moreno's name was still held in warm remembrance in the city of Mexico, and Felipe found himself at once among friends. On the day after their arrival he and Ramona were married in the cathedral, old Marda and Juan Can, with his crutches, kneeling in proud joy behind them. The story of the romance of their lives, being widely rumored, greatly enhanced the interest with which they were welcomed. The beautiful young Senora Moreno was the theme of the city; and Felipe's bosom thrilled with pride to see the gentle dignity of demeanor by which she was distinguished in all assemblages. It was indeed a new world, a new life. Ramona might well doubt her own identity. But undying memories stood like sentinels in her breast. When the notes of doves, calling to each other, fell on her ear, her eyes sought the sky, and she heard a voice saying, "Majella!" This was the only secret her loyal, loving heart had kept from Felipe. A

loyal, loving heart indeed it was,—loyal, loving, serene. Few husbands so blest as the Sonor Felipe Morono.

Sons and daughters came to bear his name. The daughters were all beautiful; but the most beautiful of them all, and, it was said, the most beloved by both father and mother, was the oldest one; the one who bore the mother's name, and was only step-daughter to the Sonor—Ramona—Ramona, daughter of Alessandro the Indian. THE END.

Bear with each others' faults, for you know that was the sign which Our Lord gave whereby He should know His true disciples.



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Home Rule Fund.

Our friends at Guelph have not been idle, as the following correspondence will show: Hon. Edward Blake, Q. O., M. P., House of Commons, London, Eng.:

GUELPH, May 22nd, 1893.

DEAR SIR—We herewith send you a draft for £68 9s 7d, amount of subscription raised by Guelph supporters of Home Rule, to aid you and your party in the struggle which you are so valiantly and successfully carrying on.

We take this opportunity to assure you of the pride which we, as Canadians, feel in the great work which you have accomplished in the cause of Irish self-government.

Aware, as we are, of the immense sacrifices which you have made, we cannot but realize that ours is but a trifling and unworthy effort to promote the cause of Home Rule.

We earnestly hope that under the wise and able leadership of Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal party and their Irish allies will soon reach the goal for which we have all for so many years been earnestly striving.

Yours truly,

THOMAS P. COFFEY, Chairman of Committee. N. HUGHENOTHAM, Treasurer. J. P. DOWNRY, Secretary.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 3rd, 1893.

DEAR SIR—I have pleasure of acknowledging your kind letter covering draft for £68 9s 7d, the Guelph subscription in aid of Home Rule.

I have transmitted your letter and draft to Messrs. McCarthy, Sexton and Dillon, trustees, for application to the object and acknowledgment in the papers.

Be sure that your subscription and kind words are an encouragement to us in our long struggle.

Yours faithfully and obliged,

EDWARD BLAKE.

Messrs. Coffey, Higginbotham and Downey, Guelph.

NOTE—A full list of subscribers will be given in our next issue.

A New Bell.

The other evening the parishioners and neighbours of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes were agreeably surprised by hearing the sweet notes of a fine toned bell ring out from the neat tower which stands on the south east corner of this memorial church.

Crawford, widow of the late Hon. Crawford, very kindly had presented its net weight is 1,500 lbs.; and, with its framework upon which it rests, reaches 2,300 lbs. The tone is F. flat. The bell comes from the celebrated foundry of Messrs. Meneeley & Co., West Troy, State of New York. His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by Fathers Marjion and Walsh, blessed it upon the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, and bestowed upon it the name of St. Helen. The sponsors were Commanders Law and Mrs Law.

St. Basil's School.

The closing exercises of St. Basil's School took place on Wednesday 28th ult., at 9.30 a.m. Present: Rev. Father Brennan, Rev. Father Frachon, Trustee James Ryan, Mr. Moylan, Mr. M. J. Ryan, and the parents and friends of the Children. After the programme had been gone through and the distribution over, the Rev. Father Brennan congratulated the teachers on the able and efficient manner in which they had conducted the schools, and the children on the progress that they had made during the year. Eighty per cent of the children sent up passed the Entrance Examination for the High School. This speaks well for St. Basil's School, and the parents of the children attending it have just cause to feel proud. The school is in charge of Sisters Irene, Isidore, Martha, and Mary of the Angels.

Leslieville.

An enthusiastic meeting of the parishioners was held in St. Joseph's presbytery on Sunday evening last, to arrange the details of a grand garden party and promenade concert, which is to be held in the church grounds, Leslie street, Wednesday, July 10th. An energetic committee was appointed; and as they are determined to eclipse their previous efforts, a pleasing and successful event may be looked for.

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