

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus ubi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

NO. 821.

VOLUME XVI.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY AND PRINCIPAL GRANT.

Special to the Montreal Star.

Caledonia Springs, Ont., July 4.—His Grace Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, who arrived here some two weeks ago in rather an enfeebled condition, has again regained his health and wonted buoyancy of spirit to such an extent that he is now full of life and enjoyment.

A Star correspondent approached His Grace for the purpose of securing his opinion on the Star's interview with Principal Grant on the day after the Ontario elections. He kindly invited the Star's representative to his apartments, where the following interesting interview took place:

"Have you seen Principal Grant's interview in the Star in reference to Hon. Mr. Hart's defeat in Kingston?"

"Yes, I secured a copy of it yesterday."

"Has Your Grace anything to say in reply to Principal Grant's assertion that Mr. Hart's defeat is entirely attributable to you?"

"It is too good a joke for a Scotchman. I do not doubt, however, that the wily Principal expects it to be taken for serious truth by dull minds not energized by a sense of humor. Knowing, as everybody knows, that to his superlatively clever, and yet amazingly clumsy, mismanagement of the Mowat-Harty cause is due the defeat in Kingston, he endeavors to shuffle the blame over to me by giving his candid opinion to the newspapers in the hope of their approbation. He knows that many of those journalists have good reason to be unfriendly to me. He has already asserted in his letter to Mr. Meredith that the agreement of the anti-Catholic section of the press is conclusive evidence of my being wrong. Dr. Grant's early education was sadly neglected in regard of logic as well as of many other essential branches of knowledge. But this is rather a mean way of acting. It is like taking a shabby advantage of our financial inability to maintain even one daily Catholic paper in the Province of Ontario for the defence of our rights against the no-Popery journals, whose name is legion. The reverend principal lives on the breath of newspaper men. He would have us believe that they are the fountain of infallible truth. I hope to be pardoned for not subscribing to this dogma. I always take the newspapers for what they are worth severally."

"Principal Grant's process of self-exculpation is termed by old country folk 'saddling the wrong horse.' When detected in courts of justice it is regarded with special abhorrence and punished with severity."

"That the defeat of Hon. Mr. Harty is not in any way attributable to me is manifest in so much as I have had no hand, act, or part in the campaign or election. I have not advised anyone to vote on one side or the other. I have not spoken or written a word about politics unless the malicious misnomer 'political manifesto' be given to my pastoral instruction to my flock, wherein I exhorted them to hold fast to their religious duties despite the pre-announced determination of Mr. Meredith to array all the forces of bigotry against them as 'the common enemy' of the country, and to snatch the little ones of the fold from the care of their parents and the Church. It is the Toronto Mail that invented this misnomer. The Toronto Globe soon afterwards adopted it in order to propagate the wavering voters that were hanging around the P. P. A. camp. Now Principal Grant, whose manual of daily prayer in the Globe, thinks it will help him out of his tight corner and their satelites in the chorus of calumny. The fact of it is, these gentlemen do not believe the Catholic minority in Ontario are entitled to hold any opinion, or receive any fair consideration, but their voice must be rudely silenced, should they dare even to recite aloud the Apostles' Creed amid the din of no-Popery warfare, in which their most precious liberties are immediately and directly at stake. The reason is, alas! that we have not any representation, not even a single Catholic paper, in the daily press of the province."

"Had the rev. principal of Queen's University received an early education in ethical philosophy, or in pastoral theology, or in the elements of jurisprudence, he would not be unacquainted with the great, broad, adamantine principle that governs the morality of all human acts from which follow both good and bad results. It is this: If any person, in fulfillment of the duties of his office or state of life, performs an act in itself good or indifferent, from which result two effects, one good, the other bad; and if the good effect alone is intended by the agent and is produced directly by his action as its proper and effective cause; whilst the other effect, being bad, is no wise intended by the agent and is derived from the good action, not directly, as from its efficient cause, but indirectly and by virtue of the malice or folly of another person taking occasion from the good act to bring about an evil result—in such case the natural and divine law, and all human laws, ecclesiastical and civil, and all courts

of justice in the world, insist that the evil result is not imputable to the person who performed the good action in the legitimate exercise of his duty or rights, even though he had foreseen (and I did not foresee) that the malice of other persons would give the good action (such as my pastoral instruction) a twist, and direct it to the production of evil results. Hence, the learned principal must see that he did me a wrong, condemned by all laws, in imputing the Kingston mishap to me. Let him saddle the right horse now.

"I will here add a statement that involves an additional argument. On occasion of Mr. Meredith's delivery of his no-Popery plan of campaign in 1886, and again in December, 1889, I addressed to my people, and through them to all the Catholics of Ontario, similar instructions and exhortations for the confirmation of their faith and their steadfastness in Christian duty, after the manner of military commanders addressing their soldiers on the morning of battle with the enemies of their country. The anti-Christian journals bestowed upon me plentifully the praise of their vituperation; but when the Liberal candidate was defeated each time in Kingston, no one, not even Principal Grant, ventured to say that the result was attributable entirely or in part to Archbishop Cleary. The warfare against Christian education was the same, and issued from the same source; my defensive action was the same: the evil result, to wit, the defeat of the Grit candidate, was the same; how is it attributable to me now, if not attributable to me in 1886 or 1890? Did some agency interpose in 1894 to bring about the evil result? There was a common sense in discerning the relations between cause and effect, or else there was less of another and more selfish element at work in the recesses of the Sybil's Cave in those years than at present."

"To whom, then, does Your Grace attribute Mr. Hart's defeat?"

"To Principal Grant, entirely," replied the Archbishop. "He is a politician, if anything. In his interview with the Star he upbraids me with 'singular political incapacity' for having, as he malignantly pretends to think, done what he knows right well I did not do, but what he in sequence to the slanders of the Mail, and for the sake of escaping the blame of his own folly, tries to make the no-Popery policy believe I did. If I were a politician like him—which God forbid!—I would not have had blundered as he did, to the ruin of the cause he had set his heart upon. See how stupidly he acted! In the first place, he is not a divinely appointed pastor of souls, charged with the direction of Christ's flock in faith and fidelity to Christian duty, and commanded by the Pastor of pastors to instruct and exhort them in all seasons, especially in the day of diffusion of irreligious principles and polished impley, and seductive articles in the daily press and campaign sheets; and, moreover, emphatically admonished that on the approach of the wolf he must not fly, but must go forward to meet the invader of the fold, regardless of his own safety, of his ease and peace and worldly interest, and of all things whatsoever of this earth, even of life itself, for the protection of those entrusted to his care. In the next place, Mr. Meredith's programme of desperate attack upon the schools of Christian education, which was the main and in truth the sole substantial issue in the campaign, did not officially demand any very active exercise of the rev. principal's zeal. Indeed, it is well known that he has no sympathy whatever with us in our maintenance of separate schools; and, in fact, Mr. Meredith, when speaking in the Toronto Pavilion a couple of weeks ago, gave as his reason for dealing tenderly with Principal Grant the gentleman's approval of his (Mr. Meredith's) aggressive policy on the Catholic school question. In the third place, Queen's University, which legitimately demands Principal Grant's advocacy of all its rights and interests, was not, so far as the public could see, in any way concerned in the issues of the general election. The rev. principal, therefore, had no visible interest, no reason that any man could recognize, for rushing to the front the moment the campaign began, and displaying an inordinate and preternatural zeal in the contest on behalf of Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat."

"His startling interview with the Globe, in which his fulsome adulation of the premier and his insulting references to the leader of the Opposition and his party, (ignorant, prejudiced, and hungry followers," he designates them in his affectionate letter to Mr. Meredith,) and his connection of them by implication with public robbery and 'the nation of thieves' his grand thunderstorm that should not, could not, afford to dismiss Mr. Mowat, were all jumbled together in hysterical fashion, fell upon the public ear like a thunderstorm from a clear sky. 'Twas the great 'I am' who spoke, you know! There was nothing to call for all this: no warfare against the rev. principal or any interest pertaining to him. Why, then, this excessive heat of passion and violence of mind and

language? It was simply unaccountable, and men asked each other what it all meant. Hon. Mr. Hart's religion did not certainly explain the mystery. Dr. Grant's equally earnest talk and activity in the city of Kingston kept alive the question from day to day. 'What's at the bottom of it?' Suspicion of selfish motives was awakened. By degrees it developed into belief, and took the shape of accusation in the press, till finally the principal with both arms extended over Sir Oliver's shoulders, taking heavy fullness of gold from the provincial money chest, told what was believed by many to be the true solution of Dr. Grant's mysterious zeal for the cause of Mowat and Harty. In reciting the facts, I do not signify my approval or belief of those suspicions and allegations, but merely point to the 'singular political incapacity' of the professional politician who tried to win success in a severely contested election by provoking—should say forcing—his watchful opponents to solve an apparently insoluble enigma, by discrediting him and his cause, and engendering a dread in the minds of the various Protestant denominations that Presbyterian endowments were bargained for, and Presbyterian ascendancy was aimed at, and a 'Family Compact' was sought to be established between the Presbyterian Premier and the Presbyterian organ of his Government and the Presbyterian principal of the Presbyterian University. This is the hobgoblin that frightened Protestants in hundreds from the Grant-Mowat-Harty cause at the polls, where they were free to kill off what they believed, rightly or wrongly, to be a conspiracy against their independence and the equality of all denominations in the State. Of course, they were not so foolish as to tell the reverend principal and his friends their real reason for voting adversely. That would bring a hornet's nest about their ears. Dr. Grant says that some 'silly Protestants' told him that they 'voted so as to spite' the Archbishop of Kingston. That may possibly be true in 1894, as in former times when the issue of the election was determined by hostility to the Catholic religion. But it was meant for an excuse, and we must remember that it was easier for those 'silly Protestants' to allege that acceptable excuse than the unacceptable and real one. At all events the action of a few 'silly Protestants' could have had no more influence on the result of the election this year than similar action of the same or other 'silly Protestants' in former elections. Let the truth be acknowledged honestly, it was not the few 'silly' people who did the mischief. It was the hundreds of voters from all religious denominations, minus one, in Kingston, who through a very natural dislike for Principal Grant's self-inflated autonomy and dread of Presbyterian ascendancy and of a Presbyterian family compact in the centre of the province, resolved on spoiling what they fancied to be the simple-minded principal's little game. This is the true and obvious explanation of the loss of the election."

"Do I understand Your Grace to say that you exercised no influence on the election at all?"

"None whatever," was the reply. "I have not spoken or written a word in favor of either side. I have not advised any one to vote this way or that. I myself did not vote, having been here at the Springs for the benefit of my health on the 26th ultimo. True, I have been consulted in Kingston as to what should be done in the trying circumstances of the case; and my answer has been 'consult your conscience in the presence of God and act in accordance with it.' This has been my sole answer to such interrogations. I don't travel outside the sphincter of my conscience, nor dictate or counsel how in this reference I deem it proper to mention a fact which may convey a lesson of wisdom to many, and may not be wholly unworthy of the attention of Sir Oliver Mowat and his Cabinet, as well as of others. In a certain constituency within my archdiocese the Mowat candidate, who had been elected in 1890, chiefly by favor of the Catholics, who believed him to be the less bad of the two bad candidates in the field, was opposed this time by a respectable Conservative Protestant, who holds the confidence of all who know him. The Catholics were puzzled how to act on 26th June, and became divided in opinion. I was consulted by the friends of both parties. I declined to express any preference, and left the choice to each one's conscience. The result is that the Catholics voted for the Conservative Protestant, and the worthless Grit has been relegated to private life. It appears that this mean Grit candidate had offered a nasty insult to the Catholic people by telling them that he did not thank them for their support in 1890, since they were bound to vote 'solid' for him, in order to defeat the nominee of no-Popery Meredith. Self-respect and the honor due to their religion fired the souls of my good Catholic people. They avenged the insult, and my blessing to them for their manly conduct."

"But what about the 'solid vote' which Principal Grant says Your Grace insists on?"

"Principal Grant is not always a joker; he is sometimes malevolent. The case I have just related shows how far I am from preaching a solid Catholic vote. The repetition of this foul slander against the Catholic population by the Rev. Principal of Queen's is of a piece with his unworthy conduct throughout the past eight years, that is, since Mr. Meredith made the defamation of Catholics fashionable in this province. The principal outwardly pretends friendliness to the Catholic minority, especially when he wants to come at their money. But too frequently, when a calumny is invented or a plot contrived by the no-Popery gang for injury to us as Catholics, especially to our Separate schools, Dr. Grant clips them from the newspapers for careful preservation, and brings them out in one or other of his infallibly truthful organs at some subsequent date over his own imperial name and stamps them with his omnipotent approbation. For Dr. Grant, don't you know, is all Canada, and the sole independent thinker in the Dominion."

"Now, the 'solid Catholic vote' is an exploded calumny, which the rev. principal has—thank God!—no power to electrify into reviviscence. Mr. Meredith is the father of the dead baby. It came into existence in this way. After his failure to induce the Catholics by his 'Facts for Irish Electors,' in 1883, to unite with his party in solid vote against Mr. Mowat, he turned round in 1886 and charged them with voting 'solid' for his opponent, whilst at the same time, with the common-place inconsistency of untruthfulness, he called upon all good Protestants to unite in solid vote against the Catholics. In this Mr. Mowat happily failed. Then in 1890 he renewed the discredited fable of the Catholic solid vote, and, mistaking violence for argument, he cried out in frenzied accents to his followers, 'Unite, unite, against the common enemy, for there is danger to the State.' He was compelled by me to acknowledge that all this is true. The snare did not, however, draw the Protestants into solid voting even this second time. He tried it finally as a neck-or-nothing effort last month, and, sad to say,

FOR I REALLY PITTY THE POOR MAN JUST NOW, has killed himself politically and put the 'solid vote' theory out of sight forever. History will therefore, this figure about a Catholic solid vote is but a lying and an expression of political despair. He was begotten of defeat, and has produced defeat. The Protestant people of Ontario—God bless them!—have in three successive elections branded it as a stupid fiction, an incredible myth. Principal Grant's cunning brain cannot endow it with the character of credibility, nor will his profound knowledge of philosophy and all the moral sciences enable him to justify political solidity of voting on the part of Protestants (which he now suggests) whilst condemning the same should it

BE PRACTISED BY CATHOLICS. He insults the public intelligence of Protestants and Catholics alike, and proves himself a ready calumniator of the minority by resorting to this vile clap-net for a solace to his disappointed vanity. He knew, when uttering this stale imputation against me and the whole Catholic people of the Province through me, that his lips did not emit the sweet fragrance of truth, justice and charity, but the foul odor of bitterness and spite and falsehood."

Your correspondent here requested the Archbishop to explain the exact meaning of the term 'solid vote.' He said: "Mr. Meredith, its inventor, has frequently defined it to be the composite vote of a section of the community, resulting from a combination to work together in unity and cast the whole weight of their united suffrage, now with one party, now with the other, in virtue of a bargain with either, for the advancement of their own sectional interests. Were this mode of operation adopted by any section, political or religious, in the State, it would justly merit the severest animadversion. But where and by whom has it been adopted and put in practice? Certainly not among the Catholics. Neither Bishop, nor priest, nor Catholic layman has ever heard of any such combination. There are always a few traitors among the Catholics, as among every other class, and they would not be silent were they cognizant of a combination for the solidifying of the Catholic vote. Mr. Meredith never undertook to prove his odious allegation to any further extent than the actual consensus of Catholic votes in opposition to himself in 1886, 1890, and recently in 1894. Now, it will not be argued by any sane man that the actual consensus of Catholics in voting down a party leader, who had declared war to the knife against their religion and their civil rights, constitutes a solid vote in the sense above explained. There is no common purpose of self-aggrandizement or sectional interest; consequently no solid vote in the reprehensible sense. There is undoubtedly a unity of spirit in all Catholic breasts—a manly, noble, patriotic spirit, the brave spirit of

self-defence, of resistance to tyranny, of constitutional safe-guarding of the right to live peaceably in this land, to practice their religion without molestation, to rear their children for God, and to Christianize their youthful adolescence by means of Christian education in the Separate schools. Does any man blame the Israelites in Austro-Hungary for protecting themselves, their religion and their political rights, by voting in unity for the election of semitic members of the Legislature and the rejection of their anti-semitic adversaries? The natives of Hindostan have succeeded by means of organized union in securing for themselves a potent influence in the Government of their country and the admission of members of their own into the Council of Her Imperial Majesty's Governor-General. The Centre, or Catholic party, in the German Reichstag, headed by the high-souled Dr. Windhorst, called the German O'Connell, united in heart and soul and undivided suffrage for the abrogation of the Falck Laws and the re-instatement of the Church in her estates and proprietary rights, and the cathedrals and parish churches and monasteries and colleges, of which she had been despoiled in 1871 by the Government of Prince Bismarck in favor of the Mushroom sect, called Alt-Catholics; and they threw their weight of vote and influence and eloquence to the Right and to the Left, as opportunity suggested, till they finally succeeded in compelling the Emperor and Iron Prince and his imperial Master to go to Cassano, and there make a vow of restitution of all the plundered ecclesiastical property, and abrogation of their wicked anti-Catholic school laws, and (three months ago) they completed the work of reparation by a vote in the Reichstag inviting back the exiled Jesuits to their old-time colleges for the high education of the sons of the German nobility. Is there on this earth a soul so dead to exalted patriotism and unselfish devotion to the holiest of causes that this glorious example of German Catholicism, in the struggle for religious liberty against the most powerful despotism in the world, does not awaken admiration and generous applause in its very core? Nowhere in the world is organized union for self-defence, and even for the schemes, more in harmony with the constitution, or more popularly practised, than in Great Britain and its dependencies. By means of it Earl Grey and his party carried the Reform Bill after a protracted struggle with the aristocracy. By it, soon afterwards, Cobden and Bright and the anti-Corn Law League abolished the impost on breadstuffs, and gave cheap food to the British working-men. By it the great Daniel O'Connell effected Catholic Emancipation, and insured the rights of citizenship to his co-religionists after three centuries of persecution and civil death. By it Ireland and the National party of Ireland converted the British Democracy, and through them the British House of Commons, to acceptance of the doctrine that the laws of Ireland should be framed in accordance with the wants and wishes of the Irish people, made known through Irish representatives, rather than by strangers in a foreign capital, who know little and care less about the impoverished condition of Ireland, its causes, and the means of remedying it. In bringing about those momentous changes, there was agitation, combination, unity in the exercise of the franchise, and concerted action on motions of want of confidence in Her Majesty's advisers. Let me ask, is such a combination and concerted action allowable and praiseworthy in England, in Germany, and in Austria, and in every other civilized country, and shamefully reprehensible in Ontario? Or is it Catholics alone, not Jews, Germans, Englishmen or Indians, that should be debarred the exercise of their constitutional rights? Even in Ontario the prohibitionists and the Patrons of Industry and divers other organized bodies unite their suffrages as best they can for the accomplishment of their purposes, and no one blames them. Why, then, will Mr. Meredith and Principal Grant fling dirt at the Catholics for voting in unity, and without combination, against the no-Popery leader in obedience to the first law of nature and the fundamental right of citizenship under direction of one common spirit of honor and manly self-defence?"

P. S.—I wish to add that the day after my arrival at the Caledonia Springs, although very unwell at the time, I wrote to Venerable Archdeacon Kelly, bidding him inform Mr. Hart and his friends that if they considered it necessary or at all important for the safety of their cause, I would go to Kingston the day of the polling in order to cast my vote for him and return to the Springs afterward. The Archdeacon did as I had ordered, and informed me there was no necessity for me to undertake such trouble and risk of health, and that all would be better pleased at my taking undisturbed rest for security of my recuperation of strength."

Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, or, as it is also called, the Feast of the Scapular, will be celebrated with unusual solemnity at the Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ont.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has lately granted the Carmelite Church an extraordinary privilege for that day. He grants to all the faithful who, after a worthy reception of the sacraments, visit a Carmelite church on the 16th of July a plenary indulgence, to be gained as often as the church is visited on that day, on condition that at each visit some prayers are offered up for the intentions of the Holy Father. This indulgence can be applied to the poor souls of purgatory, the sacraments may be received in any other church, and, if more convenient, on the day before—Sunday, July 15.

Many pilgrims from various parts of the country flocked to the Falls last year to gain this extraordinary privilege. Many more will visit the shrine this year to gain this great indulgence and to assist at another imposing ceremony which is to accompany the feast.

The corner-stone of the Hospice of Mount Carmel is to be blessed and laid on that day by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. The massive foundations of the new building are now completed and the rest of the building is to be erected this year.

Solemn High Mass will be sung at 10 a. m. After Mass there will be a procession to the site of the new building, sermon at the corner-stone and the blessing of the stone. For the accommodation of pilgrims and visitors refreshment tables have been erected in the basement of the new building. To reach the monastery in time for the ceremonies, visitors from Toronto may take the boat for Niagara at 7 a. m. and the Michigan Central from Niagara to the monastery. Trains leave Hamilton for Niagara Falls at 6:15 a. m. and at 6:30 a. m.

DIocese OF LONDON.

The Feast of the Precious Blood (Sunday, last) was a happy day for upwards of one hundred children of this city, who on that day received into their hearts for the first time the adorable body and blood of our Divine Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist. For two months previous they had been diligently instructed in their catechism and afterwards specially prepared for this great and solemn event, which as the years go quickly by they will realize, as have we who long ago faced the stern realities of life, that this feast is to be indeed the happiest one of their lives.

The girls were robed in spotless white—emblematic of the purity which should adorn their hearts, crowned with floral wreaths and carried bouquets of flowers; and the boys wore neat, dark colored suits, relieved by white ruffles.

Eight o'clock Mass being over, the children who were to be confirmed returned to the school room, where they partook of lunch, and at the proper time they were again arranged in processional order to return to the High Mass. At this Mass His Lordship the Bishop of London delivered a sermon, his remarks being especially applicable to the little children who on that day were made willing soldiers of Christ. As is the usual custom, all the boys pledged themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors until they reach the age of twenty-one years. At this age their characters are formed, and they would then, doubtless, if necessary, renew this pledge, seeing the many dangers from which they were saved by leading sober, industrious lives.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The children were again in attendance, this time for the purpose of having the vows made for them at baptism by their sponsors, and of consecrating themselves in a special manner to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The act of consecration to the Mother of God, read by Miss Katie Hevey, and the renewal of baptismal vows by Master Robert McLeod, in behalf of their little companions.

The presentation to each child of a beautiful picture as a souvenir of first Communion terminated this long to be remembered, joyous day.

HOME RULE FUND.

Rev. P. Flannery	10 00	Ingersoll, July 7, 1894.	
Rev. Dear Doctor	As you have been appointed by our venerable Bishop as Treasurer of the Home Rule fund in this Diocese, I herewith take much pleasure in donating to you the sum of \$100.00.		
As an old friend and fellow-townsmen	I am proud of the High Rev. Bishop's appointment and feel honored to be associated with Your Reverence in the great and noble cause of sustaining the national patriotic work now in progress for the regeneration and prosperity of the beautiful island that bears us.		
Please convey my warmest regards to my personal friends, the Hon. Ed. Blake, and assure him of my high appreciation of his great work in the cause, together with my best wishes and most fervent prayers that the day is nigh when Ireland must be what all true hearts wish her, 'Great, glorious and Free.'			
Our pastor, Rev. J. P. Murphy, gave us substantial aid in raising this sum from a small and struggling congregation.			
Believe you will find the list of subscribers. I am yours sincerely,			
PETER KENNEDY.			
Rev. J. P. Murphy	\$100 00	A. Brad Hill	50
Peter Kennedy	10 00	John O'Callaghan	25
Michael Dunn	10 00	John Folland	50
F. A. Brady	50 00	A. Friend	50
David O'Neil	1 00	Mrs. R. Sage	25
Thomas Cleary, Jr.	1 00	Wm. Ryan	1 00
Joseph Kerwin	1 00	J. J. Mcarty	2 00
A. Howls	1 00	J. H. Keating	2 00
M. Shannon	1 00	L. Thompson	1 00
Morris Roman	1 00	H. K. Keating	1 00
C. Richardson	1 00	Thos. Seldon	1 00
H. H. Tucker	50	Peter Carling	1 00
John Papp	50	Jas. O'Callaghan	1 00
Augustus Frazell	1 00	Mrs. W. McGrath	1 00
C. L. Wilson	1 00	John Greenly	1 00
John O'Connell	50	Andrew Smith	50
Mrs. Jas. Burns	50	John Hanlan	1 00
Wm. Kerwin	50	A. Friend	50
James Knight	50	Thos. Meagher	1 00
Mrs. P. Thornton	50	Jerry Dunn	2 00
A. Friend	50	M. McNally	1 00
John Lenthall	1 50	Thos. Lavie	1 00
M. L. McDermott	2 50	M. Fitzg.	1 00
E. M. Henderson	50	Jacob Hebe	50
Thos. Downey	1 00	Daniel St.	50
A. Friend	50	Andrew Smith	50
Charles O'Connell	1 00	J. O'Connell	50
Amount collected by Geo. O'Connell	5 50		
Amount contributed by Geo. O'Connell	2 50		

We would say to all boys and girls: Use your best voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea.

sample.

June 22.

McShane Many restoring to their out, which had been time of the winter, is story considering, ts that went up when and there was a the part of the em- by resorting to a prevailed, however, in position to cont they did not strike, and manufacturing the same amount of with their employes, less of the altogether.

and Asthma.

A. LIVINGSTONE.

severe attack of rheum-

MADDER.

severely sprained leg.

OSHUTA WYNAERT.

EMPTION

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world-wide reputation.

V. HAWKE, J. G. GILSON, J. H. BROWN, Secy-Treas.

RS addressed to the un- and endorsed. Tender for new Drill Hall, Toronto," will be received at the office until Thursday, 22nd inst. as several works required in the office of fittings for the new Drill Hall.

ications can be seen at the Public Works, Ottawa, and R. C. W. Anderson, Architect, at 245 Queen Street, Ottawa, on or after Thursday, 21st June, will not be considered unless accompanied and signed with the name of the tenderer.

bank cheque payable to the order of Public Works, equal to amount of tender, must be presented with the contract. The cheque will be cashed on the day of award. If the work contracted for is not completed within the time specified, the contractor does not bind itself to accept of any tender.

E. F. E. ROY, Secretary, Public Works, Ottawa, 16th, 1894.

NDERS addressed to the un- and endorsed. Tender for Buildings," will be received at the office until Friday, 13th July, next, for Coal and any of the Dominion Public Works.

form of Tender and all neces- sary conditions can be obtained at this Department after Wednesday, 21st inst. as several works required in the office of fittings for the new Drill Hall.

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E. F. E. ROY, Secretary, Public Works, Ottawa, 16th, 1894.

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TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate school No. 1, Nichol, 4th or 5th class certificate. Duties to be performed. Apply to JEREMIAH HOSKINS, Secretary, Marquette P. O., Ont. 8292

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HAVE RECEIVED A SUPPLY of the HOME ANNUAL, a book for the Catholic Breviary, by mail. By the down \$3.00. Apply to JEREMIAH HOSKINS, Secretary, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

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FLORENCE O'NEILL,

The Rose of St. Germain's; OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

BY AGNES M. STEWART. Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GRACE WILMOT'S STORY. I was the only and beloved child of a rich citizen; he was a wealthy goldsmith of Cheapside, and his name was Edward Mayfield.

Up to that time, I had been carefully and religiously brought up in the tenets of our proscribed faith. Personally, I had no reason to be proud.

I had soon sense enough to discover, when amongst the young beauties of my sex and age, as years passed on, that the more plainly I dressed the better, so far as my personal appearance was concerned.

Jewels I might have had in abundance; the costliest gauds of fashion might have been mine in profusion; satins, and velvets, and laces, and exquisite scents, I abjured them all.

There was an inordinate pride in my studied simplicity. I saw that I was plain even to ugliness, and at last Edward Mayfield's only daughter was pronounced a devotee, because she never dressed but in sombre garments, and ordered them to be made with extreme simplicity.

Sometimes that inward voice which speaks interiorly to all of us, seemed as though calling me from a world for which I was scarcely fitted, to bury myself in the retirement of a religious life; well would it have been for me had I followed the call.

I stilled it, saying to myself: "My father is growing aged; for my sake, and in order to endow me with all his wealth, he has never contracted a second marriage. When he dies, I will leave the world. Alas! an earthly love soon filled my heart. I felt within me an insatiable thirst for knowledge; my dear father helped me to gratify it at any cost. I devoted myself to the study of Latin and French. I made myself mistress of the best authors of our own country. I played well on the guitar, and filled up my time with various ornamental works.

Here Grace for a few moments paused, and I expressed my astonishment that a gentleman, highly educated, should fill the position she occupied.

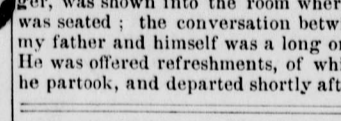
"You will not be surprised," she said, "when you have heard my story to the end."

At length she continued: Mixing but little with others of my sex, more from an indomitable vanity on account of my want of beauty than for any other cause, I reached my twenty-fourth year, about the time that all London was busy with preparations for the marriage of the present queen with the Prince of Orange.

One evening I was seated with my dear father, when the arrival of a gentleman from the palace was notified. His errand was to consult my father about some jewels which the king intended to give as a wedding present to his niece, Charles Wilmot, for such was the name of the messenger, was shown into the room where I was seated; the conversation betwixt my father and himself was a long one. He was offered refreshments, of which he partook, and departed shortly after.

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Admitted AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

wards, promising to call again the next evening.

He came about the same hour, and brought the order from the king for a set of jewels composed of pearls and diamonds.

On this evening he conversed much with myself. He looked over my books, spoke of his tastes as similar to my own, and fascinated me with his witty and animated conversation.

That visit was the prelude to many others; at last, we read, and sang, and played together, and I had arrived at that point at which a dead vacuum seems to take place when the missing friend is absent.

At length, from being merely a visitor in the evening, when my father and myself shared one common apartment, Wilmot not unfrequently called when I was alone in the morning; frequently, the pretext for these visits would be to bring me a new book or a piece of music.

Gradually the attachment sprung up in my heart which sealed my future life with misery.

He made me an offer of marriage. What did I care for his poverty? I knew I should have money, and I was told he was a spendthrift, a gambler. No matter, I could reform him, and for the first time in my life, when he asked me in marriage and was refused, I had words with my father.

I have told you, Madam, that I made a point of never entering into company. Alas for me, I overcome my reluctance; female vanity even whispered to me, that as my hand was sought with such pertinacity, I was, perhaps, less plain than I had considered myself to be.

During the Christmas festivities of that year, there was to be a large gathering at the house of John Golding, a rich citizen. I had fancied his daughter Alice was my friend; she was one of the very few of my own sex with whom I had been on terms of intimacy.

On the night in question, I was standing apart from the gay throng of young people talking with Wilmot, when, turning faint, he left me to fetch a glass of water. I had drawn aside, and had thrown myself on a couch in a small ante-room opening out of that which I had left, when I heard the murmur of voices of persons evidently standing by the spot I had vacated.

"It is true, Elinor, quite true; he has proposed to that ugly woman Grace, and they are going to be married."

The voice was that of my friend Alice. I know not why I should have wished to hear more than that painful, for a deadly feeling had seized on my heart. I lay perfectly still, anxious to hear the reply.

"Grace Mayfield going to be married, I do not believe it," ejaculated another person in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes, Elinor, and Grace Mayfield has made me the most unhappy of women. Wilmot's attentions to me before he met her, have made me the talk of the whole city, but I am not an heiress," and the words fell with great bitterness from the lips of Alice, "but one of a large family. No one, however, can imagine for a moment, that Grace, ugly as she is, is married for anything but her father's money. She must be one of the vainest of women if she fancied, for a moment, that she is married for love of herself."

Scalding tears of wounded pride and indignation fell from my eyes. At that moment I heard the voice of Wilmot. My fair enemies addressed him. I heard him say, "Miss Mayfield has been taken ill, and has gone to the ante-room, while I went to fetch her some wine and water."

Of course, they well knew I had overheard their conversation, and had the good sense rather to be condemned for unkindness by him, than to insult me by following him into the ante-room.

I made my adieux early. I was ill; anything, in short, to get home. Why was I made so ugly, asked I, in the bitterness of my soul, for the barbed arrow had entered very deeply. I would not hear of Wilmot accompanying me; he saw me safe in my chair, and I cried the whole way home.

Wilmot never came again after the quarrel with my father. Well would it have been for me had I never seen him after that night.

The old, old happy days had forever fled; my books had lost their charm; my music its melody; my father his love; rather ought I not to say, I had lost my love for him.

On one of these days, Father Lawson, an old friend of my father's, called at the house in Cheapside. He was vested as a clergyman of the Church of England as a disguise.

Poor father, he opened his whole heart to his early friend. At length I was summoned; my father had gone to his shop; I found the priest alone.

"Grace, my child," he said, "your father is unhappy, it is in your power to restore peace to his heart and home."

"How," said I, "has he complained that I have robbed him of it?" "Listen to me, Grace," Priest though he was, I yielded but a sullen compliance. "For your sake, to make you, child as you were when your mother died, the entire mistress of his home, your doting father remained a widower; for you, to leave you the heir of his wealth. He put no woman in your dear mother's place; he does not wish to forbid you to marry subject to his better sense and experience, he only forbids you to marry this man Wilmot. Your old father loves you, Grace, and knows that man unworthy of your love, and that he seeks you only for what you will inherit. Tell me child, you will do your father's will."

Here Grace paused, and covered her face with her hands; I saw the tears trickle through her fingers. She then continued; I exclaimed with bitterness of tone and manner: "Oh yes, I see and understand it all. Edward Mayfield's daughter is so ugly, so repulsively ugly, that she has no single attraction beyond that of her father's money bags."

"You shock me, child," said the priest; "God made you what you are, thank Him that He made you not blind and deformed; thank Him that He gave you fine mental powers, a plentiful home, a loving father. How dare you hurl the gifts of your Creator in His face?" For a moment I was awed, and I burst into tears. The good Father fancied my heart was touched. Ah no, it had to be purified in the furnace of long years of tribulation and suffering, ere that heart of adamant was softened.

"You will break off this match, Grace?"

"No, I will not break it off; my father is unjust and cruel; I will marry Charles Wilmot."

Father Lawson rose from his seat. "And you will live to rue the day you lay your hand in his. Misguided girl, your father loves you; you are breaking his heart; it is because he loves you with a matchless love, that he forbids this union."

"Then is he selfish," I dared to say, "and he would keep me ever with him, forgetting that the old have to die, the young to live?"

Ah, shall I ever forget that day. Father Lawson drew aside for a moment, so shocked to speak. I buried my face in my hands, but I heard him say:

"Oh my God, just and merciful, why is it that parental love flows downwards with so strong a current, and oftentimes returns in so thin a stream: visit Thou this soul with suffering in Thy mercy. Lord, purify it in the furnace of tribulation, so that Thou call it back to Thee at last."

He turned to leave the room; I called him back, awed by the words he had uttered; but no, what more could he do? He left me to myself and went to seek my injured father. To me, Wilmot only showed the fair side of his character; if he spoke of my dear father it was not with contempt or anger, but rather with a feigned forbearance.

He met me the evening after my interview with Father Lawson, asked me if it was in vain to hope for my father's permission to marry, and, on my replying in the affirmative, suggested marriage in spite of his refusal.

In an evil hour I acceded to his wish. There was a small annual income to which I had succeeded in right of my deceased mother, of which my father could not deprive me. We agreed to lend to time to heal the breach that was sure to ensue, and be married at once.

I packed up the fine trinkets my dear father had, from time to time, forced on my acceptance, together with my wearing apparel, and sent it away privately the night before I left my home.

My father scarcely spoke to me that memorable evening; he was ill and care-worn; he was in delicate health, and I felt a pang as I stole a glance at him when in the act of handing him a silver cup containing his evening draught of hot spiced wine.

Tears stood in his eyes; they looked dim and bloodshot, and his hand trembled as he took the cup from mine, as if he had the palsy.

"Read to me from some good book, Grace, before you go to bed," he said, speaking as he used to do before we quarrelled. "Ah yes, here is my favorite, The Following of Christ; let it be that chapter—True comfort is to be sought in God alone."

I did as he desired, and read on till I came to the verse: "All human comfort is vain and short." He repeated these words after me twice, as though he pondered over them.

I had constituted all his human comfort. I did not think of it at the time, but later those words remained indelibly engraved on my memory.

"God bless you, my child," he said, and I pressed my lips to his forehead, and drawing down my face to his he kissed me long and passionately.

Had he a presage of what was about to take place, or a foreshadowing of personal misfortune, to be brought on by the cruelty of his own child?

Fond, indulgent, betrayed father! I had left the house before the servants were down in the morning.

A hour later I was the wife of Charles Wilmot.

After we were married we went to Soho, there we engaged a lodging commensurate with our present position, till, as he jestingly remarked,

"Your father shall have come to his senses."

These words were the first which annoyed me; it was not so much the words themselves as the tone and manner in which they were uttered.

The following morning I wrote to my father petitioning for his forgiveness.

I had no reply. Weeks passed on and lengthened into months. I had become a mother. Again and again I wrote; no answer ever came.

I had long become used to cruel insult from the lips of my husband. At first I rebelled, and repaid insult with insult, scorn with scorn. "Fool," he would oftentimes say, "to fancy such a gorilla-like face was acceptable except for money." The staff of well-paid servants in my father's home had prevented the necessity of house-

hold duties on my part. Thus I was ignorant of many things which I should have known had my mother lived. This was a source of bitter invective on my husband's part. I quickly found that I must learn many things of which I was ignorant, and moreover, that I must work hard, and save, and economize, that he might spend, and gamble, and drink. I had united myself to one who added the grossest brutality to his other vices. When the birth of my first child occurred, it brought the expenses incidental to my situation, deteriorating from the comforts I had managed to procure him. My pretty babe was but two months old—pretty as its wretched mother was the reverse—when I received the greatest indignity a man can inflict on a woman, a heavy blow on the face.

"That blow cannot well make your face darker than nature has made it," he said. My eyes filled with water, my old spirit had died out, I said not a word. I was beginning to see that I was about to pass through the ordeal of tribulation Father Lawson had spoken of.

A few days later I passed down Cheapside in a sedan chair. I had not dared to seek my father's face from the time of my shameful flight. I drew aside the curtain of the chair to look again at the old house. It was shut up; the shop was closed, the business then had not been sold.

A sickening dread seized on my heart. My father, was he dead? Ah, my God, grant that I may see him once again!

I ordered the men to enquire of the neighbors if Mr. Mayfield were yet alive, and if so, if they could tell where he lived.

He had suddenly vacated the house; they believed he had retired to Highgate with one servant, who was to keep house for him. He had become imbecile the neighbors said, after his daughter left him.

I hurried to the village of Highgate, and from enquiries I made I ascertained that my dear father rented a small house, insignificant for a man of his ample means, the direction of which I obtained. The cottage stood a little way back from the high road; a trimly kept garden, gaily adorned with flowers, stretched in front of the house.

I knocked at the door, predetermined to trust no longer to letters. It was answered by a middle-aged woman, who had been cook in my father's house at the time of my marriage.

"Mrs. Wilmot!" she exclaimed, with an accent of surprise.

"How is my father, Deborah?" I said; "I must see him at once."

"It is impossible, ma'am; the sight of you would make him worse than he already is."

"Woman, stand aside," I exclaimed; and pushing past her, I entered the parlor. What a sight met my eyes! My beloved father, attenuated, worn almost to a shadow, was seated on a couch, talking incoherently to himself.

"Father, father," I said, "do you not know me; I am Grace, your daughter, Grace?"

"Grace, Grace," he repeated; "yes, I had a daughter of that name once, long years ago; but she died, and then I was left all alone."

"Do you not know me, father?" I said, and I kissed the thin, shrivelled hand; and then, bending down my head, I laid his hand upon it. Alas! alas! he was not conscious of the act.

Then he rambled on again, but of me he took no heed. It was another phase in the punishment I so well deserved. What should I do was then the question. To leave the house was madness. Deborah looked daggers at me, and I involuntarily trembled at hearing the voice of a man below stairs.

I had noticed, too, a wedding ring on her finger, and nothing doubted but that the sudden disappearance of my father from the city was owing to the machinations of this woman.

I was standing at the window, and seeing a boy asking an alms, I beckoned him to me.

I showed him half a crown. "Will you earn this?" I said. His eyes sparkled with delight.

I tore out a leaf from my pocket-book, and scrawled in pencil these words:

"Come to me directly; I am with my father; for pity's sake do not delay."

I gave the boy a shilling, told him to seek the address written on the card, and to bring the gentleman back with him, when I would give him eighteen pence more.

I then sat down as patiently as might be to await his arrival, ever and again trying to awaken in my father's darkened mind some memory of the past. A signal failure attended my exertions.

At length I sang the first stanza of a song which had been a favorite of his in the dear old times.

He started, pressed his forehead with his hand, and exclaimed: "Sing it again; my dear daughter, Grace, used to sing that song."

"I am Grace," I said. "Now bless me, father. I have come back to live with you and take care of you." Alas! alas! his last blessing was bestowed on me the night before I left him to the mercy of hirelings. And why should I speak thus; were they more merciful than his own child?

sing," and he put up his dear aged face and kissed me, and I felt wondrously happy, though he knew not I was his own Grace.

And so we sat hand in hand, and I sang the time away, I never thinking of the woman Deborah, but looking for my husband, because I should not fear confronting her when he was with me.

I saw a man leave the house, and then return with a coach, into which many parcels and boxes were placed, and the man getting in, the coach drove away.

I had my suspicions, and as I sat by the window I marked down the number of the coach.

At last I saw my husband and the boy hasten up the garden. I flew to the door and admitted him, detaining the boy till I should see if he wanted him.

To my infinite pain, my husband looked coolly at my dear father.

THE QUIET LIFE.

"I suppose people would call me a fortunate woman. I have health, every comfort, the best of friends—and yet I am wretched; for my life is one in which nothing ever happens." Extract from a letter.

If this were a single voice only, it might be passed by in silence; but it is a chorus. From town and country, from rich and poor, comes the same complaint—"nothing ever happens."

The unrestful spirit of this steam-engine age is everywhere filling the insane asylums and making nervous wrecks. We do not even have lingering diseases any more. Old-fashioned consumption is as extinct as the spinning-wheel, and heart-failure and appendicitis have come in with the limited express and the long-distance telephone.

This protest against the quiet life is as strange as it is universal. It is as if the pebbly bed of a brook should long to be the wreck-strewn bottom of the ocean; as if its limpid waters should weary of their gentle flow, and wish to be tossed by storms and inhabited by man-eating monsters; as if the zephyr should have a desire to be a cyclone, and be off to see the world; as if the trailing arbutus should be seized with an ambition to be a prize pumpkin at a country fair or as if the meadow-lark should suddenly long to be changed into a bird of prey.

"Nothing ever happens." Believe me, you who say this, you are blessed indeed; for you have then been mercifully spared the agony of torturing illness, of betrayed trust; the sight of your beloved straying into paths which lead to death; the pangs of hunger, ambitions disappointed, the wretched which comes when death crosses the threshold; "plague, pestilence and famine;" the malice of enemies—all, in short, which is poured from the cornucopia of disaster upon those who are in the thick of this world's bitter fight.

"Nothing ever happens." Does it not? Does not the sun rise in regal splendor each purple dawn? Do the robins and bluebirds ever fail to come with the spring? Do not the clouds weep upon the thirsting earth? Do the wild flowers ever forget to bloom? Is there ever a May—dear Month of Mary!—when the trees do not put on the dress which is always so beautiful? Are there not, along the way of our life, kind words strewn thick as jewels in a queen's crown? Can you not always have at your bidding the smile of a friend, the gratitude of the poor, the laugh of a little child you have made happy, and the time for a prayer in supplication or thanksgiving?

Individuals, writes Louisa Mary Dalton in the *Acc Maria*, with no history are as happy as nations in like case. Events in the life of a country mean disaster and tumult, and the blood-stained garments of war. Persons with conspicuous careers usually find that the anxiety outweighs the pleasure. You have, you say, health, friends, and a modest competence. Then for you every good thing may happen—*does* happen, and you will not see it. But some day, if your life be spared, you will believe these words; for the old learn wisdom and content. They never mourn that existence is stagnation; they husband the fleeting days, grown so sadly few. They sit in sweet peace, happy and waiting; content to rest, glad to stay yet a little while—resting for a peace before the long journey. Some day you, too, will sit in the lengthening shadows; and then you will realize that the happiest life may be one in which "nothing ever happens."

Few medicines have held their ground so successfully as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During the past fifty years, it has been the most popular of all cough-cures and the demand for it today is greater than ever before. Prompt to act and sure to cure.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

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 Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.
 Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.
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 THOMAS COFFEY,
 Publisher and Proprietor. THOMAS COFFEY, Messrs. LUKS, KING, JOHN NICH, and P. J. NEVEN, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.
 Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, agate measurement.
 Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.
 Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.
 Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, July 14, 1894.

THE ANARCHISTS IN FRANCE.

The obsequies of M. Sadio Carnot, President of the French Republic, took place in the Pantheon of Paris on the 1st inst., a week after he had been struck down by the hand of the assassin, Santo Cesario, the Anarchist at Lyons. The body was deposited by the side of his grandfather, Lazare Carnot, known as "the Organizer of Victory."
 The display was the most remarkable civic and military demonstration ever witnessed in France, and it should teach the promoters of disorder, the Anarchists, that the country will not bear patiently such wild vagaries and crimes as have been committed by them within the last few years.
 It is comprehensible that in a country like Russia, or Turkey, where the will of the ruler is the sole law, and where the tyrant crushes as he will, the dagger of the assassin should be ready to avenge injuries inflicted, because there is no other resource by which one can deliver himself and his fellow-subjects from oppression. But it is hard to realize that in a country where the people themselves rule, and where the head of the Government is the direct choice of the people, there should be found any so dissatisfied with the form of Government as to declare their irreconcilable hatred against it. Yet this has been the case, not only in France, but even in America, where within a few years two presidents fell victims to the bullet of assassins, who were impelled by principles similar to, if not exactly the same as, those which influenced Santo.
 The immense crowds which thronged the magnificent Rue Rivoli, and the island of the City on which stood the Paris of ancient days, are a testimony to the popular indignation against the grim conspirators who planned this murder, and brought their plans to a successful issue.
 The Anarchists are evidently determined to keep themselves and their principles before the public; but the steps they are taking to effect this will certainly bring upon their heads measures as stern as those they are adopting towards the upholders of law and order.
 There is not the least doubt that Santo Cesario would have been torn to pieces by the multitude if they had succeeded in laying hold of his person after the perpetration of his crime, and much as we disapprove of mob or lynch law, we cannot but say it would have served the miscreant right to have been dealt with by the multitude on the spot.
 It is difficult to say whether the stupidity or the depravity of these Anarchists is the more to be wondered at. They talk of remedying the wrongs under which humanity suffers, and their mode of redressing those wrongs is to throw deadly bombs into the midst of peaceful citizens who have done no harm to them or to society, to injure and destroy the property of the nation, and to murder those officers of the nation who have been entrusted by the voice of the people with the duty of executing just laws, and of guarding the interests of the whole people.
 The execution of Ravachol and Vaillant proves that France will not tolerate the wild theories of the Anarchists to be put into practical operation.
 Ravachol and Vaillant have been apotheosized by the Anarchists as martyrs of their cause; and as Santo Cesario will also undoubtedly suffer a like penalty with these, there will be another added to form a triad of deities more shocking for its crimes than any of the most degraded forms of Paganism, however constituted.
 All classes of the people of Paris, and of those from the country, young and old, rich and poor, flocked to attend the funeral of M. Carnot, and the crowd was such as was never before seen in Paris—which is saying a great deal, as Paris is well accustomed to demonstrations on a large scale.
 It is a sign of the vigor of the party

of order that without any delay the Senate and Chamber of Deputies were able to elect a successor to President Carnot, and their choice, M. Cassimir-Perier, will undoubtedly command the respect of all France except the knot of Anarchists, who may perhaps still look for revenge. The murder of President Carnot was in revenge for the execution of Ravachol and Vaillant. There is no doubt that Santo Cesario will be dealt with as were these desperadoes; and perhaps there will still remain some who will seek for a further revenge, but the result must be a rooting out of the Anarchists, though perhaps before this result is reached there will yet be some more martyrs to the cause of order.
 If Anarchists can be found who are ready to become martyrs in a bad cause, there are also many who will not hesitate to become martyrs, if it must be so, to the cause of their country and their duty; and if it is necessary that the contest between anarchy and order is to be fought out by assassinations on the one hand and legal executions on the other, there is no doubt where the victory will be. The cause of Law and Order will surely win, if Anarchy and Anarchists are to be violently rooted out in the struggle.
 It is a good sign of the times that the obsequies of the late President were performed with all the rites of the Catholic Church.
 The funeral cortege proceeded from the Palace of the Elysee to the cathedral of Notre Dame, where a most impressive scene was witnessed as the casket was taken from the funeral car. The troops presented arms, and Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, with the clergy of the cathedral, met the procession at the door and escorted the corpse to the catafalque prepared to receive it. High Mass was then celebrated for the deceased, after which the Cardinal delivered an impressive funeral oration.
 His Eminence attested that President Carnot was an upright man in public as well as private life, and added that "these simple words constitute a greater eulogy on him than long orations."
 Anarchy is the result of irreligion. Those who profess to be Anarchists acknowledge no God; it is hard, therefore, to imagine any motive which could be strong enough to induce them to offer their lives in sacrifice for their principles; nevertheless, experience proves that some of them are ready to make this sacrifice. It is deplorable that men should be so infatuated; but it is some consolation to us at this side of the Atlantic to know that Anarchy has no foothold here. Should Anarchists at any time make their appearance amongst us, they must be taught that there is no room for them or their principles in this country. This was the lesson taught to the Anarchists of Chicago in 1886, and notwithstanding that there was not long ago an Anarchist demonstration in New York, it was easily repressed without bloodshed, as the promoters of the demonstration soon discovered that they had to deal with a population which would not tolerate any nonsense from them.

A TIMELY ENCYCLICAL FROM POPE LEO XIII.

It is announced that the contents of the encyclical letter which Pope Leo XIII. intends to issue as his political testament, have been made known. It is not certain, however, whether the details given are authentic. The following are said to be the principal points:
 1. He declares that the Church will continue as heretofore to propagate the faith among unbelieving nations which do not know the true God; and he prays that God may send devoted missionaries to labor in the good work of converting them.
 2. He expresses sorrow for the schisms and animosities which have separated so many civilized nations from the Catholic faith and expresses his hope that they may once more return to the one fold, a result which is to be gained only through the grace of God bending the wills of men.
 3. He reminds the Eastern Churches that their forefathers of the Oriental Christians recognized the authority of the Roman Pontiff, and assures them that if they perfect the union which Christ originally established, the rights and privileges of the patriarchal Sees will be respected and confirmed. Prosperity and greatness will be the result, he says, of the return of these Churches to the unity of faith in communion with the See of Rome.
 3. He reminds the Protestants that they have no certain rule of faith and

authority, and that as a consequence the most important Christian doctrines have been denied by many sects, and that many have fallen into materialism and actual unbelief.
 4. He exhorts Catholics to remain steadfast to the faith and to submit to the guardianship of the Church, the only perfect society with a divine commission to teach the faith, and to make laws in regard to matters within its jurisdiction, without being subservient to any other authority; and yet without trenching upon the jurisdiction of any other authority.
 5. The Freemasons are again condemned and the Catholics of France and Italy and other nations are exhorted to keep aloof from such associations, and, further, to do all in their power to cultivate peace and harmony, and to avoid the horrors of war.
 6. He declares that the liberties of peoples can be made to accord with the powers of rulers under all the forms of government. Rulers must account to God for their stewardship; for the right to command and the duty of obedience proceed from God. He therefore exhorts rulers to foster religious union, that so the evils which perturbed the last century and plunged nations into Anarchy and blood may not be repeated now.
 It is earnestly to be hoped that the efforts of the Holy Father to restore peace to the world may be crowned with success.

A PERSISTENT POLICY-MAKER.
 The Toronto Mail is quite a policy-maker for the parties in the Province of Ontario, but the policies it provides have hitherto not proved acceptable to the people for whom they have been intended.
 But a few weeks ago our contemporary sagely announced that "at a former Provincial general election" it "outlined a platform for the people, the triumph of which it firmly believed would be also a decided victory for good government in Ontario."
 It is quite true the Mail did propose four years ago that Sir Oliver Mowat should adopt the no Popery policy which it had advocated for some years; but the upshot of the matter is graphically described by the Mail itself as follows:
 "This policy did not succeed."
 But our contemporary is not easily discouraged, and while telling us of its past ill success, it does not hesitate to bring forward a new policy which it recommended, not indeed to Sir Oliver, but to a bantling largely of its own production, the P. P. A. of Ontario.
 Alas! the same thing which our contemporary said of its policy four years ago is to be said of the one propounded just before the recent election: "this policy did not succeed either."
 The P. P. A. has been brought to notice during the short period of its existence, especially by the Mail, and no method has been left untried by that journal which might possibly increase its membership so that its efforts to protect poor threatened Protestantism might be crowned with success.
 So far did the Mail's solicitude for its bantling go, that it even provided a platform of twelve planks on which a coalition might be effected between Conservatives and the P. P. A., such that the united parties should march to victory with the Mail's principles emblazoned on their banner. Of the policy thus offered to the electorate the Mail said:
 "Here is a policy which every man who has the interest of Ontario at heart will surely endorse."
 It is curious to notice how our contemporary, from time to time, nay, almost daily, spoke with disapproval of the introduction of religious issues into the election. We agree with that journal that such issues should not have been raised; but let us ask who was it that raised them? Did not the Mail over and over again defend the P. P. A. as a society necessary for the protection of Protestants against "Roman Catholic aggression?" Yet there was no such aggression. The aggression was certainly on the part of those who laid it down as their primary principle in politics that no Catholic should be elected or appointed to any office in the gift of the people or of the Government, and who swear to keep Catholics out of all employment as far as they are able to effect this. Yet these aggressions upon the liberty of Catholics were advocated by the Mail with all its force. Further, the platform of the Mail contained these planks:
 1. Religious equality before the law, the State to treat all religious communities alike, and to tolerate no undue ecclesiastical interference from any quarter.
 We pass over plank 2.

3. Repeal of the coercive amendments to the school law. Every parent to have the right to choose of his own free will and without menace between the Public and Separate schools. The State to act no longer an informer for any Church.
 4. The ballot to be given freely and honestly in all school elections.
 There is not in the mere statement of these principles anything very objectionable or unjust, though regarding the last point, a compulsory ballot in all school elections, there is room for honest differences of opinion. We are not at all convinced that a compulsory ballot is absolutely necessary in school elections; and we have before now given it as our opinion that the ballot being the more expensive mode of election, it is not advisable to adopt it on all occasions, nor on any occasion, unless there be proof forthcoming that it is customary for some domineering power to interfere by positively coercing the electors, thus taking away from them the freedom of election which the laws intend they should enjoy.
 We are well aware that this plank of the Mail's platform has a covert meaning which the words do not express. We are aware that this agitation for the ballot at school elections is not really meant for the Public schools at all. It is intended to convey the insulting insinuation that the Catholic school electors are coerced by the clergy at the Separate school elections. There is not the slightest foundation for such an insinuation or assertion, and if there were, Catholics themselves would ask for the ballot for their protection. But it cannot be said that Catholics have done so, though we do not deny that the Mail's reiterated assertions that it is needed in order to secure the liberty of the Catholic electors, have induced a few Catholics to demand the ballot, that thus they might exhibit their readiness to fall in with the views of those Protestants of the Mail's stamp who wish to coerce and harass us at every step.
 The vast majority of the Catholics of Ontario are fully aware that the agitation for the Separate school ballot was raised by enemies of Catholic schools, simply for the purpose of harassing them, and they are opposed to admitting the principle that so-called amendments to our school system should be forced on us by our enemies.
 The other planks in the Mail's platform have equally another meaning which does not appear in their wording, but which is evident from the attacks made by that journal upon Catholics during the last nine or ten years.
 Its pretence of being an advocate of "religious equality before the law" is a mere sham. For the last decade its aim has been to deprive Catholics of their rights as citizens, under pretence that they were aggressive when there was no aggression.
 Our school system is, of course, the pretext on which the Mail pretends that we are aggressive, but it is notorious that the Separate school system in no way interferes with the rights of Protestants to educate their children in their own way. It merely secures to Catholics the right of doing the same.
 The third plank of the Mail's platform is, professedly, to secure the repeal of coercive amendments, and "to secure to every parent the right to choose of his own free will and without menace between the Public and Separate schools." Every one is aware that there are no such coercive amendments in the Separate school law, as the Mail is constantly harping on. At present every Catholic parent is quite free to support Public or Separate schools as he sees fit; and the Mail's assertion that he is coerced is nothing more nor less than a brazen mis-statement of fact.
 But here we may well ask, as the Mail is so extremely anxious to give Catholic parents the liberty of selection, why does it not contend for the same liberty of selection for Protestant parents?
 We know of Catholic Separate schools which have been attended for years by the children of Protestants, by choice of the parents. Why does not the Mail agitate that Protestant parents who thus send their children to Catholic schools should be allowed to pay their taxes to the Separate School Board?
 The secret of all is that the Mail's desire is for that equality of creeds which will place the creed of Catholics undermost.
 The people of Ontario are not to be deluded by the false pretences of the Mail, and hence the obtruded platform of that journal has been rejected by them with scorn. But the Mail has many policies in store as a cat

has lives, and when one is killed it brings out another from its exhausted bag.
 The P. P. A. has been relegated to obscurity by the electors of the Province, and it is useless any longer to propose a policy for that society to carry out, so since the election the Mail has constituted itself the policy maker of the Patrons of Industry. It says: "The Patrons hold the key"; and it advises them to "stand out and fight earnestly in the House from the very first day for every point they have advocated in the country," so that they may not be weakened and "ultimately destroyed."
 It is not certain that the Patrons will consider it wise to adopt the policy recommended by a journal which has been so unfortunate in the policies it framed and advocated in the past. But the Mail, all the same, has a motive in view in giving the advice, and it has not the discretion to conceal its motive. It tells the Patrons that by following its advice "Sir Oliver must give up an immense amount of valuable patronage, or else he must be prepared for defeat"; and that "defeat would not necessarily pass the Government over to the Conservatives, who are not strong enough to rule even with the Patrons thrown in. It would rather mean a new election with the offices figuring as the issue of the hour."
 The truth is, therefore, that the Mail has a dissolution of the Legislature already in view, before there is even thought of calling that body together for purposes of legislation! No doubt the hope entertained is that a new election might result even now in a partial success for P. P. A.; but there is little likelihood that either the Patrons or Mr. Mowat will act upon the Mail's suggestion. In all probability there will be no new election for several years to come.

THE MAIL'S "MISTAKES."
 The editor of the Toronto Mail exhibits great soreness of spirit when he finds any of his contemporaries using strong language. He has taken the Brantford Expositor sharply to task for using such expressions as "falsehood" and "liar," when making reference to the Mail. In newspaper work an editor may often be mistaken; and when a contemporary finds such to be the case, it is commendable to use language customary amongst gentlemen. The editor of the Mail would not for the world use such a term as "liar" in his editorial work; and the dear, good man, with thoughts lifted heavenward, says that Christian charity prevents him replying to the Expositor in the language which that paper employed towards the Mail.
 It happens, however, that in the Mail's explanation, which appeared in its issue of June 30, the editor has given the Expositor another opportunity for making use of forcible language. To cover up what we will for politeness sake call a mistake, the Mail has fallen into another one; and here is the proof: The Mail says that certain further demands in regard to Separate schools have been made by the Roman Catholics, and the Expositor contends that no such demand has ever been made by any one having authority to speak for the Roman Catholic Church. To prove its contention the Mail triumphantly replies: "Now look at the following from the Kingston Freeman, Archbishop Cleary's organ." (Here follow a quotation from the paper named.)
 As proof positive that the Mail is utterly unreliable when dealing with Catholic affairs, we quote the following extract from a letter written by Archbishop Cleary, dated Dec. 22, 1889, and addressed to Mr. W. R. Meredith. It will be remembered that the latter also held the distinguished Archbishop of Kingston responsible for the utterances of the Freeman. The correspondence between the Archbishop and Mr. Meredith appeared in the daily press at the time; and the editor of the Mail, who, judging by the copious supply of old time happenings which he continually gives us, must have a good memory, can hardly be held excused from falling into the error which Mr. Meredith committed. The Archbishop wrote:
 "Know, therefore, that the Kingston newspaper referred to by you (the Freeman) has no more warrant than any other paper to express my sentiments. It was established independently of me, and is conducted without control on my part, as its editorial pages rather frequently proclaim. I have no pecuniary interest in it; I don't know who its editor is; I have not seen a half dozen copies of it within the last six months."

AN INTERVIEW.

We have much pleasure in reproducing this week the full text of an interview between His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston and a reporter of the Montreal Star. A representative of the same paper had previously asked the opinion of Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, touching the Ontario elections, and the defeat of Hon. Mr. Harty, of Kingston. The Principal, in a moment of weakness, we will charitably say, endeavored to transfer the responsibility of the defeat of the Minister of Public Works from his own shoulders to those of the distinguished prelate of Kingston. The Archbishop would not have it that way, however, and although the Principal is great at the pen, and well versed in the expediency of the professional politician, he has met a foe whose lucid arguments have completely demolished the untenable structure he has erected to justify his charges. Perhaps the strongest point in favor of the position of the Archbishop is to be found in the fact that, while Principal Grant is known to be a constant meddler in purely political contests, in fact assuming the role of a regular party man. The Archbishop, on the contrary, holds himself far above and outside the political arena, his life-work the faithful performance of his high and holy calling as guardian of the flock over whom he has been placed by the Vicar of Christ. When danger to the faith and well-being of his charge is threatened—when the politician steps out of his legitimate sphere and threatens to do aught that would dim the lustre of faith in the hearts of his flock—it matters not whether that politician emerges from the Grit or Tory or any other wig-wam—a valiant Prince of the Church will have to be encountered in the person of the distinguished Archbishop Cleary. We ask our readers to make a careful study of the interview, for therein wholesome truths are given in the clearest terms. It is time this no Popery nonsense was dropped in election campaigns and Catholics left free to exercise their franchise on purely political questions. That they are found almost a unit in opposition to the Meredith party is not their fault, but the fault of hungry politicians actuated by motives most unworthy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A PERSON calling himself Rev. Amand Parent has been sojourning in London for some time. He comes from the Province of Quebec, and is said to be a missionary amongst the French-Canadians. In the Free Press report of a sermon delivered by him in the Askin street Methodist Church it is stated that "he charged the Church of Rome with having killed his wife and poisoned himself." He also said that "for years after he came to live with a Protestant family he was afraid to look into a bible lest the priest should discover it." It is really deplorable that our Protestant friends should tolerate such nonsense as this. These clerical tramps play on their credulity for the purpose of making a few dollars. We will merely say that priests frequently purchase bibles in our book-store for their own use and for the use of their people, and that our sale of bibles is larger than that of any other book. It is also a fact that very few Catholic houses are to be found that do not contain a copy of the sacred Scriptures. As to the "killing and poisoning" clause of the lecture, we will in charity suppose that the old gentleman is subject to fits of hallucination.
 THE Anti-Lords Conference of the Liberal Convention which was recently held in Leeds reported resolutions to the effect that the power of the Lords to mutilate and reject measures passed by the House of Commons, and to defeat reforms is inconsistent with the right of the people to self-government, and ought to cease. The Government was called upon to prepare and introduce into parliament a measure by which the Lords' veto would no longer suffice to reject bills; but that when they should be so rejected a second passing of the bill by the Commons, with the royal assent, should suffice to make it become law.
 THE Anglicans are again soliciting information from Rome concerning the validity of their orders, and requesting the Pope to appoint a commission of Cardinals to examine the Branch theory. This appears to us to be a needless waste of time and labor. Anglicanism, divided and sub-divided, receives scant recognition from thinking men. It was engendered by

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the state: it has lived by the state, and no earthly power is able to control the conscience. Hence it is dead, as far as all life-giving influence is concerned.

The distinguished Father Nugent, of Liverpool, England, intends revisiting America this summer. The saintly and learned priest has done much for the cause of temperance and the educating of the people of England.

According to the London Daily News Mr. Jno. Morley, the chief Secretary for Ireland, has announced to the Irish Nationalists his intention to introduce into Parliament, before prorogation, a bill for the relief of evicted tenants.

A new falsehood which was published by a writer in the Cornhill Magazine of London, England, against the Pope and the Roman Congregation of the Index, has been promptly refuted.

There are about twenty five thousand Sisters of Charity in the United States. Some are engaged in ministering to the sick and poor and others are devoting their time and talents in the moral and intellectual training of children.

The A. P. A. of the United States is not content with proscribing Catholics, but it also proscribes Protestants who are unwilling to become its associates in evil deeds.

Monsignor Satolli is very much interested in the progress of the Summer School of America. Speaking to Father McMahon he said: "From the experience I have gathered in America, I do believe that it is the country of all others, in which Catholic truth may have the largest field of action."

The Toronto Mail cannot resist the temptation afforded by the result of the elections to poke fun at the P. P. A. for its weakness. This is cruel, after having assisted and excited that association to exhibit itself as a horde of Bombastes Furiosos.

It has been discovered that the assassination of President Carnot was the result of an Anarchist plot. Mario Santo, the villain who perpetrated the crime, was selected by lot

at an anarchist meeting to do the deed, and he succeeded too well in accomplishing it. Santo has declared that he would have accomplished also the murder of the Pope and King Humberto, only he was afraid that a sentence which is hanging over him condemning him to work in the Sicilian quarries would have interfered with his plans if he had shown himself in Italy.

The Canada Presbyterian of the 27th ult. has the following good hit at the P. P. A.ists who endeavored to prevent the Hon. S. H. Blake from speaking in Massey Hall a few days before the provincial elections: "It is highly probable that the Hon. S. H. Blake does more work for Protestantism than all the members of the P. P. A.; that he pays more money to advance the interests of Protestantism than is paid by all the members of the P. P. A.; that he gives more assistance to the Young Men's Christian Association, to Sabbath schools and Bible classes than is given by all the members of the P. P. A.; that he pays at least twice as much money in a year for the aid of the poor and needy than is paid by all the members of the P. P. A. And yet this same Mr. Blake is the Protestant that the secretly organized bands of the P. P. A. tried to throttle in the Massey Hall last week!"

Lord Rosebery does not share in the fears which some people entertain of the stability of his Government. He declared in a speech at Windsor a few days ago that he is perfectly confident in the future, that he has no gloomy forebodings, and that he is even more sanguine than perhaps he ought to be.

Regarding the proposed union between the Baptists and the Disciples, or Campbellites of the United States, the Christian Inquirer, the principal organ of the Baptists, has this to say in a recent issue: "There can be no organic union unless the Campbellites abandon the old, mischievous and unscriptural position of Alexander Campbell. We should be glad to have the Disciples converted to our views, but we do not want them until they are. We have heresies enough without shouldering a part of theirs."

The Catholic school exhibit at New York is an object lesson to many who delude themselves with the vain notion that Catholic colleges are, in point of an advanced and substantial education, inferior to other educational institutions. Catholic parents also who send their children to godless schools, because forsooth they must acquire "a certain style and finish," might learn the lesson that our colleges are as well equipped and conducted as those of Protestant proclivities.

Mr. Isoulsky, Russian Minister to the Vatican, made an official announcement to the Vatican that the Czar accorded to Russian Bishops entire freedom of relations with Rome.

Rumor has it that Archbishop Ireland is going to receive the Cardinal's hat. The energetic prelate says "it is all nonsense." He regards it as a matter of little consequence, but his friends should wish to see him fittingly rewarded for his unweary labor and magnificent ability.

to guile and duplicity; a denouncer of error and vice, in high and low places; and yet ever manly enough to respect an honest opponent, he should wear worthily the insignia of a prince of the Church.

HYPNOTISM is regularly practiced in Paris as a means of curing nervous affections. The headquarters of the hypnotic treatment of these diseases is in the Quartier Latin, under the charge of Dr. Berillon. His principal assistant is a Greek, G. Mavroukakis by name, and these two are said to be the most powerful hypnotists in the world.

On the festival of Corpus Christi the edifying sight was witnessed in Vienna of the Emperor of Austria and the Archdukes and Cabinet Ministers of the Empire, taking part in the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Each of these dignitaries was bareheaded, and carried a lighted taper. All the Court officials, numbering many hundreds, followed, bearing tapers also.

The Mail, following the beaten track of misrepresentation, would teach us that during the first thirty years of Elizabeth's reign Catholics were but little molested on account of their religion. That this is directly at variance with the truth can be shown by reference to some of the English historians themselves—not Ultramontane Tories either—but Protestant ones.

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POPE LEO XIII. is called by even infidel journals the champion of liberty. Yes, he is the champion of liberty that is begotten of the gospel, not of the fictitious liberty that springs from brains muddled by the off-scourings of the senseless ravings and blasphemous infidelity.

CAMPAIGN - COLORED HISTORY.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir—Under the above heading the Toronto Mail of the 23rd June devoted nearly two columns of its editorial space in attacking a letter published in the Globe two days previously over the pen-name "Presbyterian Layman." This writer gave a synopsis of the various persecuting and sanguinary enactments that made English rule a bye-word among the nations and disgraced the English statute-books from the accession of "Old Betsy" to the year of the Catholic Emancipation Act, 1829.

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Of the number of Catholic martyrs in the reign of this blood-thirsty tyrant, Hallam's testimony is express. He says: "The Catholic martyrs under Elizabeth amounted to no inconsiderable number. Dodd reckons them at 191; Milner has raised the list to 204. Fifteen of them, according to him, suffered for denying the Queen's supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, and the rest for being reconciled to the Romish Church. Many others died of hardships in prison, and many were deprived of their property."

clandestine exercise of the Romish worship was severely punished." After detailing an instance of the barbarity of those laws, he proceeds: "But this is only one of many instances, the events of every day, forgotten on the morrow, and of which no general historian takes account. Nothing but the minute and patient diligence of such a compiler as Strype, who thinks no fact below his regard, could have preserved this from oblivion." Speaking of the Parliament of 1581, the same author says, on p. 91: "These grievous penalties on recusancy were doubtless founded on the extreme difficulty of proving an actual celebration of their own rites. But they established a persecution which fell not at all short in principle of that for which the Inquisition had become so odious. Nor let the Mail note this: were the statutes merely designed for terror's sake, to keep a check over the disaffected, as some would pretend; they were executed in the most sweeping and indiscriminating manner, and, unless, perhaps, a few families of high rank might enjoy a connivance."

Dr. Littledale, in his "Lecture on Innovations," from which I quoted already, places the number who died at Elizabeth's own hands, for remaining true to the faith of their fathers, at three hundred and seventeen. Further on he states that "Elizabeth's list, so far from being exhaustive, contained only those against whom no charge was brought save that of their religion. I omitted from it purposely all those who, though dying for their creed, were falsely declared by Cecil and Walsingham to have been convicted for treason. If all such were added the list would be swollen to thousands; if the victims massacred in the North and in Ireland for the same cause are further attached to the damaging catalogue, Elizabeth's religious murders will not fall short of fifty thousand men, women and children." But enough of these too well attested atrocities. The editor of the Mail, if he feels so disposed, can find more information on the subject in Hallam's Const. Hist., p. 101; Miss Strickland's Queens of England, vi., 346; Macaulay's Review of Nare's Memoirs of Lord Burghley; and Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, II, 202. All the authorities I quoted on this subject, are, with one exception, Challoner, Protestants, and they ought to have more weight than the doubtful statements of an unknown French ambassador quoted by the Mail. It becomes such a perverter of historical truth to say "There is, however, good reason to believe—the same as in Continental Europe—that history is systematically falsified in Ultramontane colleges. There is abundant reason to believe that we need go no farther than the editorial sanctum of the Mail to find that history is "systematically falsified," and not only history, but almost everything bearing on Catholic affairs is, if not actually falsified, thrown into a false light and twisted out of its right connection. There are several other historical matters in the Mail's article that demand some attention, but for the present I'll conclude with what I've written already. Yours, etc., 6th July, 1894. JUNIUS.

Rev. Mr. Coit's Opinion.

"The danger of our land to-day is not from the Roman Catholic Church, but rather from those who have lapsed from this and from other churches. Let the Protestant Church, with united front, oppose not the Romish Church, but rather the wickedness and worldliness of the millions who are outside all churches, that we may become a Christian people in truth as well as in name."

A SAD OCCURRENCE AT FORMOSA.

The people of the village of Formosa were early astir on the 2nd to celebrate Dominick Day. It had been arranged that the opening act in the day's programme should be a salute from the cannon, which for more than twenty years has been in possession of the village. This matter was left to Mr. Joseph Anstett, one of the most respectable and best known men in the village; and he, on the 2nd, proceeded to execute his duties. The cannon lay on the ground in the open air, and it was his thing to be done was to draw it to a favorable position on the top of the hill. This was done, and by 10 o'clock the gun was ready for loading. Anstett had provided himself with seven pounds of powder, and intended to fire three shots, one with the gun pointing to Walkerton, another pointing to Midway, and the third pointing to Teeswater. Thus it can be seen we have stated, had been in the village for over twenty years, it was nearly that time since it had before been used, and fearing that it might have become rusty, Mr. Anstett, a day or two previously had taken the precaution of cleaning it out. There were present along with Mr. Anstett, Mr. Anthony Messer, and two boys, John Fahner and John Bergmann. Mr. Anstett first charged the gun, and then proceeded to heat a wire with which to ignite the powder. While the wire was heating Mr. Anstett remarked to the boys that he was afraid the gun had not been properly charged. He then proceeded to push the wire into the hole, and as he stepped back quickly two or three paces. A tremendous explosion followed, the cannon bursting into fragments. A piece weighing upwards of twenty five pounds struck Mr. Anstett under the chin, breaking his jaw and severely mauling his throat. The poor fellow never spoke again, nor gave any sign of life. Death was instantaneous. The boys by a miracle escaped unhurt. Fragments of the metal went flying in all directions, and one piece came nearly striking Mr. Messer, who, at the time of the explosion, was several rods away.

A Sad Accident.

On Friday, June 29, a very promising boy, son of Mr. Hugh McLaren, was accidentally drowned in the river Thames while bathing. At the last meeting of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society Conference of the Sacred Heart of this city, the following resolution of condolence was passed: Moved by Rev. Father McGorack, seconded by President James Ward, That the Conference of the Sacred Heart, St. Vincent de Paul Society extend to Bro. Hugh McLaren their heartfelt sympathy in the loss he has sustained by the death by drowning of his son. JOSEPH PEVLER, Sec.

HEROINES OF CHARITY.

The Account of a Noble and Spiritualizing Work in Paris.

In a long article on the private charities of Paris, written by Maxime Du Camp and published in the Revue des Deux Mondes some years ago, the following passage occurs, and in its grasp of the spirit which animates such charity will serve as a fitting introduction for the account of the work carried on by the Ladies of Calvary in Paris, which is taken from a recent number of Donahoe's Magazine:

"There are women of the world, young and beautiful, fitted for a life of enjoyment, accustomed to every luxury and solicited by every allurement of pleasure, who visit the poor, console the suffering and care for motherless children without allowing the world to suspect it. They are, in a measure, fortified by the very mystery which veils their names. Amidst the temptations which assail them they traverse life without swerving, sustained by the interior energy which makes them at once charitable and discreet. In my youth it has happened more than once that I have surprised them making this way of sorrows where each one of their stations is marked by a benefaction. Concealing myself I have followed them at a distance, I have penetrated after them into the dark huts which they entered as a ray of sunshine and where I still found some lingering reflection of the radiance that surrounded them.

"Often, in the evening, I have met the almoners of the morning in a salon or beneath the luster of a chandelier, gay, brilliant, pleasing and pleased, but still preserving in glance and smile something of that serenity which is the perfume of a soul at peace with itself."

Of such characters is the semi-association known as the Ladies of Calvary, founded by Madame Garnier, formed. Donahoe says of it:

"There is nothing in it, indeed, to invite attention. No vows of any kind bind together the Associates, no distinctive costume attracts the eye. Even the few ladies who reside permanently and are ever within call of the poor patients, dress as they please and furnish their rooms after their own taste. The others, who live at home, conform to all the requirements of their social condition. Only once or twice each week their absence may be noticed from early morning. On such days, sacred to suffering humanity, they are to be found in close contact with the most repulsive forms of disease. The hospital, of which they are the main support, and where they delight in forgetting all worldly distinctions, to become the humble servants of the poor, is called the "cancer hospital," because, although welcoming all those whose disgusting ailments make them unwelcome everywhere else, the great majority of its inmates are victims to the disease the very name of which they dread to utter. Cancer, indeed, is, in all its multitudinous forms a terrible disease. Slowly it preys, like a thing of life, upon whatever organ it seizes, steadily disintegrating its every part, and generating odors which the most assiduous care can only imperfectly dispel, and which, if at all neglected, become almost as unendurable to the patient as the cruel evil from which they emanate. How offensive it is to those who, accustomed only to sweet perfumes, are suddenly affronted by its purest air suddenly affronted it may be easily imagined. But the chief horror is in the sight of the patients, so misshapen, sometimes, by certain kinds of disease, that the human form is scarce recognizable in them. The most ghastly cases of all are those of cancer, settling, as it often does, on the face of the victim and slowly eating away the nose, the ears, the lips, the cheeks, as if a wild beast had devoured them. These are sights which try the courage of the bravest, and some there are who, invincibly repelled at first, go back again and again, in the hope of surmounting their repugnance, but to no purpose. They have at length to relinquish the task and content themselves with easier, though not less substantial, services."

"The duties, as may be imagined, are of the most diverse kinds, and it is soon discovered that each one of the devoted ladies is best fitted for. While some feed the poor patients' sores, others feed them or move them about, like little children; or they sit beside them and brighten up their sad existence by pleasant talk. The close contact of so much kindness and refinement blended together soothes the sufferers and fills them unconsciously with patience and resignation."

"Such is the noble work which the Ladies of Calvary, as they are called, have been accomplishing for many years. What the world continues to turn away from with loathing, they continue to seek out and tend with motherly care. Like the evening sun, burst at the close of a stormy day, they cause a gleam of brightness to gild the last hours of many a life which had known little but suffering and sorrow. Their relations with their charges are of the most touching kind; just such as they might have with their children or their friends; the same condescension to their wishes, which, as might be expected, are not always of the most reasonable kind."

"When first these poor people find themselves waited upon by persons of position and wealth, they can hardly credit their senses. But gradually they become accustomed to it, and occasionally grow exacting, and strange fancies have often to be indulged. It is one of their weaknesses to wish to be tended by titled ladies. A certain duchess, one of the most active asso-

ciates, is always in great demand. Although her nursing is none of the tenderest, the poor sufferers long to see her approach, and forget their sad condition in the thought of being waited upon by one who holds away in the highest social circles.

"In this way the work proceeds, the good so lovingly done to others coming back a hundred fold to these devoted women themselves. Their action, inspired by faith and charity, makes ever deeper and more abundant in their souls the sacred sources from which it flows. That unceasing contact with the sufferings of others trains them unconsciously to make light of their own. Their sympathies, constantly re-awakened, keep them from settling down in selfish enjoyment, and though living in the midst of worldliness they cannot become worldly."

"Above all, their work of mercy, scarce known outside themselves, is an unmistakable pledge of their love for God. What other motive could send them forth thus, day after day, from their pleasant and often luxurious homes, to seek out and see with their eyes and touch with their hands what others turn away from with insuperable disgust? But hidden under the disguised and repulsive traits of each sufferer, their faith reveals to them a child of God, and that is enough."

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN JAPAN

No one can read the article on Roman Catholic missions in Japan by Rev. George William Knox, in the Independent, without being struck by the unconquerable firmness of the native Christians and the zeal of the Catholic missionaries.

At his advent to the throne the present Emperor began a persecution against four thousand native Christians of Nagasaki, who, the writer tells us, were representatives of the Roman Catholics who had received their faith from their fathers and had kept it inviolate. These native Catholics were distributed like criminals throughout the empire. This persecution lasted for six years. The writer gives some incidents of it:

"Men and women were bound and passed from hand to hand across the gangplank of the boat which waited to carry them away, handed and counted and shipped like bales of merchandise. One woman, thrown amidst, fell into the water, and her hand waved farewell in the sign of the cross as she sank never to rise again. An attempt was made by the officials to force another woman—a mother with her infant at her breast—to renounce her faith; it failed. At last they took her infant, placed it beyond her reach, and there let it wail its hungry cry two days and nights, with promises all the time of full forgiveness to the mother and the restitution of her babe if only she would recant. Recant she would not, and at last her torturers gave in, their cruelty exhausted. Fit representatives, these two, of the heroic remnant who defied the worst a ruthless Eastern tyranny could do, and in patience waited, teaching their children the same faith, until at last after so many generations a new era brought peace and safety.

The history of the Roman Catholic Church in Japan," continues the writer, "is one of the miracles of missions, a story of great success, of tragic failure and of resurrection from the dead. Xavier landed in Japan in 1549, was welcomed, successful and laid the foundations in his brief three years. With him and after him came other Portuguese Jesuits, men of learning, breeding, devotion, adroit and fitted to victory. At the end of the century there were more than half a million Christians in the west and south.

"In 1614 the Christians numbered a million or more, and the persecution once more began, sixty priests being banished and nine churches destroyed. Thenceforth persecution followed persecution for sixty years. More than two hundred priests were killed. They dared all things, refused to go home, were concealed by their converts only to be found out by spies tempted by the large rewards. The native Christians were annihilated, friend was hired to betray friend, and at a larger price child was bought to inform on parent and parent on child. Every barbarity was employed to compel the Christians to recant, with forgiveness and reward for acceptance of the Buddhist faith. The persecution stopped only when all Christians had been destroyed, as was supposed, and for two hundred and fifty years the anti-Christian decrees remained.

"Since 1873 the Roman Catholic missionaries have carried on their work throughout Japan, chiefly by schools and hospitals and in private, without attracting much attention. Their converts are from the humblest walks in life, and the Church is composed for the part of the communities near Nagasaki, the descendants of the converts made three hundred years ago. There are one Archbishop, four Bishops, many foreign priests and nuns and 46,682 adherents."—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

The world of sense, since the fall, has lost the glory of that light which dwelt upon its countenance as it was first created. In poetry a portion of that light is restored, for poetry is an ideal art which invests objects with a grandeur, a freedom, and a purity not their own.

I feel more compassion for those who fight against God than any desire to call down greater vengeance on their heads. They are already miserable enough in the mere fact that they do so fight.—St. Francis Xavier,

DEBTS THAT CANNOT BE PAID.

There are some debts that can never be paid.

What shall this boy do to square the accounts with his mother?—the mother who, when she brought him life, went down to the very gate of death herself, not knowing whether she would return or not; the mother who, through all his babyhood, gave up herself to him that she might pour her life into his; the mother who bore with his errors and his imperfections; the mother who loved him back from his wanderings and redeemed him from his sins; the mother who took upon herself the burden of transgressions of which he himself was unconscious, that she might bear them away and he be saved from them? What service shall he render to her? What words of gratitude pour out? What love bestow? Ah, if this boy be a man, he knows that is a debt that can never be paid! Eternity of love will not pay it, for love never pays love's debts; such debts go on eternally, and love goes on eternally, and we pay and love, and love and pay, and still the process lasts.

What shall this husband pay to recompense the wife?—who left her home, her friends, her very name, and took his name up for her own, became his companion, bearing his cares more than he bore them, loving him not only for richer or poorer—that is easy—but for better or worse—that is hard. How shall this husband pay the wife that has been his counselor and his adviser and has filled him with her love and her wisdom? Oh, what can he do but say, this is a debt I cannot pay. I can owe her love eternally; and when I have loved her as long as eternity shall last, still there will be love due to her.

How will you pay the physician that came into your house when your little child lay in the cradle, and you thought every moment the cradle would become a coffin, and who watched and tended and brought to you his wisdom and his care and his love and his skill and his courage? Can you ever be otherwise than debtor to the man who has called back from death your child or your wife and given her back to you?—The Outlook.

Enemies of Truth.

The Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., who has already distinguished himself for his outspoken condemnation of bigotry, has written a letter to the Sacred Heart Review, in which he formulates an indictment against Protestant editors, which the most violent of Catholic journals would hesitate to advance. Speaking of the numberless calumnies uttered against the Church, Dr. Starbuck says: "Some organs of ecclesiastical Protestantism refuse to correct such calumnies from a wicked delight in them; some from cowardice before those that have a wicked delight in them; some from a contemptuous indifference to the whole matter. Boston is the focus of religious malignity, and Toledo or Denver or Cincinnati of irreligious malignity against the Roman Catholic Church,—the two playing into each other's hands."

One of the first truths that a thoroughly educated man learns is that no word which is not spoken in the deepest sincerity can ever hope to live, and that truth is destined eventually to prevail over misrepresentation. But men who deliberately bear false witness against their neighbors can not consistently be expected to recognize even this elementary truth.—Ave Maria.

Jesuits in London Eng.

The Jesuits have already three centres of activity in London, and they are, says a London correspondent, about to institute a fourth. Their training college for young Jesuits is a large and spacious building, between London and Richmond Park, but it would be a mistake to regard it as in any sense a mere educational institution. It is the headquarters of the order in that country, and from it radiates all those influences and agencies which makes for the extension of Catholicism in England. In this place their novices are trained to the work of the order, and from it issues a copious stream of literature, which is put in type and printed at the institution. Their second centre of activity is close by Berkeley square. There they have the principal church of the order in the metropolis, and it is almost needless to say that it is in a rich and fashionable district and is attended by rich and fashionable people. Very different is their third great centre, which is planted in one of the overcrowded slums of Westminster, where they toil and labor for the benefit of the poor. The fourth centre which is to be opened by and by, is in a middle-class district near Tottenham. Here they will erect a church and also a college and a day school for the use of Catholics belonging to the middle classes. The site has been purchased, but the buildings have not yet been begun.

Their Name Is Legion.

Reader, there are many blood purifying medicines. There is but one Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow high-sounding advertisements or other devices to turn you from your purpose to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because in this purpose you are right and will not be disappointed in the result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised, effects honest cures, and gives every patron a fair equivalent for his money. What more can you reasonably ask? A fair trial guarantees a complete cure. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores or Ulcers. Skin Diseases, Boils, Itches and all Blood Humors cannot resist its healing powers. Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco is noted for Quality, 5, 10 and 20 cent Plug. Minard's Lintment Cures Colds, etc.

HOW A SLAVE TOOK REVENGE.

A poor negro who had been carried away from his native Africa was sold as a slave in the West Indies. There he became a Christian, and by his good conduct won the favor of his master, who trusted him in the most important matters.

One day the master wanted to buy twenty other slaves, and he took the faithful Tom with him to market where the unfortunates were exposed for sale telling him to pick out those who, in his opinion, would prove to be the best workers. He was surprised when Tom chose among the other slaves a delicate looking old man. The master refused to purchase him; and the aged negro would not have been accepted had not the slave-trader offered him at a low price, on condition that the purchaser would buy several others. After some hesitation the offer was accepted, and the sale concluded.

On returning to his master's plantation Tom was uncaring in his attention, to the old man. He brought him to his own cabin, made him sit at the table with himself, led him out to sit in the sun when it was cold, and placed him under the cocoa trees when it was too hot; in a word, he did all that a grateful son might be expected to do for the best of fathers.

The master was surprised at the extraordinary care which Tom took of one over whom he had authority, and he was curious to know the motive of it. "Is this old man your father?" he asked. "No, sir, he is not my father." "Is he an older brother?" "No, sir." "Perhaps he is your uncle or some other relative? It does not seem possible that you should take such great care of one who is a stranger to you." "No, master, he is neither a relative nor a friend of mine." "Tell me, then, why you are so kind to him." "He is my enemy," answered the slave. "He sold me to the white men on the coast of Africa. But I can not hate him, because the missionary Father told me to love my enemy; and that if he were hungry I should give him to eat, and if thirsty I should give him to drink."—Ave Maria.

Womanhood and Marriage.

The New York Sun is unquestionably the ablest and the most religious of American newspapers. Happily, it is also by far the most influential. It is rarely that we differ with the Sun on religious questions, its instincts are so true, and so exact is its knowledge of Christian teaching. As we quote from our luminous contemporary frequently and approvingly, we feel under some obligations to combat two opinions expressed in a recent article on clerical opposition to Woman's Suffrage. It is stated that "the Christian teachers of the fourth and fifth centuries, more especially, treated womanhood with actual contempt." The very opposite of this assertion is the truth. Womanhood was exalted for all time in the Virgin Mother of Christ; and His earliest followers held all women in honor on her account, and because of the exceptional dignity God had conferred upon her sex. St. Ambrose's famous eulogy on St. Agnes, St. Augustine's references to St. Monica in his Confessions, the sermons of St. John Chrysostom, and St. Jerome's letters to St. Paula and her daughter Eustochium, afford proof that womanhood was held in the highest esteem by the most eminent Christian teachers of the first five centuries.

The same article states that St. Paul exalted celibacy and "merely tolerated marriage." It is true that the Apostle of the Gentiles exalted celibacy, and it is surprising, by the way, that so many who claim to respect his teaching should deny it and scoff at those who practise it. But St. Paul did not merely tolerate marriage; in his view it was something so high and so holy that he likened it to the union of Christ with His Church. He calls it "a great Sacrament." The Sun, we know, has great respect for the Bible, and few papers make better use of the Holy Book. Might we refer our wise contemporary to the Epistle to the Ephesians, v., 22-33?—Ave Maria.

The Man Out of Work.

To those overtaken by adversity my advice is, be temperate; keep in good spirits, and do not, under any circumstances, despair. Be sure to go to bed early, as a person overtaken by misfortune requires more rest than at any other time. Be sure to eat solid food and plenty of it, as it is necessary to keep up strength. Look forward, and never look backward, and remember the world was created for all human beings alike, and that it is capable of providing you a good living, which will surely be obtainable by working in the right direction. The biggest fortunes have grown from small beginnings, as does the oak grow from a small acorn. Industry, perseverance and pluck will cause a man, however great the misfortune which may have overtaken him, to rise, phoenix like, from the ashes, and snatch victory out of defeat.—Henry Clews.

WHAT DO YOU TAKE MEDICINE FOR?

Because you want to get well, or keep well, or cure. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health, in fact he is quite a new man. Derby Plug The Coolest And Most Enjoyable Smoke Ever Produced. To Destroy Worms and expel them from children or adults use Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

Devotion to Mary.

No more convincing proof of the Catholicity of the Church can be demanded than the universal chorus of praise and honor to the Blessed Virgin which went up from every known corner of the world during the month of May. Thus the Right Rev. Bishop of Lahore, the northern most diocese of India, says in a recent letter to his people:

"To us children of the One, True, Catholic Church, in an un-Catholic and infidel country, devotion to Mary assumes a very peculiar importance. We are surrounded on all sides by monuments of paganism and falsehood. The air is impregnated with their poison. The daily intercourse of life becomes almost a contagion of evil. Scandals to our holy religion are daily met with. The literature at present found in libraries, clubs and barracks is perpetually imbuing us with un-Christian principles, calculated to smother true religion altogether. The habitual perusal of Protestant newspapers is, as nearly as possible, incompatible with the existence of the spirit of piety, or with the preservation of intelligent Catholic sympathies. The softest and weakest parts of our nature are perpetually alluring us to an easy and indulgent view of that deadliest of all sins, the sin of heresy; and we are exposed to suffer shipwreck of holy faith by those soft, weak, timid, liberalizing principles which endeavor to explain away all the points of Catholic faith offensive to non Catholics, and to make it appear there is no question of life and death, of heaven and hell, involved in the differences between us and our dear separated brethren."

How little the external condition of the Church varies even in the most distant corners of the world is evident from these stirring words. They apply with equal force to every land under the sun, and have a special significance for our own country.

The Confessional Did It.

We see in the news received by mail from Ireland the death of a man named Bartholomew Hernon, who had been Relieving Officer in the Arran Isles. An incident connected with his life in which the beneficial influence of the Confessional on society was illustrated is recalled to us. About eleven years ago Hernon was under-ager for the islands and was disliked by many of the people. One night he was walking down the chief street of the village of Kilonan to the quay when a man fired several shots at him from a revolver. One of the bullets hit him on the right cheek bone. It flattened on the bone, but did not fracture it. Hernon swore that the man who fired at him was Byran Kilmartin and said that he saw him plainly in the moonlight. Kilmartin was arrested, brought to a remote country for trial and the case was tried before a prejudiced judge and a picked jury. As the law then stood the prisoner was not allowed to testify. His witnesses gave evidence that he was not at the scene of the shooting on the night in question. Their testimony was laughed at by the prosecution and by the judge, and Kilmartin was found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

He was a year in prison. A man, an Arranite, was dying in New England. He sent for the priest. He confessed that it was he who fired the shots at Hernon; told that Kilmartin knew nothing of the attack on him; added that he resembled Kilmartin in form and feature; said that he was aware Kilmartin was in prison for his act, and requested the priest to communicate what he had told him to the proper quarter in order to obtain the freedom of Kilmartin. The man died. The priest had communication made to the English Government. An Irish Catholic barrister—now a judge—R. P. Carton, was sent to Arran to investigate the case. Some time was occupied in the inquiry, but when Kilmartin had finished his eighteen months in prison he was restored to freedom.—Michigan Catholic.

TESTIMONIALS published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla

are as reliable and worthy of confidence as if from your most trusted neighbor. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c. Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco Has Attained An Enormous And Still Increasing Sale. Minard's Lintment Cures Distemper.



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"My wife had a very troublesome cough. She used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and procured immediate relief."—G. H. PODNICK, Humphreys, Ga.

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should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pastries, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crusts, Baked Pastry, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for "McLure's Cook's Friend."

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Ninth Sunday after Pentecost. LIVING FROM DAY TO DAY. If thou also hadst known, and that in this day...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Little Hands in Heaven. Two years have passed since our darlings died. What home to live in, I mean?

The Stone in the Road. In a far-off country, and a far-off time, in the domain of honest Duke Otho, near the little village of Himmelsmerl...

The Bishop and His Boy. For many months Right Rev. L. Scanlan of Salt Lake City went fifty miles each Sunday to say Mass for a handful of Catholics in Provo, Utah.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The Manly Boy. A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The Soldier's Revolver. "I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that no father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one."

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South Sea Islanders at Mass. The South Sea Islanders, exhibited at the Midwinter Fair in California, are all devout Catholics, although their conversion has cost many sacrifices from the French missionaries who have labored in this field for many years.

Why Eve Had no Hired Girl. A earnest old bachelor says the Louisville Post, who is a confirmed woman-hater, met more than his match the other day in a plucky little woman who, metaphorically speaking, wiped up the earth with him, much to the delight of his friends, who were greatly amused at his discomfiture.

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