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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 32.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

Every morning's papers bring reports of continued failures in the United States. Although each is insignificant, and the grand total is unimportant when compared with the fruits of industry and energy of a great people, still the depression is severe. Those who understand these intricate problems of trade and finance express the opinion that things are now at a turning point, and will improve. The prospects of a fair harvest, the action which it is hoped Congress will take in the silver and tariff questions, the importation of gold from Europe, have all tended to steady the mercury in the commercial barometer. It is also proposed to give the banks power to issue notes to the full amount of their capital, thus placing a larger amount in circulation. The requirements of trade rather than the price of bonds regulate the volume of bank-note currency.

The tempest in that orderly teapot, the House of Commons, has subsided without any apology from the member who blackened Colonel Saunderson's eye, or any other explanation, unless a general regret that the unfortunate incident occurred. If Chamberlain were not so full of himself he would have immediately retracted his insult against Gladstone, and then insisted that O'Connor be called upon to apologize. But lovers of self are not far sighted. Thus closed the committee of the House broken through the strained relations of the parties composing it and dealing with the most important question of internal policy since the first shackles were removed from Ireland in 1829.

But what is to be thought of those few Irish members—the Parnellites—who have made up their mind to vote against the Bill on the third reading? Are they going to take the responsibility of doing their best to defeat the only message of good-will England has sent to Ireland for centuries, and the only one it will send for generations to come if Irish members defeat it?

The trouble in Siam is well nigh at an end, and the strained relations between England and France, so far as the East is concerned, are more mutual and harmonious. The blockade of Bangkok was first reported as raised, but the next day brought the news that these presumed instructions had not been carried out by the French officials. Lord Rosebery remarked that the two nations were nearer war than at any time since Waterloo.

The Montreal Presbytery held a special meeting on the 1st instant to consider the case of Professor Campbell. After several forms of the charges had been cast and recast the

libel accused the gentleman of holding and teaching—first, "A view of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures which impugns and discredits them as the supreme and infallible service of religious truth; and (Count II.) a view of God which sets Him forth as one who does not smite either in the way of punishment or discipline, and Who has nothing to do with the judging or punishing of the wicked, which is contrary to the Word of God and the standards of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

As to the first charge, the Presbytery brings forward the ordinary texts from the Gospels, and the Epistles of St. Paul to show that the Old Testament was of authority in the time of Our Lord and His apostles. And the Presbytery Church accepts the Protestant Bible, regards it as divinely inspired from internal evidence, and holds that "The Old Testament in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek being immediately inspired by God, and by His singular care and providence kept pure in all ages, are therefore authentic." The document then takes up various passages of Scripture explaining several of the Divine attributes, and gives the Presbyterian doctrine upon the subject. It thereupon quotes from Mr. Campbell's lecture in proof of these charges.

The Presbytery declared the libel relevant, by which action Mr. Campbell ceases to exercise the functions of his office. The trial is fixed for the 19th of September.

It is most gratifying to learn from various Roman correspondents that the venerable Pontiff's health continues excellent in spite of the very great heat prevalent at Rome during the summer months. All who can do so quit the city, but the venerable Pontiff, being virtually a prisoner, can merely have the Vatican gardens for change of air. Here he takes a quiet walk about six o'clock in the morning, and re-enters the palace before seven; for his physician deems the outside air bad from that hour through the rest of the day, and liable to induce malarial fever. The least curate in the Pope's spiritual kingdom is freer.

Upon the recommendation of the Propaganda his Holiness has transferred Mgr. Joseph Radmacher, Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee, to the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, which was rendered vacant by the death of the late Bishop Dwenger.

The titular Archbishop of Durazzo in Albania, who is 88 years of age, having retired, his successor is appointed in the person of Father Bianchi.

An Oblate Father, Henry Joulain, has been named to the bishopric of Jeffna in Ceylon.

The *World* of New York published last week an abstract of the Pope's new encyclical upon the labor question. Like all other documents from the Holy Father's pen, it is replete with the learning and thought which his mighty intellect and vast experience always bring to any question. From the account given by the *World*, the holy Father declares against strikes, as justifiable only in defence of individual interests—not as a collective arm of aggression. "An aggressive strike is not reciprocal between operative and operative, but an instrument of attack upon the proprietor and property. The operative on strike is a passive and dominated instrument, not an intelligent and free being. While his action lessens the capital of the employer it puts no money into his own pocket. The right of protecting the operative, whether in a factory or in the field, should be admitted, and for this purpose the maximum of labor as well as the minimum of salary should be fixed. The hours of labour should be arranged, giving due attention to days of rest and abstention from labour. Constitutions and laws have their foundation in the character and the traditions of nations and peoples. They are the work of God through the centuries, as the history of every country shows. But no law which wanders from religion or tends to subvert it can be otherwise than defective, and in time must come to naught. Society is not a human invention, but a divine inspiration, for the real social contract is not merely a right between man and man, but between man and God. Where the individual fulfils his duty to God he cannot fail in performing his duty to society. Property is an essential element to social order for the preservation and development of human life, and the divine law has declared property sacred and inviolable. 'Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmark.' But the poor have, nevertheless, a right to be assisted by the rich; not by indiscriminate almsgiving, but by preparing such employment for them as will be useful. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' But if he have no work it is plainly the duty of those who can do so to provide it for him. This legitimizes property. No so-called right has any sanction if not sanctioned by God, and no usurpation of others' rights can expect the blessing of heaven. Atheism and a departure from the Christian faith are the great aids and stimulants of anarchy and socialism. The Christian faith alone is the bulwark of social order. Where Christian institutions and customs are not maintained in a State there must be disorder, bewilderment and decay.

Spain, like most countries, is suffering from a financial crisis which has required sacrifice. The Queen Regent has given the example—renouncing a

portion of the civil list to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. Other members of the royal family have followed. The Government intends making a reduction in the grant to the clergy, but on account of the Concordat cannot do so without the consent of the Holy See. It is reported that the Holy Father has acquiesced, but the details are not yet complete. The conditions his Holiness requires are: that the reduction be only provisional; also, that it be applied only to ecclesiastics and religious institutions that possess sufficient revenue; and thirdly, that the clergy will have to accept this measure only after it has been applied to the employees of the State.

We call the attention of the High Church to the fact that St. Edmund's College in England is celebrating its centenary and reviving the memory of the great St. Edmund of Canterbury—one of the Bishops of the Middle Ages in England, a link in that historical connection which they claim with more assurance than truth. The MS. sums up his history thus: "Abingdon reared him, Oxford educated him, Paris brought him to man's estate; Salisbury drew him to the clerical order; Canterbury exalted him with the Pontifical mitre; Pontigny received him living, but an exile, Soissy received his dying breath; then Pontigny again received his body." He was born in 1180 and died in 1240, in the eighth year of his episcopate, broken by the storm of Norman-English kings, who spent their special wrath upon the cathedral chair of Canterbury. His body lies buried at Pontigny, as it lay where it was first invested with pontifical robes in 1247, when Albert, once Archbishop of Armagh, but then Archbishop of Livonia and Prussia, preached the sermon.

We are very glad to learn that justice is being done the Catholic missionaries in Uganda by the English, both government and press. Sir Gerald Portal, whom the British Ministry sent out to arrange matters, has adjusted things so that Catholics are left undisturbed. A correspondent of the *Times* who visited the country, comparing the two classes of missionaries, writes: "It may seem invidious to draw comparisons between the two Missions; but putting the religious question on one side for the moment, and merely looking at the matter from a practical standpoint, I am compelled to admit that the working system adopted by the French Mission is much superior to that of the Church Missionary Society." He writes in the highest praise of the discipline, regularity and devotion which prevail in the French Missions, and contrasts their courage and obedience with the conduct of the English missionaries. "The training which the latter receive is so imperfect that the men fail to do much good. 'One thing,' he says, 'which I noticed in particular was that the position of the French priests is very much above that of their converts, and I observe none of that familiarity or desire for equality on the part of the natives which does so much harm, and which is so essentially out of place in these countries.'"

## THE CHICAGO FAIR.

## A Day Among the Pictures in the Art Palace.

I saw the mists blown in from the lake, this morning. The wind pushed them over the housetops from whence they tumbled into the streets, filling all places with dampness and all hearts with sadness. I was praying for a breeze to blow them away. I wanted to spend a bright day among the pictures in the Art Palace. The sun came to the rescue and his golden fingers gathered up the liquid atmosphere to cool its fevered face. I promised to write of the pictures in the Art Gallery. The bright day gave me the advantage of seeing these canvases at their best.

If you ask which nation has the finest display in oil painting, I must repeat the judgment of the public at large: France leads. Her artists are exquisite in technique. Their coloring is nature's hue. If they paint a face it looks like flesh; if a flower it wears the tint proper to its kind. Their excellence in this especial line becomes more marked by contrast. If you pass from the French Gallery into that of the United States, you are at once aware of the change. This was made very noticeable to me last week. I have already spent several days in the Art Palace, and have been wondering if eyes used to pictures would catch the difference that is noticeable when drifting from one room to another. A little incident satisfied my curiosity on this point. I was in one of the rooms of the United States section which immediately joins one of the French apartments. The walls are hung with a class of pictures wherein the artists have tried to paint strong sunshine. Bright yellow is the predominant tint. If you take a general view of the room your verdict will be, poor chromos. A gentleman came from the French section and entered the room. He took one glance, not a hasty glance either, and said: "Why, you need not be an artist to tell which of these rooms is the better. These pictures look cheap." And so they do. The American artists have a very large display. I do not think our painters have succeeded as well as our sculptors. In conception they are undoubtedly grand but in execution they are below their themes. The artists who do not reside at home have much the best of the display. Their subjects as a class are most remarkably un-American. They have tried to imitate foreign artists even in the selection of subjects. As though our nation's story, our dear land's history, the marvels of our woods and dales, in our hills and lakes, were barren of theme for a painter's brush. Come, my countrymen, come home and study America. Many of the themes are purely religious. As a rule these are among those that hold the crowds best. One of this class in the American Gallery is particularly noteworthy. It is called "Prayer." In a corner of a dim room three nuns kneel before a shrine which is not seen. One on the floor faces you. She has that sweet, calm look so common to the cloister. Her two companions are kneeling on low chairs, using the backs thereof for head rests. Of these you have a side view. They are wrapt in devotion, a holy and happy smile keeping your gaze from wandering away. You look and look and wonder if any of life's gall has ever mingled in their cups of pure delight. You may gaze on every canvas in that vast display, see women of all nations, pictures in every shade of joy and every hue of pleasure, peasants and queens, the slave of the household trudging at some daily task, and the slave of the morphia injecting the sense lulling potion into her arm, but you will not find that look of peace that sleeps on the face of a Catholic

nun save when the artist paints the religious habit.

"As though the wind could give the happiness,  
The guileless nun within her convent knows."

In opposition to this sweet joy depicted in "Prayer" hangs in the same room a picture of horror. An old man sits by a fire-place and huddling close to him is a child of about eight. On the other side of the chimney a girl of twelve rests on a bench. In the centre of the room on a faded and rudely decorated catafalque a white coffin reposes and over it floats a white tulle veil. Beside the coffin, one arm thrown over it, half kneeling, half hanging, a wreath of white flowers by her knees, is the mother. The one in the coffin gives the picture its title, "My First Born." The picture appeals to your sympathies. It makes you feel. The utter helplessness of the mother's grief strikes deep. There is a human interest in the canvas that will not fail to move the coldest heart. You turn from this to seek relief. You find it in Edward H. Bashfield's "Christmas Bells," a picture that has been copied over and over again. Two huge bells of bronze are swinging back and forth in an old belfry and three angels, one sitting on the beam that sustains the lower bell, the other two floating near the upper one, putting its tongue a wagging, these fill in quite a large canvas. Aside from a certain stiffness in arm and leg of the lower angel the picture is very good. One other in that room must be noticed. It is a silent sermon. It is an incident of the Franco-Prussian war. History will record the deeds of sacrifice the religious men and women of France did for their bleeding country. The battlefield sprinkled with the blood of many sturdy hearts, strewn with the dead and the dying, became the legacy of religious. They cared for the wounded and even in battle passed along the lines taking the injured away. Look! A poor fellow has fallen from sheer loss of blood. Two sisters, wearing those well known white bonnets, chance along accompanied by an army surgeon. The surgeon has removed a ball from the man's wrist and the gentle sister is binding the bandages about the wound. Suddenly she groans and falls faceward over the wounded man. Her companion hastens to lift her head, which, as she sits, she allows to rest on her arm. Hurriedly the surgeon bends over the fallen. Excitedly the wounded soldier raises himself up, resting his half dressed limb upon the sod. But the fallen one stirs not, breathes not. Limp and dead her hands extended lay. A pallor is on her face and livid are her lips, her eyes are closed—forever. She is an "Innocent Victim."

But I have not time to speak of the many of the canvases in this section and so must hasten on. There are several "Annunciations" to be seen and these are unusually odd in conception. In one of these our Lady sits and the angel is genuflecting. He raises a long index finger in a warning manner. In another our Lady stands and the angel floats slightly above her, the conventional lily well to the front.

There is one canvas that I think must have come from the brush of a Chicagoan, who, having heard that joke about St. Peter's not knowing that a place named Chicago was in existence, determined to get even. And he did. In "Christ and the Fishermen" he has had his revenge. I think the Committee on Art could have omitted without remorse this and several other pictures. St. Peter will get even with that man yet. The "Light of the Incarnation" is a canvas of angels in cloud land who look far, far down upon the earth. Then from one little spot hiddden by forested forests light streams as from a center. The clouds and the

angels glow in glory. In this as in the generality of the work of the American artists, the conception is better than the execution.

The largest canvas in the United States exhibit, and the one that holds the largest crowds before it, is from the brush of Carl Marr, of Milwaukee. In the 18th century numbers of persons collected together for the purpose of religious reparation. They bared their shoulders, and forming in processions went through the streets of towns and villages thrashing their backs until the whips were reddened with the blood that leaped from the flesh in answer to each blow. At the beginning their motive was just. They soon run into error, however, and held that the baptism of water was of no avail. Flagellation, they thought, was necessary to salvation. They spread through Italy, Germany and France. Two councils, Lyons and Constance, condemned their errors and excesses. I am told a number of deluded Mexicans calling themselves "Flagellants" after the olden sect, imitate these public whippings once a year. This occurs on Good Friday. The remaining 364 days of the year they spend regardless. One of these old time processions is the subject on the very large canvas called "Flagellants." The frame is about 22ft x 16ft. In the centre of the picture stands a Dominican, who, with uplifted hands, seems to be clearing the way for the penitents. Following him is an acolyte bearing the processional cross. Then came the Flagellants. Half stripped, their backs are scared and bloody. Some bend over, a little child about 14, who, representing our Lord, is being carried on a litter by four of the penitents. An immense throng has gathered on the cathedral steps, lines the march or fills in the procession's wake. This picture is one of the most powerful in the gallery. No other canvas holds the crowds as well.

In the French exhibit are many beautiful and some odd productions. The life size portrait of Pope Leo XIII. by Theobald Chartran is magnificent. The sweetest smile I ever saw is fixed forever on that canvas. Leon Joseph Bonnet has a most lifelike picture of Cardinal Lavigerie. A very queer canvas is a "Descent from the Cross." Those who crowd around the body as it is being taken down are all clothed in modern costumes. Our Lady looks like a woman of about 50 years, in a common black dress and shawl of to-day. From the hill top Jerusalem may be seen—Jerusalem filled with modern buildings, factories, ten and twelve stories high. Removed from the crowd about our Lord is a French peasant, who, standing on the brow of hill, shakes his fist at the city below. If the picture is not allegorical it is meaningless.

French humor crops out in the "Return of the Missionary." In a convent hall sits a rotund, jolly and rosy old superior. He is busy over a chess board with a companion not quite so sleek, but apparently enjoying "right good health." The superior has turned from the board and leans back in his chair, his elbows on the arm rests, his hands extended in surprise, his face illumined with a pleased smile and other things. The cause of this joy is a lean, lank and cadaverous missionary, who, pilgrim's staff in hand, advances to greet the superior. Following him comes a negro from the wilds of Sonegambia, his sole burden a much amused ape. A monk, also in right good health, in fact, all look excellently well save the missionary—is having a little bye-play with the chattering stranger. One hand offers him an apple, the other conceals a second behind his back. A third inmate of the monastery stands at the door and beckons to the rest of the community. The humor of this picture is in the contrast between the newly arrived worker and the folk

that stayed at home. I cannot say it in words. One smiles and is much amused at the sly insinuation. In the German gallery are to be found many fine specimens. A peculiar bluish tint seems to pervade the atmosphere of the generality of the pictures here. You wonder if all of these artists lived by the sea.

The most powerful in this section is the fancy sketch to which I have referred before. It is "Polyphomus Fishing." The Germans are superior when it comes to portraying the robust. The figure of the one eyed cyclops whom Ulysses blinded is grand. It stands out from the wall, every muscle swelling, brown and hardy looking, painted type of passive power. I can not pass on without at least mentioning the beautiful "Apotheosis" by Prof. Ford Koller. He seems to have caught the happy of festiveness of the coloring that predominates in the French gallery. The theme is William I. after the Franco-Prussian war. Drawn in a magnificent chariot sits the old Emperor gloriously wrapped in kingly ermine. Over him floats the angel of victory bearing the Emperor's laurel wreath. Following on mounts are Von Moltke, Bismark and the late Frederick. It is a beautiful conception grandly executed. The Italian Gallery is of a different style entirely. They seem to succeed best on small canvases containing scenes of merriment. Their pictures of home life are true and beautiful in every detail—as a school they make perfect what has gained for Jean Millet his fame; that is, attitudes. The expression of attitudes is the key note to the success of their statuary and to the interest their pictures excite.

The Russian gallery, though not very large, is undoubtedly grand. I saw one picture, the remembrance of which I shall bear forever. It was a gleam of sunshine that breaks through a storm and darts across a dripping vessel on the waves. So real is this, that a gentleman who stood beside me advanced to the frame to see if the light were real or painted. There are many frames of power that in a letter brief as this must necessarily be, I cannot even mention. A little attention to the character of a piece of work will readily enable one to recognize some particular artist's brush, even as you get to know a man's hand writing. Gari Melcher's work will give the novice a splendid chance to try this. Let him note the similarity of the subjects chosen by these artists and the peculiar treatment he gives each one. With little trouble he will be able to recognize other products from the same brush.

In every painting there should be some central idea. Purely fancy themes will scarcely catch the mind. Religion, history, humanity and nature will give the artists subjects innumerable. Those who struggle merely for outline, who paint graceful figures and warm, fleshy hues are no more than mockers of art. Their art will die with them. It has not the impress of immortality. There are some of this stamp in the Art Exhibit, especially from the modern school of realism.

FOR NINE YEARS—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my legs; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pains, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.



## "THE SIRE DE CREQUY."

When at the voice of St. Bernard, in 1147 King Louis took the cross, none of his gallant gentlemen refused to follow him. All the young nobles, crowded with their vassals to the standard and an army of twenty four thousand men was soon in motion for the Holy Land.

Among the brave crusaders vowed "to defend the Sepulchre of Christ" the Sire de Crequy was remarkable for the nobleness of his origin, his illustrious name, and his excellent personal qualities. His father, Gerard, Count of Jernay, an old crusader-comrade of Godfrey of Bouillon was still alive, and was filled with joy by the sacred purpose of his son. But his young wife, then about to give birth to her first child, was deeply affected at her husband's resolution and opposed its fulfilment strenuously. The Baron, did all he could to induce her to consent, and the aged Count then spoke to her.

"I also, my daughter, have crossed the Sea; I went without my father's knowledge, and against the sad entreaties of my mother; but both were repaid when I came back with honors. Certainly, dear lady, your baron cannot let his king go forth to battle for the faith and not accompany him. He is thirty years old, and that is the age of great action for gentlemen. Should he remain at home, he will gain only shame, and contempt." At last, the pious lady yielded to the claims of honor, and duty and agreed to let her lord depart. So he went, taking with him Roger and Godfrey, the bravest of his three brothers, and thirty mounted followers.

But the lady wept bitterly, when the hour for departing came, and Baron Raoul strove to comfort her by vows of loyal constancy. He took from her finger, their bridal ring, broke it in two, and gave to her one half, keeping the other. "The half of this ring," he said, "which was blessed for our union, I will keep, as a loyal and faithful husband should, and will bring it back to you when my pilgrimage is over, as a proof of my faith."

He then led her to his father, whom he besought to watch over and guard her. Then kneeling as reverent children did in those days, he begged the old man's blessing.

"O Lord omnipotent," prayed the aged Count, "bless thou, my son, in this war, which he is undertaking in Thy name. Be Thou his star, O gentlest Virgin Mary, Our Lady and Our Queen! Protect him in all peril and bring him back spotless and irreproachable to his home."

Then the Count blessed and embraced his younger sons and their followers, and they, after commending themselves to Our Lady of Victories, sprang upon their chargers and set forth.

Time passed, and the army of the Crusaders had commenced their duties in Palestine. Crequy had heard before leaving the coasts of Europe, that a son, and heir, had been born to him, and the news put double vigor into his arm, double wisdom into his counsels, for he had honor to win for his boy also now.

But good will, wise counsel and strong arm, cannot always keep the soldier safely; and the day of Raoul's trial was at hand. In a great battle, he bore the Christian banner, and in his ardor pressed into the very thick of the Saracen hosts, followed only by a hundred lances.

The archers proved his ruin, he was surrounded by multitudes of Paynims, his little band was cut to pieces; his brothers fell at his side, he himself was pierced with wounds. At last, when but seven of his followers were left, an arrow pierced his gorget, and he fell from loss of blood. The seven survivors turned, cut their way through the Saracens, and bore the news of the

defeat, and of de Crequy's fall to the Christian camp.

Meanwhile, far off in France the boy was growing fast, the Count was drawing nearer to the tomb, and the lady of Crequy was praying and waiting for her crusader.

When the Saracens came to plunder the bodies of the fallen Christians, they saw that the Sire de Crequy was still alive.

"This one is not dead," cried the archer who was searching the Baron, "let us not finish him. He was the leader of the troop, his ransom will make us rich."

So they wrapped him in a cloak, and carried him to their camp, where his wounds were carefully dressed. The struggle for life and death was long, for the Scimitars of the Paynim had bitten deeply. But life won the prize, and the Sire de Crequy recovered. But he recovered to find himself a slave.

The beautiful spirit of courtesy and gentleness characteristic of the middle ages, and which grew out of love for, and reverential devotion to Our Blessed Lady. Those fair flowers, which sprang up naturally in the soil cultivated for Mary the Mystical Rose, for Mary the Lily of Israel, for Mary, God's violet on earth. God's amaranth in heaven—this spirit and those characteristics, had to some degree influenced the Saracens in their long wars with the Christians. It had influenced the Chiefs to whom the Sire de Crequy, had been assigned as his share of the booty.

So when that gentleman begged for permission to keep, a little sack which he had worn round his neck, and which contained a reliquary and the half of his bridal ring, the master accorded the favor. Raoul was told that he was a slave, and must perform the labors of a slave until he could obtain his ransom, two hundred gold besants. A messenger was sent to the Christians, but he unfortunately joined a party of his armed countrymen, who were soon after surprised by a troop of crusaders and cut to pieces, and following this, the success of the Christian Knights struck terror into the hearts of many of the Saracens, and they fled into the interior. One of the first to flee, with his slaves and his family, was the master of the Baron de Crequy. From that moment the release of the Christian captive appeared hopeless. He wrote many a letter but none ever reached either the Christian camp, or Europe.

Meanwhile those who had returned to France carried the news of the disastrous battle and of Sire de Crequy's death. The poor wife was prostrated by the sudden and sad intelligence, and would have died but for her child. The old Count, however sunk beneath the blow. He never smiled again, but soon afterwards departed, in hope to meet his sons in heaven. Deprived thus of her protectors the widow suffered keenly. The youngest brother, Baldwin, who had, it will be remembered, remained at home began to plot against her to defraud his nephew, and so win the broad lands of Crequy for himself. The lady's father was a powerful lord, but he lived far off in Brittany, and could not conveniently give her the aid and consolation of his presence. Therefore he urged her to contract a second marriage with a neighboring Seigneur de Rentig; but she preferred to live alone with her memory, and with hope.

So the long years passed on wearily, mournfully, to the lady of Castle Crequy, and to the captive Knight, her lord. He, in his shepherd's services on the Syrian hills, passed seven sad years of bondage; never forgetting when alone amid his flocks to pray to God, and to our Lady, earnestly for relief, yet saying with sweet resignation, "Fiat Voluntas tua."

Then his kind master died, and all his slaves were sold. Two things occurred to set a high price upon the Sire de Crequy, his lofty stature and athletic form, and the hope of a large ransom. He was bought however by a bigoted Saracen who hated the Christians, and who commenced from the first to treat the crusader cruelly.

"You see yourself abandoned by your nation," he would say. Deny then your God, invoke our prophet, and I will give you an estate, money, and a wife. But the good gentleman would rather far have died than deny his God, or forsake the wife whom God had given him. In the hope of breaking his spirit, his master loaded him with chains, imprisoned him, tortured him. There was no roof to the tower in which he was confined, and the hot beams of the torrid Syrian sun poured into it, and made of it a furnace. Gyves clasped his wrists and ankles, a rusted chain attached him to the wall, a little black bread, and flat sun heated water formed all his nourishment. Day by day his master came and called on him to deny his faith, and on his refusal, which continued steadfast had him beaten with rods until he fainted. At last when three years had been thus spent, making in all ten of captivity, the Saracen hopeless of his perversion, informed him one night, that on the morrow he would be strangled.

Raoul shed tears for his wife, and his boy whom he had never seen, and then turned his thoughts towards Heaven.

"Oh! Mary my blessed Lady" so he prayed, "do thou pray for my soul unto our Father! Never more shall I embrace my wife; never behold my son; do thou protect and bless them, gentlest of mothers! To Thee I commend their future and my soul."

Overcome with watching sorrow and weariness, he sank down upon the stone floor of the dungeon and slept deeply.

He dreamed, and in his dream he saw a sweet and gentle face bending above him, he had seen those features sculptured in marble in the chapel of Crequy. A lady surrounded by a halo of light stood beside him. She touched the fetters, and they fell from his limbs. Scarcely believing what he saw he attempted to move, and found that he could do so with freedom. He arose and walked.

The sun shone brilliantly upon him, but did not burn him as it had done. He looked round him and discovered that he was in the middle of a wood. He recognized that he was awake and free and falling upon his knees he heartily thanked God and our Lady. The birds sang above him in the trees, flowers of an unfamiliar grow at his feet. Seeing a wood-cutter at his work, the knight approached him, but he seeing a tall half naked figure scamed with scars, blistered and tanned by the sun, his head shaved, and his chin and throat covered with a bushy beard took the good Christian for a spectre and fled.

The Baron, however, gave chase, and soon overtaking him addressed him in the peasant dialect of the Moors. To this the poor fellow tremblingly replied in French that he did not understand.

Amazed at the sound, the Sire de Crequy cried out, "good friend, if indeed you are a reality tell me if I dream; relieve my pain. Tell me where I am, for I am an utter stranger in this country. Where am I?" "This," said the wood-cutter, "is the forest of Crequy. It is on the Flemish border. But you are doubtless a shipwrecked Mariner?"

But the Baron had thrown himself upon the earth, and extended his arms in the form of a cross.

"O! God, most mighty and most merciful." So he prayed. "O! most Holy Mary, our Lady and our help, our Queen and Mother, accept my

thanks for this miracle of my deliverance." Then rising, he asked "if the old lord Gerard were still alive; if the lady and the youthful heir of Crequy were well."

But the woodcutter said: "What do you know our lords? Alas the Count Gerard went years ago, broken hearted to the grave, weeping for his sons slain in Palestine. Then the lord Baldwin, who remained alone here would fain have deprived the lady, and the heir of all their lands, and she worn out with hopeless weeping for her husband, harassed by her brother-in-law, unprotected and urged by her father to marry a second time, has consented at last, and will this day be married to the Sire de Rentig. Come up to the castle, you will get a good meal there." Raoul followed the woodcutter to the castle. There all was joyous preparation and bustle. The sentinels would have stopped the poor half naked pilgrim, asking him if he were an escaped slave. "I am," said the Knight, "a pilgrim from beyond the Sea. My business is important, and I must speak at once with the lady of Crequy."

The sentinel laughed, "a fellow in such an undress cannot enter here," no said, nor can anyone speak to day to the lady even now, they are dressing her for her bridal. You may wait in the passage here if you like however.

The Knight sat down in silence and soon afterwards the lady appeared pale, sad, and her eyelids red with weeping, but robed in bridal lace, adorned with jewels, and followed by a gay and jocund train. Raoul knelt before her. "Noble lady," he said, "I come from beyond the sea. I bring you news of the Sire de Crequy, for ten long years a slave in Syria."

"Alas!" she answered, bursting into tears, "This cannot be true. My lord, his brothers, and his followers fell fighting against the Paynim."

"Raoul de Crequy, did not perish lady, he stands before you now. Look on me, O my wife, and recognize your husband once so dear, despite his wretchedness, and the change that suffering has wrought upon him. See here the half of our bridal ring broken, and shared between us when we parted. I bring my pledge of faith, kept loyally, back to you now. And then, with her heart swelling with joy, the lady of Crequy fell into the arms of her long lost, but forgotten lord. And the boy was brought for his father's blessing, and the bridal party was changed into a feast of welcome; but first of all when the Baron had procured suitable raiment, the re-united pair, followed by their friends, went to the Chapel of Our Lady, and kneeling there poured out the thankfulness which filled their hearts to the gentle author of this wonderful escape, to Mary Consolatrix Afflictorum.

## A St. Bernard Dog.

*L'Impartial des Alpes* tells a St. Bernard dog story. Father Nicholas, a monk of the Grande-Chartreuse, once aide-de-camp to the Czar, was returning from Fourvoirie to his monastery, followed by a fine St. Bernard, to which he was greatly attached. As he walked on reading his breviary, he fell down a precipice. The dog presented himself at the monastery, and by plaintive barking and gestures did his best to tell the monks that something was wrong. In the end some of them decided to follow him, and the dog with many manifestations of delight, led the way to the place where he had left his master. Father Nicholas was found, much hurt, but alive.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat, lungs, and chest. It is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

## FATHER BARRY ON TEMPERANCE.

Readers of the *Liverpool Times* may be interested in hearing more at length of the proceedings at the Chicago Conference, in which, as representing Mgr. Nugent and the Liverpool League of the Cross, it was my privilege to take a share. On my own behalf, I should like to sketch the principles on which I was led to insist when addressing that assembly. And the occasion suggests, and I may be permitted to offer, an expression of the deep debt of gratitude which I owe to the many friends, public and private, lay and clerical, whose kindness to me during my journey to the United States and Canada I shall never forget. As a token of Catholic brotherhood, binding the New World with the Old, every such reception bestowed on a visitor from our side of the Atlantic is a most happy omen for the time to come. Over and over again I heard it said, almost in the language of complaint, that too few of our English clergy were in the habit of asking hospitality from their brethren in the Great Republic. The hearts of Americans are open to them, and, as all the world has long been aware, a people more generous and affectionate does not exist under Heaven. If we studied that growing and expanding Church at home, I believe our own enthusiasm would be kindled afresh. We have neither its numbers nor its wealth, but the very sight of all it has done, and the promise of all it means to do, would fill us with encouragement and perhaps throw a not unwelcome light upon the nature of the enterprise which is called among us the Church of England.

The meetings which took place in the Art Building on Lake Shore—and not, as many suppose, at the World's Fair itself—included delegates from every part of the States and Canada. But they were not organized on the lines we generally pursue, which contemplate large popular gatherings after the practical business of the day is over. I am doubtful whether we could have held our own against the attractions of the brilliant streets, the Princess Eulalie, and the fireworks of the Exhibition had such been attempted. But the marshalling of temperance leaders had its use, and the nature and difficulties of the crusade in America were clearly brought to light. We missed Archbishop Ireland, whose powerful speech had been read on a previous day by that unwearied servant of the Church and the public, Mr. Onahan. Another eloquent speaker was absent, Bishop Keane, of the University, but his example of life-long temperance, and the tracts and addresses already published by him are among the forces which make for victory in this movement. The Archbishop of Chicago gave us words of welcome. Cardinal Gibbons, with his accustomed courtesy, wrote to say how much he sympathized in the good work begun, and Philadelphia sent the largest contingent of delegates, with an efficient leader in Mr. J. Wash. Logue. Our chairman, the Bishop of Winona, remarkable for the graceful style and language of the paper which he read to us, proved himself as kindly as he was firm in managing an assembly composed of such varied elements. The Women's Total Abstinence Union found an advocate of genius in Mrs. Lake, from St. Louis, enthusiastic, witty and humorous, to whom, it must be candidly acknowledged, fell the honors of the session whenever she opened her lips. Father Canevin, of Pittsburg, sent a strong, practical paper, recommending the education of school children in the principles of temperance.

But perhaps no one spoke more clearly to the point than Father Doyle, whose earnest and sustained eloquence carried the meeting with him, as he dwelt on the need of temperance literature drawn up in accordance with

the Church's teaching. Father Doyle belongs to that fervent and progressive Order of the Paulists in New York. He is at the head of their printing press, edits the *Catholic World*, and has begun to publish temperance tracts by the thousand. There can be no question that the Congress will help to scatter them more widely. If, besides, the association of their leaders should end in uniting the detached societies now spread over the face of America, it will have done a notable work.

My own remarks were directed to three points. The duty incumbent on the Catholic priesthood, as I conceive, of protecting and propagating the faith by means of the virtue of temperance; the possibility of combining legislative action with what is known as moral suasion, and the duties of individuals to whom democratic institutions give so large a power. But democracy in America is not quite the same thing as democracy in England. I am bound to say that this representative meeting of native citizens allowed me to speak to them with great freedom. They received Father Nugent's name, as everywhere else in America, with loud and long applause. It is still remembered how in Baltimore his opportune presence enabled the temperance party some years ago to carry a measure of "high licensing," which has largely diminished the number of "saloons," and has swept away the worst of them. But here came to the surface a vital difference between the policy of total abstinence in the States and that which most Englishmen favor. The strongest interests now ruling the republic are, I was assured, the liquor traffic and the railroad system. The saloon defies or endeavors to capture the Church. It has corrupted the State legislatures. It appoints the magistracy, tramples down opposition, and has the police at its mercy. I have always heard that prohibition, or the Maine law, though proving a check to the unlimited sway of the saloon, is not, on the whole, successful. Nor do I think it opportune, so long as the vast majority believe in alcohol as a food or a physic. What the law cannot suppress I think the law should regulate in this department. Such is the verdict of the Supreme Court at Washington, and it has been affirmed with equal clearness and cogency by the House of Lords. But I was much interested in observing how little faith my hearers seemed to have in legislation. From San Francisco Mr. Fallon, sending an account of the League of the Cross, assured us emphatically that the legislature was on the side of drink, and would continue to be so. When I asked if there was not such a thing in the States as a Catholic politician—I mean one who acted on Catholic principles—the audience laughed, and on my abating that demand, and requiring only a Christian one, they laughed still more. Mrs. Lake, with the courage of her sex, answered me publicly that there would be Christian politicians if Christian voters could be found to resist the tyranny of the saloon. But to moral suasion, individual effort, and the training of the young, it all came back at last. When good laws are made, no one keeps them. The State legislatures in this province must be looked upon as indifferent or hostile to the party of temperance, and this despite enactments which go to greater lengths than we have ventured upon in England.

What of the clergy? They are divided. The Council of Baltimore has condemned saloon keeping as a profession. Children take the abstinence pledge when they are confirmed, or on making their first Communion. Religious confraternities include temperance among their counsels. But still, there is neither a platform on which the clergy can meet, nor a line of action which they are carrying out with one mind. The ex-

planation is not far to seek. Total abstinence, which has been the heroic virtue of saints, from John the Baptist down to our own day, appears in the eyes of good men especially too hard a duty for the multitude. They will not enforce it, and are even slow to recommend it. They dread fanaticism. Nor has everyone grasped the idea that total abstinence for our democratic populations has become as necessary as detachment from wealth and luxury was for the rich who would save their souls, when Christianity was preached to the corrupt Roman Empire. Arch-bishop Ireland sees this, and so do the temperance leaders in America. But so do not the men and women whose studies have never enlightened them as to the real conditions of our democracy. They recognize no new virtues for the new time. On this point, as on many others, they apply to the present age a discipline which is unseasonable or antiquated. The Church in America has one enemy, drink, compared with which all the rest are but a regiment of cranes or pigmies. Yet no pitched battle has been delivered against this deadly foe. We must still look to the young for a change of tactics. The rising generation of clergy will yield us recruits. It cannot be imagined that if children making their first Communion are given the pledge, ecclesiastics who dedicate themselves to the service of the people will refuse it. All our deliberations at Chicago went on the principle that total abstinence is a moral and religious virtue, owing to the Catholic faith as its support, and supporting in its turn the exercise of charity and benevolence for the glory of God. My own contention was that a man owes himself to his fellowmen as a citizen and a Christian. He can set an example of temperance at home, vote against the iniquities of the drink traffic at the polling booth, and help his pastor to fill the church on Sundays and festivals with God-fearing, sober people.

Of all which I saw an admirable instance at Toronto, whither I was cordially invited by Father Hand, the zealous rector of St. Paul's Church, and by his flourishing League of the Cross. In that bright and genial city the law is on the side of temperance. Saloons merely for drinking purposes do not exist. Hotels are limited in number, strictly watched, and held to guarantees for their good behavior. Sunday closing is rigidly enforced, and the houses shut at seven on Saturday evening. The population are sober, the churches well attended, and the clergy feel that their incessant toil for the good of their congregations is not thrown away. But, as the Archbishop of Toronto remarked to me, enforcing his opinion from what he had observed in another part of the Dominion (not his previous diocese), it would be the greatest of mistakes to rely singly upon the law and to give up the preaching and organizing of temperance because the liquor traffic has been, perhaps, legally suppressed. For a long time to come we shall need both wings of our army. And where, as in some of the United States, the law is dead or asleep, there we must fall back on moral suasion, and make up by unremitting private efforts for the shortcomings of the Legislature. To sum up, if in the American Republic the Church does not put down the saloon or bring it within manageable limits there is reason to fear that the saloon will make more victims than the Catholic religion makes converts. —*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

Like a ship without a rudder is a man or a woman without health and the necessary strength to perform the ordinary duties of life. When the appetite fails, when delirium, and a disordered condition of stomach, liver, kidney, and bowels assail you, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Obstinacy is good for nothing; it is the caricature of firmness.

## Qualities for Success.

"I like that boy. He is always cheerful. He is never cross or surly, no matter what I ask him to do. And when I tell him to do anything he does it willingly. He never complains. He is always smiling and happy." So spoke a man who is at the head of one of the largest wholesale dry goods houses in New York, to me the other day, as he pointed out a clean, frank-faced lad, whose countenance beamed with honesty.

It made me think again how much boys have to do with carving out their own futures. No man cares to employ a boy who is sour of temper and surly in manner; who is fretful, querulous, and complaining. I like a boy who is smiling and happy. I like a boy who goes to his work with a determination to do it quickly and well. Such a one has a great chance to get on in the world. Get up in the morning, boys, and make up your mind to be gentle and agreeable to everybody about you. Begin by throwing your arms around your dear mother's neck, and telling her you love her. It will brighten all her day. And when you go to school, or to work, let nothing disturb your temper. Your classmates or co-laborers will like you all the better for being kind and agreeable. A cheerful nature is better than any medicine. It is the tonic of life. The cheerful man lives longer than one who is soured and ugly of speech.

## Layering Grapes.

This is the time of year when layers of grapes are most successfully made, suggests the American Cultivator. For this purpose one of the last year's shoots is taken and bent into a slight hollow made in mellow soil, and with plenty of rich soil under it. Forked twigs hold it down to the surface, and if the shoots are put out enough to show blossom buds, pinch of the blossoms. The layering process is an exhaustive one, and both fruit and a thrifty new plant can hardly be expected the first season. Cover the last year's shoot as soon as the buds have gained a length of five or six inches, and pinch off any leaves or buds that may appear. Roots will start from the under side of these shoots, and if each joint is pruned down firmly to the mellow soil, every shoot will have a thrifty root before mid-summer. About the first of August is the best time to pinch back the shoot. This will help to thicken it, and as all of the top except one or two buds will be cut away on transplanting, the extra growth of wood is of no value. This is a cheap, easy way to increase valuable varieties that any one can practice. It is best not to layer more than one shoot per year. Having too much of its top set to growing underground predisposes the vine to disease and mildew.

## The Art of Being Agreeable.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may have not much learning, nor any wit, but, if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behaviour, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble, and flatter in company, but a man may be very agreeable, consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him, this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.

What human dignity is equal to the dignity of the ministers of God?

THE STORY OF THE DELUGE.

Rev. Father Zahn's lecture at the Catholic Summer School, on July 21, on "Noah's Deluge," was a most startling one to the audience. He denied the universality of the flood, and presented many convincing arguments in proof of his assertions. The following are extracts from his lecture:

"Barring the creation of the world and of man, it may be questioned if any event recorded in the Testament has given rise to more commentaries and provoked more discussion than the terrible cataclysm recorded with such minuteness and detail in the seventh chapter of Genesis. The Fathers, in their interpretations of the inspired volume, and the schoolmen in their ponderous tomes, devoted entire treatises to the consideration of the subject. The exegetists who succeeded the schoolmen found the question of the deluge no less interesting, and, judging from the space they gave to the subject, they considered its elucidation of prime importance. With scarcely a dissenting voice, the Fathers, the schoolmen, and exegetists, who immediately followed them, were as one regarding the universality of the catastrophe. The words of the Bible were taken literally; and the almost general consensus of opinion among theologians and commentators was that the deluge was universal, not only in relation to mankind, but also in reference to the earth's surface. One of the first to seriously controvert the theory of the geographical universality of the deluge was Isaac Voss, in his "Dissertatio de Vera Mundi Etate." He maintained that not more than one-hundredth part of the earth was submerged by the flood. The distinguished Benedictine, Don Mabillon, having, at the request of the Congregation of the Index, examined the work of Voss regarding the non-universality of the deluge, gave it as his opinion that his teaching was neither against faith nor morals, and could, therefore, be tolerated. In the first place, no one could any longer seriously maintain that the fossils found in the various strata of the earth's crust were deposited there by the deluge of Noah. Such a view was now regarded as simply untenable, if not absurd.

"Again, owing to the active researches of naturalists the world over, it was discovered that the number of species of animals was in excess of what had previously been imagined by far; and that a new difficulty presented itself that could not be ignored. Contrary to what Linnaeus had taught, Cuvier and others pointed out the fact that there were several distinct foci or centres of animal life; that certain species and classes of animals are found in one part of the world, while other species have their habitation in another. It seems unreasonable, therefore, to suppose, even if the Ark had been large enough, that representatives of the different species of animals of the various distant countries of the world came, or were brought to the Ark; and how were the representatives of the various fauna of distant countries and far-off isles of the ocean returned to the places whence they came? One difficulty suggests another, and the more closely the question is investigated the more formidable becomes the difficulty.

"In the light of science, therefore—especially in the light of geology, zoology, and physical geography—the theory of a universal deluge is untenable. On any ground it is untenable without assuming the existence of such a number of miracles that the theory perforce falls by its own weight. But, it will be asked, what explanation is to be given of the universal terms employed in the Biblical account of the deluge? It is 'all' men and 'every' living creature that are to be destroyed; it is the whole 'earth' that is to be submerged. The words 'all'

and 'every' are absolute and exclude nothing, and it is these words we are told that must be satisfactorily explained before we are at liberty to accept any other theory than that which proclaims that the deluge was universal. In speaking of the famine which prevailed at the time of Jacob, Moses declares that the famine prevailed in the whole world, that the famine increased daily in all the land, and that the provinces came into Egypt to buy food and to seek some relief for their wants. None of these passages, however, are to be taken literally. Notwithstanding the use of the absolute terms 'all' and 'whole,' Moses refers only to the countries and people known to the Hebrews. And so it is in many other instances that might be adduced. The 'whole earth' sometimes applies only to the Promised Land; sometimes it embraces only Egypt; at others it is made only to refer to the kingdom of David, or Solomon, and at others again to a stretch of country bounded by the invisible horizon. The deluge was not as we may believe universal as to the earth's surface, not as to all forms of animal life was it, excluding those that were in the Ark.

"Until the last few years scarcely any one would have thought of giving other than an affirmative answer to this question, and much more to deny the universality of the deluge was and is still, with the majority of people, considered tantamount to impugning the authority of the Bible, or rejecting an article of faith. Nevertheless, if the question be examined without any preconceived notions, we think it will be found that one may be justified in holding different views from those which have so long been current. This may doubtless surprise some of you, and yet I make this statement deliberately, and with a full knowledge of all the obligations urged against such an interpretation. I know that I am calling attention to a theory that has very few defenders, but it is one of the objects of the Summer School to examine the latest phases of modern thought, to consider the theories that are now agitating the thinking world; and if so, is it not our right and our privilege to scrutinize what we may believe as well as what we must believe? Neither the Church nor the Fathers, nor the schools, however, defined or showed that the universal destruction of mankind by the flood, excepting, of course, of those in the Ark, was of faith. The first serious objections to a universal destruction of our race came from science, and, singularly enough, when the results of scientific discoveries proclaim the necessity of revising the interpretation that had been in vogue regarding the destruction of the race by the deluge, it was found that there was nothing in the sacred text that forbade such revision. What the extent of the flood was cannot be determined, but it seems to be almost certain that it was very limited, both as to the amount of territory submerged and to the number of the human race destroyed.

"To find fault with the Fathers of the Church for having (one or two thousand years ago), a less extensive knowledge of the natural and physical sciences than we ourselves possess would be simply preposterous. We must judge them as we ourselves under similar circumstances would wish to be judged. We may not, indeed, without new and weighty reasons, reject the teachings of such venerable authorities on questions like the one now under discussion; but, when sufficiently grave reasons are forthcoming we may safely, without incurring the note of rashness, modify our opinions so as to make them harmonize with the certain data and concessions of science."

How shall we behave on great occasions if we are weak in little ones?

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From the original circular, which contains a large number of certificates, we have clipped the following one.

For truth's sake I must state that on Saturday, 13th July, 1867, having administered the Holy Sacrament to the invalid suffering from cholera, named Lewis Radice. I returned to my own home, which was separated from the invalid's by one street. I felt very thirsty, and having taken a glass of water I could not even taste it. Having taken up my breviary to recite the divine service, I could not articulate a single word. I understood that I had caught the infection, being constantly in close contact with invalids, administering their medicines, and often stooping over fetid matter, receiving their confessions in this position, on account of the lowering of their voices, produced by almost continued vomiting.

While noticing these symptoms it struck me I ought to take a spoonful of the liquor FERNET which I had in my house.

Having immediately taken some, my thirst was quenched directly, my voice and tongue liberated, and I was able to recite the prayers, only I felt a strong burning sensation from my palate to my throat. This lasted for about twenty minutes, then I felt a longing to sleep, so that I was obliged to go to bed. After a sleep of an hour I got up completely recovered. This is what I feel bound to declare as a tribute of praise of FERNET.

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## KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

Denounced by Charles Sumner in 1854

Every lover of true liberty will find in the following words of Charles Sumner, spoken thirty-nine years ago in Faneuil Hall, Boston, a complete answer to the now Know-Nothings, the A. P. A.'s and the Orangemen:

But the inconsistency of this party (Know Nothing) as the organ of our cause is enhanced by the uncongenial secrecy in which it had its origin and yet shrouds itself. For myself, let me say that on the floor of the Senate, I have striven, by vote and speech, in conjunction with my distinguished friend, Mr. Chase, for the limitation of the secret sessions of that body, under shelter of which so much of the business of the nation is transacted, and I have there presented the example of that ancient Roman, who bade his architect so to construct his house that his guests and all that they did might be seen by the world, as a fit model for American institutions. What I have urged there I now urge here. But the special aims which this party proposes seem to be in harmony with the darkness in which it begins. Even if justifiable on any grounds of public policy, they should not be associated with our cause; but I am unwilling to allude to them without expressing my frank dissent.

It is proposed to attain men for their religion and also for their birth. If this object can prevail, vain are the triumphs of civil freedom on its many hard-fought fields; vain is that religious toleration which we all profess. The fires of Smithfield, the tortures of the Inquisition, the proscriptions of Non-Conformists may all be revived. It was mainly to escape these outrages, dictated by a dominant religious sect, that our country was early settled, in one place by the Quakers, who set at naught all forms; in another by Puritans, who disowned Bishops; in another by Episcopalians, who take their name from Bishops; and in yet another by Catholics, who look to the Pope as their Spiritual Father. Slowly among the struggling sects was evolved the great idea of the equality of all men before the law without regard to religious belief, nor can any party now organize a proscription merely for religious belief, without calling in question this unquestionable principle.

The Catholics are mostly foreigners, and on this account, are condemned. Let us see if there be any reason in this, and here indulge me with one word on foreigners.

With the ancient Greeks a foreigner was a barbarian, and with the ancient Romans he was an enemy. In early modern times the austerity of this judgment was relaxed; but under the influence of feudalism, the different sovereignties, whether provinces or nations, were kept in a condition of isolation, from which they have been gradually passing, until now, when the provinces are merged into nations, and nations are giving signs that they too will yet commingle into one. In our country another example is already displayed. From all nations people commingle here. As in ancient Corinth, by the accidental fusion of all the metals accumulated in the sacred temples, a peculiar metal was produced, better than any individual metal, either gold or silver; so, perhaps, in the arrangement of Providence, by the fusion of all races here, there may be a better race than any individual race, even Saxon or Celt. Originally settled from England, the Republic has been strengthened and enriched by generous contributions from Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Sweden, France and Germany, and the cry is "Still they come." At no time since the discovery of the New World, has the army of immigrants pressed so strongly in this direction. Nearly half a million are annually landed on our shores. The manner in which they shall be

received is one of the problems of our national policy.

All will admit that any influence which they may bring hostile to our institutions—calculated to substitute precatory for religion and bigotry for Christianity—must be deprecated and opposed. All will admit, too, that there must be some assurance of their purpose to become not merely consumers of the fruits of our soil, but useful, loyal and permanent members of our community, upholders of the general welfare. With this simple explanation, I am not disposed to place any check upon the welcome to foreigners. There are our broad lands, stretching toward the setting sun; let them come and take them. Ourselves, the children of the pilgrims of a former generation, let us not turn from the pilgrims of the present. Let the Lome, founded by our immigrant fathers, continue open in its many mansions to the immigrants of to-day. The history of our country, in its humblest as well as its most exalted spheres, testifies to the merits of foreigners. Their strong arms have helped to furrow our broad territory with canals, and stretch in every direction the iron rail. They have filled our workshops, navigated our ships, and even tilled our fields. Go where you will, among the hardy sons of toil on land or sea, and there you will find industrious and faithful foreigners, bonding their muscles to the work. At the bar and in the high places of commerce you will find them. Enter the retreats of learning and there you will find them, too, shedding upon our country the glory of science. Nor can any reflection be cast upon foreigners, claiming hospitality now, which will not glance at once upon the distinguished living and the illustrious dead—upon the Irish Montgomery, who perished for us at the gates of Quebec—upon Pulaski, the Pole, who died for us at Savannah upon De Kalb and Steubens, the generous Germans, who aided our weakness by their military experience; also upon those great European liberators, Kosciusko, of Poland, and Lafayette, of France, each of whom paid his early vows to liberty in our cause. Nor should this list be confined to military characters, so long as we cherish the name of Alexander Hamilton, who was born in the West Indies, and the name of Albert Gallatin, who was born in Switzerland, and never, to the close of his octogenarian career, lost the French accent of his boyhood, both of whom rendered civic services which may be commemorated among the victories of peace.

Nor is the experience of our Republic peculiar. Where is there a country or power that must not inscribe the names of foreigners upon its historic rolls? It was Christopher Columbus, of Genoa, who disclosed to Spain the New World; it was Magellan, of Portugal, sailing in the service of Spain, who first pressed with adventurous keel through those distant Southern straits which now bear his name, and opened the way to the vast Pacific sea; and it was Cabot, the Venetian, who first conducted English enterprise to this North American continent. As in the triumphs of discovery, so also in other fields have foreigners excelled. The Dutch Grotius, author of sublime work, "The Laws of Peace and War"—an exile from his own country—became the Ambassador of Sweden, and, in our own day, the Emperor of Russia has employed in the most diplomatic trusts the Italian Pozzo di Borgo. In the list of monarchs on the throne of England not one has been more truly English than the Dutch William. In Holland no ruler has ever equalled in renown the German William, Prince of Orange. In Russia, the German Catherine II. takes a place among the most commanding sovereigns. And who of the Swedish monarchs was a better Swede than Bernadotte, the Frenchman;

and what Frenchman was ever filled with aspirations for France more than the Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte?

But I pass from those things which have occupied me too long. A party which, beginning in secrecy, interferes with religious beliefs, and founds a discrimination on the accident of birth, is not the party for us.

It was the sentiment of that great apostle of freedom, Benjamin Franklin, uttered during the trials of the Revolution, that, "Whoso liberty is, there is my country!"

## Dante on the Glory of Mary.

The poet-theologian, Dante, tells us in his "Paradiso" that St. Bernard was sent by Beatrice to manifest to him the glory of the ever-blessed Virgin.

"Son of grace," said Bernard to Dante, "the life of the blest will remain unknown to thee if thou keepest thine eyes continually lowered. Gaze on the most distant sphere, until thou seest the throne of the Queen to whom this kingdom is subject and devoted."

Dante then raised his eyes; and even as in the morning the eastern horizon surpasses in brightness that where the sun declines, so he beheld on the summit of the loftiest sphere a point that surpassed all others in splendor. There shone the oriflamme of peace, the Most Holy Virgin; and her brilliancy quenched the light of other fires or other saints.

Bernard fixed his eyes on the object of his love with an affection so great that the eyes of the poet grew brighter as they contemplated him. The Saint explains to the poet the order in which the elect of the Old and the New Testament are disposed, and bids him observe the immense glory of the Blessed Virgin; then, in an ardent supplication, he begs Our Lady to obtain for Dante the grace to raise himself even to the vision of God.

"Virgin Mother," he cries, "daughter of thy Son, humble and august beyond all other creatures, fixed term of the eternal will; thou art she who hast so ennobled human nature that its Author did not disdain to become His own work.

"In thy womb was kindled the Love whose heat has germinated flowers in eternal peace.

"Here thou art for us a sun of charity in its noontide; and below, among mortals, a living fount of hope.

"Woman, thou art so great, and hast such power, that he who wishes a grace and does not run to thee, wishes his desires to fly without wings.

"Thy goodness not only succors him who asks, but frequently anticipates his request.

"In thee is mercy, in thee pity, in thee magnificence; in thee all that is good in creatures.

"Now, he who from the most profound abyss of the universe has thus far seen the existences of spirits one by one, begs of thy clemency to accord to him strength sufficient to raise himself higher toward the supreme beatitude.

"And I, who have never desired this vision for myself more ardently than I do for him,—I offer to thee all my prayers, and I beg of thee that they may not be vain; so that thou mayest dissipate all the shadows of his mortality, and that the Sovereign Joy may show itself to him.

"I beseech thee, moreover, O Queen, who canst do what thou wilt, to preserve the love which may procure for him such a vision. Let thy protection triumph over the impulses of his human nature."

During his prayer, the eyes that God loves, the eyes of the Virgin, were fixed on Bernard with a tender affection, that showed how agreeable to her are the devout petitions of her children.—*Ave Maria.*

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The Bells of St. Anne.

Catholic World.

Now from their turret gray and old,  
Where call the swallows in their gloom,  
The tender bells of orientide  
Flout out across the night's perfume;  
The music from their throbbing throats  
Stirs through the shadows like a flame,  
And all the drowsing world grows glad  
With love for he's one they name.  
"St. Anne!" their mellow voices cry:  
"St. Anne!" "La bonne St. Anne!"  
"St. Anne!"

The far dim stretch of meadow grass  
Is all a-glimmer with the dew;  
Its shining drops fall soft as tears  
When slips the evening zephyr through.  
From out some mesh of soft brown blades  
A last, late thrush pipes low and sweet,  
And once again the faithful bells  
Their sacred melody repeat.  
"St. Anne!" they murmur in reply:  
"St. Anne!" "La bonne St. Anne!"  
"St. Anne!"

Along the river's winding length  
The tide is running fleet and white;  
It drowns the reeds along the shore  
And hides the sandy bar from sight;  
Vague sadness freight the mist, air;  
Night settles like a thing of woe;  
And in their watch tower high and still  
The bells are swaying soft and slow.  
"St. Anne!"—the faint notes break and die:  
"St. Anne!" "La bonne St. Anne!"  
"St. Anne!"

A Mission's Close in Ireland.

It was a Sunday evening in late August, in a mountainous Ulster parish with a blue, cloudless sky overhead, and not a breeze stirring. From the conical hill there was a splendid view of open country—of valleys and slopes where the corn lay, as Wordsworth sings, "like golden shields as cast down before the sun," or where amid the yet uncut grain the scarlet poppies and blue corn flowers were blooming—to be obtained. It almost seemed a second Spring. The oak, and elm, and slender ash had put forth fresh shoots, and the hedge-rows where the white convolvulus were running riotously along, were greener than they had been in the scorching days of July. Here and there a late cluster of the white flowers that adorn the common chervil were to be seen, and the bristly field scabious was in full moon. The honey-suckle gave forth its fragrant perfume, and from the meadows where the aftermath was green and verdant there came the scent of new mown hay. By the riverside the bulrushes and reeds rose proudly in their full strength, and the delicate blossoms of the arrowhead seemed to watch the dying lilies. There was a delicious mellowness over all the land as group after group of country folk entered the field by a narrow gate, paying a modest toll as they did so, for that evening the mission that had been given by three Dominican Fathers was "to close" in that green field. The little chapel and graveyard of the parish were deemed of far too small dimensions for the crowds that were expected to attend. And as that bright afternoon wore away that surmise was proved to be correct. Maids and matrons, old men and young men, grandmothers in their blue cloaks and bright kerchiefs, and babies toddling along came in that narrow gate and dispersed over the wide field. A small platform had been erected in the center of the field, and the Father who recited the Rosary surveyed a dense mass of humanity. The lark chanting the vesper hymn paused surely at the "Holy Mary" of many voices, joined as one, rising fervently up to heaven. And here I may remark that no people have such fervor, such simple, boundless faith as the Irish. Many of those there had traveled from afar away by mountain ways and tortuous paths to receive the final benediction and benefit by the indulgences. Once the Rosary was ended, an impressive sermon was preached, short yet long enough to bring the sunset and all its glories, and then came the renewal of the baptismal vows. It was a scene to be remembered. The white-robed follower of St. Dominic pronounced the solemn pronun-

ciation that some one had made for us on the day on which we became children of the Church, and loud and strong the voices rose in answer. The unflinching myriad lights were held aloft, and there was a deep, deep calm over the earth. For away in the west the sun was shining amid

"—parted clouds, as if assunder riven  
By some great angel—"

clouds there were of amethyst and amber, and rose and pearl, scattered over a golden billowy sweep of sky like "treasures of the lost Hesperides, as Adelaide Procter sweetly sings. Redder and redder the sky became, and the people knelt on the green hillside to receive the Papal Benediction, and the mission was ended. There was an Autumnal freshness in the air as friends sought each other for their homeward journey, and the file of candles by the little gate grew bigger and bigger as each one left his or her candle there. "Musha, but 'tis Irish he's talkin'," an old woman cried, as one of the missionaries addressed a remark to his companion in French. Again and again did the Father give his blessing to the people he passed, and the stars peeped out of the blue ere the last group left the field where the mission was "closed."—*Magdeline Rock, in Rosary for July.*

A Remarkable Discovery.

An extremely interesting discovery has just been made. The old Church of St. Foy, at Schlestadt, in Alsace, dating from 1087, has been recently restored, and in the process the workmen came upon a block of mortar that seemed to contain the imprint of a human form. A cast was taken, and the emotion was great when it was perceived to be that of a woman. The features, calm and of a refined expression, are perfectly defined, the breast covered with a knitted woollen vesture of a well known stitch, and the texture of the hair perfectly moulded. The head is slightly inclined to the right shoulder, the neck and throat, with the shoulder blades standing out in relief, are perfect.

It was thought at first that it might be Hildegard, the noted foundress of St. Foy, but probability points to it being her daughter, the well-beloved Adelaide, as she is called in a charter of 1094. The plague raged in Alsace in the eleventh century. Both Adelaide and her brother Conrad died, hence this evidently hasty and prophylactic inhumation. The lime evidently filtered through the sand and hardened on the body, which left the mould that has given us in microscopic detail the features of the girl who, 800 years ago, was hurriedly, and doubtlessly with many tears, laid in her resting place. It is not a work of art, says Canon Dacheux, but of nature herself. The expression of a real being is there. We have before us the form and features of a woman of the eleventh century, perhaps more perfectly preserved than any of those which are preserved in the museum at Pompeii.

The incoming month is replete with great festivals. It opens with the feast of St. Peter-in-Chains, then come St. Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorists; St. Dominic, father of the Preaching Friars, 4; the Transfiguration, 6; St. Lawrence, 10; the Assumption, 15; St. Joachim, 20; St. Bartholomew, 24; St. Bernard, 26; St. Augustine, 28; and St. Rose of Lima, 30. Among the prelates who have anniversaries of their consecration to keep in August are Bishops Phelan, Mora, Watterson, McMahon, Mullen and Becker. Cardinal Gibbons' silver jubilee falls within the month, but will not be kept until October.

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No Coral Insect.

This single coral animal (quite unlike an insect, and it is quite time for books to omit that designation—coral insect) is like the sea anemones, Actinias, or sea-flowers, some species of which we see on the rocks of our Northern coast. It is a small tube of flesh, with a stomach, and tentacles surrounding it, which rove about in search of food and conducts it to the mouth. The nervous system and blood system are of the most simple kind. Of course, in a creature so low in the scale of life, there is no head, nor are there special organs of sense, such as far seeing and hearing. They are popularly called animal flowers. This little creature soon develops a hard covering or shell, secreting from its exterior a shell from the lime which is held in solution by the sea-water, just as the clam or any shell fish secretes the lime which makes their shells. And these lime coverings are analogous to the skeletons of higher animals, though in one case the lime skeleton is inside, in the other outside. After a little the soft young coral, having settled itself upon a solid footing on the bottom of the sea, like myriads of others around it, exhibits a white calcareous coating on portions of it, and in a short time has deposited from its soft exterior and partitions of its interior a solid lime tube, with dividing walls. This is a coral "pure and simple." A great block many feet in diameter is no more than simply a congregation of many of these. When the little single coral is perfect in its lime tube, it buds, and increases itself thereby, adding constantly either in this way or by the emission of eggs.

Ben Butler and Father Ryan.

The late post priest of the South frequently told the following anecdote of his stay in New Orleans: It was during the war, when General Butler was in charge of the city. A Catholic soldier in the Union forces there died, and because some one blundered no religious rites were observed at the funeral. It was reported to Butler that Father Ryan refused to read the burial service. In a towering rage Butler sent for the priest and in the most peremptory and offensive way demanded to know why he had not given all the honors of the Church to the deceased. Father Ryan quietly explained the matter, showing that he was not to blame; that the fault was due to the comrades of the dead soldier, and added: "It is, therefore, not true that I refused to bury him. It is also not true that I have publicly and repeatedly refused to officiate at the funeral of any Federal soldier or officer. On the contrary, it is the reverse of the truth, for, General, it would give me great pleasure to bury the whole lot of you!" Butler's stern face relaxed into a grim smile, and from that day he and Father Ryan had no further trouble in common.

Care of Poultry.

The importance of having the poultry-house aired every day during warm weather should not be overlooked. Air-lacked lime scattered freely about now is a great purifier and is needed in hot weather. The season of hot weather brings around plenty of work for the poultry-raiser. For the next four months eternal vigilance will be necessary to make the poultry business prove profitable. The weather often becomes exceedingly oppressive to mankind, and causes the poultry too often to be somewhat neglected, but above all other times now is the time to carefully look after the fowls and chicks.

Ob blindness of man taking little for great, and great for little; from being master, thou becomest a slave to the vilest tyrant. Sin is nothingness and thou returnest to nothingness; leaving life, thou givest thyself death.—*St. Catherine of Siena.*

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1893.

## Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 10—St. Lawrence, Martyr  
11—St. Xystus, Pope and Martyr.  
12—St. Clare, Virgin.  
13—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.  
St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.  
14—St. Hormisdas, Pope and Confessor.  
15—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin  
16—St. Rocho, Confessor

## Transubstantiation.

In our issue of the 27th ult. we touched upon one point of Archbishop Farrar's article in the *Contemporary Review*, viz. Sacerdotalism. But it will not do to let such a critic off with that; for if he is impudently insolent in his first objection to Ritualism, he is grossly ignorant in his second. He frowns down Sacerdotalism because it "is always allied to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and Transubstantiation is one of the heresies which the Church of England at the Reformation most decisively and most emphatically repudiated. She might well do so. It is a late and gross corruption of crude materialism, not formally accepted even by the Church of Rome till the Lateran Council of 1215. I cannot conceive any doctrine more essentially antagonistic to all that is pure, noble and divinely spiritual in the Gospel of Christ than this attempt to localize and materialize the Presence of God."

That is crass ignorance—ignorance of Christianity as a religion, and ignorance of its relation to philosophical views. It is untrue in statement, unsound in argument and false in conclusion. Before examining the whole question it is well to note carefully that no dogma of our holy religion is strictly speaking, built upon a philosophical foundation. The cross, with all its doctrine, is folly to critical Greek and hindrance to stubborn Jew. An article of faith is not true because it tallies with some philosophical theory; it relies upon a surer foundation. Christianity has seen the rise and fall of nearly every system of philosophy. It was just issuing from the Upper Room in Jerusalem when scepticism flourished in Eastern schools and Attic groves, when Stoicism won the stern Roman intellect, and Epicureanism allured the lover of pleasure from the cares of State or hardships of war. Yet these withered and Christianity grew. Aristotle ruled in the schools of the middle ages, but always subject to religious teaching. Then came the storms of modern scepticism and materialism; but they made no impression upon the rock of faith. Though society and thrones have been shaken, that rock still stands; and will stand, even when the echoes of those storms have died away in the centuries of a now distant future:

"These little systems have their day,  
They have their day, and cease to be,"  
but untrammelled the Gospel of Christ  
walks the path of time, crowned with

His authority, and enlightened with His truth. The critic who measures Christian dogma by a philosophical standard understands neither philosophy nor religion. We do not deny that religious questions, like all others, have a philosophical character, but they do not depend thereon for their truth or saving quality. The character from which all our dogma is free is materialism—a system which never had, and never can have, any abiding rest in the halls of Catholic thought.

Now for Archbishop Farrar. The idea that Transubstantiation localizes the Presence of God has just as much force against the whole doctrine of the Incarnation as it has against the Blessed Sacrament. Was it a localization—not precisely of the Presence of God—but of God Himself, when Christ lay in the stable of Bethlehem? Was not He God to whom Peter testified, and the centurion on Calvary also bore witness? He walked in and out amongst his neighbours and friends. Men ate with Him and handled Him, and were with Him until He ascended to the Father. Who, professing to be Christian, will claim that He who alone had seen the Father localized that presence which fills heaven and earth? Christ's presence upon earth was a local presence; very different from that ubiquitous Presence of God which is the attribute of Him in whom there is no accident or division.

Transubstantiation is the explanation, according to the Catholic Church, of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist. By the words of consecration the substance of the bread and the substance of the wine pass away, and the substance of Christ's Body and Blood takes their place. This every Catholic child knows. The fact that the Lateran Council was the first to deal with it merely shows that no question had been raised upon the subject. The word Transubstantiation is a translation of a Greek term signifying the transmutation of the substance of the bread into that of Christ's Body. In the Alexandrine liturgy of St. Gregory we read a prayer beseeching the Holy Spirit to change these holy gifts into the very Body and Blood of our redemption. Again, in the liturgy of St. Basil, the priest entreats: "Change these (the bread and the wine) in such a way that the bread become the Body, and this mixture in the chalice Thy precious Blood." But we are not concerned so much with the antiquity of the term, which in sense is to be found in the tradition of every century of Christian teaching down to the eleventh, when it was first attacked by Berengarians. We are rather concerned with the philosophical character ascribed to it by our critic. He boldly and rashly tells us that "it is a late and gross corruption of crude materialism." That is just what it is not. It is neither gross, nor crude, nor material. The one spiritual Presence of Christ upon earth, filling our temples with a glory and a presence more wonderful than His presence in the crib of Bethlehem, is His Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. It is spiritual because Christ's Body and Blood are spiritual and glorified. It is spiritual in the mode of eating and in the end to be attained; for

this food is for our soul, that we may abide in Him and may have everlasting life. The Presence is immaterial, by reason that our Lord is there "only in substance." How place is predicated of Him, so that we say: Christ is in that tabernacle or upon that altar, and yet how the accident of place does not strictly belong to Him in His sacramental state would lead us too far into deep and abstruse questions. The schoolmen have all discussed these points, and nothing can be farther from their thought than grossness or materialism in their explanations. Had Farrar been present when Christ spoke upon the Blessed Sacrament, and promised that He would give His flesh to be eaten, we do him no injustice in reckoning him amongst the number who found it a hard saying. In his zeal to be "noble and divinely spiritual" he would have asked how this Man could give his Flesh to eat and his Blood to drink, and in his arrogant pride and haughty self-opinion he would have walked no more with Jesus.

## Sunday Street Cars.

The agitation upon this question still maintains its usual height of zeal and acrimony, spoiling ministerial vacations, occupying useful journalistic space and evolving the idea of the Christian's day of rest as was never done before. While the last point is a benefit to all, and the second one a relief to the weary world of editors, it is cruel to rouse the clergy from their retreats where, in the quiet of the country or by the healthful sea, they are bracing up for the next general elections and whatever else may commend itself to their non-dogmatic notions. But there is no use crying over spilt milk; the question of Sunday Cars is on hand, and ministers are hurrying back or writing upon the subject from their summer quarters. Amongst the last class stands prominently forth the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, who is determined at any rate to rush home and poll his vote on the 28th. He may do as he likes in the matter: it counts one, and only one, and we have nothing to do with it. But when he writes, telling the public that Archbishop Walsh's signature "constrains" the Roman Catholic citizens of Toronto to vote for Sunday cars, he is altogether beside the mark. It is something more; it is a blow beneath the belt. What does the gentleman mean? Does he mean that his Grace has nothing to do but to lift his little finger and the Catholic body will move right or left? Certainly the Catholic members of the Council did not vote as if they had interpreted the Archbishop's signature in that way. When authority or constraint is to be employed, signing a petition to a city council is not an archiepiscopal method.

But Mr. Macdonnell gives us to understand that this one signature of our Archbishop is worth as much as all the talk that has been going on from the pulpits since the question was started. We Catholics ought to congratulate ourselves, from the venerable prelate at our head to the youngest member of his flock, that

such harmony and discipline exist amongst us. Just let the Archbishop put his name on paper and it is done—*Ipse scripsit et facta sunt*. But it will never do for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER to contradict Mr. Macdonnell upon this point, for fear of giving ourselves away. But we do not mind telling him that all good Catholics do value a bishop's signature or opinion by reason of his learning, his experience and his position. Our people know when to distinguish between an authoritative act of their bishop and a public expression of his opinion. One thing more we wish to tell him, which will do for some others. It is contemptible to try and twist this Sunday Street Car question altogether out of joint, and make it one between Catholics and Protestants, and yet ministers are so lost for reason to support their case, that they put this phase upon it. The Catholic portion of the community have heard nothing upon the subject from their priests or their pulpits, the rest of the city have heard nothing but Sunday Street Cars until one would think that the Christian religion, morality and worship depended upon it. Let it stand upon its merits. Archbishop Walsh's signature has a value, and rightly; but it is neither constraint nor power. Let no man urge it to mock at his Catholic fellow-citizens, or to rouse to bigotry his Protestant neighbors.

## Father Barry on Toronto.

From a letter which Father Barry, the English delegate to the Chicago Catholic Temperance Congress, addressed to the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, we are glad to see that he carried away with him agreeable reminiscences of America, and especially of Toronto. We publish his letter elsewhere in full, and repeat the compliments he pays our fair city. Speaking of the benefits of temperance he saw an admirable example "at Toronto, whether I was cordially invited by Father Hand, the zealous rector of St. Paul's Church, and by his flourishing League of the Cross. In that bright and genial city the law is on the side of temperance. Saloons merely for drinking purposes do not exist. Hotels are limited in number, strictly watched, and held to guarantees for their good behavior. Sunday closing is rigidly enforced, and the houses shut at seven on Saturday evening. The population are sober, the churches well attended, and the clergy feel that their incessant toil for the good of their congregations is not thrown away." That is not bad from an Englishman.

## Colored Catholic Congress.

A Congress of Colored Catholics has been called to meet at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. Colored people are learning gradually that the only institution which places them on the same level with the rest of the world is the Catholic Church. The Church in America has a great work ahead of her to do among the negroes—the work which Protestantism failed to accomplish. We daily hear shocking stories of the brutality of negroes, and still more shocking brutality of the whites in the Protestant South. The only power to avert these calamities is that power which has ever been the preserver of social purity and social order—the Catholic Church.

### Rev. Dr. Douglas on Divorce.

The *Christian Guardian* of last week contains a verbatim report of the address delivered by Rev. Dr. Douglas at the Christian Endeavour Convention in Montreal. "Social Purity" was the subject. It was treated in the Doctor's peculiar style of oratorical amplification, and was interspersed with many striking anecdotes and tales of social woe, that must have left a profound impression on his audience. Although written in the somewhat verbose and turgid style of De Witt Talmage, the address of the Montreal D.D. discloses many points of great merit, and if printed in book form and widely circulated, could not help wielding a mighty and effective influence for good among all classes of society.

In looking up statistics Dr. Douglas must have felt some qualms of conscience for his past intolerance of the French Canadian race, and of Catholics in general. He finds (and he is not ashamed to admit it) that for purity of morals and stirring manhood the Puritanic race of New England can stand in comparison with the French Canadian or Irish Catholics of his immediate neighborhood, and Quebec. "The great Puritanic race," says the Doctor, "whose heart beat time to the anthems of justice and liberty—the race of the Mathers, the Winthrops, the Phillipses, who amid great tribulations, wiped off the black dishonour of three hundred years, and gave this continent for ever to justice and liberty—I look at this great race, this civilizing factor of the continent. As surely as the Indians are dying out in the West, the great New England race is dying out in the East. Look at the statistics: one hundred families in West Boston record 55 children; one hundred (Italian) families at the Five Points give 600 children; one hundred families in West Montreal record 800; and one hundred families in the east end of Griffintown 800. It is thus seen that the outcasts of Europe and the inferior races of this continent are going, in two generations, to possess the land—and all by reason of crime that accepts marital relations, but rejects the responsibilities through devices that I refuse to suggest or name—a crime that strikes in the very heart of the church as well as in the world, vicious and degraded."

The Reverend Doctor may find a little consolation for himself and his audience in calling the Irish, the Italians, or the French, the outcasts of Europe and the inferior races. The proud Anglo-Saxon families of America have no doubt looked down on them in contempt, and Doctor Douglas shares in the national and racial prejudice. It must be admitted that the Anglo-Saxon is a vigorous, strong and independent race; but the climatic influences of the new world and absence of Catholic discipline have enervated its people, so that in a few generations, as the Doctor and many other authorities predict, the whole Puritanic stock will have disappeared from the face of this continent.

Doctor Douglas gives no credit to Catholicity or to fasting, abstinence and the confessional for the vigorous growth in America of the Latin and Celtic races. He leans too much on

the side of bigotry to make any such admission in public; but his own thoughts on so grave a subject, and his own judgment, must have convinced him that Catholicity alone, her teachings and her discipline, are the great factors in the perpetuation and robust condition of the Catholic element of our American populations. The Doctor, however, cannot withhold his commendation and praise of the Catholic Church in her uncompromising and unshaken stand against the laws of divorce. These divorce laws are sapping the foundations of the social fabric by breaking up the family established by God as the necessary unit in society. "I charge this social ruin on the abounding divorce in modern society. Discount Catholicism who will, I applaud that historic Church for its fidelity to the sanctity and integrity of the family institution. Applaud Protestantism who will, I publicly impeach and discount it for its tolerance of indiscriminate divorce, that is shaking the very ligatures of social life on this continent."

It seems to us that there should be no hesitation in the Protestant mind, when choosing between two systems of religion—one of which has for chief object the elevation of mankind and the saving of the social fabric, while the other system panders to those passions and man-made laws which, according to Dr. Douglas and others, "are shaking the very ligatures of life on this continent." There should be no hesitation between what builds up and what tears down—between honour and dishonour—between life and death. Why should this same Dr. Douglas, on all possible occasions, condemn Sir John Thompson for having the courage of his convictions, and for having, after mature reflection and liberation, followed in the lead of the Mannings and Newmans, the Kentstones and Brownsons, who sought life in a vigorous, life-giving Church, and found peace, liberty and happiness where alone on earth these blessings exist.

### The Summer School.

The reports of the Summer School continue very interesting and show the deep earnestness with which its promoters are performing their task. As was pointed out by Father D. O'Sullivan in his lecture on "Lake Champlain and its Discoverer," such gatherings will greatly serve to rescue from oblivion the traditions and the places sacred to faith and heroism. They will also bring before a large mass historical points which, to many trained outside the faith, are hung in the darkness of early prejudice. To give an example—Brother Azarias read an excellent paper on Educational Epochs, touching upon the erroneous impressions concerning medieval education, and the educators of past centuries, such as the Benedictines; St. Basil and his training school; the School of York; of St. Victor, and Abelard. The Palace School of the early French kings, so attractive for every student of history, came in for a special notice. The learned Brother pointed out the deep influence these schools had upon the French and German character. Tracing it through various vicissitudes down to the reign of Charlemagne, and on a century

later when it was entirely in the hands of Irishmen, until after its last master, St. Remi, it became lost in the crowd of wars which harassed Europe, and made soldiers out of scholars and turned school-rooms into barracks.

A brilliant audience gathered at one of the sittings to listen to a lecture on "Genius and Society," by George Parsons Lathrop, from the report of which we make the following extract. "True genius is the concentrated faculty of man at his best, and comes amongst us as God moving in the mind of humanity. Every great idea that now belongs to us as a birthright was originally the revelation made to exceptional genius which ran ahead of the masses, mapping the universe and preparing a path to a higher goal for mankind. The simplest common place rule of our present thought and conduct began as a lightning-flash of inspiration that glittered before the eyes of some long-vanished generation. Genius is busy still at its work, yet mankind lies painfully in apprehending that work."

### Orange Grand Lodge.

The Grand Lodge of the Orange Order held their meeting at Sault Ste. Marie last week, and settled the many affairs of Canada, Ireland, and the world in general, in a manner apparently satisfactory to themselves, by a series of resolutions. The facility with which Orange Lodges pass resolutions is only equalled by their inability to put them in execution. Among the resolutions was one declaring the political infallibility of Most Worshipful Master, N. Clarke Wallace, in regard to his actions in Parliament during the past session, and a censure on the lesser lodges that presume to speak for themselves when the "bosses" do not to suit them. Shades of Schomberg and Walker! Was it for this the glorious contingent of Ulster fought and ran away at the Boyne—to have a Canadian Pope placed over them, and to be informed that freedom of speech in the lodges is "mischievous and unconstitutional?" But the brethren of the rank and file have no right to object. Of their own free will they sacrificed that free will on the altar of the Orange Moloch, and have lost the "sacred right of rebellion" which their forefathers prized. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to"—pay their dues, beat the drum and vote with their leaders, for "doing" and "dying" are not Orange characteristics.

The warlike resolution of the Grand Master at Kingston to die with sword in hand if Home Rule be gained, has simmered down to one of the familiar lodge "resolutions" to start a subscription list. The Grand Lodge is to donate the munificent sum of \$500. What a balm this will be to Dr. Kane's disturbed temper and the gallant Saunderson's black eye—to think that the Canadians know the trick of talking fight and taking subscriptions, only, joy of joys! the subscriptions in this case go to the hands of the fiery clergyman and the still more fiery Major. But though these gentlemen may be satisfied, what recompense is there for the excite-

ment-loving people who were delighted with Mr. Wallace's breathings of war? And what for the peace-loving citizens of Canada, who fondly hope that Wallace, Hughes et al, would really leave Canada and run up against the British bayonets and the solid Irishmen behind them?

Orangism was ever deceptive. Like its great patron, it prefers attacking the defenceless, as in Greece or Belfast, or breaking treaties, as that of Limerick, to an honest bargain or a fair fight. And we cannot help thinking that, even if war did break out, the Grand and worshipful gentlemen would find business at home and send substitutes.

In the closing session the Manitoba Schools came in for a share of resolutions. One of the good brethren has been studying philosophy, and here is what he formulates. It is worth quoting as a fine sample of accurate statement and sound ethics: "It is generally conceded that the State should educate the youth of the land. . . . Ethically or morally, that each may readily comprehend right from wrong, and be taught man's duty to his fellow-man. But the teaching of theologies or creeds, involving as they do the differences of opinion on questions concerning man's duty, not only towards his fellow-man, but to his God, should not be promulgated at the public expense."

We pass over the gross inaccuracy of the "it is generally conceded," and the literary gem in the expression "comprehend right from wrong" to a consideration of the main portion. Stripped of its language, it simply asserts that States have no right or duty to teach or allow to be taught to the children their duty to their Maker, and implies that States owe no recognition to the God of nations. This, from a so-called religious society is appalling. But this impiety is glossed over by "differences of opinion" and "at the public expense."

Who pay the expense? The people of the country, of course. And if a citizen of this country wants to educate his child in the fear and love of God, should the shibboleth "public expense" stand between him and his right. Are the Catholic schools of Ontario supported at public expense, or directly from the pockets of Catholic ratepayers? We do not ask Orangemen to educate our children, morally, intellectually or financially. God forbid. All we ask is the right to educate our own children with our own money, and not have to help educate the rising generation of Orangemen. Strip this question of all the nonsense which, in this loquacious age, has been poured about it, and it amounts to this: can a father, willing to educate a child, be obstructed by robber legislation because he has the interest of the child's soul at heart?

And still the sapient philosopher drives away with the old cry—morality without religion—as if there were any morality on this planet since Adam that had not religion for its source and guide. And then to have the hardihood to quote Junius, that "The subject who is truly loyal will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures." Applied to the position of the Catholics in Manitoba, the quotation has meaning: but for an Orange lodge to quote it in this question is unnatural.

We have no further space to devote to the brethren; and we speak of their resolutions at this length, not because we consider them as having practical influence, but because they present an excellent study of the aberrations of the human intellect when it devotes itself to error.

## Selected Receipts.

**OMELET OF FRENCH BEANS.**—For such an omelet: Prepare the eggs and season as for an ordinary omelet, then stir in two tablespoonfuls of chopped French beans and the same quantity of grated Parmesan. Fry in a pan, and lift to fold over when the underside is golden brown. The same kind of omelet can be made with the cold remnants of cauliflower.

**LEMONADE.**—In a new receipt for lemonade, water that has just reached the boiling point is poured over the lemons and sugar, and the drink is cooled and put on ice. The juice of three lemons with the yellow rind of one, and two ounces of powdered sugar are used for each quart of lemonade. Cover the vessel as soon as the hot water is used, that no steam will escape. You will pronounce this the best lemonade you ever drank.

**HOW TO SERVE FRUITS.**—Serve all fruits as cold and fresh as possible and with granulated rather than powdered sugar. Serve large strawberries with hulls on, so that they may be dipped in sugar and eaten with the fingers. Serve currants and raspberries together with a little sugar, or currants alone with lots. Always wipe peaches carefully to remove the fuzz, which poisons some people. If you cut them, have the pieces as large as possible so that they will look luscious. Always serve fruit in glass. Cut it early in the day, sugar and set it in a cool place till wanted.

**STUFFED SWEET EGGS.**—Boil hard a dozen new-laid eggs, and put them in cold water for half an hour; then shell and cut them in half lengthwise, take out all the yolks, and mix them in a bowl with some sponge cake, twenty drops of vanilla essence, a quarter of a pint of cream, one teaspoonful of fine sugar, a small quantity of chopped citron peel, and a wine glass of Chartreuse, or any flavor you like. Arrange the whites on a buttered tin, fill them with the above stuffing, and place a peeled almond on each. Bake slowly for fifteen minutes, and serve hot with any fresh sauce you like. Apricot is good and delicate.

**CHICKEN FRICASSEE.**—For chicken fricassee, either use potted chicken or a freshly stewed one cut in small pieces. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, add to it an ounce of flour and one cupful of rich milk or cream. When the sauce thickens add two hard-boiled eggs chopped very fine, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and, lastly, the chicken. When well-mixed and heated in the sauce dip into shells, put over the top of each a little of the beaten yolk of an egg, and a sprinkling of fine bread-crumbs, and brown. The handy little pots of evaporated cream that come for 15 cents are useful in making sauces, as they are thickened by boiling to a substance resembling rich cream. This should be salted, however, as the evaporated cream has somewhat of a sweetish taste.

**BREAST OF VEAL.**—Remove the bones and any superfluous fat from the breast of veal. Season it on the inside with pepper, salt, a little finely chopped onion and some grated or minced ham that has been fried or boiled. Put a good layer of bread-crumbs over these, and spread them with one beaten egg, mixed with a spoonful of water, just enough for sufficient moistening. Roll the veal, tie with three strings and put into the oven to bake. Dot the top of the veal with some of the fat you have taken from the inside, so that you will soon have "dripping." Baste with this once every quarter of an hour. All baked meats are rendered finer by basting, not only because it keeps their surfaces from drying up, but because the fresh air, coming in by the frequent opening of the oven-door, is as good for meats as it is bad for cakes.

**TONGUE WITH RISOTTO.**—To serve a tongue with risotto, prepare the rice while the tongue is boiling. Fry a

small onion which has been minced fine in two tablespoonfuls of butter; then add slowly a quart of white broth and three minced mushrooms, with a cupful of well-washed rice. When the rice has boiled slowly a quarter of an hour, add six minced mushrooms and another quart of stock. Season the rice with an even teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper, and let it cook fifteen minutes longer. Add about three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; Parmesan is the nicest. Serve the rice on a platter, with the tongue in the centre, and pass around the grated cheese. If you wish to color the rice, just before taking it up add a heaping teaspoonful of saffron mixed to a paste with a little stock. A tongue may also be served on a bed of spinach which has been properly blanched, boiled and chilled, and has then been chopped fine and warmed with a tablespoonful of butter and a gill of gravy.

## Summer Religion.

"Do the Churches Neglect the City in Summer?" was answered in a Boston daily paper by clergymen of all denominations. The Catholic idea was furnished by Rev. Richard J. Barry. Father Barry wrote:

The Catholic people in the cities are not neglected in the summer. Before the Church, as before God, there are neither rich nor poor, small nor great, but men who must be sanctified in summer as well as winter. The Church has a mission and message, not so much to the world as the individual soul. The Church is the school of the children of God upon the earth, their guide toward a more noble state, toward a life of holiness and purity.

Every Catholic Church is a watch-tower and temple. Guard is kept by day and vigil by night that none may be lost, but all men saved to Christ. The Church teaches that God must be served at all times, and souls sanctified by frequent receptions of the sacraments. To this end our temples are open every day from early morning until late at night for prayer and the administration of the sacraments. And after the last worshipper has departed and the portals of the temple are closed, the priest's door is open to all who knock at it; his lamp burns all night; he is ready, staff in hand, at a moment's notice, to face heat or cold, contagion or death, when duty requires him to carry oil to the wounded, pardon to the guilty, or his God, in the Eucharist, to the dying.

The clergy provide at all seasons for the worship of God, and the preaching of His holy word. The life of priests in cities is a long, heroic devotion to the welfare of their fellow beings; obscure functions, painful labors and exhausting duties soon waste their hearts, but they are sustained by that hope which is in them through Christ Jesus our Lord. While most other professional men slumber, the priest is at the altar praying for his people, and thus does he commence his career of benevolent deeds; then he sets out to assist the poor, to visit the sick, to console the unfortunate and to strengthen the weak. Evening comes, but brings no repose. Some one is dying, perhaps of an infectious disease, the priest will not permit his spiritual child to expire without praying by his side to the God who died for him.

And so the Church keeps up day and night, summer and winter, an uninterrupted watch over the souls committed to her care. And such is the Catholic Church as her children know her; such is the Catholic Church, not as aversion or prejudice fancy, but such as it really is and exists among us to-day.

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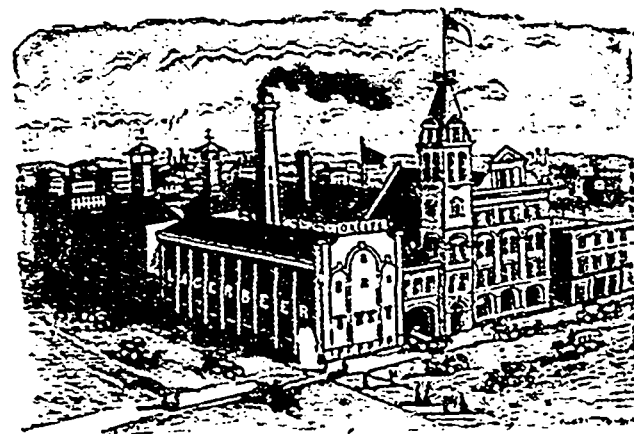
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Canoe Song.

Maurice W. Casey.

While the plume of night, like the wings of a condor,  
Are outspread 'neath the cope of the shadowed sky,  
The broad river flows calm in its crystalline splendor,  
And the soft breeze is hushed to brief breathless sigh,  
Man and maid, let us sail with the lithe paddles and song,  
Our canoe can outstrip the bird-flight of an arrow,  
The gay hours will fly fast while we scurry along  
By all troubles left free, and forgotten by sorrow.

Now the far away sounds for the night so clear is  
Blindly melt on the ear, like some favorite rhymes,  
And the muffled base roar of the rapid near is  
Made less harsh by the clang of loud-turreted chimneys;  
Then night glad, while the rent clouds are lessening o'er us,  
Our strong voices full blended give volume and tune  
To the heartrending words of a rollicking chorus,  
A most royal salute for the rise of the moon!

Oh! our paddles ply brisk, and each sportive endeavor  
Wins the generous praise of the lips which we love,  
Till we merrily long to float on and forever  
With the pale waves beneath, and the bright stars above.

But a-ho! how the froth crested billows blind us  
Wide around in rough glee where the mad rapids leap,  
A wild dash—a sheer dip—next moment shall find us  
Skimming safe o'er the surge on the breast of the deep.

Sleep and Rest.

To get absolute rest for mind and body at night is the necessary thing for the preservation of health. The bright eye and clear skin that characterize youth can only be retained in that way.

It is a fact that few people know what it is to rest well. Many believe that they do rest well, and frequently I hear people remark that nothing in the world disturbs them after they have gotten into their beds.

Yet these same people get up drowsy in the morning. Many of them are noticeably languid all the time. Some of them now and then complain of being so 'lazy' or tired that they are incapable of displaying any energy whatever. Now, the direct cause of these things is a want of rest, and of this they are robbed by a host of readily cured ailments and petty disturbances.

No one can get refreshing sleep in a room that is not properly ventilated. The window should, in the summer time, be lowered from the top and raised from the bottom. In the winter, if not altogether too cold for comfort, the same practice should be observed, and, in any event, the room should be properly aired before retiring, and some means for ventilation after that is adopted.

No one can sleep as well next to a boiler-room as he could in a place where no jar or noise exists. Every vibration or violent sound is a clash with the nerves of the sleeper and a destroyer of his needed rest, whether he be conscious of it or not. The bustle and roar of every great city is more or less a tax on the life of each of its inhabitants.

Another great enemy of rest is mental labor when it is called into use before retiring. Any one that concentrates his thoughts in any way likely to cause worryment or anxiety before going to bed will pay the penalty by a sacrifice of his rest, and by carrying hollow eyes and unstrung nerves all the next day.

This is very easily explained. The use of the brain functions cause an abnormal amount of blood to flow and settle there for the time being. Only by diversion of the mind in a recreative way and an ordinary amount of physical exercise can the brain be relieved of its load. Sleep will not do it, and when sleep does come on a person in this condition, after a great deal of tossing about, the brain will continue to

act and the nerves to contract perhaps continuously throughout the night.

Then the poor victim will arise in the morning wondering why he does not feel refreshed. The fact is that, with the exception of his eyes, which have been rested by being shielded from the light, he is not much better off than he would be had he not gone to bed at all.

Indigestion and constipation bear about an equal share in the theft of sleep. Of the latter not much can be said with delicacy. It is a common complaint that gives rise to more serious ailments than any other single disorder. It is so easily avoided by regularity of habit or some simple remedy that there is no excuse for allowing such an affliction to become chronic.

About indigestion, it is something we must all submit to occasionally, for our regard for our palate readily overcomes our discretion and puts temperance in the shade. The effect of indigestion on the human system is worse when the body is meant to be in a state of repose. There is no way then of throwing it off, and it must be allowed to do its worst in debilitating the one attacked.

When there is a tendency to indigestion, or also a torpid liver, a simple temporary relief may be afforded by taking a little bicarbonate of soda. This has the effect of quieting the stomach by creating carbonic acid gas, which is readily thrown off. This is the ingredient the stomach lacks when in a state of indigestion.

Now, regarding the question of eating before retiring at night, I should say it is equally as bad to eat indigestible food or a large quantity of any sort of viands as it is to go to bed hungry. An empty stomach will cause a rush of blood to the head, and one that is heavily laden is likely to be filled with obnoxious gases, in which the element of carbonic acid is not so prevalent as to prevent some consequences that lead to broken rest.

If one is troubled with insomnia, a bandage soaked in cold water and laid across the eyes and temples will afford almost immediate relief and guarantee rest to the weary person if he suffers no other ailment.

This same appliance also proves very beneficial in directing an excessive flow of blood from the brains into its proper channel.

These simple rules, if observed, will allow every one to get that rest which prolongs life and preserves youth and beauty.

Reciprocal Duties.

Observe, there are two great reciprocal duties concerning industry, constantly to be exchanged between the living and the dead. We, as we live and work, are to be always thinking of those who are to come after us; that what we do may be serviceable, as far as we can make it so to them, as well as to us. Then, when we die, it is the duty of those who come after us to accept this work of ours with thanks and remembrance, not thrusting it aside or tearing it down the moment they have no age for it. And each generation will only be happy or powerful to the pitch that it ought to be, in fulfilling these two duties to the past and future. Its own work will never be rightly done even for itself—never good, or noble or pleasurable to its own eyes—if it does not prepare it also for the eyes of generations yet to come. And its own possessions will never be enough for it, unless it avails itself gratefully and tenderly of the treasures and the wisdom bequeathed to it by its ancestors.—*Ruskin.*

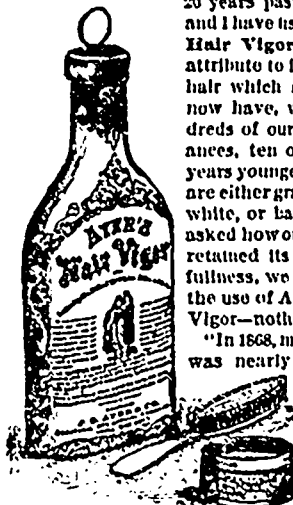
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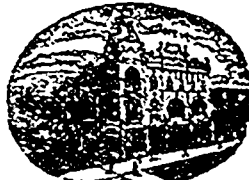
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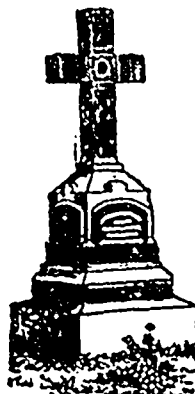
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## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

The death of Dr. Dill, city coroner, Belfast, took place on July 20th. The deceased gentleman was in his usual health, and walking in the streets two days previously; but he was of an advanced age. He took his degree of M. D. at the Glasgow University many years ago, and settled to practice in Belfast, where he soon secured confidence as an efficient practitioner. He was appointed professor of obstetrics in the Queen's College, and afterwards took the office of borough coroner.

The National cause in the North of Ireland has lost a good friend and staunch supporter by the death of Mr. Constantine O'Neill, of Belfast, which occurred on July 17th. For close on a half century Mr. O'Neill (who was a native of Tyrone), was engaged in business pursuits in Belfast, and during that time every National movement and every Catholic charity experienced the benefit of his generosity and of his active assistance. Whenever a fund was started for a Nationalist object his name figured prominently in the list of subscriptions, and he himself was seldom absent from a Nationalist demonstration in St. Mary's Hall. It was one of his proudest boasts that he could claim descent from the chieftains of Hy-Niall, and throughout his whole career in Belfast he strove to prove himself not unworthy of his claim.

## Armagh.

The *Gazette* announces that "the Queen has been pleased to grant the dignity of a baronetcy of the United Kingdom to Sir Robert Hart, K. C. M. G., of Kilmorriarty, co. Armagh, Inspector General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs at Peking."

## Carlow.

On July 19th, Justice O'Brien attended at the Courthouse, Carlow, and opened the business of the Summer Assizes for the county Carlow. The grand jury having been re-sworn, he informed them that there were no criminal cases to go before them, and that fiscal business alone would occupy their attention. The Judge was then presented with the usual white gloves.

## Clare.

The Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following changes in his diocese.—Rev. J. O'Malley, P. P., Killeedy, to be P. P., Kilcolman; Rev. W. Burke, Kildyart, to be P. P., Killeedy; Rev. D. Hogan, C. C., Quin, to be C. C., Kildyart; Rev. James Kennedy, C. C., Killanena, to be C. C., Quin; Rev. Daniel Day, Irish College, to be C. C., Killanena.

A painful shock was experienced in Ennis, on the morning of July 20th, when it was reported that Mr. J. R. Kelly, J. P., Poole House, a popular young gentleman-farmer, had been drowned during the night in the pretty little lake of Poole, adjoining his residence. The act appears to have been a wilful one on the part of the young gentleman, and there is no doubt he was not responsible for his actions at the time. The body was recovered about four o'clock next morning.

## Cork.

Mr. John Gale has been appointed High Constable for the barony of Fermoy, Mr. Richard Meade for the barony of Kerri-currihy, and Mr. William Nason for the barony of Kinnatalloon.

A young man named Patrick Leary, of the farming class, lost his life at Kealkill, beyond Bantry, a few days ago. He got into a part of the river twelve feet deep, and being unable to swim, was drowned.

James Daly, Esq., Mawbeg House, Bandon, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Cork. The residents of the Ballinced Petty Sessions District are rejoiced at Mr. Daly's elevation to the Bench.

On July 18th, John Mulvey, a chimney-sweep, aged 30 years, residing at Coleman's square, off North Main street, Cork, committed suicide by hanging himself in his house. He had been drinking lately, and after a domestic quarrel hanged himself from a rafter.

A few days ago a serious accident occurred to a respectable farmer named John Duggan, of Innisbeg Island, near Skibbereen, by which he got one of his legs fractured. He was proceeding to a funeral with a horse and cart when the latter got upset, inflicting the injuries stated. He was at once removed to hospital, where under the care of Dr. Jennings, he is progressing favorably.

## Donegal.

Details are at hand of a serious occurrence at Stranorlar, resulting in the shooting of two Catholics, workmen at that place, by members of an Orange contingent, on July 12th. The Orange celebrants, returning from Castlefin, where there had been a demonstration, were passing through Stranorlar, and when coming through a Catholic quarter they got on their saffes and displayed Orange blues. Some children laughed at a demonstrative woman in the procession, whereupon the Orangemen turned back and entered in open a street occupied by Catholic resident. Revolvers were drawn by the Orange party and shots were fired, mortally

## Down.

The High Sheriff and Grand Jury at the Down Assizes, on July 18th, adopted a resolution asking Parliament to reject the Home Rule Bill and avert the probability of

a civil war." It is unnecessary to say that those gentlemen are all "true blues."

## Dublin.

Mrs. Steele, aunt of Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., died at his house in Mountjoy square, Dublin, on July 16th, after a protracted illness.

Dr. Fitzgerald, ex M. P., has disposed of the celebrated horse Winkfield, for 3,000 sovereigns to Mr. Sullivan of Navan. Winkfield is by Barcheldine, out of Chaplet, and own brother to Morton.

In the Lawn Tennis match for the Championship of England, which was played at the same time, Mr. Pim, the Irish champion, carried off the coveted honor, easily defeating Baddoley, the representative of England.

## Galway.

The Office and High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. T. Head, P. P., New Inn, Loughrea, were celebrated on July 15th, in New Inn church. The celebrant was Rev. Coleman Galvin, P. P., Cappabagal; deacon, Rev. John Heonan, President, St. Michael's Seminary, Ballinasloe, sub deacon, Rev. Bernard Boves, C. C., Killoran; master of ceremonies, Rev. John Harney, C. C., Loughrea; chanters, Rev. John Sellars, P. P., Leitrim; and Rev. Daniel Coghlan, P. P., Aughrim. Most Rev. Dr. Healy, presided; and there were present a large number of the clergy of the diocese. At the conclusion of the solemn ceremonies, the Bishop alluded in touching language to the life-long labors of the deceased, both in New Inn and other parishes in the diocese of Clonfert.

## Kerry.

Mr. E. J. Moore, son of Mr. Thomas Moore, Castleisland, was this year secured the Barker Anatomical Prize. Mr. Moore is a student of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

A poor fisherman named Patrick Dowd was drowned in Dingle Bay, while fishing near Ballydavil, on July 20th, his little canoe having struck on a rock and capsized. Deceased was sixty years of age and unmarried.

Mr. H. Knight, of Castleisland planted potatoes on the 11th April, and dug them on 11th July. The potatoes grown in the open air, and were not given to Mr. Knight as an early seed. They are called Dunsters.

On July 16th, Miss Hannah Bridget O'Kelly entered St. Patrick's Mercy Convent, Sligo. Miss O'Kelly is fifth daughter of Mr. Robert O'Kelly, the much-respected and popular Vice-President of the Tralee Young Ireland Society, who has now given three children to convent life. The others are—Sister Mary Aloysius, Worcester, Mass., U. S. A., and Sister S. A. O'Kelly, O. P., Dundalk.

## Kilkenny.

On the Kilkenny Junction Railway the traffic receipts for the week ending July 14th were: Passengers, &c., £149; corresponding period last year, £116; goods, &c., £7; corresponding last year, £39; total, £156; corresponding period last year, £155.

In the case of the presentment claim of Sergeant Growcock, R. I. C., for £500 for malicious injuries (he being wounded by a soldier he was trying to arrest, in the discharge of his duty), the grand jury awarded him £200, which Justice O'Brien approved, though he said it was "hard lines" upon the taxpayers of Kilkenny, who had nothing to do with the transaction, but were, nevertheless, made to suffer through the law, because two of "her Majesty's uniformed servants" had come into collision.

## King's County.

Mr. James M. Ryan, the champion high jumper of Ireland and England for the present year, lives a quiet rural life in the village of Coolderry, a few miles from Birr, where he is the teacher of the National school. On his recent return from England where he won the championship at the 6 feet 2½ inches jump, the reception he received from his own boys attested their attachment and admiration in no uncertain way.

A beautiful illuminated address has been presented to the Rev. Matthew Gaffney, P. P., V. G., by the people of the united parishes of Clara and Horseleap, on the occasion of his appointment as Vicar-General of the diocese Meath. The design of the bordering is most elaborate in detail, graceful in drawing, and brilliant in coloring, showing a fine effect on ground-works of subdued tints, while in different positions are medallions of St. Bridget's Church, Clara, the Convent of Mercy, Clara, and Precytery, Round Tower, Irish Cross, etc., and at the top of the address a portrait in colors of the Rev. recipient.

## Leitrim.

Rev. M. Kelly, C. C., Killarga, who was recently ordained for the priesthood, after passing a brilliant and successful collegiate course, has been appointed to the curacy of Glengorlin, county Cavan. In the absence of the clergymen of the parishes of Innismagrath and Killarga, while on Retreat, Father Kelly was entrusted with the care of both districts, and discharged the onerous duties of his office with diligence and efficiency. During his short stay in Drumkeerin his genial and kind disposition endeared him to all the inhabitants.

## Limerick.

The strike of the Limerick dock labourers occurred on July 15th, in connection with

the discharging of the steamship *Arnamull*. The strike resulted in consequence of the representatives of the company refusing to grant the full day's pay when the work of discharging had begun at ten o'clock. The men, shortly after the vessel was in dock, went to work and the hatches were open, and they remained for about an hour and a half before they made their claim for payment under the old scale. This was refused, and the men then withdrew. The difficulty, however, was subsequently settled. The men who had permanent employment on the arrival of the steamers consented to return to work on the old terms; and the ordinary hands were also employed.

## Louth.

Mr. Thomas Bayne, Secretary of the Drogheda Harbor Board, has been appointed Honorary Agent of the Shipwrecked Seamen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Association. With much regret we record the death of P. Durnin, Esq., of Roodstown, Ardee, which occurred at his residence, on July 19th. Deceased had been in failing health for some years past, and his demise, at the comparatively early age of 61, was not, therefore, unexpected. He was a man of quiet, unobtrusive demeanor, and universally esteemed in his district as a firm friend and a good neighbor and a warm-hearted and generous benefactor.

## Mayo.

The announcement is made of the death of Mr. James Burke, Clerk of the Union, Claremorris. He was a kind-hearted gentleman and a general favorite.

The Very Rev. Dean Ludden, pastor of St. John's Church, Albany, N. Y., arrived in Castlebar on July 14th, on a visit to their native parish. It will be gratifying to their many friends to learn that both clergymen were in good health and excellent spirits.

## Meath.

A very handsome address has been presented to the Rev. C. Casey, late C. C., of Dunderry, on the occasion of his promotion to the pastoral charge of the parish of Dysart.

Very Rev. Henry A. Nicholas M'Laughlin, P. P., of Ballybrack, died July 14th, at the Middleton Hotel, Dublin. Next evening his remains were met at the Hill-of-Down Station by a vast concourse, including nearly 100 vehicles, and were borne to the church at Ballybrack, where they remained till the funeral obsequies, on Monday, July 17.

## Queen's County.

A very painful and tragic occurrence recently took place, resulting in the death of a young girl named Ryan, aged 24, in Maryborough lunatic asylum. Miss Ryan had been admitted to the asylum some weeks ago, and placed in a cell. She had been hourly seen by an assistant, but on coming to renew her visit, late at night, the official found the unfortunate girl enveloped in flames. Assistance was procured and the flames extinguished, but the poor girl was burned to death. The flooring of the cell was destroyed by fire, and the only explanation of such terrible results was that the deceased must have picked up a match, and so set fire to her bed.

## Sligo.

Mr. Clark, of Sligo, a musical student, studying under Mr. Smyllie, A. T. T. C., has obtained the second grade certificate of the Tonic Sol-fa College, London.

Amongst the recent ordinations to the Catholic priesthood noted in our news columns, was that of Rev. Francis Kilgallen, a member of an old Sligo family, and son of the late Mr. Charles Kilgallen, builder.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. O'Grady, widow of the late Mr. Michael O'Grady, of Stonepark, county Sligo, and mother of Rev. John O'Grady, P. P., of Bohola; Rev. Dominick O'Grady, C. C., Achoury; and Rev. James O'Grady, S. J., St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin. The sad event occurred on July 12th, at the parochial residence, Bohola, and was quite unexpected, though the deceased was in failing health for a considerable time, the natural consequence of her advanced age.

## Tyrore.

On her arrival from her tour in the North, Lady Aberdeen, on July 18th, travelled from Donegal to Strabane where she was warmly welcomed. An address was presented, and in reply Lady Aberdeen referred at length to the efforts of the Irish Industries Association and the hopes they had of furthering the sale of cottage work.

The Dublin *Gazette* contains an order appointing that the revision courts for the county of Tyrore shall be held at Dunaanagh, Strabane, Newtown Stewart, Drumquin, Castleberg, Omagh, Sixmilkcross, Dungannon, Fintona, Clogher, Aughnacloy, Moy, Castlesaulfield, Ballygawley, and Pomeroy, respectively.

## Waterford.

After a lengthened illness, borne with exemplary resignation, Mr. Thomas Ainsworth passed away on July 15th, at his residence, Newtown, Waterford. Mr. Ainsworth was connected in an official capacity with two prominent local companies for a number of years. He was secretary to the Waterford and Limerick Railway before the late Mr. Kennedy occupied that post, and for some time past he occupied a similar position in connection with the Waterford

Steamship Company. As a business man he had hardly a superior in the city. Among those who knew him best Mr. Ainsworth was greatly esteemed for his many estimable qualities.

## Wexford.

Mr. W. F. Barry, C. E., has been appointed Constructing Engineer for the New Ross Waterworks scheme.

The name of Mr. Michael Delany, Wexford, appears among those who passed the third professional examination held recently by the Royal College of Physicians and Royal College of Surgeons.

Messrs. Thos. Prandy, Ashgrove; Peter French, Harpoonstown; James Donohue, Abbey House, Ennisceorthy; Edmund Hore, Coldblow; Daniel Coates, Kilbiggon House, and Patrick Codd, Ballyregan, have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Wexford.

With sincere regret we announce the death of Mrs. Doyle, wife of Mr. Wm. Doyle, of Dunmain, and daughter of Mr. Jas. Murphy, of the same place, which took place on July 15th, at her residence. The fact that she had only been previously married adds to the sadness of her demise. She had been ill for some time past, and was prepared for death a short time before the end came.

## Reception and Profession.

On the morning of August 1st a religious reception and profession took place in the chapel of the House of Providence, Kingston. The ceremony was performed by his Grace Archbishop Cleary in his usual solemn and impressive manner. The following are the names of the new Sisters:

Profession and Black Veil—Miss Agnes Murphy, Wolfe Island (Sister Mary Thomas); Miss Kate Mangan, Brewer's Mills (Sister Mary of the Rosary); Miss Kate Boylan, of Montreal (Sister Mary Benedict).

The ladies who received the Holy Habit and took the white veil were Miss Mary E. McCarthy, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Mary A. McLellan, St. Andrew's, Ont.; Miss Mary Marcella Martin, Marysville; Miss Mary Keenan, Glenburnie; Miss Katie Braniff, Brockville.

Admitted to Perpetual vows—Finally, Sister Mary Angel Guardian and Sister Mary Anthony of Padua, pronounced in a most solemn manner their respective vows of poverty, chastity, obedience and of service to the poor and sick, according to the rules of the Order.

## Canada's Great Fair.

Though not a World's Fair, Canada's Great Industrial Fair, to be held at Toronto from the 4th to the 16th September, will be very much the same in every respect, except as to extent, and will be equally as important to the people of Canada. This year's Fair will, it is predicted, excel all former ones, both in point of exhibits and in the attendance of visitors. The space in all the buildings has already been applied for. New stables and new cattle sheds have been erected at a cost of over \$100,000, and visitors can pass through all the buildings and view the animals under cover at all hours of the day. The grounds have also been drained, new roads constructed and many other improvements made. The special attractions are promised to be greater and better than ever and will embrace many new features. A very small proportion of the Canadian people are going to the World's Fair at Chicago, the masses being intent on taking in the Toronto Fair, of which they all feel justly proud.

## Barric.

The contracts for the erection of the Separate school, Barric, have been awarded. The building is to be well and substantially built of red brick, laid in brown mortar. The front and end facades present a very neat appearance. The windows are nicely grouped, with elliptical heads. There are two main entrances in a tower which terminates in an artistic balustrade. The building contains five rooms, heated and ventilated on most modern principles, and reflects great credit on the architects, Thos. Kennedy & Co.

Owing to the large increase in the membership of St. Mary's, the Very Rev. Dean Egan will call a meeting of the congregation at an early date to consider the propriety of enlarging the church in order that more seating accommodation may be provided.

## Catholic Order of Foresters.

Sacred Heart Court No. 201 and St. Joseph's, No. 376, will hold a grand excursion to Wilson, N. Y., on Saturday next, the 12th instant. A fine programme of games has been prepared, and the prizes for the different events are of a superior quality. A first class String band will accompany the excursion, and the *Garden City* will no doubt be crowded on the occasion with the many friends of the Order. The boat leaves Geddes wharf, foot of Yonge street, at 7.30 a.m. and 2 p.m.

The value of acts of virtue, love, hope, resignation, and contrition do not consist in the sentiment but in the will.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A granddaughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, Matilda Dot Lee, now in Paris, has become a Catholic.

The Shah of Persia has written a letter to the Holy Father congratulating him on his jubilee. The missive has only just reached the Vatican. The Shah asks His Holiness not to forget to pray for him, since his prayers were always heard, and to supplicate God at the same time to draw closer the bonds of friendship which bound them.

Sunday, July 30, the Catholic Syrians of Chicago had the happiness of assisting at Mass celebrated in accordance with the Greek rites of the Catholic church. It has been the wish of these people for some time to have a church of their own. During the past they have attended the Catholic churches where the Latin service is used. Through the efforts of Archbishop Feehan they have lately secured the present premises.

In the autumn the Panlist Fathers are to try a new plan of campaign in their work of making America Catholic. Hitherto they have given missions to Catholics to make them more Catholic, hoping to hold them in the faith by its practice, and to use them as examples of religion wherewith to convert their neighbors. Now they will go direct to Protestants and put before them the claims of the church and the need of membership in it.

Father Algue, a young Spanish Jesuit, having been commissioned by the Spanish government to build and equip an astronomical observatory at Manila, in the Philippine Islands, came to this country to complete his studies in astronomy at Georgetown University, under the celebrated astronomer, Father Hagan, and is now on his way home. He left an order for an immense equatorial telescope and a number of other instruments, for his observatory.

The Apsists recently sent some of their vile literature to a rural editor out in Minnesota, and that individual acknowledged its receipt in his paper as follows: "Some crank who evidently mistook us for a preacher, judging from the address on the wrapper, has sent us an anti-Catholic circular. Among other absurd things, it contains an encyclical purporting to be written by the Pope, advising the Catholics in the United States to murder all Protestants next September. Scoundrels, cranks, fools and dupes are not all dead yet by a long way."

The Catholic University, Washington, is preparing to broaden its lines and do the work expected from an institution of its character. The Right Reverend Rector says that by next year new departments will be opened and a solid training given in philosophy, science, sociology, jurisprudence, letters, and civil, mechanical and electrical engineering. These latter classes ought to attract a good number of students, and such a course of practical studies is just what is wanted at the university, to supply the lack that is noticeable at most of our Catholic colleges.

Mr. Frank Donahoe, son of the esteemed Patrick Donahoe of the Boston Pilot, completed his 20th year of consecutive service at the Holy Cross cathedral, Boston, Mass., recently. This appointment he received July 1st 1873, being only in his 17th year. The cathedral organ is one of the largest instruments in the country, containing upwards of 5,300 pipes and ninety registers. During every year of his service Dr. Donahoe has extemporized something like 300 pieces of organ music, some short, some quite lengthy as demanded, besides giving a large range of selections made up from the composers of every school. Contrary to the custom of going abroad to complete his studies, he received his musical education in Boston. Mr. Donahoe is the youngest musician on record who ever took a cathedral position.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS



troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow - cheeked, dull - eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to be well. And the way to be well, if you're any such

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For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.



If you're suffering from Catarrh, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy ask you to try their medicine. Then, if you can't be cured, they'll

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| Medoc, - - -       | 4 50     |         |
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Shipped in cases from our Bordeaux House:

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|-------------------------|-----------|
| Chateau du Roe, - - -   | \$6 50    |
| St. Estephe, - - -      | 7 00      |
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WELLAND CANAL.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pier Work at Port Dalhousie," will be received at this office until noon on Fourteenth August, 1893, for the removal of the whole or a part of the superstructure of the East Pier at Port Dalhousie, as may be determined, and for the renewal of the portion removed.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen at the Superintendent Engineer's office, St. Catharines, where forms of tender can be obtained on and after the 3rd August, 1893.

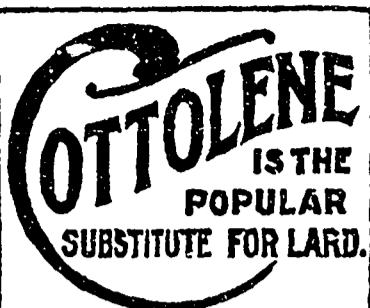
In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same, and further an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500 must accompany the tender; this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

JNO. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Department Railways and Canals, Ottawa, July 31, 1893.



ALL THE COOK-ING THE SAINTS AND APOS-TLES PR-AISE IT, SO DO DIET-ETIC SIN-NERS AF-TER THEY HAVE USED IT, SO DOES EVERY BODY WHO HAS TRIED IT. TRY IT YOUR SELF AND SEE.

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Mrs. Georgie Drow Barrymore, the celebrated actress and wife of Maurice Barrymore, the actor, was buried on July 12. She died a Catholic.

Lack of Sympathy.

Our great want in social life is a deep and wide sympathy. This it is which enables us to see with another's vision and to appreciate another's instincts. Without merging a particle of our own individuality, we may so fairly put ourselves in the place of our friend as to feel how natural it is for to speak or to act as he does. Sympathy like this is the only true preventative of those clashes and discords which mar the happiness and sully the purity of friendship.

We are now in the midst of the joyous feasts, but not until the dawn of Easter Sunday will we feel the happiness of our redemption accomplished in the glorious feasts. In the midst of our joy, we are mindful of the anguish and pains that await the Infant, when He shall become the Man of sorrows.

Condolence.

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to call to His eternal reward (after a short illness borne with Christian fortitude) our much esteemed and respected friend and fellow-citizen:

Whereas, in the death of the late James O'Neill the people of Paris have have lost a worthy and valued fellow citizen, who was born here and who spent all his life amongst us and whose intercourse, social and otherwise, has over characterized him as a man of sterling honesty, an exemplary Christian and a zealous Catholic:

Therefore be it resolved that Branch No. 17, C. M. B. A., tender its sincere sympathy to our worthy Senior Chancellor and the bereaved family in their severe trial, trusting that his exemplary life and faith in a merciful God may afford them that consolation which enables the Christian heart to bear patiently sorrow and affliction.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Senior Chancellor Thomas O'Neill, to the Catholic Record and THE CATHOLIC REGISTER; and also that it be entered on the minutes of the Branch.

By order. JAS. RYAN, President.  
WM LAVOIN, Secretary.  
Paris, July 25, 1893.

If you interiorly offer your sacrifice. Jesus Christ will unite it to that which He offered to His Father for us on the Cross; thus your particular sacrifice will have as much value as you shall have merited, even though the works be small.

In proportion as our cares are employed upon the future they are abstracted from the present, from the only time which we can call our own, and of which, if we neglect the apparent duties to make provision against visionary attacks, we shall certainly counteract our own purpose.—Dr. Johnson.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 9, 1893.

|                               |        |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|--------|
| Wheat, white, per bush.....   | \$0 63 | \$0 00 |
| Wheat, red, per bush.....     | 0 62   | 0 63   |
| Wheat, spring, per bush....   | 0 60   | 0 61   |
| Wheat, goose, per bush.....   | 0 58   | 0 59   |
| Barley, per bush.....         | 0 35   | 0 44   |
| Oats, per bush.....           | 0 39   | 0 39   |
| Peas, per bush.....           | 0 60   | 0 61   |
| Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.... | 8 00   | 8 25   |
| Chickens, per pair.....       | 0 50   | 0 65   |
| Geese, per lb.....            | 0 05   | 0 09   |
| Turkeys, per lb.....          | 0 12   | 0 15   |
| Butter, per lb.....           | 0 18   | 0 20   |
| Eggs, r.w laid, per dozen.... | 0 13   | 0 14   |
| Paraley, per doz.....         | 0 20   | 0 00   |
| Cabbage, new, per doz.....    | 0 40   | 0 50   |
| Celery, per doz.....          | 0 10   | 0 00   |
| Radishes, per doz.....        | 0 15   | 0 20   |
| Lettuce, per doz.....         | 0 15   | 0 20   |
| Onions, per doz.....          | 0 15   | 0 20   |
| Turnips, per doz.....         | 0 20   | 0 00   |
| Beets, per doz.....           | 0 15   | 0 00   |
| Carrots, per doz.....         | 0 15   | 0 00   |
| Apples, per bbl.....          | 2 00   | 3 50   |
| Potatoes, per barrel.....     | 1 50   | 1 60   |
| Hay, timothy.....             | 7 00   | 11 00  |
| Straw, sheaf.....             | 6 00   | 7 00   |

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO Aug. 9.—A dull market to-day, with one hundred heads of cattle offered, the effect of a drop in Liverpool was felt, prices ranged a quarter of cent lower than those of last week. Among the sales was a load, averaging 1,240 lbs, at 4½c; a load of extra cattle, averaging 1,333 lbs, at 4½c; a load at 4.40c; and a load at 4½. Stockers are almost uncalculable.

Among the sales of butchers' cattle was a load, averaging 1,040 lbs, at 3½c; a load, averaging 950 lbs, at 3½c; a load, averaging 1,020 lbs, at 3½c; a load, averaging 1,025 lbs, at 3.40c; a load, averaging 1,030 lbs, at 3.30c.

Calves brought \$2, \$4, \$8, and \$7, according to size and condition.

Lambs were taken at \$3.25 to \$3.75, with an occasional lot at \$3.70

Sheep sold at \$3.50 to \$4.

Hogs \$3.50 to \$5.75 off car. Light hogs are wanted.



## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

## CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Hark! What was that hammering outside. The sound echoed harshly through the arched hall, where not one of the throng scarcely ventured to whisper. Felicitas cautiously lifted the green curtain and looked out. Horrible! Her uncle's form had disappeared, the black cover was laid on his kind face, and would always keep him lying stretched in that stiff position. If he even lifted his hand a little it would strike against the hard, thick boards. And the man kept on hammering the cover to make it firm, so the hand inside could never lift it, shutting the still form into the darkness of the narrow box, where no one could breathe, and it must be so terrible to stay alone. The child screamed loudly in her fright.

All eyes were turned in surprise toward the window, but Felicitas saw only the large gray ones, whose glance had already so alarmed her. They looked at her reproachfully; she left the window and hid herself behind the big, dark curtain that divided the room. There she crouched on the floor, gazing timidly at the door, which he would certainly soon enter, and drive her with harsh words away.

From her hiding-place she did not see the bearers lift the coffin on their shoulders, nor how her uncle left his home forever. She did not see the long, black, gloomy procession that followed the dead man, like the last shadow, on his now completed life-pilgrimage. At the corner of the street a breeze lifted and waved the white satin ribbons that hung from the coffin—was it a farewell greeting from the dead to the deserted child a mother's tender love had snatched from the desolate slough of her father's profession, to ignorantly fling upon a dreary inhospitable shore?

## CHAPTER VII.

The murmur of voices in the hall had suddenly died away—perfect silence followed. Felicitas heard the house-door shut; but she did not know that the sound was the closing act of the drama enacted in the hall. Yet she dared not quit her hiding-place, but she sat down in the little cushioned arm-chair her uncle had given her last Christmas-eve, and rested her head on her hands, which were clasped on the table before her. Her heart no longer throbbled so anxiously, but the little bent head ached, as thought after thought flashed swiftly through her brain. She was puzzling over the little old lady whose bouquet was lying on the stone floor, probably trampled underfoot by the heedless crowd. So this was "the old mam'selle," who lived alone in the highest rooms of the back building of the house, a continual source of discord between the cook and Heinrich. Frederica declared that the old mam'selle had a terrible crime on her conscience—she had been the cause of her father's death. This shocking story had filled little Felicitas with fright and horror, but she did not believe it now. The little lady, with her kind face and tearful eyes, kill her own father! Heinrich was undoubtedly right when he persistently shook his head and maintained that there must be a different side to the story.

Years before the old mam'selle had lived in the front rooms. "but"—as the cook repeated with ever-renewed expressions of wrath—"she could not be prevented from profaning the Sabbath afternoons by singing unholy songs and playing merry tunes." In vain had "the mistress" pictured to her the bliss of heaven and the tortures of hell, the abomination was continued till nobody in the household could bear it any longer, and Herr Hellwig finally yielded to his wife's will, and made the old mam'selle go up to the attic rooms just under the roof.

"There she could do no mischief," Frederica always added, and she was undoubtedly right, for not a note of the piano was ever heard in the house.

Her uncle must have been very angry with the old mam'selle, the child fancied, for he had never mentioned her, and yet she was his father's sister and looked so much like him. The thought of this resemblance roused an eager longing in Felicitas' heart; she would have gone up to the rooms under the roof, but she remembered John's stern face and trembled with fear—the old mam'selle had lived for years behind bolts and locks.

At the end of a long, disused passage, close by the stairs leading from the lower stories, was a door. Once, when she and Nathanael were playing there together, the boy had said, softly:

"She lives there." Then, pounding on the door with both fists, he had shouted: "Old witch under the roof, come down!" and dashed off downstairs as fast as he could go.

Oh, how little Felicitas' heart had throbbled with fright! Not for an instant did she doubt that some terrible old woman with a big knife in her hand, must dart out and clutch her by the hair!

Twilight was approaching. The last golden rays of the autumn sun were shining on the cross surmounting the gable of the town-hall opposite, and the tall clock in the room slowly struck five—its strokes had been just as slow and distinct two hours before, when it marked three, the time when its gentle owner, who for years had regularly wound it with loving care, had been borne out of his house.

Hitherto a sort of hush had pervaded the whole mansion; but now the sitting-room door suddenly opened and a firm, heavy step sounded on the floor. Felicitas shrank further into the shadow of the curtain, for the widow was approaching her husband's room. This seemed a strange thing to the child; during Hellwig's lifetime his wife's tall figure had never crossed this threshold. She entered hastily, bolted the door behind her, and stood still a moment in the center of the room, gazing slowly, with an indescribably triumphant expression, around the apartment she had so long avoided.

Over Hellwig's desk hung two finely executed portraits, in oil colors, of a gentleman and lady. The latter, whose haughty features were animated by eyes sparkling with intelligence and mirth, was attired in the ugly costume that was an attempt to revive the dress of the ancient Greeks. The short waist of the gleaming white silk was made still shorter by a red girdle embroidered with gold, the neck and arms, almost too plump for beauty, were scantily covered, and by no means harmonized with the modest bunch of violets worn in the belt. This was Hellwig's mother.

The widow now approached this picture, and for a moment seemed to fairly gloat over it. Then she mounted a chair, took it down from the place where it had hung so many years, and with as little noise as possible cautiously drove a new nail just between the two old ones, on which she hung the portrait of Hellwig's father. He now looked down alone, while the widow left the room with the other picture. Felicitas strained her ears to listen as her footsteps echoed through the hall, mounted the first flight of stairs, then climbed higher and higher—she had probably gone to the attic.

She had not wholly closed the door behind her, and when the sound of her steps had died away Heinrich's face peered timidly through the crack.

"Yes, Frederica!" he called, in smothered, awe-struck tones, "yes, it really was the old mistress's picture."

The cook pushed the door wide open and looked in.

"Heavenly powers! so it was!" she cried, clasping her hands. "Dea, me,

if the proud lady knew it she would turn in her grave and our dead master too. But she really was shockingly dressed—with her bosom so bare—enough to shame any good Christian!"

"Do you think so?" replied Heinrich, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "I'll tell you something, Frederica!" he added, counting his remarks on his left thumb with the forefinger of his right hand. "Firstly, old Frau Hellwig couldn't bear to have her son marry our mistress, and she will never forget that, secondly, the old lady was bright and lively, fond of a gay time, and, thirdly, she once called our mistress 'a heartless devotee.' What do you say to that?"

While Heinrich was speaking Felicitas came out of her hiding-place. The child instinctively felt that the rough, but kind-hearted old servant, would henceforth be her sole protector in the house. He was very fond of her, and it was principally due to his watchful care that she had hitherto remained in blissful ignorance of her past.

"Ah, little Fay, are you there?" he said, pleasantly, taking her little hand in his hard fingers. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Come down to the servants' room; you won't be allowed to stay here now, poor thing. If the old pictures have to go, why—"

He sighed and shut the door. Frederica had hurried back to the kitchen, for her mistress was heard coming down the stairs.

Felicitas glanced timidly around the hall it was empty. Scattered leaves and flowers strewed the floor where the coffin had stood.

"Where is uncle?" she whispered, as she let Heinrich lead her toward the servants' room.

"Oh, they have carried him away; but you know, child, he is now in heaven—and much happier and better off than he would be here on the earth," replied Heinrich, sorrowfully.

He took his cap from the nail and went away to do some errand in the town.

The servants' room was already dark. After Heinrich had left her Felicitas knelt on the wooden bench under the narrow, grated window and gazed up at the little patch of sky which could be seen above the gable roofs of the houses in the steep street the sky where her uncle was now.

She started in terror as Frederica came in with the kitchen lamp. The old cook set a plate of bread and butter on the table.

"Here is your supper, child; come and eat it," she said.

Felicitas advanced, but without touching the food, took the slate Heinrich had brought from her uncle's room and began to write. Hasty steps passed through the adjoining kitchen, and Nathanael's fair head was thrust through the open door. The little girl trembled, for he was always very disagreeable when they were alone together.

"Aha, there's Miss Fay!" he cried, in the voice Felicitas dreaded. "Tell me, you naughty creature, where have you been hiding all this while?"

"I have been in the green room," she replied, without looking up.

"Well, don't try that again," he said, angrily. "Mamma says you don't belong there now. What are you writing?"

"My exercise for Herr Richter."

"Who—for Herr Richter," he repeated, effacing, with a hasty movement of his hand, everything she had written on the slate. "Do you suppose mamma will be stupid enough to pay for expensive private lessons! That's all over now," he says. "You can go back again to the place you came from, and become what your mother was, and they'll make an end of you so"—he went through the pantomime of shooting and cried, "bang!"

The child gazed at him with dilated eyes. He spoke of her mother—he had

never done that before, but she could not understand what he meant.

"You don't know my mamma!" she said, in a tone of mingled doubt and inquiry; it seemed as though she was fairly holding her breath.

"Oh, I know a great deal more about her than you do!" he answered, and, after a pause, during which he glanced spitefully at her from under his bent brows, added: "I'll warrant you don't even know what your parents were!"

The child shook her head with lovely, artless grace, and her eyes rested on him with a timid, pleading expression—she knew the boy's nature far too well not to be aware that he was going to say something to give her pain.

"They were players!" he shouted, every tone instinct with malice. "People like those we saw at the fair—they performed tricks, turned somersaults, and then went round with a plate and begged."

The slate fell on the floor and was shattered into fragments. Felicitas had started up and rushed wildly past the bewildered boy into the kitchen.

"He lies, oh, surely he lies, Frederica!" she shrieked, in piercing tones, clutching the cook's arm,

"I can't quite say that, but he has exaggerated it," replied the cook, whose hard heart felt a thrill of pity at the sight of the child's terrible excitement. "They did not beg—but they were play-actors."

"And very poor tricks they played, too!" added Nathanael, going up to the hearth and looking sharply into Felicitas's face. She was not crying, and gazed so boldly at him with her bright, glowing eyes that he flew into a rage.

"They did awful things," he continued. "Your mother tempted God, and so she can never get to heaven, mamma says."

"She is not dead!" panted Felicitas. Her little white lips quivered, and she convulsively clutched the folds of the cook's skirt.

"Oh, yes, she died long, long ago, you stupid creature. Papa wouldn't tell you. She was shot by one of the soldier's over there in the town hall, while performing one of her tricks."

The tortured child uttered a piercing shriek. Frederica had nodded assent at the boy's last words, so he had told no lie.

At this moment Heinrich returned from his errand, and Nathanael took to his heels as soon as the old servant's sturdy figure appeared on the threshold. Malicious natures always have an unconquerable fear of a frank, honest face. The cook's conscience also pricked her, and she busied herself about her hearth.

Felicitas no longer cried loudly. Pressing her forehead against her folded arms, which rested on the wall, she struggled to repress her passionate sobs.

The child's piercing shriek had reached Heinrich's ears as he entered the hall, he saw Nathanael vanish behind the door, and instantly knew that some act of cruelty had been done. Without a word he drew the little one back from the wall, and lifted her face—it was distorted with suffering. At the sight of him, Felicitas again burst into loud weeping and gasped amid her sobs:

"They have shot my dear little mother, my good, kind mamma!"

Heinrich's broad, good-natured face grew white with rage—it cost him a struggle to repress an oath.

"Who told you that?" he asked, looking fiercely at Frederica.

The child made no reply, and the cook began to tell the story, while she stirred the fire, basted the meat that was roasting, and did all sorts of needless things to avoid looking Heinrich in the face.

"I think, too, that Nathanael need not have told her to-day," she wound

up; "to-morrow or the day after the mistress will take her in charge, and she won't be handled with gloves then—rely upon it."

Hoinrich led Felicitas back to the servants' room, sat down on the wooden bench by her side, and tried his best, in his rough way, to comfort her. He told her as carefully as he could about the terrible accident in the town hall, and ended by saying that her mamma who, all the people said, looked just like an angel, must now be in heaven, and could see her little Fay every moment. Then he tenderly stroked the child's head, as she again burst into convulsive sobs.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning the church-bells rang solemnly through the town. Throngs of devout Christians crowded the steep, narrow street leading to the church. Velvets and silks, with other less costly Sunday garments, were worn to the house of worship, not solely in honor of God, but also to dazzle the eyes of neighbors.

A little figure, muffled in black, glided out of the stately mansion on the corner of the market-place. No one would have discovered under the coarse, heavy shawl pinned under the chin the dainty, graceful form of little Felicitas. Frederica had wrapped her in it, with many high-sounding words about the mistress having given her such a handsome mourning garment, and then, opening the house-door, strictly charged the child not to go to the family pew as usual—her place now was on the benches occupied by the children of the parish school.

Felicitas pushed her hymn-book under her arm swiftly turned the corner. At first she hurried on impatiently, but before her, with solemn, measured pace, walked three black-garbed figures, at sight of whom she involuntarily slackened her steps. Yes, it was Frau Hellwig between her two sons, and every one they met bowed low and reverently. True, she rarely had a kind look for any one, her lips often uttered pitiless words to those who sought her aid, and the little boy walked at her left beat and kicked the beggar-children who ventured to her door, told lies, and then solemnly denied his falsehoods—but all that did not matter. They were going to church, and would sit in aristocratic seclusion in the family pew, and would pray to God, who loved them and would receive them into His heaven, for they were not play-actors.

The three figures vanished through the door of the church. The child's timid eyes followed them, then she darted swiftly past all the open doors, through which the notes of the organ were already pealing, and which afforded her a glimpse of the mysterious gloom within, and the row of devout worshippers. But the music of the organ vainly appealed to the throbbing heart of the hurt, defiant child hurrying by outside. She could not pray to God. He did not care for her poor dead mother. He would not admit her into His vast blue heaven—she was lying alone in the grave-yard, her child must go to her there.

The little girl turned into a second street, even steeper than the one beside the house. Then came the ugly gate of the town, with its still uglier tower, but through the vaulted gate-way there was a sheen of green foliage, where stretched the superb avenues of linden-trees, contrasting with the ancient blackened walls, like a fresh myrtle wreath on the gray locks of age. How silent and solemn it was up here. The child started at the creaking of the gravel under her own tread—she was following forbidden paths. But she only ran on the faster, and at last stood, panting for breath, at the entrance of the grave-yard.

Felicitas had never visited this quiet spot—she knew nothing about the small, square lots, so monotonously alike, the head-stones beneath which

the stir of life died noiselessly away. Beside the black iron bars of the gate, two elder bushes stretched their branches, bending under the weight of their shining dark berries, and on one side rose the gray walls of an ancient church—gloomy enough in aspect, but on the opposite side extended a brown lawn, planted with shrubs and flowers, on which rested the soft golden sunlight of the autumn.

"Whom do you want to see, little girl?" asked a man in his shirt sleeves, who stood leaning against the door of the receiving-tomb, puffing clouds of blue smoke from his pipe into the clear air.

"My mamma," replied Felicitas, hastily, gazing searchingly over the flower-set turf.

"Ah—is she here? Who was she?"

"She was an actress."

"Oh! yes she was killed five years ago, in the town-hall. There she lies, over yonder, close by the corner of the church."

And now the poor, forsaken little creature was standing by the tiny spot of earth that covered the object of all her sweet, longing, childish dreams. All the graves around were adorned; most of them were so thickly strewn with asters that it seemed as if God had showered all the stars in the sky upon them. But the narrow strip at the child's feet had nothing but dry, scorched grass, mingled with a rank growth of knot-weed. Headless feet had worn a pathway across it; the earth loosely heaped on the mound, undermined by the rain, had sunk, carrying with it the plain, white stone at the foot of the neglected grave, till the large, black letters, "Mota d'Orlowska," were barely above the ground. Felicitas knelt beside the stone, pressing her little hands on a bare patch of earth, where no grass grew. Earth, nothing but earth! This hard, unfeeling mass was lying on the tender face, the beloved form, in its shining satin dress, and the stiff, white hands filled with flowers. The child now knew that her mother had not merely been sleeping. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Priceless Gift.

Among the gifts presented to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, the Bishop of Narni, in the name of his cathedral chapter and in his own name, laid at the feet of the sovereign pontiff a magnificently bound breviary, rich in priceless miniatures, of great artistic value in every respect, formerly belonging to the great St. Vincent Ferrer of the Order of Friar Preachers. This breviary is inclosed in a casket of the clearest crystal, bound in silver, upheld by four lions' paws and surmounted by the tiara and keys in silver gilt effectively wrought and ornamented with the escutcheons in colored enamel of his holiness, of the bishop and of the chapter of Narni. The pedestal bears an appropriate inscription from the pen of Professor de Angelis, S.J.

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

Oh! what great mysteries of hope and love for us are the Passion of Jesus and the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist!

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."



Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
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Personal.

The Very Rev. Father McCann and Father Hand have gone to enjoy a few days' rest.

Father Murray, C.S.B., has returned to the city from a very pleasant holiday in Chicago.

Father O'Neill, C.S.B., of the College of Mary Immaculate, near Plymouth, England, is on a visit to this country.

Father Rohleder, who had been spending his vacation in the Maritime Provinces, reached home on Saturday last.

We regret that Father McBride does not improve as much as his friends desire, his case being still a source of anxiety.

Father Plante, S.J., who for the past twelve years has been stationed at Guolph, and where he was most zealous and popular, is removed to Montreal.

Father Tracy, who graduated with distinction at Rome, obtaining the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, has arrived in this city. Although a native of Ireland his early years were spent in Adjala, where he has relatives. Returning to his native land he pursued his classical and philosophical studies, and then betook himself to Rome for the study of theology. He is at present spending a few days of rest with his friends in Adjala. He is welcome to our midst, and we wish him many long years in his sacred calling.

Temperance at St. Paul's.

St. Paul's Sodality of the League of the Cross held its annual meeting on Sunday afternoon in St. Paul's Hall, Power street, Toronto. The reports of the various officers were received. The report of the President, Mr. Geo. Duffy, will give our readers an idea of the great work this Society is doing. [We are obliged to hold over this report until next week.—Ed. C. R.]

The Secretary, Mr. W. H. Cahill, followed with an able report of the working of the Society during the year. He pointed out to the members the benefits to be derived from leading a sober, temperate life. The election of officers then took place, and resulted as follows:

Spiritual Director, Rev. J. L. Hand; President, Geo. Duffy, 1st Vice Pres., R. J. Wallbridge; 2nd Vice Pres., Charles Tomley; Rec. Sec., W. H. Cahill; Asst. Sec., F. Richard, Fin. Sec., John J. Moran; Treasurer, Thos. M. Harris; Marshal, J. Cullerton.

In the evening the members marched in procession from their hall to St. Paul's Church, headed by the marshals carrying the charter. After Vespers the Rev. Father Hand preached an eloquent sermon to the large congregation, pointing out to his hearers the many and great evils of the day caused by the terrible vice of drunkenness. He also showed the glory and happiness of the home where temperance prevails, and closed an eloquent discourse by a warm exhortation to be always ready to do battle in the noble cause, as the temperance man would be honored by his God, honored by his family, and honored as a good citizen.

The members of the Society then renewed their pledge in a loud voice, all standing. Twenty new names were added to the ranks of this flourishing organization. The ceremony was imposing, and will long be remembered in St. Paul's. J. J. M.

Blessing a Bell.

A despatch from Quebec of the 2nd instant says: The town of Chicoutimi is on fete today, on the occasion of the blessing of three bells for the cathedral and the official inauguration of the opening of the new railway branch, which will give direct connection with the railway system of the Province. Cardinal Taschereau arrived by boat yesterday, and the following notables arrived last night by a special train to take part in the ceremonies:—Monsignor Begin, Premier Taillon, Sir Adolphe Caron, Hon. Thos. Chapais, T. C. Casgrain, Flynn, Rev. Abbe Superior of Oka, and an immense number of members of the clergy and other prominent officials. The sermon of the occasion was preached by the Rev. Cure Belanger of St. Roch, Quebec, and was an eloquent oration. The first bell, which was blessed and rung by Cardinal Taschereau, bore the following inscription:—"Leo XIII., summo pontifice celsore Alexandro Cardinalo Taschereau, Archiepiscopo Quebec, in sui Michaeli Thomas labroque episcopo Chicoutimi esse ego Leo Alexandro Dominico Ludovico, Nazarius Michael Thomas su consecrata, A. D. 1893, paalam eo dum-madii sum." The bell weighs 3,174 pounds.

A sad case of drowning occurred on the Detroit River at Sandwich. A boy named Edward McDonald, whose home is in Texas, was staying at Assumption College, Sandwich, during vacation. He and a companion were at the river bank, when McDonald spoke of taking a bath. The companion, knowing that McDonald could not swim, warned him not to do so. But nevertheless he tried, with the sad result of his untimely death.

It is not one tremendous effort that will make us good, but a constant succession of struggles with little sins.



Worth Its Weight in Gold. 12

EMURT, Dak., July 28, 1890. The young man concerned has not now the slightest symptoms of fits, since using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I consider it worth its weight in gold. J. J. SHEA, Pastor.

A Positive Cure.

Oct. Reno County, Kan., Oct. 1890. A boy eight years old suffered severely from nervousness and twitchings. After using PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC for a time, he was entirely restored. Another case is that of a young lady who after using 8 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Tonic a positive cure was effected from epileptic fits. REV. JOHN LOEVENICH.

REV. JOHN BEECKER, of Westphalia, Kan., writes, October 14, 1890. There is a 10 year old boy here, who suffered from fits about a year. I ordered a bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for him, and the sickness left him altogether. He never had it since.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size. \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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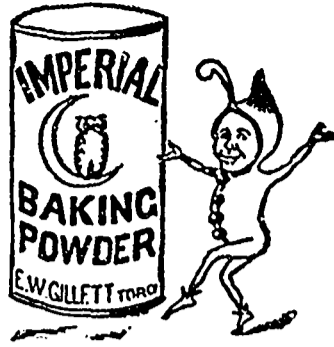
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EXPERIENCED Teachers wanted for the Roman Catholic Separate School, Kingston. Principal and two assistant teachers. Must have at least second class certificates. Apply at once, stating salary, and enclosing recommendations. J. J. BEHAN, Secretary R. C. S. Board, Kingston, Ont.

INFORMATION WANTED.

DAVID NAGEA TOBUA, an Assyrian, aged 16, left Toronto June 22nd, selling fancy goods from door to door. Any person knowing his whereabouts please write Nagea Tobua, 53 Agnes street, Toronto. The boy's father is very anxious to obtain news of his son. 30-4



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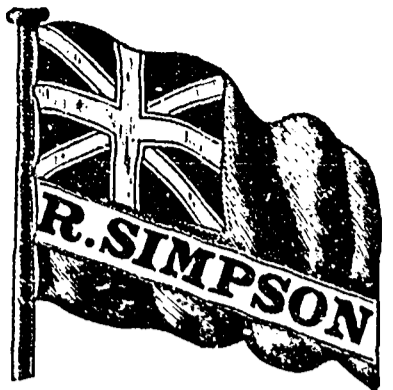
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of July, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

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

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m. and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transfer their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice. T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts. Building Sale.

THE intention is to add new departments and substantially increase many of the regular departments now that the store has been doubled by the addition of the New Annex. The entrance at 170 Yonge street, to the Annex, is very inviting. All departments under one roof.

MANTLES } For boating or SHAWLS } perhaps on your return from a trip across the lake—the wrap of some kind needs to be handy on almost any occasion. We're selling such goods at very low prices these days.

Men Jackets, cream, \$1.75, were \$3. Fawn and cinnamon brown, \$2, were \$4; \$3.75, were \$5. Jet Capes for \$1.50, some of them were \$3. Jet Vests for \$2.50, some of them were \$4. Serge Jackets, \$2.75, were \$5; Black Worsted, \$3.75, were \$5.50. Special line of Black and Fawn Jackets, shot silk lined, \$4, were \$5.50. Special lot of Capes, shot silk lined, cinnamon brown, \$2.50, were \$5. Cape Dolmans, \$1 each, were \$5, \$6.50, \$7.50. Silk and Lace Caps for \$2, cheap at \$5. Print Wrappers, washable, at \$1.

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Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Department until noon on TUESDAY, the 15th of AUGUST instant, (1) for FILTER-HOUSE, ROOF HOUSE, and ADDITION to COW STABLE and BOILER-HOUSE, and for ELECTRIC PLANT, at MIMICO ASYLUM. (2) SEWAGE DISCHARGE PIPE, and additions to NORTH BUILDING and BURSAR'S HOUSE, at LONDON ASYLUM. (3) HOT WATER APPARATUS and COAL SHED at HAMILTON ASYLUM. (4) CARPENTER WORK, etc., for NEW INFIRMARY and ROOF HOUSE at KINGSTON ASYLUM. (5) ROOF HOUSE at ORILLIA ASYLUM. (6) HOSPITAL, BARN, and PIGGORY at the DEAF and DUMB INSTITUTE, BELLEVILLE. (7) ADDITION, etc., for CONVOCATION HALL and DAIRY BUILDING at AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, QUELPH. (8) TWO NEW STEAM BOILERS, etc., at SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, TORONTO. Plans, etc., can be seen at London, Hamilton, Kingston and Orillia Asylums, at the D and D Inst., Belleville, Agricultural College, Quelph, and at this Department, where forms of tender can be procured on application.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the undersigned, for the sum of \$100 for each of the above works must accompany each tender. The cheques of unsuccessful parties tendering will be returned. The bona fide signatures of two parties should accompany each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. C. F. FRASER, Commissioner.

Department of Public Works, Ont., Toronto, August 4th, 1893.

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