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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 30.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

In Parliament this week Mr. Mc Carthy brought forward his famous amendment to the North West Act, giving to the Assembly the power of dealing with the schools. Messrs. McCarthy, Hughes, Craig, Denison, McNeill, Davir and Sproule spoke in favor of the amendment, but Mr. Hughes, the doughty wielder of sword and pen, proved conclusively that Separate Schools should be destroyed completely, while Mr. Davin wished it to be understood that he spoke for the rights of his constituents and not against Separate Schools. The main arguments offered (we do not count Mr. Hughes, who was merely offensive as is his nature, were that the Territories were old enough to look after education, and that the present system was costly. Mr. Laurier advised all citizens who do not like Separate Schools to accept them, as Hon. Geo. Brown did, for the sake of Confederation. Sir John Thompson tried to drive toleration into the narrow minds of the Dalton McCarthyites by proving that it is by toleration alone that we can hope to induce settlers of all creeds to go to the great North-West. He was unwilling to give the Territories any such powers until they became Provinces. When that time came the subject would be open for discussion. The motion was beaten by 114 to 21.

The Catholics in Germany were not so successful in the grand battle for religious education. The measure re-admitting the Jesuits the measure in maintenance of which Windthorst's last words were spoken was rejected by the Bundesrath, or Council of Federation. On the proposal of Bavaria the Redemptorists were allowed to return. It is only by slow degrees that the followers of Bismarck in his anti-Catholic crusade, go to Canossa. One step now remains—the admission of the Jesuits — and the solid Centre Party threaten to make it disagreeable for the Government if it does not push this just measure through the Bundesrath.

Our Catholic friends across the line have been occupied in laying the grim spectre of mystery and foulness, the A.P.A. They are succeeding well in doing so, and turning the curse into a blessing by inviting intelligent study of Catholicity on the part of every man who is stirred up to make enquiries by the accusations of these firebrands.

Two events of scarcely less importance, as marking the faith and earnestness of the Catholic people, are the Brooklyn Pilgrimage and the opening of the Catholic Summer School. The pilgrimage from Brooklyn to Lourdes was a Library of Parliament the Sisters

of the Precious Blood, who are so favorably known for their beautiful lives to many people in this city. The Summer School has started with the brightest prospects for a year surpassing the last. The most brilliant men of the Church in America are to lecture on their special subjects, and no person could combine pleasure with profit so easily as by spending his holidays in the School by the shores of the beautiful Lake Ohamplain.

The great strike in Chicago has virtually ended, though Messrs. Lebs and Sovereign persist in keeping it up by sheer force of wind. Mr. Debs is in jail awaiting trial for conspiracy, but he has the consolation of being nominated for President of the United States by a number of his friends. The men are going back to work in many places, and it is generally considered that the strike is closed. One result of the strike which we think beneficial may be the restoring of Mr. Terence V. Powderley to the position which he so ably filled Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.

The Wilson Bill, or what was the Wilson Bill, is still nothing but a Bill. Members from the Senate and House met in committee on it, but the House insisted on free raw material. President Cleveland sent a letter to Mr. Wilson encouraging him in opposition to the concessions to trusts. Then was seen the strange spectacle of Senator Hill, of New York, defending the opinions of his old rival for nomination, though he censured the lack of prudence shown by the President by sending the letter at this critical juncture. Whoever is losing by the delay in passing tariff legislation, Senator Hill is making a name for himself as orator and tactician. It is thought that the Senate will have to give way, or be beaten in joint ballot.

News from Ireland may be classed under two heads the Paris Fund and the Evicted Tenants' Bill. The factional members have at length agreed to unite with the Nationalists in securing the money from the Paris bankers, and it will be delivered to them in September. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that the Redmondites will get a good share of it. They are the kind who do not let go until they are gorged.

The Evicted Tenants' Bill will be read the first time this week, as the Government is determined to send it up this session to the Lords, who will reject it. This will be another nail in the coffin of that moribund body, but unfortunately it will mean six feet of earth to many of the poor peasants who have waited in poverty and hunger for the restoration of their homes. An Irishman may be thankful to get

even six feet of Irish earth nowadays. There are about 5,400 evicted tenants, and of these nearly 4,000 will come under the operation of the law, which provides for the restoration of a tenant, if his former holding is unoccupied, or occupied by a tenant willing to vacate on compensation given. Mr. Morley was pleased to state that there remains of the old Church fund about \$1,000,000, which will be devoted to the benefit of the people, from whose ancestors it was stolen.

Two distinguished Irishmen occupied the attention of the press during the week—one by his elevation to a position which he is sure to adorn, the other by his passing from this world, when he worked for the faith, to that world where the works of faith receive their reward. The first is of course Sir Charles Russell, now Lord Russell of Killowen, an Irishman in name, tongue, faith and patriotism. He is the first Catholic Lord Chief Justice of England since the days of Elizabeth, and it is certainly the irony of fate that one of the "lawless Irish is now the first Judge of the British Empire. At his reception in his University—Trinity College, Dublin—the orator referred to his denunciations of the forger, and his defence of injured innocence.

The other, W. J. O'Neill Daunt, was of an older day. Born a Protestant, and converted by O'Connell, he formed, with O'Gorman Mahon, MacNamara and others, the famous Old Guard who stood by the Liberator in every struggle for the faith and rights of the people. His voice and pen were at the service of Irish Catholics at every election, and several of his works on Ireland will not soon be forgotten.

Lord Salisbury has introduced in the House of Lords an Alien Bill, which has the double object of restricting immigration and co-operating with continental powers for the suppression of anarchical movements. Lord Rosebery opposes it as unnecessary, on the grounds that immigration is not increasing and the anarchists in England are closely watched by the police. However, since Lord Salisbury can carry through the House of Lords a measure to restrict or suppress anything on earth or in heaven, except the many privileges of that noble body, it is probable that the Bill will have to go to the House of Commons for Lord Rosebery to defeat it.

Whatever may be the real state of anarchical societies in London, Paris evidently appreciates the fact that in the hand-to-hand conflict which has arisen between the social order and its enemies, drastic measures are necessary. The Anarchist Bill, despite the

obstruction of the Socialists, is making rapid progress; and the clauses against Anarchistic speeches, meetings and journals are being passed by large majorities. The strong hand of the new President is evident in the determination of the Government to stand or fall by the bill, and the popular execration of the murder of the late President is stirring up the Deputies to cast their votes for the measure.

The Italian Government is considering a scheme to deal with Anarchists. It is to set apart an island in the Pacific, transport thither all fanatics who do not believe in government, and leave them there unattended to work out their principles to their logical conclusions. It certainly presents itself as the best manner of treating the question. Anyone who does not want to live under organized government should be quite satisfied to have a place prepared for him where he could find every man of his own principles. We think, however, that voluntary emigration to the Anarchists Retreat would not be very large. They are more inclined to pull down than to build up.

Two Anarchists are at present undergoing trial—Lega, for the attempted murder of Premier Crispi, and Santo, for the assassination of President Carnot. Lega openly avows his guilt, and declares he is sorry for having missed his aim. Santo refuses to talk of his crime until he appears before the Judge. One good effect of such crimes is to open the eyes of statesmen to the dangers of godless schools in a godless state. A correspondent of the New York Sun at Milan writes:

Pope Leo XIII., and the Catholic clergy of Italy and Franco, have seen for years past, and for years past they have protested, in season and out of season, against the perils involved in the practical expulsion from the field of public education of all the religious symbolism, which, in the homes of the people, still asserts and maintains the ideas of authority and of duty. The dagger of young Santo at Lyons has now suddenly brought home to the common sense of all thinking people the lessons which the eloquence and earnestness of the Pope and of his clergy have so long reiterated in vain.

There are still wars, and rumors of wars, upon the earth. The Italians have entered into the glorious work of slaughtering African tribes for the advancement of civilization. In this case we believe they were justified, as they attacked followers of the Mahdi who had just been "rounding up" slaves. The Italians took the town of Kassala, with its stores, defeating the Mahdists with heavy loss. Crispi is now trying to divert the tide of Italian emigration from America to Africa. He is not likely to have much success. The ordinary emigrant does not find the conditions of life so easy under the Italian flag that they will be easily persuaded to remain a subject of the Sardinian.

THE ROSE OF THE VISITATION.

Eliza Allen Starr in the Rosary.

In what lies the mysterious, we might almost say, mystical charm, which lingers around a certain valley-town in New England? Stay there one week and you will feel as if you could never leave it. No absent one year, ten, a longing for some effect of its sunshine, of its moonlight, of its atmosphere, will be ready to spring up in your heart. You will say to yourself a hundred times: "All this is a mere imagination. What could be more exquisite than these shadows falling around my door, this moonlight flooding the mock-orange bush before the window!" But no sooner do you come within the limits of the valley-town, no sooner does the train leave you on the platform of the small station overlooking the villages near and far, the winding river, the fertile meadows, the hills with their amethystine atmosphere melting into the summer sky, than you know that the charm is not a mere imagination, but a beautiful verity as real as it is ideal.

One of the memories which have clung to us, is that of the Sunday afternoon. There has been nothing in the whole day like other days; but the afternoon, the wearing of the day towards evening, has brought a tranquillity into the air which is like the exultation of a natural idea of peace. The vesper *Magnificat*, the *Ave Maria Stella*, have been sung, but before the day sets, we turn even from the quiet of the village to certain byways leading across narrow meadows, coming out across small bridges to the very edge of the broad river, where the natural fall has been strengthened, until the stream above it lies like a mirror, wherein we see reflected the rocky banks, the overhanging hemlock and pine, the feathery brake, even the slender hare-bell nodding from its cleft in the sandstone ledge—all with so mysterious a beauty that we wonder at the loveliness of the world. Every now and then we have paused to gather some blossom edging the wayside, or peeping from some hiding place on the bank at the end of the bridge over the clear brook. But while all these are recalled faintly, though pleasantly, there is one flower which blooms afresh in the memory whenever we recall these strolls of a Sunday afternoon, and this is, the wild rose; flushing, fragrant, so absolutely perfect in form, in tint, that all the glories of the garden pale before it: the Wilding Rose, to which one of our own poets has attuned his sweetest song:

"Symbol of love divine,
Five-petaled rose
Sparkling with dew wine,
On the uncultured sod
Thy beauty glows,
Fresh from the hand of God"

Blooming, as it does, in the last rays of June, onward through July, we have one of the most charming treasures of our Lady's Rose-garden for her Feast of the Visitation, a feast which gives us one of the themes for our five Joyful Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary, and also, one of the themes dear to those artists, devout towards the Incarnation.

But, before we speak of their conceptions, let us turn to Saint Luke and his gospel, to find in his narrative those immortal canticles which make the Visitation, as a mystery, one of the fountains of sacred song.

What blissful days have passed over that home in Nazareth since the angel, having given his message to Mary, "departed from her!" as we are told. St. Joseph has heard nothing, seen nothing, has been told nothing, but a joy exceeding all the joy he has known since taking the Daughter of Joachim and Anna to his home, has had possession of his soul. All at once Mary proposes to visit Elizabeth, her cousin; as if, suddenly had been recalled to her that other announcement made known to her by the angel: "And behold thy

cousin Elizabeth hath conceived a son in her old age, and this is the sixth month with her that was called barren." Nothing must keep her from the side of Elizabeth, with whom we can believe there must have been heretofore a lovely intercourse, while there was still another motive than her love and womanly sympathy for Elizabeth. The Eternal Wisdom who had chosen her for His seat, had revealed to her that He is to perform, even before His own birth or the birth of Elizabeth's offspring, a work of sanctification no less than the sanctification of His own Precursor. With what haste, then, did not Mary prepare for her visit to the hill country, the home of Zachary and Elizabeth! Beautiful haste, even to the eyes of Saint Joseph, although he may not have fully understood; beautiful, and altogether without tumult, because full of charity!

How joyful was the surprise of her aged kinswoman, when the salutation of Mary fell on her ear, and not of Elizabeth only, but of the unborn babe in her womb, leaping for joy! On Elizabeth, too, who had been one of the meek of the earth, came the gift of the Holy Ghost, so that she cried out:

"Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

See how this daughter of Aaron grasps the mystery of the Incarnation. "The Mother of my Lord;" as if the clothing in flesh of this second Person of the Holy Trinity were already revealed to her! Then added her prophecy to that of Gabriel: "Blessed art thou that hast believed, because the words spoken to thee by the Lord will be accomplished."

But what voice, clearer, sweeter, softer yet more triumphant than the song of any skylark, is this which responds to the salutation, the benediction, the prediction of the aged Elizabeth? No other than the voice of Mary in her own glorious canticle, the *Magnificat*: excluded from no office of the entire year, and which is to go down through the innumerable generations of men yet to be born, as it has come down to us, from the moment it was uttered, to the present.

In Overbeck's great picture, now in Frankfort, called "The Triumph of Religion in Art," we see the Blessed Virgin, in the height of the arch which encloses the design, enthroned on clouds, within a circle of cherub's heads. In her right hand she holds her pen, in her left the scroll on which she has inscribed her own canticle of triumph. Thus enthroning the Blessed Virgin herself as the patroness of that "poesy, which," in the words of Overbeck, "is the centre of all art as the mystery of the Incarnation is the centre of all religious ideas."

During the whole of this wonderful scene, no mention is made, in the narrative of Saint Luke, either of Zachary, the host, or of Saint Joseph, the guest. We cannot suppose them to have been outside, or in any way indifferent. Zachary, indeed, was dumb, as a rebuke to his slowness of belief in the prediction of the angel, and as to Saint Joseph, no word from the lips of this humble virgin spouse of Mary the Virgin, has come down to us. While in this scene we might say that the destiny of the world, of its souls born and unborn, has been entrusted to two holy women, a matron and a virgin. All that has ever been claimed for woman in our century, pales before this exalted colloquy—taking the form of song, as if in no other way could they express their rapture—between the Mother of the Incarnate Word and the mother of His sanctified precursor.

But all the fountains of song which were to gush forth during this visitation of Mary to Elizabeth, have not yet been opened. No sooner was the Precursor, now born into the world,

brought to his father Zachary to receive his name, than, having called for a tablet, on which he wrote: "John is his name," this true son of Aaron, of the course of Abia, not only recovered the gift of speech, but broke forth into that canticle, which like the *Magnificat*, comes into the Sacred Office during the most solemn season, is chanted in full voice during the Ten-days of Holy Week, and is a part of that magnificent burial service by which bishops and priests are laid in their sepulchre.

What a sanctification may we not call this visit of our Lord to the house of Zachary and Elizabeth, while still in the womb of his Virgin Mother, a sanctification, an illumination, not only of the unborn Precursor, but of his holy parents, and with the sanctification and the illumination, what an inspiration! We have but to close our eyes to the sights around us, our ears to the sounds of busy life, to enter upon a plane of human existence, made possible by God for His creatures according to His own divine will, for His own divine ends, which is like a translation to another world. Yet, all the actors in this event of the Visitation, divided into scenes as dramatic as an Æschylus or a Shakspeare could devise, are human beings, were all born, were all to die. They dwell on this earth, seemingly like their neighbors; and not only the Precursor, but He for whom he "prepared the way, making his paths straight," is as truly human as we who pen or those who will read these lines. These wonders do not lie outside our humanity; they only illustrate God's providence towards it in creation, above all, in its redemption; and that most touching petition in the preparation for the Holy Sacrifice, daily offered, comes to mind with a pathos which may well bring tears to our eyes: "Grant that by the mystery of this water and wine, we may be made partakers of His divinity, who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord."

To deny the Divinity of our Lord is not the only wrong we can do Him, for His humanity has been endeared to Him by untold suffering and humiliation, and He claims it as His own—true Son of Mary as He is true Son of God. Nor is this more plain in His Nativity than in this mystery of the Visitation on which we meditate as we say our Rosary beads.

Let us now turn to those artists who have delighted in depicting the scenes which show forth the Incarnation of the Son of God under its loveliest aspects. Without attempting to give the history of the Visitation in connection with art, although it might be carried back to a very early period, we can speak of Cimabue's Visitation as one full of the most delicate feeling. But still more beautiful, still more tender, is one among the treasured choir books of the Camaldoline monastery of the Angeli, Florence. These books are adorned by the hands of their own monks, and were so much admired by Lorenzo the Magnificent, that when his son, Leo X., visited Florence and the Camaldoli, he asked to have these books shown to him, enjoying them with the same exquisite taste as his father. The Visitation which we have in mind was painted by the monk, Don Lorenzo, and to see it is almost to unfit one for admiring any other; so profound is the sentiment expressed by these two holy women, so altogether mystical the beauty of the figures, so noble yet so amiably engaging the heads, above all that of the Blessed Virgin herself, which is celestial in its humility; while the head of the kneeling Elizabeth has an earnestness in its pose and its expression which makes us believe all that St. Luke tells us of her joy on hearing the voice of Mary. We have taken this as the highest type known to us of the Mystery of

the Visitation; for not until we come to that by Frederick Overbeck of our own century, do we know of one which comes so near, in any way, to the text of St. Luke. There is in both the same engaging amiability, and even more affectionateness in Overbeck's Virgin than in Don Lorenzo's, as she hastens up the steps, in one hand her staff, the other stretched out towards the aged Elizabeth, who receives, on her knees, hands, and arms extended, her young kinswoman. In this by Overbeck also, we see both Zachary and Joseph, not, however, as in Don Lorenzo's, in conversational greeting. Saint Joseph, leading the gentle animal from which Mary has alighted, is just passing from under the shadow of the arch, and looks with wonder on the scene before him, while Zachary, who seems to have followed Elizabeth to welcome their guests, is standing behind her in the portico, leaning on his crutch, but with a magnificently patriarchal head and air, one hand raised, too, in wonder at the scene which has so moved Saint Joseph. The background and accessories of this design are beautiful in the extreme, while the simplicity in the blending of the natural and supernatural could only have been caught by one whose whole soul was steeped in the reality of the Incarnation.

Succeeding this picture in the series of "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels," is the naming of St. John the Baptist, as Zachary writes, "John is his name," on a tablet. The curiosity of the handmaidens who look over Zachary's shoulder from behind a pillar, the happy Elizabeth on her couch in an inner room, the priest of the circumcision waiting patiently, knife in hand, for Zachary's answer to his question, the charming figure of a young mother, and her young son afraid of the knife, resting, point upward, on the knee of the priest; the venerable form of Zachary bending over his tablet as he writes, and, standing, so as to be higher than any others in the group, in her mantle and crowned by her aureole, the Blessed Virgin bearing in her arms the sanctified child, Precursor of her unborn Son, gives us a composition so complete that we seem to see the subject treated for the first time in all its gracious possibilities.

As we write, the Midsummer feast of the Nativity of St. John Baptist is passing through its octave. The glory of the season is around us. There is no end of bloom, of umbrageous groves, of morning and evening perfumes. But standing, as we do, close to the threshold of the Feast of Mary's Visitation to Elizabeth, our Rosary mystery takes on a fresh significance as the beads drop through our fingers on our Sunday evening's stroll across meadows, and winding rivelets; the broad river's course over its bed giving voice to the solemnity of the Compline hour until the far-off curfew of the village bell, in its sweet minor key, floats over the misty landscape, and we cull still another wilding rose, fresh with the falling dews that imperil its five petals, all aflush with the charity which urged Mary to the hill-country from Nazareth, and name it the Rose of the Visitation.

The Holy See has decided not to renew to the firm of Paquet Brothers of Ratisbone, Germany, the privilege of the exclusive sale of liturgical books. The privilege will expire in 1895.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY. Mr J. W. Wilder, J.P., Lafargoville, N.Y. writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

Agents Wanted

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LOYER OF THE SACRED HEART.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer, the especial piety of June, has never lacked observance in the Catholic Church from the first days of its existence down to the present time. Although but two centuries have elapsed since the full beauties and rich rewards of this tender devotion were revealed to the world through the Blessed Margaret Mary, whom it pleased the Sacred Heart to choose for that purpose, evidences of the existence of the devotion abound in the history of the Church from the earliest of Christian eras, and proofs of its practice by the faithful are to be found in the Catacombs, which served them for churches, and appear in the works of the earliest ecclesiastical writers. As associated with the devotion, in a particular manner, are the names of many of the Saints of the Church, for instance, Saints Gertrude and Mechtilde, Saints Lutzgilde and Catharine of Siena, Saints Margaret and Costanza and Rose of Lima; and though he has not attained the exalted honors which the Church has bestowed upon these clients of the Sacred Heart, not wholly unworthy to be mentioned in connection with them is Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the martyred President of Ecuador, whose devotion to the Sacred Heart was so profound and intense that it moved him, while he was the chief executive of his native land, to secure the consecration thereto by official decree of that republic and the erection by the state of a Church which should stand as a national movement and proof of the people's love of the Sacred Heart.

This illustrious nineteenth century client of the Sacred Heart was the youngest of a family of eight children, and he was born at Guayaquil on the eve of Christmas day, 1821. His father was a wealthy Spaniard, who had emigrated to Ecuador, where he wooed and won for his wife the daughter of one of the noblest and oldest houses in the land. Just about the time the parents were on the point of providing for their youngest child's education, one of those periodical revolutions that seemed common to all South American countries, broke out in Ecuador and swept away the family fortunes. The elder Moreno did not long survive the disaster, and Garcia's education might have been sorely neglected had not a good priest, Padre Betancourt, who recognized the capabilities of the lad, charged himself with the care of that, and sent the youth, after he had instructed him himself for some time, to the University of Quito. The remarkable talents which the boy displayed at that institution won him a free scholarship in a short while, and thus insured his education. His piety was none the less remarkable than his fondness of study; and believing that he was called to the priesthood, he began his theological course and received minor orders before deeper reflection convinced him that the ecclesiastical state was not destined to be his career.

The law next attracted him, and at the early age of twenty three he had passed his examination and been admitted to the bar. He practised but a brief period, during which he absolutely declined to defend any case of whose justice he was not thoroughly convinced, albeit powerful influences and immense fees were at times employed to secure his services, in such high esteem were his abilities held. The year after his admission to the bar he married, and a few years afterwards he went to Europe to study political economy. It was characteristic of the man that, having, on his arrival in Europe, discovered the Jesuits sorely harassed by the Freemasons, he at once ranged himself on their side and defended them to the best of his ability with both voice and pen. His valiant

championship of the disciples of St. Ignatius drew upon him the fury of their opponents, and he was arrested upon trumped up charges and cast into prison. He managed to effect his escape, though, with the assistance of some friends, and went to France, where he lived a life of seclusion and study until he was recalled to Ecuador. There he was unanimously elected rector of the University, then President of the Senate, and in 1861, chief magistrate of the republic. He was at first disciplined to accept this latter office, and only consented to do so when his friends assured him that in his presidency rested the only hope of saving the land from the machinations of the social societies, whose members were plotting the destruction of Church and State alike. That consideration appealed strongly to his deeply religious nature, and induced him to accept the presidency, to which he was elected for four subsequent terms.

One of his first official acts was to request the Holy See to send an Apostolic Delegate to Ecuador, for the purpose of conferring with the prelates of that country as to the best means of repairing the ravages which the secret societies had caused to be expelled from the schools and hospitals and to be banished from Ecuador; and when the exiles returned he restored them to their former positions and assured them of his protection. He provided the army with chaplains, secured the services of missionaries for the Indian population, and spent not alone his salary, but also a good part of his private possessions, for the support of these missionaries. Nor did he neglect his official duties. He corrected abuses wherever he found them, and instituted reforms wherever they were necessary. He relieved the republic from the burdens of debt which the maladministration of his predecessors had entailed upon it, and he brought back peace and prosperity to the people. Daily he attended mass and paid a visit to some one of the religious institutions of the capital for the purpose of comforting the sick or supplying the wants of the needy; and the rest of the day he scrupulously devoted to the performance of his official tasks.

The most striking traits of President Moreno's character, though, were his devotion to his faith and the fidelity with which he performed his particular devotions. He went to confession and Communion every Sunday and feast day; he managed to find time, among all his engrossing cares for a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and he recited his Rosary daily in honor of the Blessed Virgin. On Corpus Christi he was always conspicuous in the procession that passed through the principal streets of the capital, and he had a rule of life for himself, from the smallest detail of which he never allowed himself, if possible, to dispute in the slightest degree. When the Holy See was despoiled of its patrimony by the usurpation of Rome by the Piedmontese government, President Moreno protested, in the name of Ecuador, against that act of gross injustice, and urged all other governments to do likewise. Not content with this exhibition of his sympathy with Pius IX., he persuaded the Ecuadorian government to vote that lamented Pontiff an annual appropriation of \$10,000 for his support, urging upon his colleagues that though the grant be a small one, "it will enable us to prove that we are loyal and affectionate sons of the common Father of the faithful." He crowned his official labors by securing the unanimous consent of Congress to the consecration by a public decree of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart, being moved thereto by the fact that such a consecration had been pronounced by the prelates who attended the Third Council of Quito; and after the Senate had agreed to his plan, he had the Archbishop of Quito hold special services at the Cathedral, during which

he in person read the act of consecration in the name of the republic.

"Considering that the Third Council of Quito," ran the Congressional decree which President Moreno publicly read on this occasion, "has by a special decree consecrated the republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and placed it under His defence and protection, and that it is right for the representatives of the nation to associate themselves with an act which will ensure the safety and prosperity of the state, the Congress decrees that the Republic thus consecrated to the Sacred Heart shall adopt It as its Patron and Protector, while to excite the zeal and piety of the faithful, in each large Church an altar shall be raised to the Sacred Heart."

In one of the many letters which he wrote to Pius IX. this lover of the Sacred Heart, also, was not content until he had secured the consecration thereto of his native land, expressed the wish that he might be found worthy to shed his blood in the cause of the Church and of Christian society; and his wish was gratified, for on a Friday, a day dedicated to the Sacred Heart which he loved so well, as he was returning from the Cathedral, whither he had gone to make his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, he was assassinated by the hirelings of the secret societies that hated him, and come back into the Church he had a moment before quitted. When his body was being prepared for burial it was discovered that next to his own heart the murdered executive had worn a badge of the Sacred Heart, and though nearly a score of years have passed since he fell beneath the blows of his assassins, the devotion that was so dear to him, and to which he secured the official consecration of his native land, is still strongly characteristic of Ecuador and its people, and in every principal Church of the republic the altar, with its statue of the Sacred Heart, is conspicuous both for its beauty and for the crowds of worshipers who kneel before it.—William D. Kelly in the *Catholic Mirror*.

They Stand No Nonsense in Australia.

Major-General Tulloch, the commandant of the Victorian forces, has administered a snub to an association calling itself the Council of Churches. The secretary of this body wrote to the Minister of Defence complaining that at the last Easter encampment "the Lord's day was spent in sports and pastimes," and urging that "steps should be taken to discourage all such proceedings in future." To this complaint the commandant replied as follows: "I, as commandant, encourage sports and pastimes on Sunday afternoon. I may mention that I have divine service soon after daybreak, parade and inspection of the camp in the middle of the day, sports in the afternoon and voluntary divine service in the evening. I would point out to the Council of Churches of Victoria that the senior chaplain of the forces, who is a Protestant, and the senior Roman Catholic chaplain, both of whom were present in camp, are possibly quite as competent as the individuals styling themselves the Council of Churches to say what a Christian should or should not do on a Sunday. As commandant, I must protest against the members of any council or sect whatever endeavoring to force on other persuasions of men under my command their ideas, customs or belief."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickie's anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Help the Children

That it is of the utmost importance to every human being to gain control over self, all admit: and the earlier a child can be helped to gain this control the better it is; but good judgment is certainly needed in order to find the way in which this help can be given.

To give this help requires not a harsh, stern way which seeks to obtain silence by commanding, or by inflicting punishment, but on the other hand it needs loving tenderness, combined with firmness, which will soothe while it leads the child to endure patiently.

There are two extremes manifested by parents when their children would give way to unhappy feelings, and neither of them are good.

One parent, when a child begins to cry, from whatever cause, whether from being punished or from fright, from disappointment or from any accident which has caused him pain, will say, "Now, hush! hush! don't let me hear you cry!" and the child is forced, contrary to nature, to crush back the exhibition of pain and distress, and he feels wronged, as in truth he is, because deprived of his means of relief. If there be any ill-nature behind the show of feeling, such treatment is sure to strengthen it; and a succession of such experiences can but have a hardening effect.

There are some parents who go to this extreme through lack of sympathy, but there are others who may make the same mistake because they believe that they ought to train a child to self-control, and they think that this is the way to do it; then having made up their minds that it is necessary, they will not allow sympathy to stand in the way of doing what conscience demands of them.

The other extreme seems no better. The parent commences with a child when a baby, to show great sympathy for him at every little thing which disturbs his comfort. If he pricks his finger or bumps his head, every one must stop to hear how the poor baby is hurt. Every little injury is made the most of, and the dear little fellow sometimes cries out afresh on hearing expressions of sympathy when by that time he might almost have forgotten that he had been hurt.

It goes on and his tender-hearted, sympathizing parent dreads to see him hurt in mind or in body. Any one who hurts or troubles him is "bad," and anything on which he hurts himself is "naughty." "Whip the naughty old chair," or some like expression, common enough for all to recognize. He gives full expression to his annoyance or pain, without chiding or advice to show him any better way.

Such a course will result, before his childhood is half over, in making him selfish and disagreeable, unhappy himself, and lacking sympathy in his noisy demonstration of grief from anyone except, perhaps, the parent who by unwise indulgence has brought him to this condition.

Avoiding either of these extremes, there are parents who, while they do not fail to show sympathy for their children, still, in a cheerful way, lead them to endure bravely and patiently the little ills that come to them, and to have such self-control as not to allow their feeling to hinder them from doing and bearing whatever it is right that they should do and bear.—Angelus.

Mr. H. J. Lloyd, an Irish journalist, is busily engaged on a history of "Irish Literary Societies," and the book, which is to be brought out in London, is to extend to three volumes.

THE Coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

St. Joseph's Convent.

It is scarcely four years since the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph was affiliated to the diocese of Peterborough. The Sisters of St. Joseph Toronto, had two missions in this diocese, one at Port Arthur, where they had an hospital and school, the other, a school at Cobourg. When the separation took place the Community at Toronto could spare for the new foundation but twenty Sisters. The needs in the diocese of Peterborough were great. The new Hospital of St. Joseph's, Peterborough, was to be opened and the Separate School at Lindsay to be supplied. As God makes use of the weak to confound the strong, so from a small beginning even within so short a space of time, much has been done. The community has prospered, increased in numbers, and extended its good work. These devoted Sisters have added to the efficiency of the schools, established a House of Providence, and are about to take charge of the Lake street Separate School, Peterborough. During these four years thirty-four novices have been received into the order, and of these fourteen have been professed. At present the mother-house is at Lindsay. Within the last year the Sisters have purchased one of the finest properties, around Peterborough, containing ten acres well laid out, and in good state of cultivation, with kitchen garden, orchard, lawns and shrubbery. On the beautiful property is a commodious dwelling, known as "Inglawood" the residence of the late Col. Sherwood, in which, during the early Autumn, it is expected the Sisters will establish their Mother-house and novitiate. Wonderful, indeed, under the Providence of God has been the progress of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the diocese of Peterborough.

One of the marks of this great progress was witnessed at Lindsay on the morning of Wednesday, July 18th. The Sisters had just finished their annual retreat under the direction of Rev. Father Grogan, C.S.S.R., Toronto. Four postulants received the habit of the order from the hands of his Lordship, Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, and four novices made profession of their vows. The chapel of Lindsay Convent, was artistically decorated and the altar made beautiful with lights and natural flowers. Friends of the institution and relatives of the young ladies, most interested in the solemn ceremonies were present in large numbers. In the Sanctuary were besides his Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough, Very Rev. Vicar General Laurent, Lindsay, Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough, Rev. Fathers Grogan, C.S.S.R., Toronto, J. J. Leary, Rochester, Fathers Nadeau, S. J. Massey, P. Maguire, Bracebridge, J. Nolan, Warkworth, T. Collins, Peterborough and J. Scanlan, Lindsay.

The Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop, assisted by Archdeacon Casey and Father Leary. The sermon was by Rev. Father Grogan, who in beautiful language showed how Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ, overcame the world's three fold evil, the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life, not only by the teaching but by the example of the opposite virtues. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," said He, who sanctified poverty by His birth in a stable, and by His whole life, for He had not whereon to lay His head. "Blessed are the pure of heart for they shall see God," and His life was of mortification. What a lesson for the sensual must over be His fasting, His prayers, His humiliations, and the weariness of His labors. "Blessed are the meek; Blessed are they who suffer for justice sake." He has first given the example. From the beginning He was subject to Mary

and Joseph, and to His heavenly Father. He was obedient even to the death of the cross. Then directly addressing those who were about to abandon the vanities of the world for the way of perfection, and to those who were to give themselves to Christ by perpetual vows, he (the preacher) asked them to thank the Almighty who had called them to take up the cross of Christ and follow in His footsteps by the continual practice of the evangelical virtues of Poverty, Charity and Obedience.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor then according to the beautiful ceremonial of the order blessed and gave the postulants the holy habit of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. He then received the vows of the novices who made their profession in accordance with the rules of the Institute of the same congregation.

All who listened to this solemn profession were deeply moved as they heard each novice vow to serve God in the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and practise Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. The ceremonies concluded with the solemn singing of the *Te Deum*. The singing throughout was of the highest excellence.

The postulants who received the habit of the order were Miss Peake of Parry Sound, in religion Sister Mary Raphael, Miss Dinner of Bracebridge, in religion Sister Mary Alphonsus, Miss Cassidy of Peterborough, in religion Sister Mary Genevieve and Miss Maher of Lindsay, in religion Sister Mary Juliana. The Sisters who made their profession were Sisters Mary Magdelone, Immaculate Heart of Mary, Mary of the Nativity and Frances Clare.

The nature of the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph is such, and must commend itself to all. They educate the young, they solace the afflicted, they comfort the aged, and the poor of Jesus Christ always find in them a true friend.

Irish Pluck and Brains

Among the recipients of the Ph. B. of the post-graduate course at the College of St. Francis Xavier this year was a young Limerick man who has attained well-merited fame in the metropolis. Mr. Michael O'Sullivan is his name, and he is as fine a sample of Irish intellect and manhood as ever came from the Green Isle. Mr. O'Sullivan deserves credit, not merely on account of the very high standard which he attained in his examinations, but more for the perseverance he has shown in his efforts to improve himself since he came to New York sixteen years ago. Though he was then but a boy, he earned sufficient money to go to a Grammar School, from which he graduated in 1879 at the head of his class with the high average of 97 per cent. He was forced by circumstances to leave school, but his determination to acquire a proper education was not broken. He employed his evenings in attending night school, and achieved ability as an orator in the debating club at Cooper Union.

Desirous of having more time at his disposal, he accepted a position on the New York Police Force, and performed the duties of patrolman until his abilities were recognized at Headquarters and he was appointed to a clerkship. He was sent back to patrol duty against the will of the Superintendent through the influence of a political opponent. Undaunted by this rebuff, he kept on until the Superintendent, overriding political influence in the interests of the Department, restored him to his former position. Here he had at his disposal some free time, which he utilized by taking the law-course in New York University, from which he graduated as LL.B. in 1893. He immediately took up the post graduate course under Father Halpin, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's, where he showed himself as able in

discussing the principles of philosophy, as he had been in unravelling the mysteries of the law. In all this time his duties at Police Headquarters had not suffered in the least, and Superintendent Byrnes, with his usual knowledge of men, gave the highest praise to Mr. O'Sullivan, as an officer, a student, and a man. He is the only man on the Police Force of New York who has succeeded in raising himself in this manner.

O'Sullivan's name has never suffered an imputation in the discharge of his duties. He bears a reputation for honesty and bravery which few men possess. He is a faithful Catholic, an ardent Irishman, and yet a thorough American. The strain of sentiment and pure patriotism which marks an Irishman's affection for the old land elevates his Americanism above the sordid self-interest which passes for patriotism with many Americans. This might be inferred from his success, his ideas are sound, and he can maintain them with native wit and solid eloquence. Mr. O'Sullivan's name will be well-known yet even in a city where the names of distinguished Irishmen are already countless.

Mr. Geo. W. Kiely's Funeral.

The remains of the late George W. Kiely were interred Friday morning in St. Michael's cemetery, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends. Prayers were said at the late residence of the deceased, 550 Jarvis street, by Rev. Father Guinane, of St. Basil's church, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh, of the church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

At 10 o'clock the funeral cortege, which was of imposing length, left the house for St. Basil's church, where grand high mass was sung by Rev. Father Walsh, assisted by Rev. Father Guinane as deacon, and Father Frachon as sub-deacon. His Grace Archbishop Walsh took advantage of the occasion to address some timely observations on the uncertainty of life. In a few well-chosen words, he also paid a tribute to Mr. Kiely's faithful devotion to the Catholic Church, and his liberality in a good cause. He ended by asking the prayers of all for the welfare of his soul.

The chief mourners were: George J. Kiely, William E. Kiely, Master C. V. J. Kiely and Master A. G. Kiely, sons of deceased; William T. Kiely, John Kiely, Frank Kiely, Maurice Kiely, brothers, and Jas. O'Loane, Stratford, and P. J. Smythe, brothers in law.

Sir Frank Smith, Hon. Wm. Harty, Capt. Murray, Hugh Ryan, Charles Doherty, Thomas Flynn, E. E. Sheppard, Jas. Gunn, Lawrence C. Gravo, William Clark, John L. Morris, and C. A. B. Brown acted as pall bearers.

Among those present at the funeral were Very Rev. V. Marjion, C.S.B., Rev. Fathers Brennan, McBrady, Martin, La Marche, Aboulin and Mulcahy; also Senator O'Donoghue, Ald. John Shaw, Lieut. Col. Mason, Messrs. W. Lawdow, Q.C., T. W. Anglin, Macdougall, Eugene O'Keefe, J. C. Grace, J. J. Foy, P. Boyle, J. L. Lee, John Hoskin.

The hearse was followed by a carriage containing a large number of exquisite floral tributes, among which were a cross from Mrs. Kiely, pillow of roses from the sons and brothers of the deceased, a cross from Sir Frank Smith, an anchor from Mrs. Coe-grave, a wreath from Mr. Hugh Ryan and a spray from Miss Hughes.

The Guest of the Week.

Among the many colleges patronized by Connecticut students is that of St. Michael's, Toronto, Canada of which the Rev. P. J. Kennedy, the Rev. J. J. Walsh, the Rev. J. Fitzgerald and many other priests of this diocese are graduates. It was founded in 1852 and is conducted by the Basilian Fathers. It numbers 175 students, of which twenty are from this diocese. It is federated with the university which only has the right to confer degrees after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge, so that a degree from St. Michael's means that the graduate has passed the thorough university examinations. The course of study including philosophy, is seven years. Thesuperior, the Rev. J. R. Teefy, C.S.B., has been the guest of the Rev. P. J. Kennedy for some days and has received several applications from Waterbury for admission to St. Michael's. Father Teefy is a most courteous gentleman, who finds time to edit the CATHOLIC REGISTER of Toronto. His mother was a pious Protestant who found the church door open and entered in. All who have met Father Teefy have been pleased with his urbanity. It should be borne in mind that \$150 a year covers the ordinary expenses.—*Valley Catholic, Waterbury, Conn.*

The "Sweet Evangelist."

The following letters appear in the *World* of Tuesday. They explain themselves:

AN OBJECTIONABLE ASSOCIATION.

Editor *World*. I believe it to be the duty of every good citizen of Toronto to invite within our borders every convention of people gathered together to promote the interests of humanity, spiritually, intellectually and physically. I as an individual, am ready to welcome any denomination that is named under the sun as long as they claim to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and trust that when they have come and gone they will be able to say that it was good for them to have been here and that we will find our surroundings purer and holier on account of their being among us. At the same time I think it is the duty of every citizen to resent insult that is hurled at brethren who hold different religious views from us.

I refer to the remarks of "The Sweetest Evangelist of America," Dr. Wharton of Baltimore, when he classes our Roman Catholic brethren with "bums."

When a man pollutes our pulpits, our halls or our street corners with such remarks he should be called down. Such remarks deserve severe censure. It is to be regretted that a body of good Christian people cannot meet and separate without casting reflections on those with opposite views. They should remember the words of the Master when he said, "Other sheep have I who are not of this fold." ALEX. ASHER.

AN INDIGNANT CATHOLIC.

Editor *World*: In your report of the speeches at the closing meeting of the Baptist Convention, held in the Massey Music Hall yesterday evening, there appears one made by Dr. Wharton of Baltimore, Maryland, who is described as one of the "Sweetest Evangelists in America." In praising Toronto for its temperance and religious work, this Sweet Evangelist is reported to have said that he would rather be "Mayor of Toronto to-day trying to hold the devil down, than be Mayor of the biggest city in America, put there by bums, saloon keepers and Roman Catholics."

I am surprised to find that, amongst the vast audience who heard this ill-mannered stranger using such impertinent language towards Catholics in general, there was not one Canadian delegate possessed of sufficient courage to resent this gratuitous insult to more than two-fifths of the people of our Dominion.

Coming from a city named after the Catholic Lord Baltimore, and from a state the founders of which were Catholics, who were the first to embody in the constitution of any colony, in what is now the United States of America, freedom of religion to all within its boundaries, this man in a measure brought disgrace on the whole convention by his illiberal remarks.

As a Catholic, and one of many such who voted for Mayor Kennedy, who is, I believe, an Orangeman, I feel quite justified in calling public attention to the utterances of Dr. Wharton, and trust to hear that they have been disowned at least by the Canadian delegates to the convention.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC.

Blantyre Park Pic-nic.

The people of St. Paul's parish have acted wisely in choosing this beautiful Park for their annual picnic on the Civic Holiday. The grounds are now in splendid condition, some of the buildings of the new Industrial School are nearly completed, and a visit to the place will well repay the small expense attached to the trip. Complete arrangements have been made with the Street railways, both Toronto and Scarborough roads running direct to the grounds.

Not the least interesting event on the day of the picnic will be a vote taken on the most popular Society. Ballots will be sold for the small sum of five cents. On each ballot will be printed the names of the different Catholic Societies of the City; and the Society receiving the greatest number of votes will receive a beautiful painting of His Grace the Archbishop.

The League of the Cross, Lacrosse Club (who by the way are fast becoming expert stick handlers) are practising hard for a match on the day of the picnic. Lovers of lawn tennis will also see the game of their heart played as it ought to be on that day.

Death of Mr. Patrick Lynott.

A telegram was received yesterday announcing the sudden death on the previous night of Mr. Patrick Lynott, merchant, of Edmundston, N.B. Deceased was married to a niece of Hon. Mr. Costigan, and was a well-known thorough business man. Of a genial disposition, he was a general favorite with all who happened to come in contact with him, and his demise will be generally regretted.—*Ottawa Citizen, 12 July.*

Bigley's gas stove is the favorite with the economical housewife. It cooks to perfection. See it at Nos. 96 and 98 Queen street East.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

The general meeting of the St Vincent de Paul Society for the Festival of St. Vincent de Paul took place on Sunday afternoon, 22nd instant, in St. Vincent's Hall. There were present in all about 30 members, among whom were the President, Vice President, Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer, and Messrs. J. J. Mallon, B. B. Hughes, P. Hynes, John Burns Bondiller M. Murray, Thomas Long, J. D. Macdonell, D. Millar, James Pope, Kelly, Foley, W. O'Connor, Lalonde, McCabe, Downes, Fayle, Thomas Ryan, Mulholland, Doyle and Dr. McDonagh. After opening the meeting with the usual prayers, the President distributed the printed reports of the Society for 1892, from which we extract the following comparative statement of the standing of the Society and the work done for the years 1892 and 1893 respectively.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

	1892.	1893.
Number of Confessions	9	10
Articles read on roll	23	287
Average attendance at meetings	112	109
Number of families visited	34	219
Number of persons relieved	1,474	1,200

	1892.	1893.
Receipts during the year	\$2,411.00	\$2,417.30
Of which members contributed	311.00	237.72
Expenditure - total of all kinds	1,080.21	2,330.00
Balance on hand	1,197.00	1,211.77

The following will show the position of the Society in Canada

The Report of the Superior Council of Canada contains the following statistics. The Society here is composed of a Superior Council, whose headquarters are at Quebec, and ten Particular Councils - Quebec (2), Levis, Three Rivers, Montreal, Ottawa (2), Toronto, London and Hamilton. These Councils have jurisdiction over one hundred Conferences, besides the works of patronage and other associations of the same kind which they conduct. The Society has 4,304 active members, and relieved 3,071 families during the year - 200 more than the previous year. The receipts have amounted to \$54,814.07, and the expenses to \$43,526.40, leaving a balance on hand of \$11,288.21."

Church of St. Denis.

On July 16th His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston laid the corner stone of a new Church of St. Denis the Areopagite in the village of Athens of which Rev. J. J. Kelly is pastor. Protestants joined with Catholics in making the Archbishop's reception a delightful one. After the ceremony was finished Dr. Cleary gave a sermon on the necessity of sacrifice in the worship of God, explaining what the church meant to Catholics. He spoke beautifully on the grace of the Mass and the Sacraments, especially the Holy Communion. He told the story of the life of St. Denis, of ancient Athens, converted by St. Paul, and now the martyr-patron of Paris. He concluded by thanking the kind Protestants of Athens for the reception they had accorded him and for their generosity in providing the greater part of the funds to build the church.

At the close Father Kelly took up the handsome collection of \$253, of which \$30 was contributed by the generous Archbishop.

Archbishop Cleary held a religious profession and reception in the chapel of the House of Providence. He was assisted by the following clergy: Ven. Archdeacon Kelly, secretary; Rev. Fathers Spratt, Kehoe, Neville, Collins and Carson. The Mass of Profession was celebrated by Rev. Father Kehoe. The following ladies received the holy habit and took the white veil: Miss Julia McNicholl, Cornwall; Miss Mary Henderson, Matilda, sister to Sister Mary Alexander; Miss Mary Cleary, St. Andrews; Miss Agnes Cunningham, Perth; Miss Odile Poulin, Brockville, and Miss Mary Callaghan, Deseronto. Those who made profession - Miss Annie Crowley, Brockville, in religion, Sister Mary John the Evangelist, Perpetual or final vows; Sister Mary Ephrasia and Sister Mary Alexander.

Many Thanks.

I desire to thank your correspondent "Roman Catholic" for the interest he took in replying to my question given some time ago. Let me assure him that I will certainly give the subject further study, and I wish to ask him to do me the favor of naming some books, published in cheap form, by standard Catholic writers, which I can procure readily, and which will give me further information. Of the several correspondents who touched on the subject, "Roman Catholic" in my judgment, made the best effort to furnish the information desired. I do not agree with some of your readers who are opposed to such correspondence. While deprecating anything in the way of bitter controversy, I fail to see why information cannot be given and received on the question of religion the same as any other subject. If such is carried out in a proper spirit. The statement that such is apt to engender bad feelings is so weak in force that I am surprised at it being made. On such principle every subject on which men differ, and their name is legion, should be tabooed from appearing in the public press. No doubt some of your readers prefer other reading

matter to that treating on religion. Then let them read other matter; they will find it in abundance in your paper. No one compels them to waste their valuable time reading articles on so insignificant a subject as religion. For my part, I take a great interest in reading them. Thanks to the Empire for space given. Ever yours in the Empire.

Notes by the Way.

A very pretty little town is Picton, with a population of about three thousand five hundred, and beautifully situated in Prince Edward County, and is also the county town, and consequently the business centre. In the town itself the Catholic congregation is not very large; still in the surrounding country are quite a number who belong to Picton parish, of which the Rev. Father McDonagh is the popular pastor; they have a very commodious brick church, and also a Separate School. Picton has a sound branch of our well known society the C.M.B.A., whose members seem pleased to extend the hand of fellowship and fraternal greeting to a visiting brother. The scenery around Picton is very fine, and attracts many strangers, about eight miles away is a great summer resort called the "Sand Banks," and five miles out in the bay is "Glen Island," also "Glenora." Above the latter is the Lake on the Mountain, which is one of nature's mysteries. It is two hundred feet above the level of the bay, with no visible inlet or outlet; it is about one to one and a half miles in extent, and is said to be on a level with Lake Erie. The view of the surrounding country from Lake on the Mountain is grand; such a sight makes one feel the truth of the following verse of Canadian song:

The Scott may boast of his heather hills;
The Englishman his rose;
And Erin's sons may boast of a land, where
Erin's Shamrock grows,
But Canada ' fair Canada ' my heart is won
to thee,
There's not a land on earth so grand, as
Canada to me.

A foundry, machine shop and grist mill, at the base of the mountain are run by water power, obtained from the lake by means of an iron pipe, and some idea of the pressure can be had from the fact that the water-wheel that drives all this machinery is less than one foot in diameter. But pleasant scenes we must leave behind; with an *au revoir* to friends in Picton, we start Monday morning per steamer *Hero*, for the Limestone city (Kingston). M.

Obituary

Fortified by the consolations of our holy religion, and surrounded by the ministrations of her sorrowing husband and children, Anne C. Donnell, wife of Michael Lonergan departed this life on Tuesday, the 17th inst. Mrs. Lonergan was noted for the charity and simplicity of her life, and in her death evinced the spirit of the true Christian. For many months she had suffered from a lingering illness, and during that time edified all by her patient endurance and resignation.

Her funeral took place from St. Mary's Church, where a solemn High Mass of requiem was sung, Rev. Father Coyle being the celebrant, Rev. Doctor Traacy deacon and Rev. Father Cruise sub-deacon. Rev. Father Frachon of St. Michael College was present in the sanctuary. The remains were then laid to rest in St. Michael's Cemetery, the prayers at the grave being said by the Rev. Father Cruise.

Besides her husband Mrs. Lonergan leaves to mourn her loss one son and four daughters, one of the latter being Sister Emerentia of the Community of St. Joseph in this city. To all of them is given our sincerest sympathy and for the devoted wife and loving mother is offered the earnest prayer, "May she rest in peace."

Summerside, P. E. I.

His Lordship Bishop McDonald confirmed 40 boys and 43 girls. Mass was celebrated by his Lordship, assisted by Revs. D. J. G. McDonald, John McDonald and M. McMillan. The choir of St. Paul's sang in their usual excellent style, Miss Sarah J. Strong presiding at the organ. Dr. J. H. McLellan acted as sponsor for the boys and his wife for the girls. On Sunday evening the pastor Rev. D. J. G. McDonald, administered the Temporance Pledge to the boys who were confirmed on Saturday.

The Tea Party at Kinkora, P.E.I., on the 10th ult. was very successful. About two thousand people were present. No intoxicants were on or near the grounds and the best of order prevailed. The Tea tables, dancing booths, swings, refreshment and ice cream saloons were well patronized. St. Dunstan's College Band discoursed sweet music, and an election for the most popular candidate resulted in Mr. Richard Hunt polling the most votes. The cakes sold well one bringing \$35.00.

Rev. John J. McDonald and the committee of management are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. About \$900 was netted for the new church about to be built.

A. O. H.

The meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held on Wednesday evening, July 18th, was largely attended.

Business commenced with the election of County Officers, the following being chosen: Secretary, William Ryan; Treasurer, William McCor; Tyler, Frank Higgins; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Owens.

At the close of the election the newly elected officers were installed by County Delegate P. W. Falvy. After taking their respective places, the remainder of the evening was spent in the transaction of business touching the interests of the Order in York County.

The topic in A.O.H. circles just now is the grand union excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, on Saturday, August 4th, per palace steamer *Empress of India* and Erie Railway. The excursionists will have eleven hours in Buffalo, where on arrival they will be invited to a grand union picnic to be held under the auspices of the A.O.H. of Buffalo in honor of the Toronto visitors. The committee in charge have spared neither time nor means to make the excursion worthy the members of the Order and their friends.

The usual semi-monthly meeting of Div. No. 4, A. O. H., was held last Sunday afternoon and was largely attended, the President, James Findlay, and all the officers being present. The Finance Committee reported having audited the books of the Division and found them in a very satisfactory condition.

After the usual routine business had been transacted, and the different details incidental to the church parade on Sunday next had been completed, the President drew attention to the fact that Brother John J. Walsh, chairman of the excursion committee, was in the hall, and called upon him to report progress. In reply he stated that all arrangements were now completed and anyone wishing tickets could procure them from any of the committee. He spoke of what the Brothers in Buffalo were doing for the reception of the excursionists to that city on the 4th of August. On the arrival of the train at Buffalo a demonstration will be formed and a grand picnic and games given, to which holders of excursion tickets will be admitted free.

O'Connell Band have accepted the invitation to lead Division No. 4 in their Church parade to St. Joseph's Church next Sunday, July 29th. All members are requested to meet at Temperance Hall at 2 p.m.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 3 the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has called to Himself the beloved child of our esteemed President, James Findlay, be it therefore

Resolved that the sincere sympathy of the members of this Division be extended to President Findlay and his wife, and they pray our Divine Lord to console them in their sad bereavement

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, and one sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.
JOSEPH COADY,
Recording Secretary.

Ordination at Sandwich.

At Assumption College, Sandwich, on July 16th, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor of London, ordained Rev. Anthony F. Montreuil, C.S.B. of Windsor to holy priesthood, and Rev. A. A. Vasehalde, B.D., C.S.B., of Washington University was made deacon.

The impressive ceremony was performed in the presence of a large throng of people who filled the church to overflowing.

They had come from Detroit, Windsor and surrounding country to witness the unusual ceremony.

The Bishop was assisted by Rev. Fathers Cushing and Marjion, while Father Sonard acted as master of ceremonies. Fathers F. X. Granother, Brennan, B. Granother, W. Brennan, Hours, Cote, Collins, Hayden and Renaud of Amherstburg and Loizelle of Windsor, were also present at the altar.

The Windsor branch of the C.M.B.A., the Catholic Order of Foresters and the uniformed Knights of St. John attended the ceremony in a body that they might do honor to their townman.

After the ordination the Bishop addressed the people explaining the dignity and duties of the priesthood. Then turning to the young priest, he exhorted him to be diligent and faithful in the performance of his duties.

After the Bishop had finished speaking the new priest gave his blessing individually to each person who came forward. This alone occupied fifty minutes.

E. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch No. 12 E.B.A., the following resolution of Condolence was unanimously adopted.

Whereas an All-wise Providence, in His infinite wisdom, has called to His Eternal reward the beloved brother of an esteemed friend and Brother, Wm. Burns:

Resolved that we, the members of Branch No. 12, fully recognizing the sad loss that

Brother Burns has sustained, wish to tender to himself and family our sincere sympathy in this the time of their sad bereavement; and we trust the All-wise Providence will give them grace to bow with Christian fortitude to His divine will.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be placed on the minutes of this meeting; one sent to Bro. W. Burns, and one to the Grand Secy. Treas. for insertion in the official organ.
J. J. MOLONEY, President.
W. P. MURPHY, Rec. Sec.

C. M. B. A.

The trustees of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada were, in session during Wednesday and Thursday of last week at the Palmer House, there being present: Grand President O. K. Fraser of Brockville; Grand Secretary S. R. Brown, London; J. E. Howison, Montreal; Rev. M. J. Tiernan, London; P. J. O'Keefe, St. John's N.B.; T. P. Tansy, Montreal; J. J. Bhan, Kingston; L. L. Gravelle, Ottawa; Dr. E. Ryan, Kingston; and F. R. Lathford, Ottawa. Much business was transacted, the principal being to make final arrangements for the convention which will be held at St. John's, N.B., about six weeks hence.

The members of the C.M.B.A. from Toronto, St. Catharines, Thorold and Merriton had a most enjoyable excursion and picnic in the beautiful town of Oakville on Monday, last, about 1,000 persons were in attendance, and they were received with delightful hospitality by the genial Father Burke, and the members of the parish. A fine programme of sports had been arranged, which was carried out with great success. Altogether a thoroughly good time was enjoyed by the excursionists, despite the efforts of a shower of rain to mar the pleasure of the picnic. Among the visitors were Rev. Father Lynett, of Merriton, Dean Cassidy and Fathers Brennan, Barrett, Ryan and Shaughnessy of this city. Like everything else conducted by the energetic members of the C.M.B.A., the excursion was a pronounced success in every way, and well deserves repetition at some future day.

The Summer Opera Season.

The members of the Royal Opera Company have arrived in the city and will rehearse all week. Mr. J. B. Morris has shown splendid enterprise in engaging a really first class company for his August season of comic opera at the Pavilion. Among others he has engaged Miss Dorothy Morton, Miss Tomp Hanlon, and Miss Marion Langdon. Prominent among the gentlemen are Mr. Richard F. Carroll, Mr. F. G. Palmer, Mr. Arthur E. Herington, Mr. Ole Norman, Mr. Joseph W. Smith, and Mr. A. W. Meffie, commencing with the "Mikado," a round of all the famous light opera of the day will be presented. Mr. Richard Carril will have charge of the stage, and Mr. Clarence Rogerson will be musical director.

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SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

The thousands of citizens of New York and Brooklyn who recently have climbed the stone steps of the new monastery building in Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, have seen the Stars and Stripes fluttering, both in sunshine and rain, from the top of two slender poles erected in front of the edifice. In the interior, where has been in progress a successful church fair, they have seen more American flags plentifully used for festoonery.

The new building, to which throngs have journeyed night and day, is the monastery of the Adoration of the Precious Blood, the substantial home of a noted Roman Catholic sisterhood, and the display of the American national emblem has been the most conspicuous and impressive feature of the ceremonies attending its formal opening. It has helped to lend patriotic interest to an event which, but for the recent sectarian A.P.A. agitation, might have been purely religious. In this particular instance, as in many other, the Catholics of the future Greater New York have by outward sign given proof that they are patriotic Americans as well as good Christians.

The monastery building will be one of the handsomest of its kind in this country, and its erection is evidence of the popularity of the Sisterhood for whose use it was built. It is the New York branch of the Order founded by Mlle. Aurelie Caouette, a Canadian of St. Hyacinthe, of whom it is related that while still an inmate of the Convent of Notre Dame she gave evidence of a remarkable manifestation of religious consecration, particularly to the devotion of the Precious Blood, a devotion then widely practised in England, but little known in the New World.

A number of distinguished clergy men visited Miss Caouette and the convent, and it was agreed that she was fitted to establish a new religious community of the contemplative order, and in September, 1861, the Right Rev. Joseph Laroche, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, began in Mlle. Caouette's humble home the monastic work of the Precious Blood. Three devout young women joined with the founder of the Order in a life of adoration, immolation, and reparation. She received the special approbation of the Holy See in 1889, and has seen the Order extend to Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Three Rivers, Mount Tabor, Oregon, and to Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn Order was established directly after the blessing from the Pope upon the work of the Order had been bestowed. It was started in an old frame building called "The Cobble Stone Cottage" by the Rev. Mother Aurelia, the foundress of the Order, and Mother Gertrude was installed as Superior of the Mission, with three Sisters to aid her. A year later the Order moved to an adjoining convent in Sumpter street, and thence moved to the wooden edifice of the old church of St. Francis, in the Fields. This was in 1892, when the Order had the energetic support of Father Porcile, S.P.M.

The monastery was designed by Architect Rudolph Vaux, who designed the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, and outside of that portion of it devoted to the use of the Sisterhood it will be handsome in its interior decoration.

All of the building is practically completed with the exception of the chapel. It is shaped so that the ground plan looks like a cross. It was begun in October, 1892, and may be completed next year. It occupies a plot of ground 100x200 feet, facing Putnam avenue, and is built in the Romanesque style, of Pompeian gray terra cotta brick, with foundations of Warsaw stone, with terra cotta trimmings. The chapel, which at present is about 80 feet square, will be extended to a depth of 80 feet, and will be divided into two sections, the first, with a seat-

ing capacity of 100, being for public use, and the rear, separated by iron gratings, being set apart for the exclusive use of the Sisters.

The public chapel will be richly decorated and will have a wainscoting of marble and mosaic imported from Paris. It will be lighted by six stained glass windows. One of these, a life-sized design representing John the Baptist, was presented by a Mrs. Stephens, who has promised to give two others.

An oriel window in a small balcony over the entrance has also been finished. The basement of the monastery is occupied by the dining rooms, kitchen and laundry rooms. On the first floor are located twenty-six "cells," as they are called, for the Sisters, rooms for the "retreatants," and parlors for the reception of guests. There are more "cells" on the second floor for novitiates, and a "community" room, and a dispensary on the third floor.

All the rooms save the dispensary and the reception parlor on the right entrance will be closed from the public by grated doors.

For the retreatants are three sleeping rooms, which will be comfortably furnished. These rooms have a corridor and separate stairway, and have no communication with any part of the monastery used exclusively by the Sisters. In this wing a small room has been set apart for the accommodation of any priest who visits the monastery to conduct services or perform other religious work. Here he will be served with his meals after he has celebrated chapel Mass. The room has a private entrance.

The religious cells are small and narrow rooms, but into most of them plenty of sunshine can pour when the shutters are opened. They are ten feet long, six feet wide and eleven feet high. Each cell has a single wooden slab corresponding to a bed, with no mattress. The slab is covered with a white spread, and a pillow stuffed with excelsior. The cell is furnished with a wooden chair, a stationary washstand and an oratory with its crucifix, a writing desk, and a clothes press. All three are one piece of furniture. Upon the door of each cell is hung a small blackboard, surmounted by a red cross, containing on one side the name and motto of the occupant, and on the other side an announcement saying that the occupant cannot be seen.

All the supplies of the monastery will be kept in the basement, where the procuratrix will have an office, separated by an iron grating from an apartment where the poor of the neighborhood may obtain food, medicine or advice in their trouble. The Sisters themselves attend to all the details of the cooking and laundry work. All the floors of the monastery save those occupied by the retreatants will be uncarpeted. The walls are of white plaster with a wide dado of German mosaic.

Women who desire to make a Retreat in the monastery will be accommodated as long as they care to stay. Retreatants follow the example of the Sisters in cutting themselves off from all communication with the outer world.

The daily life of the Sisters is severe in its simplicity. When they join the Order they forsake the world utterly. An iron grating or a door separates them always from their friends, and they can receive visitors only at certain stated times. A pretty garden in the rear of the monastery will afford them whatever exercise they may take in the open air. The Sisters pray frequently, and they are regularly awakened for prayer at midnight. But if any of the Sisters are unable to rise from the wooden sleeping slab through weariness or sickness she is not required to leave her resting place. The retreatants assist in these midnight monastic devotions, which have been

a feature since the Order was established.

Three different habits are worn by the Sisterhood. The choir Sisters wear white serge, red scapulars and a black veil, with a tiny red cross resting just over the face. The lay Sisters wear the same habit, with a black serge, while the touriere Sisters all wear black habits.

Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn, twice visited the monastery during the fair, and Bishop Hennessy and Mgr. Doane, of Newark, and a host of priests from New York, Brooklyn and vicinity inspected the building. All but the public chapel was closed last Wednesday, when the Sisters went into a cloistered life from which they cannot be relieved save by another special dispensation.

Priests will conduct services in the public chapel, but the Sisters can never be approached at service. They may be seen at their chapel devotions through the grated partition in the rear of the public chapel, thus carrying out an ancient monastic custom. They are all skilful at embroidery and sewing, and employ themselves after their devotions and when the day's duties are finished in embroidering clerical vestments or in other needlework.

Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, said in explanation of the monastic peculiarities of the Sisterhood that the love of prayer and the confidence in it when offered through the Precious Blood have proven a salutary means of procuring God's grace and of strengthening the steps in the path of perfection. He added that could but a few only of the pious relations between the cloistered nun and the child of the world be recorded they would prove effectual in showing the large amount of good that may be accomplished through the invocation of the blood of the cross and the altar.

"These prayers are a means of grace so potent," he added, "that often a whole life may be changed thereby."—*Philadelphia Standard*.

Religion in the School.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, speaking at Beswick, Manchester, in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of a new Wesleyan school, said the Wesleyans had always been most honorably distinguished by the earnestness with which they had advocated the view that the training of the young in the matter of religion could not and ought not to be left wholly either to the family or the pulpit. Beyond those instruments of education they required the Sunday School. Those who thought the school was intended merely for secular purposes made in his opinion, a profound mistake. The broad issue between religious and secular education was one of the questions looming in the future. Those who had as their ideal of education nothing beyond secular learning were little better than Secularists.

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Signed, J. VAN VALCOURT,
Wotton, P. Q. General Merchant.



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Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

The Mendicant.

I met Him to-day in the winter street,
The Christ on the cross who died,
All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,
With bleeding forehead and hands and feet,
And I thought I thrust Him aside
Had He only come with the crown of thorns
Of the nail-prints ruby red,
Had the palms that pleased for a while but worn
Their wounds, I had not put by in scorn
His piteous plea for bread.
But tilly now and all in vain,
I grieve for the grave gone by,
And muse, "might He only come again,
I'd pity His plea and ease His pain
And harken unto His cry."
Nay, nay, for the blind dulleth
The king in his robe and crown,
But only the humble eye of faith
Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth
In the beggar's tattered gown
I saw Him not in the meek-look
And I heed not His cry
Now Christ in His infinite mercy grant
That pray I say in my day of want,
Be not in scorn put by.

A Mild Protest.

I am pained from time to time at the treatment which Roman Catholics receive at the hands of those known as Christian ministers and editors. It seems to me, whenever a minister desires to say something ugly of an other Christian denomination he makes it as bad as possible and then lays it to the Roman Church. I can hardly pick up the average religious paper but I find one or more "dings" at this Church, or at its ministers. If I go to a public college exhibition, where young men preparing for the ministry are in the majority, I am almost certain to hear one or more tirades against the Catholic Church. It is a positive fact, that I recently listened to an oration by a young minister, a college graduate, the substance of the oration being lying stories which circulated freely forty years ago, when the writer was a little child, and with which he was then so frightened that he could scarcely go to sleep at night, and yet in 1893 the same falsehoods are repeated before an intelligent audience, who are asked to believe the same!

The matter is carried to this extent. If the writer has Catholic relatives or friends visiting him he cannot invite them to go with him to any evangelical church or to a lecture or exhibition without being in constant fear that before the exercises are over something will be said which will insult or hurt the feelings of the Catholic friend. Why is this necessary? Why are all the actions and motives of the leaders in the Catholic Church always judged to be bad? Why are ugly statements made in the pulpits and in religious papers year after year, and not a single word or line of proof offered to support the same?

The writer thinks that laymen generally, with himself, believe Roman Catholics to be wrongfully treated and judged by those who should do differently. He thinks such statements are no longer believed by intelligent laymen, and he cannot understand the purpose of the continual repetition of the same. He believes that the members of the Catholic Church will average up with the members of the other churches (including those called evangelical) in faith and good works.

In conclusion he asks, that the truth be spoken in love always, and also, that proofs be given for all doubtful statements. The writer desires to bring the noble action of one Catholic priest before the people of his own denomination. Smallpox became epidemic in a city in Pennsylvania the past summer. To control it the City Board of Health was driven to great extremities. Thirty or more new cases were occurring each week. At this point the President of the Board called upon a priest in the city and asked for help. The call was made Saturday evening. To the request the priest replied: "You must call to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, for I leave the

city early Monday morning." The doctor called Sunday evening at the appointed hour. The following was the answer of the reverend gentleman. "I find we have a new building never yet used. It will probably accommodate thirty patients. This you can have for a hospital. I have ordered carpenters who will be here in the morning to make such alterations as you may desire for your purposes, when you are ready to bring your patients, there are Sisters who have volunteered to nurse them so long as there is need." Where is another minister who would in one day have done more Christian work? The doctor was asked why he went to this priest for help. "Because," he answered, "I went once before and got similar aid."

Catholic schools are often spoken of as very inferior. The writer has some knowledge of them which leads him to rank them very high. The editor of the *New York School Journal* recently said in an editorial: "It seems that every parochial school in the land takes the *Journal*." As this journal is probably the best of its class, this is no mean recommendation.—*Letter in the National Baptist.*

Buried by Night.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was buried at Peterborough Cathedral by torchlight. It was on the evening of Sunday, July 30, 1587, when, says "Cuthbert Bede," the Garter King at Arms, with five heralds and forty horsemen, arrived at the Castle (Fotheringhay), bringing with them a funeral car drawn by four caparisoned horses. The car was covered with black velvet, on which were escutcheons bearing the arms of Scotland, with little pennons round about it. The leaden coffin, placed in an outer coffin, was carried down the stairs and lifted on the car by torchlight, by the bareheaded heralds habited in their coats and tabards. At 10 o'clock the party left for Peterborough, and before 2 the body was placed in the Cathedral vaults. George II. likewise was buried at night by torchlight. Of bygone poets and playwrights (says the *Million*) many have been buried at night. Joseph Addison was one of these. His remains were interred at Westminster Abbey at midnight on June 26, 1719. Macaulay, in describing the funeral, says that "Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honored the most accomplished of Whigs, met the coach and led the procession by torchlight round the shrine of St. Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the chapel of Henry the Seventh. Here the coffin was lowered into a vault beside that of his patron Montague, the Earl of Halifax. A number of the Westminster boys held tapers, and by their light the Bishop impressively read the Church service." Two years later Matthew Prior, the poet, was buried at night in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey. Then later still the Poet Gray found on a midnight in December his last resting place in the same part of the old minster. Among odd characters who have been nocturnally buried, the famous highway man, Claude Duval, stands well to the fore. His exciting career was brought to a close at Tyburn on January 21, 1670, and his body was buried under the middle aisle of St. Paul's church, Covent Garden. The funeral procession comprised many torch-bearers. His grave bears the following epitaph: "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief— Du Val, the Ladies' joy; Du Val, the Ladies' grief."

Bavaria has a priest 95 years of age, the Rev. Hofbauer, a parish priest of Surabuin. He has just celebrated the 70th anniversary of his ordination.

A service of reparation for the blasphemies contained in Zola's "Lourdes" has been held at the Church of Santa Maria della Quercia, an interesting little church near the Palazzo Spada, Rome.

AN ESSEX COUNTY MIRACLE

HOW AN OLD LADY WAS RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

Strong Testimony of a Reliable Witness Added to the Already Long Chain of Evidence—Why Suffer When the Means of Cure Are at Hand?

From the Learning in Post.

Mrs. Mary Olmstead, a highly respected and well known lady residing south of the village of Wheatley, eight miles from Leamington, has been the subject of an experience that has excited not a little wonder, and has excited so much comment in the vicinity of the lady's home that the Post believes it will prove of general interest.

Proceeding to the handsome farm residence, we were ushered into a room where sat the genial old lady. Upon enquiry she informed us that she was in her eightieth year, and for one of her years she is the picture of health. She expressed her readiness to make public the particulars of her suffering and cure, stating that while she did not care to figure prominently in the newspapers, yet if her testimony would relieve others suffering as she had done, she would forego any scruples in the matter. She then related the story of her case as follows: "About six years ago I was stricken with sciatica rheumatism, which first made its appearance in my left knee, but gradually took possession of all my limbs. Within three months after its first appearance I was unable to leave my bed, and day and night suffered the most excruciating pain. My limbs were swollen to more than twice their natural size, and drawn out of all natural shape. My feet were also badly swollen, and my right arm was in the shape of a semi-circle. For three long years I suffered in this manner, being unable to put a foot to the floor, the only way I could move around was by being wheeled in a chair. My appetite gradually left me until I had no desire or relish for food of any kind, and I got very thin and weak. During all this time I kept doctoring with the medical practitioners of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of medicine which cost my husband much money, but I am unable to say that I received any benefit from this medicine. My agony kept increasing and my system growing weaker, till many times death would have been a welcome relief to my sufferings. After reading in the newspapers about the many cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to try them. My case was a stubborn one, and it was not until I had taken half a dozen boxes of the pills that I began to feel an improvement. I continued taking the pills, however, and never had a relapse, and today I am as hearty and healthy as I was before the rheumatism came on. I am now able to knit and sew as fast as any young person, while for years my fingers were as stiff as needles. I owe my recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the company's trade mark. Do not be persuaded to try something else.

When Mgr. Bourret, Bishop of Rodez, went to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat he took with him, several gifts for the Holy Father. One consisted of two francs—forty cents. It was sent by a poor little boy who had accumulated one cent at a time.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of July, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

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	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	8.00 7.40	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. 1 m p.m.	
	noon 9.00	2.00
	6.30 4.00	10.40 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00	10.30 11.00
U.S. West'n States	10.00	
	6.30 12 n.	9.00 8.20
	10.30	

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch postoffice.

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THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

July 26—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.
27—St. Veronica Juliana.
28—St. Nazarius and Celso and Companions Martyrs.
29—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.
30—St. Martha, Virgin.
31—St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor.
Aug. 1—St. Peter in Chains.

Baptist Belief.

Rev. Dr. McArthur, one of the foremost Baptists present at their Convention in Toronto, gives to a reporter a summary of belief. We were surprised to hear a few points of opinion which he advanced, but as he speaks in the plural, he has probably stated the general belief of Baptists correctly.

He objects strenuously to creeds, including the Apostle's, the Nicene, and the Athanasian. He denies Apostolicity of either origin or doctrine to the Apostle's creed, and objects to the words "descended into hell" and "I believe in the communion of saints;" the Nicene creed is called a compromise, and the Athanasian little short of blasphemous in its conclusion.

We had thought that the Apostle's Creed, at least, was free from the fulminations of the nineteenth century Lutherans. It is the most venerable confession of faith which the Christian Church possesses, and has been for centuries a standard of orthodoxy even to heretics. But its time was sure to come. Every new generation of Protestants has to exercise its right of protesting against some fresh point of Christian belief, and now they attack landmarks, of faith which stand, like imperishable obelisks, pointing the way to heaven. The proofs for an apostolic origin of the first Creed are much stronger than Dr. MacArthur's in rebuttal. As Luther threw away an epistle with the lucid explanation "It is an epistle of straw," so the Reverend Doctor flings aside the proofs, saying they are merely "statements of a romancer named Rufinus." It is safe to say that a man lies, when he is no longer alive to combat your opinion, but this method of shifting the argument is neither scholarly nor convincing. All Christian antiquity agrees in the belief concerning the apostolic origin of the Creed; and though, it is not a point of faith, we prefer to accept the statements of the old Fathers in the faith to believing the almost glib assertion of Dr. MacArthur.

The phrase "descended into hell" does not mean "was dead and buried," else why repeat the same idea? St. Peter tells us that Christ "preached to those who were in prison," or, as every Catholic child knows, the souls who were waiting until His death should procure them entrance into heaven. But this sounds too much

like Purgatory, so it must be explained away. The doctrine of the Communion of Saints rests on the same authority as the rest of the Creed. It has been said that Protestants form their creed first and then go text-hunting in the Scriptures for proofs, but here we see them rejecting portions of the Apostolic formula because they do not harmonize with their professed beliefs. As for the other creeds, Dr. MacArthur may consider the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Confession as blasphemous—it suffices for us if God does not. We were surprised, however, to hear that the Nicene Creed was a compromise. It gives us less faith in the Doctor's knowledge of history. The whole fight between Arians and Catholics raged about the word "homousios," or "consubstantial," or the "same in substance as the Father," and all the former creeds which were proposed as compromises were rejected by the assembled fathers.

As they thus reject creeds it may be justly inferred that they are content to substitute opinion for faith, as faith is the acceptance of truth on the authority of a superior. In fact, this is virtually acknowledged. He says: "We Baptists stand in this attitude. We have unquestioning faith in Truth. We do not ask whether it be new or old, but 'Is it true?' . . . We are open, in an unusual degree, to all new thought. We do not accept it because it is new; but we strive to accept it because it is true, and if it is Truth we accept it, wherever it may come from." If he refers to religious truth, it is a confession of having no faith. He has already reached the goal whither Dr. Brownson said Protestantism is rapidly going—that of unbelief in religious formula. We scarcely perceive how a man can call himself Christian, and look for his religious belief to the discoveries or inventions of the present. Catholics have been accused of making additions to the deposit of faith; and yet we maintain that the faith of Christ was revealed by Him once and forever, and no additions or mutations can be made by man. This is the true principle of Faith.

Dr. MacArthur says of his own co-religionists: "If it is truth we accept it"—that is, if they think it is truth. But this is not Faith; it is simply opinion. Faith is an act of real worship; it is a submission of the intellect to truth, because God says it is true. It thus becomes, as St. Paul says, "the evidence of things not seen." This real Faith is not a stultification of intellect, as some have said. The Catholic first assures himself that God has spoken, and on the authority of the All-wise has more grounds of conviction than almost any other basis of certainty. Our Protestant friends may look at the matter in any light they please—they will find that real, living Faith is found only in the Catholic Church, and that outside that faith are found only diverse opinions, most of which, since truth is one, must of necessity be false and misleading.

The division on the second reading of the Evicted Tenants' bill showed a vote of 259 for the bill and 227 against it. The announcement of the result was greeted with prolonged cheers from the Government benches.

Is Home Rule a Curse?

The *Toronto Mail* is, seemingly, as deeply interested in the welfare of Ireland as in the honour and good name of the Catholic Church and her Priests and Prelates. Thus, while it unceasingly and without any solicitation points out to Priests and Bishops the course of action or inaction on their part that would redound most to the credit and advantage of Catholicity, it warns all Irishmen against advocating or helping on the cause of Home Rule for Ireland. The *Mail* would change the whole system of Education and Church establishment in the Province of Quebec; and by starving the Priests and Bishops, and stopping all work of improvement in schools and churches, bring back the French Canadians who are earning from two to five dollars a-day in the manufacturing towns and cities of New England.

The *Mail's* unsolicited advice on Church matters in Canada is just as absurd and insulting as its dogmatizing remarks about Home Rule. The whole country, it maintains, would be exposed to faction fights and domineering of priestly authority, "while capital would be driven out of the kingdom and all industries would come to an end." We can assure the *Mail* and its friends that there would be no more quarrelling for supremacy in Ireland under Home Rule than there is in Canada—probably not quite so much. Here the opposing parties are about equal in strength and numbers, and bitter contests, as in the late election, are unavoidable. In Ireland they are but nine against seventy, and the probability is that the next general election will reduce the minority to a body guard of two.

One thing the *Mail* may rely upon is the utter impossibility of an appeal ever being made in Ireland to the religious passions or prejudices of the electorate. Such may occur in a few counties in Ulster, where Protestantism reigns supreme; but in all the rest of Ireland an appeal to religious passions would be frowned down by all, both Priests and people. What the *Mail-Meredith* Party has undertaken at four different elections in this Province could not be attempted even once in Ireland. The promoters of such a scheme would be universally condemned and ruled for ever out of the political arena.

The argument about capital leaving the country and industries being allowed to perish under Home Rule is most untenable, as it is most absurd. Is the *Mail* blind to the facts that ever since the accursed Union was proclaimed, capital has been leaving the country, and in consequence, with very few exceptions, all industries have already perished? The landlords either lived out of Ireland or they went to Paris, Florence and Monte Carlo to squander Ireland's capital every year, without exception, for a whole century. The Derbys, the Osbornes, the Clanricardes, the Bloomfields, and all the rest to whose forefathers the best land was all donated by Cromwell or King William or Elizabeth—all these estates and earls live riotously and in luxury upon the hard earnings of the Irish farmer, who pays enormous rack rents, and

can scarce keep his family in decency or the house over his head.

But all must change with Home Rule. When the tiller of the soil becomes proprietor of the land upon which he lives the earnings must all stop at home, capital must accumulate and industries will be fostered, and peace and contentment bless the land that makes its own laws and works out its own destinies.

Dr. Barnardo's "Popish Plot."

Most Canadians are familiar with the name of Dr. Barnardo, the gentleman who, for some years past, has been making Canada a dumping-ground for the refuse pauper lads of London. Catholics may have seen his name in connection with the famous case which resulted from his having perverted and deported a Catholic boy, whom he was unable to find when the lad's mother demanded her son. He now appears in a new role, scarcely more honorable than any of the others. In order to raise money for his Home he sent out stirring appeals in the usual Exeter Hall style, stating that a "Popish Plot" had been formed to buy the property adjoining him in order to establish a Catholic Sisterhood as rivals to his work. If £7,000 were not immediately forthcoming the Doctor would have to abandon his work, which is such a gain to London and such a glory to the righteous. An ordinary appeal for charity does not always open the pocket-books of John Bull; but when coupled with a great and original "Popish Plot," the effect was magical, and the money came rolling in.

In the meantime, the *Tablet* began to make inquiries, and found that the Doctor was either deceiver or deceived. He refused to answer the *Tablet's* charges, even when called on to do so by Mr. Hoare, M.P., who is a friend of the institution. Mr. Labouchere, with his usual hatred of shams, took up the case in *Truth* and urged Barnardo either to give the public a satisfactory explanation to the *Tablet's* charges or refund the money which he had received from his Protestant friends. The good man, thus persecuted, preserved a holy silence, merely stating that the charges were "puerile," that his lawyer and his friends advised him not to answer them, and that "no man's honor requires a defence against an attack in *Truth*." Labouchere returned to the attack, mildly but persistently, and asked why, if the charge is "puerile," did Dr. Barnardo hold so many councils concerning it; whether it is a "puerile" affair to get £7,000, even innocently, under false pretences; also whether Dr. Barnardo included the *Tablet*, the *London Times*, and the *Standard* under the class of papers from an attack in which no man's honor requires defence." But still the unworthy man keeps his peace, and incidentally, the £7,000. This sum will go far to console him under the assault of the unrighteous.

No person can accuse Dr. Barnardo directly of having concocted this story himself. It is charity to suppose that he was deceived. But he has erred against the two cardinal virtues of

justice and prudence; against justice, by retaining the offerings of his friends without justifying the grounds on which they were obtained; against prudence, by not having a more solid "Plot" to offer a hungry public. For the poor man's lot has fallen in evil days, when it is not safe to make wild charges, even concerning Catholics, unless you address a wilfully ignorant audience. Now, if he had had the good fortune to be born in the good old times of Titus Oates and Dangerfield, he might have garnered in the shekels of the godly, and had Cardinal Vaughan brought to the block on much less evidence than this. Alas! the change he is now attacked in a "Popish" weekly, pilloried in a radical organ, and brought to book even by that staunch defender of everything British, the London Times. Why, oh! why must a good man give proof of his statements against Catholics? But there is balm in Gilead. He has the £7,000, and will be able to ship out another consignment of embryo criminals to "the colonies." And, after all, what, in the name of Botany Bay, is the use of having colonies if you cannot transport to them the undesirable elements of your population?

The Metamorphosis of McCarthy.

It requires the longest Greek word we can select to describe the wondrous change which took place in Mr. Dalton McCarthy's ideas concerning Separate Schools. The champion of rampant Protestantism, the true defender of the faith in these degenerate times, to declare that he prefers separate to public schools! No wonder there is fear in Simcoe and terror amid the righteous of Lambton. McCarthy the Mighty, McCarthy More, has "fopped" again, and has, no doubt, on this point lost even the support of his one follower, leaving McCarthy as the only man found worthy to follow McCarthy.

But why, in the name of logic, has Mr. McCarthy persisted in foisting the battle of the schools on the Territorial Assemblies, when the Separate School system, of which he is so fond, already exists there, and the agitation consequent on the reopening of the discussion can do them no good, and may do them harm? The case is this. The North-West has had a double school system since 1875, when the system was established by the Reform Government of Mr. MacKenzie as being necessary for the prosperity of the Territories. These are still territories, and the necessity of toleration is as strong as heretofore. The leaders of both parties are in favor of retaining the system, and now Mr. McCarthy, who professes to admire Separate Schools, introduces a motion which can have no other purpose than to ensure their destruction. What does Mr. McCarthy mean? Does he think he can deceive the vast jury of the public by the worn-out device of talking toleration and enacting oppression? We do not think so. If he is really a friend of religious education, as every man who reads the times should be, let him stand up for it when it is attacked, and not himself lead creatures like Sam Hughes, and others of that ilk, in a forlorn hope against it.

Cynicism of the Mail.

Last week's *Mail* rejoiced in an editorial entitled "Freedom for the Territories" in which the Satanic leer and contemptuous sneer largely predominated. Hon. Mr. Laurier argued "that as the Roman Catholics in Quebec accord Separate Schools to English Protestants, so Protestants in the North West should in all fairness accord Catholic schools to the Roman Catholics." The *Mail* attaches no credit to this toleration and generosity on the part of the Catholics, but maintains that the Protestants have "the public and the undenominational schools," while "the Roman Catholics have established for themselves religious or Separate Schools." Rather than accord to the Catholic majority thanks or credit for allowing Protestants every possible advantage and Government support, in giving Protestant education to their children, the *Toronto Mail* has recourse to a misstatement which it knows to be false as Lucifer himself, viz: that "the Protestants in Quebec have public and undenominational schools."

The *Mail*—which pretends to a knowledge of everything concealed from others—must surely know that the Protestant Separate Schools in Quebec are all in the hands and under the control of a Protestant Minister, the Rev. Mr. Rexford. The *Mail*, unless woefully ignorant of what everybody knows, must be aware of the fact that the Bible is read and explained, and hymns sung, and Protestant prayers offered up every day, in every Protestant Separate school in the Province of Quebec; and yet the *Mail* has the effrontery to make the statement that the Protestant Separate Schools in Quebec are "actual public and undenominational."

The leer and the sneer again are visible when the *Mail* explains the origin of Protestant Separate Schools in Quebec. It asks: "How did Quebec happen to receive the dual system?" The answer comes: "She established it of her own free will, and without the slightest intervention on the part of outsiders." "No constitutional enactment compelled that province to provide the religious schools or little churches." And while acknowledging all this the *Mail* has no word of praise, no meed of credit for Catholic generosity—(the *Mail* ironically calls it—magnanimity) in that of its own free will it made ample provisions for the education of Protestant children and allowed Protestant parents every possible facility for imparting a Protestant education to their offspring. There was no Constitutional Act to compel this magnanimity; the Catholics did it out of a sense of pure justice to their Protestant fellow-citizens. Because the *Mail*, in its low, hateful bigotry, cannot understand generosity or magnanimity of this nature it sneers at the North-West "being forced to do what Quebec was never asked to do."

Mr. Laurier did not say the North-West should be forced to do anything. He merely said, according to the *Mail's* version, that: "As Catholics in Quebec freely accord Separate Schools to the English Protestants, so the Protestants should in all fairness

do the same for Catholics in the North West." Quebec Catholics were never forced by law or even asked to be fair or generous to their Protestant fellow-citizens. They acted on their own sense of propriety and fair dealing. They enacted that Protestants in Quebec should have their Protestant Separate Schools, with a Protestant Superintendent to regulate everything—with Protestant Model and Normal Schools, and Protestant Colleges and Universities, all subventioned by the Catholic Government of Quebec—with seven Protestant Inspectors of those Schools paid large salaries out of the general Government fund, with no one to howl over Catholic magnanimity, with no French Meredith or *Mail* to agitate the whole Province over it, and almost plunge the country into a disastrous Civil War. The Catholics of Quebec are so convinced of the appropriateness of having separate Protestant schools and academies for their Protestant neighbors that a French Canadian Meredith or a bigoted and benighted sheet like the *Mail* would be an utter impossibility in that enlightened and truly tolerant Province.

Insulting Cant.

At the closing exercises of the Baptist Convention in Toronto Dr. Wharton of Baltimore, "one of the sweetest evangelists in America," thus gave vent to the sweetness of his gospel: "I would rather to-day be Mayor of Toronto trying to hold the devil down than be the Mayor of the biggest city in America, put there by a lot of bums, saloon-keepers and Roman Catholics."

The old, canting Holy Willie, to think that after having spent a week in this city, with no insult or harm from Catholic citizens, he should fling his dirty fistful of mud at them when he is leaving. There are no words to express the contempt with which we regard this model of sweetness, this truly Christian gospeler. If he were a gentleman, he would not thus speak of the absent for the delighted applause of gaping children, young or old; if he were a Christian, he would do as he would be done by; if he were in any degree a man, he would go to New York or Chicago and give vent to his spleen in the presence of the accused. But he is neither a gentleman, a Christian nor a man. He tries to belittle such men as James Gilroy and John Patrick Hopkins, and the electorates who put them in the positions they fill so well; but, judged by the standard of manliness, he is not an equal of the worst "bum" that frequents the lowery. "Bums, saloon-keepers and Roman Catholics." What a delightful combination!

Let him go back to Baltimore, the home of Lord Baltimore, of Charles Carroll, of Archbishop Spalding, Cardinal Gibbons, George W. Abell, and hosts of others, and fling his vile insults. He is afraid to do it. He comes to this corner of the earth; and being sure that he is safe here, he lets out the bitterness that he had been forced to restrain. We would rather be the shoeblack that shines John Patrick Hopkins' shoes than an itinerant scandal-monger with a "sweet" evangel of cant, buncombe and lies; we would rather be a Bowery bum than skulk off to another land to throw our Lilliputian darts of spite at giants whom we fear to face at home.

Home Rule Fund.

We are glad to see the ball is kept moving in the Diocese of London. All the parishes are not heard from; but we are given to understand that remittances have been made directly to Hon. E. Blake from some parishes and which in the aggregate will foot up a considerable contribution from the whole Diocese. Mr. Peter Kennedy, whose letter we subjoin, is a successful merchant in Ingersoll, whose love for the old land of his birth is only equalled by his attachment to Canada, the country of his adoption. When he came from Ireland some forty years ago to seek home and fortune in the West he had little else to start on than a brave heart, sterling courage and persevering industry, with unflinching devotion to St. Patrick's living Faith, and honesty of purpose in all his dealings. These have borne him up and over all difficulties until to-day, when his maturer years are crowned with an easy independence and the esteem of his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Kennedy's exertions in aid of the men fighting the long and tedious battle of Home Rule will be fully appreciated in his native parish in North Tipperary—where we invite our exchanges, the *Newspaper* and the *Mulland Tribune* of Birr to copy his spirited and patriotic letter to Rev. Dr. Flannery:

INGERSOLL, July 7, 1894.

Rev. Dr. Flannery.

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 drafting to your order the sum of \$100.00.

As an old friend and fellow townsman I am proud of the Right Rev. Bishop's appointment, and feel honored in being thus associated with Your Reverence in the great and noble cause of sustaining the men in the gap and helping on to a glorious victory the patriotic work now in progress for the regeneration and prosperity of the beautiful island that bore us.

Please convey my warmest regards to my personal friend, the Hon. E. A. 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. M'Phy, gave us substantial aid in raising this sum from a small and struggling congregation.

Below you will find the list of subscribers. I am yours sincerely,

PETER KENNEDY.

- Rev. J. P. M'Phy, \$10; Peter Kennedy, \$10; Michael Dunn, \$10; F. A. Brady, \$5; Dan. O'Neil, \$1; Thos. Clear, jr. \$1; Joseph Korwin, \$1; A. Howlin, \$1; M. Shaanon, \$1; Morris Ronan, \$1; J. C. Richardson, \$1; H. H. Tucker, 50c; John Brophy, \$1; Augustus Frezill, \$1; C. C. L. Wilson, \$1; Dan. McCowell, \$1; Mrs. Jas. Burns, 50c; Wm. Kerwin, 50c; James Enright, \$1; Mrs. P. Thornton, 50c; A friend, 50c; M. Lacey, \$1; John Lonihan, \$1.50; M. J. McDermott, \$1; E. M. Henderson, 50c; Thos. Downey, \$1; A friend, 25c; Charles O'Neil, \$1; A. Bran Hittson, 50c; Jas. O'Callaghan, \$2; John Pollard, 50c; A friend, 25c; Mrs. R. Sage, \$1; Wm. Ryan, \$1.50; J. S. Smith, \$2; J. McCarty, \$2; G. L. Thompson, \$1; C. H. Kennedy, \$1; Thos. Seldon, \$1; Peter Carling, \$1; Jas. O'Callaghan, \$1; Mrs. W. McGrath, \$1; John Greenly, \$1; Andrew Smith, 50c; James Hanlan, \$1; A friend, 50c; Thos. O'Meara, \$1; Jerry Dunn, \$2; M. McNally, Thos. Lavin, \$1; M. Fitzgorald, \$1; Jas. Leflame, 50c; Jacob Halm, 50; Daniel Shean, 50c; A friend, 25c; Jas. Buchanan, \$1.

- Amount collected by Jas. Lennihan \$2.50
- " " Geo. O'Callaghan \$3.50
- " " Jas. O'Callaghan \$2.50
- Also R. Ryan \$2; Thos. Dunn, \$1; N. P. Dunn, \$1.

CANADA AND THE IRISH CAUSE.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: The National Trustees beg to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £20 7s 3d, mentioned in the following letter, for the Irish Parliamentary Fund:—

House of Commons, June 30, 1894.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to enclose a draft for £20 7s 3d, equivalent to 100 dollars, sent me for the Irish Parliamentary Fund by M. Timothy Howe, of Strathroy, Ontario, Canada.

This is the second subscription of 100 dollars which Mr. Howe has made this year. Pray let it be published and acknowledged in the usual way, and oblige

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD BLAKE.

Five Minute Sermon.

THE HOLLY OF SIN.

What is the good of being a sinner? No good, but much evil. Experience shows that we have gained nothing by sin but shame, sorrow and death. And what has been your experience in the tribunal of confession? Did you never groan and shed tears there alone with God and His minister? Why was it? Your own conscience, your better self was tormenting you, your own tongue was lashing you, your heart was grief-stricken, you fairly loathed yourself. You remembered how Jesus was smitten in the face, and blood mounted to your cheeks, and well it might, for you, ungrateful wretch, had dealt those blows. A moment of sensual pleasure, a lie of injustice, a foul hatred, a meanness of human respect, or a slothful neglect has to be undone by a long penance; and this is nothing? Besides death is ever pursuing you and will overtake you too soon.

What is the good of sinning? Ask that man whose blood is burning with fiery alcohol, some day when a hot summer's sun suddenly prostrates him in death. Ask the libertine when he drops into an untimely grave. Ask the avaricious man when his stocks, deeds, and bank-notes are fading from his eyes, dimmed by the last agony.

What is the good of sinning? Ask that soul that is speeding before the tribunal of judgment with scores of sins unrepented of. Ask the wretched girl who, despairing on account of her shame, suddenly goes before God, sent by her own act. Ask the seducer when an unforeseen blow sends him to the great tribunal of eternity. Ask the impure one who falls asleep and awakes before the throne of the holy Judge of all hearts. What is the good of sinning? Ask one who after a career of dissipation unexpectedly finds himself in hell. Ask the hardened sinner who refuses to repent to the very last, and now weeps and gnashes his teeth in everlasting torment. Ask him who gives up his faith and meets the traitor's doom of perdition. Ask wicked parents who seal their own condemnation by their ungodly offspring. Ask the proud and disobedient who spurn holy discipline and are cast out with the devils. In a word, let death, judgment and hell answer what is the good of being a sinner.

Our Lord compares him to an evil tree which cannot bring forth good fruit, and is cut down and cast into the fire. The soil is good, the rain invigorating, the sunshine fructifying, but the fibre of the tree is bad, its sap watery, its root languishing, and in the end yields no fruit. Just so the life of the sinner. The graces of God are given but not used. The summer passes, the harvest ends, and he is not saved.

The animal in us enjoys sensuality and the demon in us enjoys pride. But the man enjoys the love of God. The love of God is the opposite of sin. That holy love of the supreme good purifies us of the delilement of our animal nature, sets us free from the bondage of Satan, and makes us men—in the truest sense of the term men—and in the supernatural order Christians and children of God. Keep the commandments of God, preserve a pure conscience, hate sin and the devil. This is the only true happiness, the only life worthy the man and the Christian.

"None So Blind," Etc.

The first living of the famous Bishop Wilberforce was at Brightstone, Isle Wight, and as the place had a bad name for wrecking and smuggling, the new rector took an early opportunity of preaching a sermon especially against these practices, and his text was the verse, "Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom," etc. The

next morning being half afraid he might have given some offence, he asked a friend who was staying with him to go round the parish and learn how the sermon had been regarded. To the astonishment of both, the villagers greatly approved the sermon, with one exception that, while the rector had said nothing but what he ought to say he did not himself practise what he preached. "You don't say so!" said the cautious and amazed inquirer. "What does the rector do that is wrong?" "Why, sir, you see, he told us to give custom where custom was due, and yet he don't deal in the village but buys his things in Newport!"

Tips

The ideas of "tipping" vary the world over. In Paris the waiter considers that he has a legal claim to a tip equal to 5 per cent. of the amount of the bill. If a man eats a luncheon which costs 75 cents the waiter is perfectly satisfied with a "tip" which, in American money would amount to 2 cts. Of course he will gladly take more, but he is content with the 4 cents. If a man gave a dinner which costs \$400, the waiter would expect \$20. He looks upon that 5 per cent. as his unquestionable right. It is as if there were a law upon the subject of "tips." In New York there is a characteristically careless American amiability about "tipping." In the fashionable restaurants men who spend money freely give "tips" which amount to about 10 per cent. of their bill. If the bill is \$10 the waiter gets \$1; if it is \$20, he gets \$2, etc. But Americans who patronize the so-called swell resorts do not follow a percentage rule in giving fees where the amount of the bill is small. For the most trivial service they give 10, 15 and 25 cents. A wealthy Frenchman, following the custom of his beloved Paris, gave a waiter of the best-known restaurant in this country, who served him a light luncheon, the Paris 5 per cent. fee. The bill was 60 cents and the Parisian's fee was 3 cents. The waiter was so astonished that he stood stock still and watched the Frenchman till he left the room.—*New York Tribune.*

Gentle Woman's Revenge.

Husband and wife had a little tiff. He buried his nose in the morning paper, while she gazed out of the car window with great intentness. Thus an hour and thirty minutes passed. A lady entered the car. Husband dropped his paper and looked at her inquiringly.

"Ah," said he, "that's a fine woman. And widow, too. Don't you think she's handsome?"

"Yes, rather. You seem to like widows."

"Indeed I do. They are just charming."

Husband evidently thought this would pique his partner. But it didn't.

"Alfred," she said, tenderly, and placing her hand softly on his arm, "Alfred, I guess I was in the wrong a little while ago when I became angry with you, and I'm sorry, so sorry. Will you forgive your little wife?"

"Certainly. Don't say another word about it."

"And will you grant a little request I have to make to you, hubby, dear?"

"Of course, anything that lies in my power."

"You say you think widows are so charming?"

"Yes, I did say so; but—"

"Then make me one, that's a good husband mine. Oh, I shall be so happy!"

The Vatican has taken steps to ascertain the conditions of the approaching marriage of the Czarowitz's brother to the daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

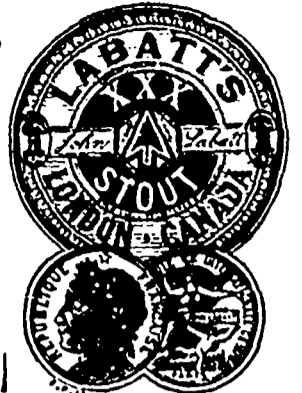


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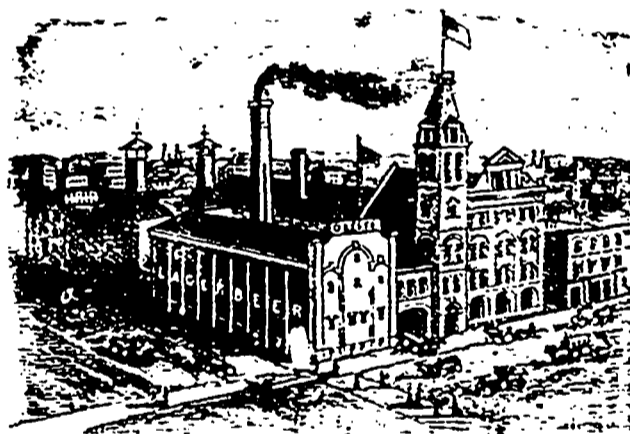
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Limerick.

Rev. John Murphy, O.S.A., was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, at the 8 o'clock Mass, on Sunday, July 1st, in the Augustinian Church, George street, Limerick.

The salmon fishing was remarkably good during the last week in June. At Castleconnor, close on 200 fish—mostly peal—were landed. Mr. Hodges, on Doonas Lough, had 31 to his rod; Messrs. Phelps, on Lanescape, had 36 between them. General Cooke had a day of 8, and good sport for the rest of the week; and Mr. B. L. Marples had a salmon of 31 lbs. Higher up the Shannon the anglers of Kill also took about 75 fish in the week.

Longford.

Major R. Rutledge Fair, Local Government Inspector, held an inquiry on June 22d at Ballymahon Workhouse, in consequence of a resolution passed by the local Board of Guardians, asking the Local Government Board to dissolve their Union and apportion the electoral divisions which compose it between the neighboring Unions of Longford, Athlone and Mullingar. In case amalgamation scheme was sanctioned the Guardians proposed to utilize the workhouse buildings as a joint school for the education of children from a number of workhouses in the counties of Westmeath and Longford. No decision has yet been rendered.

Louth.

The marriage arranged between Captain Forrester Colvin, 9th Lancers, and the Hon. Isabel McClintock Bunbury will take place on the 26th of July.

On June 29th the dead body of Patrick Collins, aged 50 years, a gardener and general laborer, who had been missing from the 23d, when he went to fish, was found in the Boyne, near the Mell Brewery, Drogheda. A verdict of found drowned was returned by the coroner's jury.

Mayo.

A melancholy event happened at Bellina, on Monday morning, June 18. Mr. Atkinson, owner of considerable property in Erris, was a passenger by the morning train. At the station he complained of a slight pain, but entered the bus to be conveyed to the Imperial Hotel. Two other visitors also occupied seats. On arriving at the hotel the "boots" saw that Mr. Atkinson was not leaving the bus, and on going over to him found that he was dead.

In Castlebar, on June 29th, there was a large crowd of boys bathing at the "spring-board," when one of them, not knowing the great depth of water, sprang out some distance from the shore, and being unable to swim, at once went under. As the boy was going down for the third time, Jack Kelly, of Chapel street, who was putting on his clothes after a bath, swam to his assistance, and diving after him, raised him to the surface and brought him ashore. The lake at this place is very deep, and Kelly's brave conduct deserves the attention of the humane Society.

Queen's County.

A few days ago a child named Murphy, aged about four years, son of a railway porter, was observed struggling in the canal at Monasterovan. The shrieks of women who were near the scene, but powerless to render assistance, attracted to the spot Mr. Daly, solicitor, who at once plunged into the canal, swam to the child, and succeeded in bringing him to the bank, where, after restoratives were applied, he gradually recovered. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Daly for his prompt and courageous action.

Roscommon.

New potatoes sold as high as 3d. per lb. in Roscommon market, on June 23d. In the same market wool sold at 10d. per lb.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Michael Giblin, of Frenchpark, Commissioner to Administer Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland.

With feelings of deep regret we have to announce the death of Mr. Patrick O'Flynn, which took place at the residence of Mr. Wm. Johnson, Strokestown, on Thursday, June 21st. Deceased was a highly intelligent man, and did many things for purpose of benefitting his native land. He was engaged, for some years past, writing a history of Roscommon, the manuscript of which is in the hands of Mr. Johnson. Mr. O'Flynn was 55 years of age. May he rest in peace.

Sligo.

At the religious examination for the Deanery of Sligo, held on Monday, June 25th, Patrick Waters, of Cloonolly, a pupil of Breaghy National School, took first prize in 2nd school, 6th class, and Patrick Cunningham 1st prize in first stage, 6th class, for superior answering.

Rev. Patrick A. Keilty, late of Sligo College, was ordained priest at Maynooth on Sunday, June 24th. He was the only Elphin student raised to the dignity of priesthood on the occasion. The Rev. gentleman, who has read a most distinguished course in Sligo and Maynooth Colleges, is a brother of the Rev. Martin Keilty, Professor, Summerhill College, Sligo.

The lamented death on June 23d of Mr. Patrick Gilroy, of Mullaghmore, at a comparatively early age, deprives the cause of Nationality in South Sligo of one of its sturdiest advocates and creates a gap in the

National ranks which it will be difficult to fill. Quiet, unostentatious, kind and gentle to all, it was no wonder that Pat. Gilroy was a universal favorite. But by those of his political associates, who had the privilege of a close acquaintance, and had learned to admire him for his many and varied talents, he was looked upon as the embodiment of everything kind, patriotic and generous—a true friend, a sterling patriot and an ardent democrat. Mr. Gilroy was a life long Nationalist. Some years ago when a Corcuan Government endeavored by terrorism to stamp out the spirit of Nationality in Gurteen he was one of the first to step into the gap of danger; and he was one of the first to unfurl the flag of the Federation in his native parish. May he rest in peace. Over fifty vehicles on June 25th attended the funeral, which was one of the largest and most imposing ever seen in the county.

Tipperary.

At the meeting of the Tipperary Board of Guardians, on June 26th, a resolution was adopted in favor of the claims of the Christian Brothers.

Died, at Rock Abbey, Cashel, Vernon William Russell, late Surgeon, County Tipperary Infirmary, and seventh son of the late Marcus C. Russell, of Ballydavid, Littleton, Thurles, aged 78 years.

The following students of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, were on Sunday, June 24, raised to the Priesthood by his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, in the Cathedral Thurles—Rev. Patrick Quinn, for the diocese of San Francisco; Rev. John Murphy, Adelaide; Rev. Patrick Hanly, Cashel; Rev. John Butler, San Francisco; Rev. James Moloney, Cashel; Rev. Michael P. Ryan, Salford.

Tyrone.

A few days ago a vein of coal, measuring nine feet in thickness, was discovered by the firm of Carr & McNally, at Brackoville, near Coalisland. The coal is of good quality, and the miners have estimated that they will be able to raise fifteen tons per day easily.

A lad about four years of age, son of Mr. Robert Hamilton, lock-keeper of the Coalisland Canal, had a very narrow escape from being drowned on the 22d of June. The lad, with a number of others, were engaged playing with a ball on the line side, when he fell over the wharf into the basin. An alarm was instantly raised, and a young man named James Hughes, of Gortgoris, ran to the scene, and, without divesting himself of his clothes, plunged into the basin and caught hold of the boy, and landed him safely on the wharf. The child was removed, in an exhausted state, to his parent's residence, where restoratives were applied, and he was soon restored. Mr. Hughes is a young man of about eighteen summers.

Waterford.

The Waterford Town Commissioners, Fermoy Board of Guardians, and Middleton Board of Guardians, have passed unanimously resolutions protesting against the exclusion of the Christian Brothers under the Compulsory Education Act.

A direct sea service has been inaugurated between Manchester and Waterford on Monday, June 25, the steamer Quiraing arrived in the Pomona Dock, Manchester, from Waterford, and thus initiated what it is hoped will prove a large direct trade with Ireland. The Manchester Guardian anticipates great results for the new port from this source.


On the evening of June 28, O'Donovan Rossa arrived in Waterford by train, from Dublin, and was accorded a hearty welcome. He was met at the terminus by a brass band, and was accompanied to the Town Hall by an enormous crowd. Outside that building the wagonette in which he drove was brought to a halt, and O'Donovan Rossa, in a few well-chosen words, acknowledged the welcome he had received. He afterwards lectured on his prison life in the Theatre Royal. The house was well filled, and Mr. E. Harvey, of Grange, occupied the chair.

Wexford.

Mr. Wm. Fortune has got the contract for the erection of a new residence for the Eнискорты Christian Brothers on a site in proximity to St. John's road. The Brothers recently effected considerable improvements in their schools, the "living" apartments therein having been so altered as to provide further school accommodation, and the changes have necessitated the residence which Mr. Fortune is now commencing to build. The school alterations, which were in the hands of Messrs. Maguire & Kinsella, are on the point of completion.

Maurice O'Neill, the man who sustained painful injuries at Enniscomorthy Railway Station on last Christmas Eve, through falling off the platform, under the wheels of an incoming train, has been so completely restored to health, thanks to the careful treatment of Dr. Furlong, that he has been discharged from the infirmary. Dr. Furlong has succeeded in procuring for O'Neill an artificial limb (to replace the lower portion of the foot which was amputated) so perfect in character that he is able to walk about with facility and with very slight inconvenience.

Dr. Cardiff, Coroner for South Wexford, held an inquest, on June 27th, at Clonroche, on the body of a man named Peter Nolan (of



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Coolight), who had expired suddenly in the public-house of Mr. John Cullen, on the previous evening. The testimony showed that death was traceable to the effects of excessive tobacco smoking, and that it had taken place with awful suddenness. At one time deceased used to smoke, at least, six ounces in the week, but he reduced that amount. Syncope and failure of the heart's action were the cause of death. A verdict in accordance with the medical evidence was returned.

On the evening of June 23, a death took place at Tinnock, about half a mile from Campile, of a very strange and sudden nature. The victim was a young woman named Margaret McDonald, aged about 28 years, who was subject to epileptic fits. She had gone to a well for a can of water, and a man who was working nearby, not seeing her rise after stooping over the water, ran to the spot and found her lying on her face. He lifted her up, but she died almost immediately. Dr. Jas. H. Bogan, medical officer for the Arthurstown district, deposed that he made a superficial examination of the deceased, and he believed death was caused by apoplexy, brought on by the fits to which the deceased was subject. A verdict in accordance with the medical testimony was returned. A strange circumstance in connection with her death was that her father a short time ago dropped dead quite suddenly, near the same spot, from heart disease.

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Catholic Missions in China.

The following is from *Les Missions Catholiques*.—The Rev. Father Osaire, a Franciscan missionary in Ohan tong, northern China, writes:

Our holy religion is spreading more and more in the district of Oheulitch-oang, judging from the constantly increasing numbers of catechumens. Since the feast of Christmas I have had in, consequence of the new applicants to send out other catechists; and if I could command the services of a greater number of well instructed and zealous assistants I could easily keep them occupied. Unfortunately the persons suited for this delicate mission are very few; and besides it requires a considerable time to prepare them.

A few days ago a neophyte told me of the origin of his conversion. Before asking admission to the number of catechumens he was the chief of a sect whose religion consisted in a few superstitious practices, and he had never heard of our religion. An oculist by profession he was called to treat a young girl in the orphan asylum at Tche li; he visited the chapel; the catechist of the mission explained to him the symbolical meaning of the different objects of piety which ornamented the sanctuary; the catechist thus after a time was enabled to give him a full explanation of the Christian doctrine and at last concluded by proposing to him this question:

"You ought to become a Catholic."

"Is it possible at my age?" replied the pagan; "it is very difficult to break away from our old customs!"

"It is never too late," replied the catechist. This reply removed the last difficulty; from that time he resolved to become a convert. While awaiting the time of his baptism the new catechumen worked with extraordinary zeal for the propagation of our holy religion. May the Lord bless his efforts!

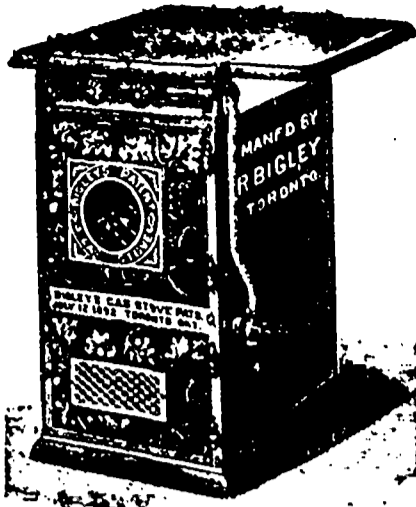
Limits of Human Senses.

The limited nature of the human senses, whereby we may fail to perceive an all pervading "second universes," has been greatly emphasized by the progress of science since Isaac Taylor reasoned from it in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" half a century ago. Improvement in spectroscopy and photography show that invisible rays extend as far beyond the violet end of the spectrum as the length of the spectrum itself, and indeed must continue until the vibration "become infinitely rapid and infinitely small." Some of these ultra rays can be made visible by interposing a substance that lessens their refrangibility.

Professor Stokes the physicist found that when a tube filled with a solution of quinine sulphate was moved along the spectrum, "on arriving nearly at the violet extremity a ghostlike gleam of pale blue light shot across the tub; it did not cease until the tube had been moved far beyond the violet extremity of the spectrum visible on the screen."

The wave lengths of the spectrum sun rays have been measured, and we perceive only those that are from about one forty to one sixty thousandth of an inch; to all others we are blind. So of sound; the human ear, practically, hears only those sounds that come from forty to 4,000 vibrations of the air per second, though the possible limit has been traced to near 40,000. The microphone reveals a new range of notes, and it is conceivable that this instrument, in connection with sympathetic and harmonic vibrations, may bring down to audibility still higher sources of sound. It is not affirmable that any construction of mortal eye and ear could disclose the supernal; but it is certain that there is very much visible that we don't know how to discern.—*The Forum*.

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The Parting.

My boat is moored a-near the silent shore,
 Night's mantle floats athwart the western sky
 And that "grim ferryman" stands patient by
 To guide my soul Death's darksome waters o'er;
 A little while and Time will no more;
 A gasp, a sob, perchance a parting sigh,
 The wail of friends, a mother's anguished cry,
 And then a hush. All eager to ex-lore
 The dreadful secrets of the spirit world,
 My life will flit across the waters dark,
 Which 'tween the Present and the Future roll.
 They call me; see, the sails are all unfurled!
 Sweet angels, to the port conduct my bark,
 And Thou, O Lord, receive my storm-tossed
 soul!

Catholic News.

One of the most remarkable evidences of the growth of Catholicity in England is the fact, that the London *Athenaeum* declares, in a recent number, that the best literary work appearing of late days in England comes from the pens of Catholic clergymen.

In Madrid a great many young men of good family have grouped themselves together to help the poor, and amongst others the cross-sweepers; they see that they go to mass, teach them their Catechism, assist at their marriages and the baptism of their children, and, in fact, look after them body and soul.

As a result of the better understanding arrived at between Russia and the Vatican, the order prohibiting the Russian bishops from visiting Rome has been revoked. The Russian papers are also allowed to publish the encyclical to the Poles and other documents emanating from the Roman Curia.

Says the *Arc Marie*: "A private letter from Buenos Ayres informs us that a nephew of Professor Huxley has been received in the Church by Rev. Father Constantine, C.P. The new convert had studied the works of his distinguished uncle; but the prayers and example of his believing wife disarmed his prejudices, led him to investigate the claims of the Church, and he was finally won over to the faith."

There is to be an English Catholic Pilgrimage to Ireland. The pilgrimage under the direction of Father Fletcher, Master of the Guild of our Lady of Ransom for the conversion of England, and among the other holy places which will be visited by it are the venerable ecclesiastical ruins at Ardferit of Kil-arney.

St. Ignatius' Church, San Francisco, Cal., is the possessor of a jeweled monstrance which is probably the most costly and elaborate owned by any church in the world. It is almost four feet high, is made of pure gold, and has over 1,000 precious stones. It has been made from offerings which have accumulated in the course of years until they were worth \$10,000.

About one thousand six hundred persons were present at the Polish Catholic Congress held recently at Posen. They included three Bishops and deputies of the Reichstag and Landtag. An address on the Papal Encyclical to the Poles was delivered by Dr. Zeleurez, and a telegram expressive of loyalty was dispatched to the Holy Father, who had sent his blessing to the congress.

A Legend of Calvary.

The name of the soldier who pierced Christ's side with the spear while he was hanging on the cross has been preserved in the legendary lore of the church as Longinus, says the St. Louis Republic. This man was one of the soldiers appointed to keep guard at the cross, and it is said that he was converted by the miracles which attended the crucifixion. The legend even goes further, declaring that he was one of the company of watchers set to guard the sepulcher, and that he was the only one who refused to be bribed to say that the body of our Saviour had been stolen by the disciples. For his fidelity to this great truth, Pilate resolved upon his destruction. On this account Longinus left the army to devote

his entire time to spreading the gospel; but he did this without first getting permission from the governor of Judea, or from Rome. He and two fellow soldiers whom he had converted retired to Cappadocia, where they began to preach the word of God. At the instigation of some of the leading Jews, however, Pilate sent out a detachment of soldiers who surprised the deserters at a place where they were holding a Christian meeting, and where they had three crosses set up as an illustration of the tragedy which had occurred but a short while before at Jerusalem. All three were killed and beheaded, and their heads nailed upon the crosses and carried in triumph back to Jerusalem.

The trial in Dublin of the officers in Birr who tried to assault several servant girls last week ended without a decision, the court being divided on the question of guilt.

O'Donovan Rossa arrived at Birr for the purpose of unveiling a monument to the memory of the Manchester martyrs. He was met at the station by a large crowd, who formed a procession and, with torches and bands of music, paraded the streets, at least ten thousand persons were present.

Canada's Great Fair.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held from the 3rd to the 15th of September, will no doubt be the greatest fair of the present year, and from present indications it promises to excel all others, both in point of exhibits and in attendance of visitors. The grounds have been vastly improved since last year, and already most of the space in all the buildings has been applied for. All entries close on the 11th of August. A good programme of special attractions, both novel and interesting, will be provided as usual. It is only a little over a month to the time of the fair, and our readers cannot choose a better holiday trip than this offers. Cheap excursions will as usual be run on all railways at rates in keeping with the times. This great Fair has now become one of the best and most popular educational and entertainment enterprises on this continent, and attracts visitors each year, not only from all parts of the Dominion, but from the United States as well, and those who have never been there would be surprised at its magnitude and attractiveness, being almost like a World's Fair, only on a smaller scale.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, July 25, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 59	0 60
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 63	0 65
Barley, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs...	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 45	0 65
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 20	0 22
Butter, in dairy tubs.....	0 16	0 18
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 13	0 14
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 40	0 75
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Onions, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 35	0 40
Potatoes, per bbl.....	2 25	2 50
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Carrots, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Apples, per bbl.....	4 00	5 00
Hay, new.....	7 50	9 00
Hay, timothy.....	10 00	12 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, July 24.—There were about forty loads in the market to-day, and such of the offerings as were fit for export was purchased at from 3½c to 4½c per pound.

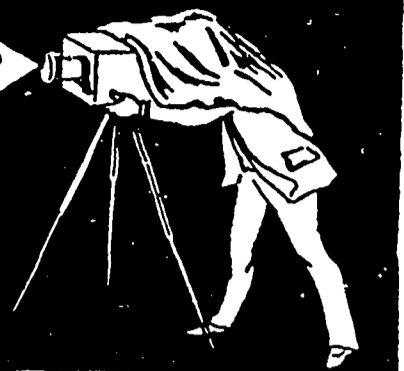
For the better kind of butchers' cattle prices were steady, 3½c was the average price for choice with a few small picked lots selling at 3½c per pound; a good many lots of secondary sold at 3c and 3½c, while 2½c and 2½c was the range for inferior, with some very common old lots as low as 2½c per pound.

Sheep were unchanged and slow of sale. There was a better inquiry for lambs, but prices ruled very low, and ranged from \$2 to \$3.25 each, while for common even lower figures were paid.

There was a little more activity in calves, but prices could only be quoted as somewhat firmer for choice calves.

As not more than 180 hogs came in the prices were well maintained, but no advance was made. All here sold, and all grades will find a market.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED).

"Most true," replied Georgina; "for Lord Claud and you are the only two who have remained faithful to my beloved Hortense."

"But perhaps," said her ladyship, smiling, "you may feel a little jealous that he admired her so much?"

"Who? I jealous of such a superior being? Oh, never! But how can he think of me?"

"To that question, my dear Lord Claud," said the marchioness, "you must yourself reply."

His lordship did reply; and so much to the satisfaction of all parties, that on the arrival in Belgrave-square an immediate reference to the parents, through the favorable medium of Lady Pezance, was resolved on for that night, to be followed by a visit to those parents by Lord Claud on the following morning.

In the mean time the Duke of Peterworth and Lord Stanmore drove rapidly, and almost in silence, to Carlton Gardens. They entered the earl's private sitting-room, and found him well, and, as usual, calm and benignant, but with the traces of sorrow on his countenance. The duke spoke at once on the purport of his untimely visit; for it was past eleven o'clock.

"My dear lord," said he, "you have faith—stronger faith than I have; for you have more grace. I believe you to be a living saint; but I find you have consented to a proposition I do not think saintly at all. You have weakly acceded to the request of Mr. Woolton, that his daughter shall be in the vaults at Woolton Court, among all those who have died in a state of grace, fortified by the last sacraments, and eligible to the benefits of the Holy Sacrifice, offered daily in the chapel above—she who has died in mortal sin, with the evidence of her murderous ambition left in the case of labelled poisons. And now, before I speak further on the subject of your vaults, let me ask you whether it has not struck you, that if she had intended to die, by poison or otherwise, she would have taken the precaution to burn the contents of that case? and God has cut her off in her sins, leaving proof of them, that those who happily have survived her iniquity might take warning. I do not believe that she died of a broken heart; for I question that she had any heart to break. If this Prince Ernest Wolfenschriedenfel has jilted her, and married another, she might be cast down for an hour or so, but she never destroyed her little case of poisons, and one or the other powder would have been emptied into whatever solution she thought best, as a reconciliation banquet at the court of Wolfenschriedenfel. She would have killed the new wife, and married Prince Ernest, if her life had not been cut off. She has, I repeat it, died in mortal sin; and you are going to permit her lost soul to wander through the halls and corridors of Woolton Court, to the horror and danger of your innocent successors. You have taken very proper measures to clear your hereditary mansion from the unjust stigma of being haunted by the lost soul of your uncle; and now you are going to permit a really lost soul, not only to haunt the place herself, but also introduce her masters, the demons."

Lord Charleton rested his head on his hand, and replied no further than by passing to the duke, with his disengaged hand, the letter he had received from Mr. Woolton.

"Of course it is very eloquent and pathetic, and he leaves England and all Europe as a heart-stricken man," said the duke, "but I cannot read it. Stanmore, will you ring, and order some lemonade, I am so feverish and excited."

In a short time Julien, followed by another domestic, introduced not only lemonade, but ices, to the heated in-

ignation of the duke, who at length read the letter, and was arrested only by the latter part, which was perfectly now to him.

"My dear Stanmore, do read this part aloud to me, slowly and distinctly, if Lord Charleton will permit."

The paragraph ran thus:—"The early womanhood of Hortense has been wasted and deluded by one of those foolish prophecies which girls love to hear, from the gipsy tribe. It was foretold to her that she would, 'blaze as a beacon, shooting high and seen from afar.' Great admiration has followed her, and had she been content with high nobility, she might now be alive in health and honor; but that prophecy, to which she attached one special meaning, deceived her."

"I am surprised," observed the duke, "that this prophecy has not been fulfilled in some way; for the devil is cunning, and generally contrives that, in some startling way, his agents shall have told the coming fact. But let me now proceed to relate the history I promised, Stanmore; it is of a man who persisted in remaining in a haunted house, with his wife and children, because he had it rent-free. I had the account from the only survivor, whose truth and intelligence were beyond suspicion. From avarice and incredulity this man persisted, till two infant children were successively strangled in their cradles. The father and mother then always placed the surviving infant between them at night, in their bed; but one morning they missed the child, and found him dead beneath the bed, having been spirited away during its parents' sleep. In agony of late repentance, the bereaved couple left the accursed place, and were blessed with another child, who, in middle age, entered my service. Yes, in a place haunted by lost souls the devil has power."

"My dear duke," replied Lord Charleton, "I feel the full force of all your reasonings; I feel, still more, the full force of your friendship: I will think the subject over. Will you dine here to-morrow?"

"I will," replied the duke; "but your invitation is a good hint that it is now near one o'clock by your time piece, which I suppose to be infallible. May your decision, when we next meet, be for the peace of your noble and virtuous house."

The Duke of Peterworth could not fulfil his engagement until the day following the one proposed. In the interval, the officials charged with the order to transport the body of the late Miss Woolton to within one stage of Woolton Court, were proceeding to their destination, charged also with a letter that the head undertaker was to deliver to the Rev. Chaplain of the mansion. On the decision of that ecclesiastic was to rest the responsibility of admitting the corpse to the vaults of the family chapel, or of performing the funeral service in the village cemetery, above mentioned, and giving orders for a plain stone slab, with the simple name engraved of "Hortense." Neither of these arrangements were destined to take effect. The coffin, on arriving at this village, had to be placed in a sort of mortuary chamber, formed from a large room connected with the inn for the service of all public assemblies. A few tapers were lit, and the door locked. In the night the villagers were alarmed, but aroused too late, the people of the inn and the undertakers, by a "blaze like a beacon, shooting high and seen from afar," rising from the room in which had lain the corpse of Hortense Woolton. The inn was untouched; the mortuary chamber and all it contained was alone consumed.

This literal fulfilment, in its physical sense, of the gipsy's bad knowledge of the fate that awaited Hortense Woolton, was conveyed to Lord Charleton in a letter from his domestic chaplain,

who wrote from the village inn, by an express train.

"How wonderful! Oh, my God!" exclaimed the earl, as he closed the paper and clasped his hands.

"What is wonderful?" demanded, in the same breath, the Duke of Peterworth and the dowager duchess, who, with Lord Stanmore, were at the dinner-table.

Monsieur Julien motioned to the domestics, who were just retiring, to hasten their exit, and said softly:

"The intelligence has already arrived at the police office. The chief undertaker hopes, my lord, you will not prosecute."

"What!" cried the duchess, "is that hypocritical Mr. Woolton machinating again?"

"No," said Lord Charleton, "but the corpse of his daughter has been totally consumed by fire!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the duke; "she was to blaze like a beacon? D. D., you did not know that a soothsayer had prophesied to Miss Woolton, that she was to 'blaze like a beacon, shooting high and seen from afar.'" When I heard this, the night before last, I was struck by the word 'blaze' instead of 'shine,' coupled with a beacon. Now I trace the full meaning. But is it not a thing worthy of note that what these wicked soothsayers prognosticate does come true?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

FAMILY SORROWS AND SYMPATHIES.

Lord Claud Chamberlayne had engaged Lady Clara to be present at the announcement to their brother, the Marquis of Seaham, of his intended marriage. He felt for the marquis, and sympathized in all the mingled tenderness and bitterness which the marriage of his only brother would recall to his heart. The first evening that promised an uninterrupted family conversation was watched for and secured; the brothers were alone after dinner, when Lord Claud prefaced his announcement by requesting the marquis to finish his wine, and join their sister in the drawing-room.

"I have just invited Clara to be there to-night," added he, "without Sir Henry, because Hugh—I have something to say to you both, alone."

"As I happen, Claud, to know your political prospects even better than yourself," returned the marquis, "I suppose this very particular announcement must be your marriage." Then rising from the table and leading to the drawing-room, he saluted Lady Clara with his usual affection, and turning to his brother, said: "Well, Claud, to dispense with preliminaries, who is the fair lady?"

"Miss Whyne," replied Lord Claud.

A pause ensued.

"My dear Hugh," resumed he, "there is no blood relationship between Miss Whyne and the elder—"

"Fitzjameses," added the marquis, in a hollow voice.

Lady Clara looked tenderly at her elder brother.

"No," continued the marquis; "I am aware of that; but remember, Claud, that during my life not one that bears the name can enter here, the London family mansion, nor Marsden Park; yet, the young generation are Miss Whyne's first cousins. I am ready to meet your wishes in any purchase you may wish to make of a new residence. You are my heir."

"I hope not," said Lord Claud, warmly taking the extended hand. "There are not so many years between us, that I must necessarily outlive you. With respect to the purchase of any additional residence, that is quite unnecessary. I am, thanks to you, going to a splendid one in Vienna; one that will be my home for some years, should the two courts remain on amicable terms. Georgina will desire nothing better."

"I saw Miss Whyne in her grand-mother's carriage the other day," said

the marquis, recovering himself. "She is a very lovely girl; and as she does not think you too old, I must not think her too young. I would, however, advise a good, steady lady-companion; not only for the public receptions in Vienna, but also for the hours of your forced absence from her, to attend to public affairs."

The countenance of the elder brother was again overshadowed, and Lady Clara rising, passed her arm through his; then beckoning Lord Claud, did the same with him, singing:

"This is the way
We used to play,
The live-long day!"

"We had better think of the future than of the past, Clara," said the Marquis.

"But our childhood, dear Hugh," continued Lady Clara, "was very happy. First Communions, serving Mass and Benediction, gathering and forming nosegays and garlands for the month of Mary, and all the other joys of Catholic children in country life. Oh! dearest Hugh and Claud, there are ties,—those early ties of brotherhood,—that, because they are the earliest, cling the closest round the heart. Still, the future is far better than the past; for the future extends throughout eternity,—an eternity of happy meetings. Claud with his ever-loved Georgina; I with one who will have regained a perfect vision; and you with a saint made perfect in suffering."

"Ha! Clara, you have never spoken so openly before," said the marquis. "Do not continue,—I cannot bear it."

But Lady Clara saw that his heart seemed more in peace.

Lord Claud now intimated that he had promised to visit the Whynnes, after he should have communicated to his brother the projected marriage. So the trio parted: Lord Claud to Belgrave square, Lady Clara to read to her blind husband the landing in the Crimea, and the marquis to a house where he had long found a hidden consolation, not yet disclosed to the reader, and in which more, even, than in the society of his sister, might be discovered the reply to an oft-repeated question, "Why the Marquis of Seaham did not marry again?" This balm of a sympathy, with which no other could compete, was with the younger Duchess of Peterworth. She was a great invalid, and consequently always at home in the evening. Her indisposition had been chiefly caused by painful emotion, acting on a delicate frame, when scarcely recovered from her first confinement. The then agitation of her mind had so injured the nerves of the head, that she continued deaf for nearly two years; and even now, though partially recovered, could only hear distinctly those voices to which she was accustomed. This infirmity of deafness,—which, more than any other, invites or drives the afflicted person to seek, apart from his fellow-beings, employment, solace, and entertainment—was not the only motive that had induced Anna, Duchess of Peterworth, to live secluded in the midst of all that rank, beauty, and affluence could offer. She was the victim, like the marquis, of a family dishonor, of a public excitement. This latter trial had passed away, leaving its sting, while the anguish of the former had been mitigated by the true repentance of the erring one. The younger Duchess of Peterworth was sister to the late Marchioness of Seaham. The "young duchess," as she was still called in the circle of relations, generally occupied a third drawing-room, that she had fitted up since her bereavement, partly as an oratory, leaving, however, sufficient space for all that an invalid required of sofa, easy-chairs, and different sized tables. Her grace was seated in her favorite chair, with a book-stand, and tapers just lighted, when the marquis entered.

"I expected you to-night," said she; "but not so soon. The duke told me

there would be no House of Lords. He is gone to see Lady Emily. Quite a mysterious invitation came this morning."

"Then you do not yet know the approaching marriage of Miss W hynno?"
 "No, indeed. To whom is she going to be married?"
 "To my brother."

The duchess was silent. She saw, precisely as the marquis, the too near approach by this marriage of the obnoxious family of Fitzjames—the family of the seducer of her sister.

"Ah!" cried she, at length, "what sorrows are now revived! These are the thorns of the bridal roses."

"You do not know either, but you shall hear it from good authority," said the marquis, "that Claud is to go to Vienna as ambassador."

"That is a great mitigation of the painful alliance," observed the duchess. "I may now begin to rejoice in the happiness of your brother, whom I so much esteem, and in that of my husband's young niece, Georgina; but, I have something to show you, nay, more, something to give you—if it produce the effect on you that it does on me of tender resignation."

The marquis took from the hand of her grace a large morocco picture-case, and held it while she applied a key to the patent lock, saying:

"Anna, I am quite aware of what this picture-frame must contain; and I thank you, as you well know, for this and all your share in the painful past: but it is more than probable I may never wish to possess this miniature. I conclude it to be the one you spoke of some months ago, as of a copy you wished to possess from the one painted by Sir Charles Ross at the marriage. You then thought of having the costume changed to that of St. Mary Magdalen. Have you kept to that idea?"

"There was a subsequent idea that I thought still better," replied the duchess, "and to which I have faithfully adhered; it was to represent our holy penitent in the actual garb in which she obtained not only pardon, but rich graces from God, the costume of that strict branch of the Franciscan Order which she embraced,—the 'Entombed Alive.'"

The marquis suddenly opened the case; his sister-in-law, from delicacy, turned away, and took up a book, of which she comprehended and distinguished nothing; her heart beat, and she felt faint; but how intrude her sorrows on one still deeper stricken! A long silence ensued, broken at length by the return of the Duke of Peterworth and his usual hearty "How are you, Anna?" After half an hour's converse on the proposed marriage, Lord Claud's appointment, the bad German spoken in Vienna, and other topics that run lightly over a bleeding heart, the Marquis of Seaham departed, leaving the case: and the duchess fainting, as she often did, unperceived, recovering in the same unexpecting manner.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FALSE AND FATAL SYSTEM IN LOVE AFFAIRS.

The young duchess, although unable physically to support any new affliction, had no sooner risen on the following morning, then she resolved to try whether, among the papers in her possession of her late sister's private thoughts and prayers, she might not discover some sentence to soften the embittered feeling in the mind of her brother-in-law, that he had never been loved. He had once said to her,—"If I could but be convinced that Ethel had loved me for one day,—nay, for one hour, I should have one spot of remembrance on which to dwell; I should keep by me many tokens of affection that I now cast from me."

Two small boxes of manuscripts, at the request of the dying penitent, had been sent from Italy to her sister, the Duchess of Peterworth, and had reached their destination the previous year.

The afflicted mourner had then felt more inclined to occupy herself, as we have seen, with the costume of a new picture, than trust herself to the perusal of those heart-rending papers; but now, with a strong motive in view, she drew forth these records of the nine years of penance which the Marchioness of Seaham had voluntarily undergone; and after reading several pages of the same holy spirit of compunction, humility, and fervent aspirations, she alighted on the following sentence:—"There is one, O my God! an injured one, whom I dare not name, who thinks, perchance, I never loved him. Oh, that I could make him know the truth; but I must offer that wish on the holocaust of my whole being."

The duchess sank on her knees in thanksgiving. She then carefully separated the page that contained these lines, but would not further isolate them from the preceding and subsequent sentences, for they were beautiful in sentiment and expression, and all in harmony with the heroic perseverance of that most penitent life. Her grace now felt strength to re-open the case of the rejected picture.

"Alas!" thought she, "when gazing on that wasted beauty, that garb of seclusion, those instruments of penance, that crucifix, the conviction of his mind remained unchanged, that in the sacrifice of all human love, the husband had cost not a pang." She remembered having once said to her brother-in-law,—"Ah! do compare our penitent Ethel to those of rank and beauty like her, and with more than her fault to expiate, who, with a coterie of distinguished followers, have their villa on the lake of Como, their palace at Florence, and who publish their poetry, their travels, and even their memoirs."

The marquis had replied: "Do not think, Anna, that I undervalue the repentance of your sister. I have never doubted its sincerity or its perseverance; I have sent her my forgiveness; I even feel that, in justice, her great abandonment of duty was of less turpitude; because she had loved and been beloved before marriage, and fell from virtue for that one object of her heartfelt preference and constancy. I have been the unconscious and innocent instrument to separate two hearts that ought sooner to have known each other's sympathy. I knew and felt all this when I sent, through Monsignor Palmetto, my written pardon, with permission to enter the penitential order of her choice, and the control over whatever income she would name for benefactions to the convent and the poor around. Having done all this, Anna, be content that my marriage with Lady Ethel Haughton has given me her sister for my sister, her child for my child. I wish for no remembrance of herself personally. Let locks of hair, miniature portraits, letters, and all keepsakes, go from me forever."

This conversation had taken place during the life of the Marchioness of Seaham. Her sister retained every word; and now, re-perusing the writing, she placed it between the leaves of a book of devotion, to await the next visit from her brother-in-law. Before many days had elapsed the conversation could be renewed under more favorable auspices; and the duchess, conquering the emotion and timidity, that were nearly subduing her physical force, said:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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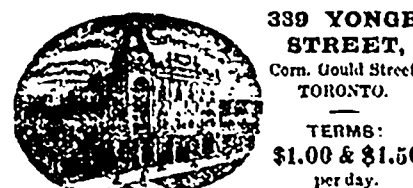


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A GROSS SLANDER.

OTTAWA, July 20th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—On the 8th May last I addressed the original of the subjoined letter to the Editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, touching a false reference to Ireland and the Irish people contained in a contributed article in his number for that month.

The June and July numbers of the Magazine have since appeared, and yet no attempt to correct the false statement to which I have referred by either the Editor or his contributor. I therefore think it well to direct your attention to the matter so that it may be dealt with by the Press.

Yours truly, BRANNAGH.

NOTE.—I enclosed my name to the Editor, and gave him permission to append it to my letter if he felt bound to decline it with a *nom de plume*.

The Editor *Canadian Magazine*.

SIR It must be a matter of unequalled surprise to the great majority of intelligent readers, as it has been to me and to friends to whom I have shewn the article, how such an amount of nonsense and ignorance—if not downright wilful misrepresentation—as is contained in the opening paragraph of "The First Plantation in Newfoundland" in the current number of *The Canadian Magazine* could have escaped the scrutiny of the Editorial eye and gained admission to columns which hitherto, so far as I am able to judge, have been noted for both literary ability and fairness.

But apparently to the writer in question the chance of "turning a phrase" is of more importance than historical correctness. Passing over his nonsensical assertion that "the history of Canada brings us back into the dim past when men wore plate armor and long hair" (!); also his assertion that "the history of the Australian Colonies . . . is chiefly of a commercial nature," I come to where he says, speaking of the British Isles, that time was "when England and Scotland were separate kingdoms, and"—can it be believed—"Ireland a wilderness inhabited by barbarians." That classic land which possessed, away back in the centuries, her world-famed schools of Bangor and Armagh, with their tens of thousands of students from all parts of Europe, including even the Saxon King "Alfred the Great," a wilderness! The countrymen of a Columbanus, a Scotus Erigenas, and thousands of other scholars of the early and middle ages; the countrymen of those almost countless missionaries who carried the light of the Christian religion to the Picts and other northern peoples to be classed as "barbarians." Could the force of wilful falsehood or invincible ignorance further go? The land which, from the earliest times, has been known as the "Isle of Scholars and of Saints" to be published to the world of the nineteenth century as the home of "barbarians." Surely it were not too much to, in a manner, paraphrase the first sentence of this writer's own exordium and say: "It is strange that in these days of general education so many men write about things of which they know absolutely nothing." Get thee, ignoramus.

But surely, Mr. Editor, some *amende* is due to the readers of your Magazine for this writer's display of ignorance; and in order that Mr. J. F. Morris Fawcett's attention may be directed to the matter, I ask you to give the present few words space in the next number of the Magazine.

Yours truly, BRANNAGH.

Ottawa, May 8th, 1894.

The crosses which we make for ourselves by our restless anxiety for the future are not crosses that come from God.—*Feelon*.

A cathedral is being built in honor of St Vincent de Paul at Tunis, on the very spot where the saint was sold as a slave in 1605.

A Magnificent Museum.

One of the grandest museums in the world is undoubtedly, that of the Propagation of the Faith in Lyons, France. It is divided into two sections. The principal salon contains the names of the martyrs who, since 1832, have gained heaven by their devotion to the work of the Society. There are treasured objects that belonged to the martyrs, the confessors of the faith in all parts of the world, such as letters, writings dictated by them, etc. Among the venerable manuscripts there treasured, is a letter by the Patron of the Work, Saint Francis Xavier, which was signed by the first members of the Society of Jesus, and especially by Saint Ignatius of Loyola, whose signature is dearly prized.

The second salon contains many rich and very curious collections, sent from all parts of the globe. Persons visiting this museum may conveniently make a very pleasant and profitable tour of the world in a very short time. It contains idols, works of art, clothing, arms, jewels, ornaments, articles of furniture collected with the greatest of care, and arranged in perfect order, permitting the visitor to become acquainted with the customs, the religious worship, the industry and the history of the most remote and unfrequented parts of the earth.

Yet the men who live in obscurity, often among savage tribes, who contribute to the formation of valuable museums, who have given to the world valuable dictionaries and grammars of previously unknown languages, who have thus laid the foundations of the sciences of ethnography, of philology, of anthropology, who have furnished the materials for Humboldt and Ouvrier, are the men whom the grossly ignorant, self-conceited slanderers accuse of wishing to keep the people in ignorance. It is useless to expose such people, their ignorance has rendered them so callous to all sense of shame; their lives are spent in making collections of falsehoods, slanders and vituperation, and in retailing them to the public through the press, or from the public, instead of the gospel of truth, which they so industriously caricature. The devil in the garden of Eden deceived Eve by telling her what was substantially a lie. God told her that if she should eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree she should die; the serpent, the father of lies told her: "By no means she should not die, thus virtually calling the Almighty a liar!

Corea, which has kept people guessing for years, is still a matter of doubt. The Japanese have troops in the chief towns, while a rebellion, after the brutal Chinese style, holds its own in the interior. China is gathering troops to resist Japanese influence, while England and Russia, the Lion and the Bear which seek to grasp everything in their capacious paws, are standing in the background waiting for the spoils. Corea is willing to accept of the terras offered by Japan, but China demands that Japanese troops must be withdrawn before any arrangements are made. England tried to arrange matters, but the present indications are that war will be declared, in which the odds of numbers are largely in favor of China.

The Bundesrath has rejected the bill repealing the anti Jesuit laws in Germany. Whatever stress some may lay, a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all upon.—*Sterne*.

The construction of the basilica of the Sacred Heart at Paris has been resumed with great activity. During one month recently 93,450 francs were put in the cash-box from contributors to the reverent purpose. There was one anonymous honor who sent the splendid amount of 40,000 francs. There are some magnificently bountiful friends of the faith in France still, whose generosity is heightened by their modesty. The total already received considerably exceeds 27,000,000 francs.

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