

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 34.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

Meetings similar to those held in this city last winter for the purpose of uniting the various Churches have been in session lately in Switzerland at Lucerne. As usual, the English Church showed a divided front. The last year that such a gathering took place an Anglican bishop so far belittled ordination as to advocate a free interchange of pulpits between the Church of England and many of the dissenting bodies. This year the High Church had their innings, and one of their clergymen delivered an address before the assembled ministers of various sects containing powerful reasons for clinging to the view that Christ's Church was but one, and that that was a visible Church. He insisted that, no matter what was the provocation, schism was a terrible sin; for the Scriptures teach most emphatically that whatever may be the corruptions of the Church we must on no account separate from it. How like the Rev. Dr. Langtry to his Presbyterian friends! But there is no escape; that argument is a boomerang in the hands of any English Churchman who uses it; it strikes the man who wields it.

A writer in one of the Reviews asking the question whether England will become Catholic, considers that her return to the faith is not only among the possibilities but the probabilities. Although he is a Protestant, and zealous for the welfare of the English Church, he does not conceal the chaotic condition of the Anglican creed. The Thirty nine Articles have according to him, become utterly out of date. And he regards those clergy men who swore to these Articles at ordination, and afterwards trampled on them, as handicapped in religious controversy. Nor will the relation of the Church to the State stand against the march of democracy. And in a battle with Catholicism "a Church which is at once Protestant and Catholic, fallible and infallible, black and white, hot and cold, priestly and congregational, dogmatic and latitudinarian, cannot secure a victory." If Anglicanism were defeated Nonconformity, the writer thinks, would not prove a serious obstacle to the steady advance of Catholicism in England.

The Roman correspondent of a Catholic newspaper informs the public "that the question of civil marriage, as it is styled, so long agitating the public mind in Hungary, where it is viewed with favor in official circles—as also in Italy, where it is sought to grant obligatory precedence—induces the Holy Father, ever watchful in the defence of the interests of the Church and of the public morality, to inaugurate an exhaustive examination of the

question, consulting the legislations of all civilized lands, whether Catholic or not, in order to embody the results in a document to see the light, it is stated, early in the coming autumn, and destined to constitute one of the most notable acts of the present Pontificate, as laying down clearly the extent to which the Church can recognize the action of the civil power, and where it must be actually repelled."

The Feast of the Assumption was in the city of New York memorable for the long expected visit of his Excellency the Papal Delegate. "It is," said Father Lavelle, the Rector of the Cathedral, in announcing the programme, "it is no matter what may be said to the contrary, purely an act of courtesy to Archbishop Corrigan." The Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Satolli, while the Archbishop of New York occupied a throne in the sanctuary. After the Gospel Archbishop Corrigan ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent address upon the oath which a bishop takes before his consecration, and in which he promises fidelity and obedience to "Blessed Peter the Apostle, to the Roman Church, to the Sovereign Pontiff for the time and his legitimate successors," and moreover that he will treat a legate of the Holy See, both coming and going, with honor, and assist him in his necessities. After alluding to his own studies in Rome, he said, "All one's subsequent study and reading in theological channels strengthen and intensify the convictions of early years, and one who has enjoyed such advantages counts it no glory, but rather a humiliation, that it should ever be come necessary for him to avow that the thought even of resisting the Holy Father's will, much more of disobeying his positive enactments, never found lodgment in his mind. More than this one cannot say. After the guilt of offending God a conscientious Bishop feels no wound more keenly than his faith be impugned or his oath of loyalty called in question."

The Dominican Sisters in Dublin open this year a college for the higher education of women, in which the pupils will be prepared for the intermediate and university examinations. In addition to the ordinary subjects of these courses, music—vocal and instrumental—the theory and practice of education will form part of the very extensive curriculum; and last but by no means least on the programme is an advanced study of Religious knowledge. The staff of Sisters is to be helped by lay professors, graduates of the Royal University. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin writes to the Prioress that it has his blessing and best wishes for its success, because it

relieves a long felt want, and fills a gap in the education of Catholic women in Ireland. As an earnest of his good will the Archbishop has generously placed at the disposal of the College Council £500, to be applied to scholarships or in any other way which may be considered but calculated "to encourage that work and its development." Erin will soon have "some sweet girl graduates" among her fair daughters.

A very serious fight took place on the 17th instant between a body of French and Italian workmen at Aigues-Mortes, in the south of France. It was an unprovoked attack upon the Italians, who were foreigners. Despite the efforts of the police, who seemed powerless, as many as 50 were killed and 150 severely wounded. After the fight the French workmen started a man-hunt, for the ostensible purpose of exterminating the foreign workmen.

Italians are not of such a character that when struck on one cheek they will turn the other; and they are not particular about striking the right man. Revenge is what they want. This they sought by raising at Rome an anti-French agitation. A mob attacked the French College, tore down the escutcheons, smashed the windows and tried to force the doors. Further damage was prevented by the police; although the strong feeling afterwards expressed itself in the more harmless way of street marching, songs and cries of revenge. But on Monday last a mob attacked the French Embassy. At the various foreign offices excitement prevailed, wondering whether France would give satisfaction. At Berlin the Emperor made special efforts to keep posted upon the whole affair, the general impression being that he is determined to stand behind Italy in her demand upon the French Government. Troubles growing out of the fight threaten grave international complications.

The French elections passed off without sensation, except a slight disturbance where M. Clemenceau was running. The returns received on the 21st show that 105 Republicans, 12 Royalists and 6 other divisions have been elected. Amongst the defeated we are sorry to see the name of the Count de Mun, the great Catholic leader.

News was received last week at Montreal that Rev. Abbe Proulx, the rector of the Laval University in that city will be appointed Bishop of Sherbrooke, to fill the vacancy which occurred by the death of Bishop Racine.

The Rt. Rev. William Joseph Hugh Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, England, died on the 14th instant. He was born

in 1820, and consecrated on February 6, 1857.

The Behring Sea award has been made public, and contains three important points. A neutral zone of 60 miles around the Pribyloff Islands has been established; fire arms, except shot guns have been abolished outside the Behring Sea, and a close season established in the Northern Pacific from the first day of May to the thirty-first of July. The practical result of these regulations is favorable to the United States, which, even according to the English, got the better in the question of the method of hunting seals.

Prime ministers in England have generally a hard time of it; but few ever had such trials as Gladstone is having at present. His difficulties are even more trying to him than is the unprecedented measure he is passing through the House. These difficulties come not only from Tories and bitter Liberal Unionists; they come from threats of divided Nationalists and the discontent and jealousy of dissatisfied Liberals. No sooner was the Bill virtually through the House than these groups set upon the veteran Premier. The Welsh members sent what looked like an ultimatum, that if Welsh Disestablishment was not the next measure proposed they would leave the Ministry in the lurch. In somewhat the same manner the Scotch Liberals threatened the Government, and now the Radicals insist that a Parish Councils Bill must be passed in an autumn session, though other business go to the wall. Through all these shifting rocks and shallows the Grand Old Man is steering his course boldly on with a skill and tact which were never equalled. The Welsh are not united, Gladstone has written a conciliatory letter to the Scotch, and he has asked the impatient Radicals to wait.

Serious coal strikes in South Wales have given the country the appearance of being in a state of siege. The coal owners have asked for 2,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry to protect the working colliers. Sentinels are stationed on hill tops and around the colliers to announce the approach of strikers who are now threatening to march to the working district to the number of 50,000 strong. The mine owners are resolute in refusing the demand for 20 per cent increase, and the men have already lost £300,000 in wages. The output of coal, which ordinarily is 23,000,000 tons, has fallen to 2,000,000, causing great inconvenience amongst the tin-platers and Scotch ironmasters.

The reports from some of the French electoral districts show the return of 315 Republicans, 30 Socialist-Radicals and Socialists, 18 Conservateurs Rallies, and 56 Conservatives. Second ballots are necessary in 170 districts.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Display in the Mining Building.

I had thought that cloudland and meadowland, the stars above, the flowers below, hold all that was brightest and best in God's blessed world. But oh! the riches and the beauties that are hidden away in the womb of the mother earth! The two days that I have spent in the Mining Building have been a visit to a land of glory of whose grandeur I had never dreamed. I feel as though I have come from nature's paint shop. I have seen whence come the reds, that, I fancy, are used to dye the rose's cheeks, I have seen huge lumps of the paleness that whitens the lily's brow. The bright green of the grasses, the deep green of the leaves, the violets purple, the blue and the pink of the daintiest heath flower I know whence it all comes. I have seen crystals and diamonds, garnets and sapphires, jasper and chalcedony, opals and amethysts, rubies and amber, emeralds and agates in glorious profusion. Gold and silver, iron and aluminum, lead and platinum, copper and zinc, slabs of onyx, and moss agates, petrified trees, coal and coal fossils—and every other imaginable thing that is found on the bosom of the earth. I doubt if any branch of the Fair is as complete as this. Everything in the line of machinery used in mining—from a miner's lamp up to a miniature coal mine in actual operation, may be seen. I cannot give a complete description of any particular part, but must content myself with describing a few of the most striking features.

Mexico was the first exhibit that I visited. That quaint, warm land has always been associated in my mind with an idea of elegance, ease and beauty, of flowers and soft songs. Consequently I expected to meet with a richness in her mining display to be equalled only by the bright blues and warm reds of her mineralogical specimens and the soft opaline tints of her stony marbles. Nor was I disappointed. Mexico has the richest, the most extensive and the most varied exhibit in the Department of Mines. No other country comes to the Fair with a new marble the most beautiful the world has ever seen. Discovered scarcely a year ago, it is destined to become as noted an article in interior and monumental decoration as world-famed Mexican onyx now is. It presents the appearance of numbers of little moss rosebuds imbedded in limestone. The rosebuds are simply beautiful garnets imbedded in limestone. But carbonate of lime and garnets are not the only minerals in this marble. Vasuvianite and wallastonite are each present, the first occurring in the rich sulphur, the second in traces of light blue, producing thus a most beautiful combination. Great difficulty was at first experienced in polishing this marble. The substance and treatment required to dress the limestone would not finish the garnets, and those required to finish the garnets would not glaze the limestone? A union of the polished substance was tried and a satisfactory finish was given the beautiful Rose Garnet Marble. The onyx displayed is the most beautiful.

Did you ever know that the so-called Mexican onyx is not in reality an onyx? In the gallery of the Mining Building there is a display of real onyx from Lower California. It is very beautiful, but cannot compare with the so-called Mexican onyx. This last only resembles onyx and has consequently been so-called. In reality Mexican onyx is a marble. In the days when Artec civilization filled Mexico's valleys and dotted her hills with temples to its deities, the architects and artists found in this material their chief agent for structure and decoration. The temples were called "Teocals." The Indians corrupted this term to "Lecali" and applied it

to the material used in constructing their Teocals. Christian civilization seized on it for altar and baptismal font. In the days of Cortez, this was the use to which it was put whenever it could be obtained. I saw some samples of it that were streaked and veined with luminous red, brilliant green in a semi-transparent ivory tinted body. And the silver! Silver in all conditions, in all stages of purity! None of it so interested me, however, as a species called ruby silver. The men who work the mine from which this silver comes are covered from head to foot as though they had smeared themselves with raspberries. This mine, I was told, is situated near Durango, Mexico. The display of opals is notably interesting. The rare and gleaming variety with a play of colors like the yellow and red of flames is to be seen. This, I think, is commonly called fire-opal. These opals are gathered by the Indians, who in a day polish between 20 and 80 of them. The process is very simple. A rapidly revolving wheel does the work and the brilliancy and size of the stone determines its value. Mexico displays almost every variety of useful minerals, from gold and mercury down to coal and salt, from jewels and silver down to fire-clay and petroleum.

Cape Colony makes a beautiful display of diamonds and erodidolite. This last is the name the mineralogist has pasted to it, but in good plain English we call it "tiger eye." And, by the way, let me say here that you cannot make a satisfactory tour of the building without the aid of a dictionary. The men who had the task of naming the minerals picked out the hardest words the dictionary has and coined many others of several degrees greater hardness. Just think of passing by a little case about 6 ft. long by 2 ft. wide and having to read such a collection of words as the following: Malachite, Magniferous, Apatite, Witherite, Paryta, Chirngorm, Argentiferous carbonate of Lead, Stibnite, Obsidian Bombs, Casseberite, Chessy lite, Cerussite, Amnhibole, etc. Quite a crowd are usually gathered about the Cape Colony exhibit during the hours when they are washing and polishing diamonds. A complete set of machinery is working drawing up the ugly looking, yet valuable, mud. Before the visitors' eyes the mud is washed, and the pebbles containing the gems are thrown out upon a table. Then a man goes over them carefully, occasionally meeting with a dull pebble resembling a piece of glass which he carefully sets aside. This is then cut and polished.

The United States is not behind the rest of the world in her display in this building. Each State has its own exhibit. These vary in interest, wealth and utility. A crowd is always attracted to Montana's display to see the silver statue of Justice for which Ada Rehan posed. The statue is in the middle of the exhibit. Justice holds a pair of scales in her left hand and stands upon a sphere of silver. She is in the act of advancing. The head is erect, calm and dignified. You look at the statue but hardly appreciate the fact that about \$70,000 worth of silver is in it.

Colorado and California each display a magnificent collection of mineral specimens and no small quantity of native gems. They show the various conditions in which gold is found. A beautiful variety of cloudy onyx is to be seen in California's display. In tint it is much like the pale blue smoke that arises from some hunter's cabin, that you so frequently see in pictures. The chief feature of Wyoming's display is a natural soda used in making glass. South Dakota brings forth a rich showing of petrified woods, while Montana claims to have produced more copper during the past year than all the rest of the United States put together. Michigan certainly makes the finest display of this

metal, its mines and methods of obtaining it. Indeed, this seems to be the glory of Michigan's mining display. There are sectional models of noted mines and complete models of others, showing the methods of supporting, roofing, hoisting, etc. Copper bars as red as iron in the fire and immense pieces of copper ore may be seen. Two of these last are especially noteworthy. One of them weighs 8,500 pounds, the other 6,200. From her pictured rocks she has sent bright colored sands. In one case the most beautiful crystals tinged with all shades of green are displayed. Pennsylvania makes a magnificent showing of her coals, clays and oils. A diminutive coal mine, and all machinery connected with it, is working, and elucidates the manner of assorting, cleaning and shipping Anthracite coal. This is the chief feature of her display. Her exhibit of petroleum is the best made. Somebody has called North Carolina the Paradise of the Mineralogist. Judging from the variety and beauty of her display, she is second to none. She shows specimens of her gold in abundance. I do not think any other State has such a variety of native gems. Copper, tin, iron, mica of a most beautiful quality are in profusion. One object that interested me very much was a box composed of some 1,766 pieces of native woods. These woods are of about six varieties. In the centre of the lid was to be seen a plant called "Shortia," which, I learned, was peculiar to the mountains of North Carolina. The only other spot on the face of the Globe where it might possibly be found is Japan. A very instructive feature in the Oregon display is the "Hydraulic Placer Mining." The simplicity of the method for getting the gold dust recommends itself. On the side of the hill a channel is built—rather a wooden trough. In this trough at every few feet a cross section is built. A pump is set so as to wash away the sand and gravel from the sides of the hill into the trough. A sufficient inclination is given to the trough so that the stream may carry along with it the sand and gravel. The gold dust being quite heavy, falls to the bottom, and is caught by the cross sections. That which escapes the first cross section is in all probability caught by the second and so on. The sand and gravel being themselves eventually caught, are washed and re-washed until every particle of gold they contain is set free. Ontario makes a splendid show of her nickel ore.

New South Wales, after Mexico, has the most extensive display, one feature of which is a magnificent display of tin and alluvial gold. A nugget of gold in quartz is shown that is worth about \$6,000. It is irregular in shape and its largest measurement is about 6 inches by 8 inches, weighing 844.78 oz. It contains 813 0978 virgin gold. It is known as the "Maipland Bar." I was much interested in the size of this nugget and wondered what was the value of the largest nugget that had ever been found. My curiosity was satisfied when I reached the gallery of the Mining Building. I there came upon a case in which were displayed facsimiles of the world noted nuggets. There were about twenty in all. Each has been named. The largest is a huge looking fellow about 18 inches long. It is known as the "Welcome." It weighed some 2,166 oz. and was worth \$41,883. Just think of stumbling over a rock worth that much money! In the gallery the collection of rocks from Ward's Science Museum, Rochester, N. Y., is to be seen. This collection, I think, is the largest in the world. Its full extent is not appreciated because for some reason or other it had been divided. One part appears at the northwest the other at the southeast end of the gallery. Rocks of all kinds

are assorted and displayed. They may be seen in every conceivable shape, smooth as ivory or twisted up like a Concha shell. They come from all parts of the earth—from mountain peaks and deepest mines and caverns, from the shores of Iceland and the Sahara's plain. Even starland has been taxed for specimens, as the display of meteoric rocks can testify. An industrious collector of crystals, A. B. Crim, Middleville, N. Y., makes a most charming display. He places before the world a case of dewdrops. Fascinated by the beauty of the common quartz crystal, he has gathered some 14,000 of these glistening bits. He displays them to advantage in an octagonal case and by a card therein informs you that not one has been polished. Their brightness is nature's gift. In a little tube about nine inches long he keeps the smaller ones. They are about the size of a pin head. Some are much smaller. One thousand are in that tube. They range in size from this up to a good large hen's egg. The beauty of this mass of gleaming treasures—this case of dew drops that will never fade—will be appreciated only by looking on them and noting the fact that each of these 14,000 crystals is flawless—without fleck, without scratch. I cannot conclude without noting the magnificent display of amber to be seen in the German mining exhibit in the gallery. I think I have looked on every object in this building and I may assert that Germany is the only one making a display of this substance. The exhibit is arranged in most orderly manner, every shape and condition of the gum is to be seen. They show it raw and melted, oily and clear. Pieces as large as your two fists that were evidently of one exudation were exposed. The generality of this display is of a wine yellow tint. Many pieces are shown whereon insects and twigs, leaves and tiny pebbles are encased. In every instance they are in a most perfect state of preservation.—*Indianapolis Catholic Record.*

The Instincts of Birds.

It is certain that all creatures on the desert show remarkable intelligence, and how they acquire their information is decidedly a puzzle. Suppose, for example alfalfa seed is sown. The place may not have a bird about the day before the seed is put in, but next day a cloud of them will descend upon the spot and faithfully eat every seed. They do their work thoroughly and with praiseworthy industry. Poisoned wheat will check the entire removal of the seed, but the sparrow is never deterred by death, though there are some who affirm a few dead sparrows will have a chastening influence upon the rest. The sparrows with whom I have had personal relations despise death.

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENERAL MEN—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are especially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable, and even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak; in so doing He has given us a lesson not to deny the stout heartedness within because we see the lightness without.

A Convert Through Spiritualism.

The story of each "pilgrim's progress," from that special "house upon the sand," wherein he happened to be born, or which he had constructed for himself, towards the House, built by the Living God upon a rock, has its own individual interest, not only as a human document, but even more, as being a record of the dealings of God with that particular soul.

Yet there has been a certain underlying similarity, beneath wide differences of character and circumstances, in most accounts of the conversion of educated English men and women, since the time of the Oxford movement, arising from the fact that such converts have been, for the most part, earnest and devout Anglicans of one type or another. Amongst such, with whatever divergencies and idiosyncrasies, a common if vague idea of the existence of a right road, could it but be discovered, has been already present to their minds, and, as many sought it simultaneously, they found cheer and comfort by the way. But the brief history now to be related, is that of one who groped on, alone beneath the stars, through strange untrodden paths, out of the beaten track, yet, who was wonderfully led into God's Church; now, many years ago.

For me, as for one of old, the *piet* had gone forth. "Behold I take from thee the desire of thy eyes with a stroke," and I was alone, and desolate. My short marriage had been perfect in its love and sympathy, and life without my husband seemed unendurable, but a little child was left me, and for his sake I resisted the longing to turn my face to the wall and die.

I had not ceased to believe in "God the Father Almighty," nor in "the life everlasting;" but these two articles may be said to have comprised my creed. Everything else has become to me more or less shadowy and uncertain.

I had been brought up in the Church of England, but I had never felt any loyalty or allegiance to her, or attraction towards any section of Anglican opinion, and all assumption of authority by either party roused in me indignation and rebellion. I felt it illogical, that religious submission should be demanded by any Protestant institution, the fundamental basis of Protestantism being the right of private judgment in matters of faith. I had always been conscious of a sort of distant awe and reverence for the great Church of Rome, though I knew nothing of her doctrines; moreover, her poetry and art appealed to my love of the beautiful, but I shrank from her claim to authority, having an intense dread of dogmatism and domination, and regarding truth entirely from a subjective point of view.

In miracles, visions, and apparitions, whether of angels, or of the departed, I had sorrowfully ceased to believe, because it appeared to me undoubted, that God being always the same God, and His laws the same and changeless, that which had happened could happen again, and in all probability would do so, therefore, being accustomed to hear it asserted, or taken for granted, that since Apostolic times the supernatural had ceased to influence this earth, I came to regard Biblical statements of such occurrences as mythical embodiments of some moral or spiritual lesson, and belief in their actuality, as the superstition of simpler ages.

Nevertheless, I was in good faith, and was ready and anxious to follow any gleam of light, at any cost, and, so light was sent me, in what would seem an exceptional manner, although I am by no means a solitary instance of conversion to the Church through what is called "Spiritualism."

The main difference between all that is included under that compre-

hensive title, and the possibilities of communication between the living and the dead, believed in by Catholics, consists, so far as I apprehend the question, chiefly in this, that in what goes by the name of "Spiritualism," a certain conscious initiative is taken on the human side, with direct intent to induce manifestations from beings out of the flesh, whereas all intercourse between the seen and the unseen, in Catholic records, has been, apparently, and certainly so far as the consciousness of the recipient extended, commenced and carried out, solely and entirely, from the invisible world, without his consent or desire. Upon the hypothesis of the unconscious fulfillment of conditions, I will not enter now. The character of such communications has necessarily been much more elevated. I am referring here, to visits from the words spoken by souls in Purgatory, for it is hardly necessary to say, that Divine revelations to the saints, visions and apparitions of our Blessed Lady, or of Angels, stand on a much more exalted footing, and it is not to such that I venture to make allusion. It has always been recognized by Catholic writers, that mysticism has its diabolic side, its natural side, and its Divine side, and that it is not easy to distinguish at once between these; or to be quite sure where one merges into, or is superseded by another. Immense caution has consequently been recommended by theologians, and has been practised by such Catholics as in different ages have been led through strange experiences. Even with the safeguards of true doctrine, and true sacraments, intercourse with the Unseen has always been attended with considerable danger, on account of the subtlety of evil spirits, for, as St. Paul tells us, "Satan transformeth himself into an angel of light."

In the preternaturalism of the present day, outside the Church, there are many shades and grades and degrees and differences, included under the general name of "Spiritualism;" but I think it scarcely possible to overstate, or to exaggerate its many and fearful perils. Such only as have penetrated deeply into its arcana, can form any, even approximate, idea of these. That gifted and clever, but unhappily deluded man, Lawrence Oliphant, speaks most emphatically of the risks incurred by those attending *seances* and this quite apart from other objections that might be urged by a Catholic as to Spiritual or ecclesiastical prohibitions.

To return to my own history. Not very long after my husband died, when I was hungering and thirsting for some sign of his presence, for some evidence that he still lived and loved me, I began to hear Spiritualism discussed, and I read eagerly and listened earnestly, so as to obtain all the information I could. I gathered from sincere and enlightened inquirers into the subject, that with all its deep and absorbing interest, there was always much uncertainty. Mediums, they said, were occasionally deceptive, but were more often themselves deceived; conditions not being as yet well understood, they were not reliable, many factors combining to make up what is called Spiritualism, amongst these, thought-reading, the dual action of the brain, and the unconscious influence of mind upon mind, whether in the circle or at a distance; each and all causing additional complications, and finally, the identity of the Spirits communicating, was not to be easily verified, owing partly to the imperfection of processes, and partly to the audacity and falsehoods of evil spirits, who did not hesitate to take any names, and to pass themselves off as those with whom intercourse was desired. A frame of mind as patient and as passive as might be possible was therefore advised. I was given to understand that the need for a "medium" arose

from the fact that the spirits could only exert their influence and action in and through a magnetic atmosphere, rarer and finer than the palpable one with which we are surrounded, and in which we breathe and live; and that "mediums" were simply persons possessing an unusually large amount of this force, a subtle and etherealized form of electricity, the spirits being able to collect from such persons sufficient power to aid them to come into contact with other human beings not thus gifted.

I became most anxious to find some medium, but had no idea how to accomplish it, when an unexpected way was opened to me under very pleasant and desirable circumstances. A lady I know, told me she would like to introduce me to an old friend of hers, who, together with her daughter was investigating Spiritualism in a very serious and religious manner. Accordingly, the introduction was effected, and the old lady kindly begged me to go and pay them a visit.

Mrs. R. (as I will call her), and her daughter Margaret had been originally Unitarians, as was our mutual friend and introducer, but at the time I made their acquaintance they were Christian dissenters, the Spirits having declared to them the Divinity of our Lord.

I may here add, that Margaret eventually became a Catholic under the same influences which helped me to become one, although some time after my reception, and she has remained a thoroughly good and faithful child of the Church for now more than twelve years, having baptized her mother on her death bed, and instructed many in the Faith. I make a point of mentioning this, because I have seen it stated, not only that Spiritualists seldom become Catholics (which is probably true, though I think many would do so if they could be brought under Catholic influences), but that in the rare instances of apparent conversion, they have always gone back. I can only say that this is distinctly contradicted by facts within my own knowledge.

The *seances* held at Mrs. R.'s house were entirely private, and were attended by no professional medium, but several of the *habitués* possessed considerable magnetic force, which had been developed and increased by these frequent meetings. There was, in particular, a certain Mr. B., a member of the congregation to which my friends belonged, who had very extraordinary powers. He used to fall into a sort of trance, appearing like one dead, pale and livid, and then would suddenly start up, gazing before him into space, with eyes that had in them no speculation, and would begin to speak in voices quite other than and distinct from his own, voices of men, of women, and of children, voices refined and cultured, and voices coarse and rough, he being all the time entirely unconscious of what was being spoken through him. Occasionally a voice would be recognized by friends of the departed individual from whom it professed to emanate, but often the voices were those of strangers, coming for the most part to implore prayers. I afterwards saw this "trance-mediumship," as it is called, in several other instances, especially in that of a German lady, now dead—an interesting person, of sensitive temperament and religious aspiration, who had come out of Calvinism through the teachings of her disembodied friends, and who was gradually learning Catholic doctrine. Her husband used to write down what she said in her trances; much, often, to her own surprise on reading what had been set down.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For a sluggish and torpid liver, nothing can surpass Ayer's Pills. They contain no calomel, nor any mineral drug, but are composed of the active principles of the best vegetable cathartics, and their use always results in marked benefit to the patient.

The Average Drink Consumption

There is, at first, something very appalling in the record of the drink consumed in large cities. For instance, the statement was lately put forward at the London Mansion House that the city of London drank every year forty-five million gallons of malt liquor, eight million gallons of wine, and four and a half million gallons of spirits. The announcement startled the public until an optimistic mathematician brought a little arithmetic to bear on the figures, and forthwith altered their significance. He found that London had a population of close upon six millions. About two millions of these are children, who, for the purpose of argument, may be classed as taking no alcohol at all. Also, for the purpose of argument, it may be assumed that of the remaining four millions two millions are total abstainers, leaving the drinkers of the city numbered at two millions. This would give an annual average consumption per head of twenty-two and one-half gallons of malt liquor, four gallons of wine, and two and one-fourth gallons of spirit. Twenty-two and one-half gallons a year is almost exactly half a pint a day; four gallons a year would be a very small wine-glass daily; two and one-fourth gallons a year would barely suffice to fill the smallest liquor-glass three hundred and sixty-five times. So that the inquiring statistician reached the conclusion that the terrible drink bill of London resolved itself into the fact that the average Londoner takes one glass of beer with his dinner, and a very small glass of wine after it, and that before he goes to bed he takes the merest toothful of whisky or some other spirit as a nightcap.

Wendell Phillips as a Lecturer.

Wendell Phillips as a lecturer, and apart from his extraordinary power as a convention orator on occasions, was quite the most interesting, the most convincing, the most polished and delightful platform speaker that America has produced. He owed his success to the wit, to the most felicitous and incisive vocabulary, to the most melodious and entrancing voice and to his perfect command of himself and all his resources. He was never slovenly. He always brought his best thought most carefully arranged to his audience, and he never met an audience, even one hostile to him and his opinions that he could not at length subdue to his potent influence. Nothing was left to chance.

He would no more have produced an unfinished lecture than a great artist would have exhibited an unfinished picture. He respected his audience, and the audience always felt this. The sympathy that he gained from it, even when it disagreed with him, was the more remarkable because he never, or rarely ever, improvised. Yet he had such consummate art that he seemed to be improvising, the golden words apparently dropping freshly coined from the brilliant mint of his mind. He was eloquent without a single burst of cheap rhetoric. And of all orators on the platform he was the most convincing and plausible for the hour.—*Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.*

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

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine.—*Longfellow.*

That which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened. Character teaches over our head.

SILVER JUBILEE.

Father Sullivan Honored

The Church of the Holy Rosary at Thorold was, on the 10th instant, the scene of a most pleasing celebration. A large number of priests and a congregation filling the handsome temple were there to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Father Sullivan's ordination. The Mass began at half-past ten. Father Conway, of the Diocese of Peterborough, who had prepared Father Sullivan for his first Communion, acted as deacon; while Father Gearm, pastor of Flos, was sub-deacon, and Father McIntee, of Port Colborne, master of ceremonies. The Very Rev. Dean Harris preached upon the occasion, drawing a touching and beautiful word picture of the scenes of the life of the priest who has closed his twenty-fifth year. In concluding, he offered in eloquent language the congratulations of all, priests and people, to Father Sullivan upon this happy day, and expressed the hope and prayer that he would be spared for years to enjoy the fruits of his arduous labors and to receive the continued blessings of those amongst whom he had worked so hard, until in the end he would have the happiness of hearing his Blessed Master say to him: Well done, good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many. Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

When the sermon was finished, Father Harold, in the name of the priests of the archdiocese, read the following address:

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER—We, the clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto, come together here to-day to give public testimony of our esteem and affection for you. It is ever a source of pleasure for men whose lot is cast in the Sanctuary to watch the growth of virtue; but it is an especial reason for rejoicing to see the flowers of superlative priestly holiness blooming in the life of one of ourselves, the harvest of a quarter of a century of sedulous cultivation. It will not offend your delicacy, therefore dear brother, if, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination to the holy Priesthood, we invade the privacy of your life, and call attention to your meritorious work for the advancement of God's glory.

From early youth upward your zeal for the beauty of God's house singularly influenced your life; and whether as a student, a curate in the Holy Ministry, or a Pastor, responsible for immortal souls, and freighted with the fatiguing labours inseparable from a missionary life, you always found time to beautify the Altar and its appurtenances.

The toil and humiliations attending your efforts to collect funds wherewith to raise a worthy temple to the honor of the Most High you esteemed as nothing; and when the great work was accomplished—when, amid solemn chant and smoke of incense, the Holy Sacrifice was offered for the first time at this superb altar in this magnificent edifice, the production mainly of your generous zeal (the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary), your humble piety forbade you to seek for other praise than is written in the book of life.

But while your time was so fully taken up in this external, and in a manner material work, you did not fail to heed the Apostolic injunction to priests, to practice sobriety, chastity, prudence and hospitality—traits that ennoble and humanize while they sanctify and are beneficial as well to him who cultivates them as to the community whom they furnish with a model of characteristic Christian manhood. In a word, wherever you have laboured, dear brother, whether as friend among conferees, or as adviser among your flock, as the Christian man or as the *alter ego*, the Priest of Jesus, you have gone about like your Master, doing good and diffusing the "good odor of Christ."

We feel, dear brother, that in thus unobscuring ourselves to-day we reverence the priesthood by signaling the virtues its unction has produced. We honor you because we know as none others can the value of sympathy, and how powerful a factor of spiritual advance is the encouragement of the brethren amid the discomforts of earthly conflict.

We also honor ourselves by placing before our eyes for imitation the energizing example you furnish of fidelity to duty, persistent effort to achieve success, and humble bearing amid the laurels of victory that crown perseverance.

May God prolong your days in peace and joy of the spirit, and leave you many years yet in the vineyard to edify your brethren, and add increments to the glorious reward

awaiting the faithful priest in the realm of endless beatitude.

A valuable gold watch was given as the present of the priests. His Grace the Archbishop, who was unavoidably absent, had sent a beautiful Missal, which was then presented to Father Sullivan in the name of the venerable donor.

In reply, Father Sullivan, who was deeply touched, said:

VERY REV. AND REV. DEAR FATHERS—I thank you very sincerely for the kind words and fraternal feeling expressed towards me in your address. It is only another manifestation of the affectionate kindness I have experienced at your hands for the past twenty-five years.

I thank you very sincerely for the compliment you have paid me, and for the flattering picture you have drawn of my priestly life—a picture so complimentary that I must, in justice, associate it with your friendship for me. With characteristic generosity and kindness of heart, you are silent touching the weaknesses and shortcomings which, I feel, are inseparable from my daily life.

Your reference to my efforts in the construction of this splendid building in which we now worship is as timely as it is generous. This is hardly the occasion for me to dwell upon the months and years of serious labor and anxiety it cost me. But I may say, without incurring the charge of selfishness, that I taxed my strength to the utmost in its construction and completion. However, I was, all through, consoled with the thought that I was laboring in the service of God, and, according to my ability, advancing His honor and glory. Again, I was strengthened with the consoling assurance that I was laboring in behalf of a congregation that, for generosity and kindness of heart, are not surpassed by any other in the Province of Ontario. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that I, long ago, would have been discouraged, if not disheartened, if it were not for their generous assistance and the splendid and repeated testimonials of their friendship for me—a friendship which I value as something beyond price.

Very Rev. and Rev. dear Fathers, permit me to tax your patience a moment longer. A quarter of a century is a long period in the life of a priest. Yet during all that time I am your debtor for repeated acts of kindness shown to me—kindness which you have sounded out by this magnificent offering which you have presented to me to-day.

I am proud to be able to publicly acknowledge that the priests of this diocese are a credit to the Church in this Dominion, and I say this from an intimate association with them of twenty-five years—an association that has ripened into a friendship which has been to me a source of perpetual consolation.

I again beg to thank you for the gift you have presented to me, and for the warm, generous words of consolation, which have added to and immeasurably enhanced the value of your presentation.

Mr. David Battle, on behalf of the congregation, read the following address:

DEAR FATHER SULLIVAN—On this occasion, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your elevation to the priesthood, we, your parishioners, with hearts full of joy, meet and greet you, our beloved pastor and best friend.

For twenty-two long years you have been with us, laboring earnestly in the cause of our holy religion, and your work indeed has borne fruit. The grand buildings you have erected in the parish—this beautiful church, the admiration of all who see it, the convent, the school, and the parochial residence—all testify to your zeal and energy, and to the severe labor you have undergone in their construction.

The spiritual and temporal welfare of those committed to your care has always been foremost in your thoughts, and ever and always have we found you ready to do all in your power in our behalf.

Your life, while among us, has been a self-sacrificing one—a daily setting forth of everything that constitutes a good, sincere, devout, Christian life, a fitting example for all of us to follow.

The high standing you occupy in the estimation of our non-Catholic friends is a fact in which we take the greatest pride, and the harmony existing between them and us is, in a great measure, due to that spirit of kindness and good will which you extend to all men.

As a tribute of our respect and love for you, we present the accompanying purse with our best wishes for your health and happiness, and with the sincere hope that we may have our own dear pastor with us for many years yet to come.

Signed on behalf of your parishioners.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| DAVID BATTLE, | PATRICK McMAHON, |
| THOS. CONLON, | JOHN HILLMAN, |
| WM. CAITWELL, | THOS. FREEL, |
| JOSEPH BATTLE, | THOMAS FOLEY, |
| PATRICK O'NEIL, | ED. J. REILLY, |
| MATTHEW P. O'NEIL, | JOHN CONLON, |
| | EDWARD P. FOLEY. |

Thorold, Aug. 16, 1893.

The purse alluded to contained six hundred dollars. A third address was then read from the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, accompanied with a gift of one hundred dollars.

Father Sullivan replied in very fitting terms, thanking his good people, not only for their kind generosity on the present occasion, but also for the many years during which he had lived amongst them. He also took the opportunity of thanking his non-Catholic fellow-citizens whom he had always found most obliging, and from whom he had received numberless kindnesses.

Besides the priests already mentioned, the following were also present: Very Rev. Deans Cassidy and Egan, and Fathers Kavanagh, C.M., President of Niagara University, Peely, President of St. Michael's College, Barrott, O.S.B.; Kreidt, O.M.C.; Allain, Carberry, Crinnon, of Hamilton; Gallagher, Gibney, Jeffcott, Kearney, E. Kiernan, Kilcullen, La Fontaine, Lynch, Lynott, Moyna, McCoil, K. McRae, Rohleder, Smyth, Trayling, J. Walsh and Whitney. A brother of Father Sullivan, who is a member of the Congregation of Missions, Father J. Sullivan, had come up from Philadelphia, where he is Master of Novices, to witness the celebration. Another member of the family, Sister Nativity, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, had also the happiness of being there.

After the religious services were over the clergy adjourned to Father Sullivan's residence, where he entertained them with a sumptuous banquet, the only layman present being a brother of the host, Captain Sullivan.

C. M. B. A.

LONDON, July 28, 1893.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register

DEAR SIR—The following resolutions were moved by Bro. T. J. O'Meara, seconded by Bro. P. F. Boyle and Father Tieran and unanimously adopted:

Whereas the conventions as heretofore held by the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A. of Canada have entailed an extraordinary expense on said Grand Council, necessitating the borrowing of money to meet the same; and whereas future conventions of said Grand Council, if held as formerly, will necessarily be more expensive; and whereas by Dominion Act of Parliament the said Grand Council has authority to establish Provincial and Territorial Councils; we, the members of Branch No. 4 of the C.M.B.A. of London, Ont., hereby

Resolve—That it would be greatly to the interests of the C.M.B.A. of Canada to have such provincial and territorial Councils established, believing that each provincial and Territorial Council would have no difficulty in meeting its own expenses, and that the conventions then held by the Grand Council would be comparatively inexpensive on account of the small number of delegates received.

Be it further resolved that the Grand President and Board of Trustees of the Grand Council of Canada be hereby requested to take such steps at as early a date as possible as will lead to the formation of said Provincial and Territorial Councils.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent the Grand President, and also published in our official organs the *Catholic Record* and *CATHOLIC REGISTER*. Yours,

WM. CUMMINGS, Rec. Sec.

Death of Mrs. Catharine Kneiff.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Mrs. Catharine Kneiff, widow of the late Joseph Kneiff of Stratford, Ontario, which occurred on Friday evening at 6 o'clock at her residence, 108 Norman street, Stratford. The deceased was mother of Mr. E. J. Kneiff, late editor and publisher of the *Times*. She had been failing in health for a number of years, and recently entered the city hospital for treatment; but receiving no benefit, she returned to her home, where she peacefully passed away.

Mrs. Kneiff was a native of the city of Regensburg, Bavaria, in her early life emigrating to Canada. Over forty years ago, in Stratford, she married the late Joseph Kneiff, who pre-deceased her by several years. Her life since her marriage was spent in Stratford, her husband having accumulated a very handsome fortune in his business as a boot and shoe merchant. She was a devoted Catholic, and possessed a charitable heart and most kindly disposition, as many who have been the subjects of her generosity can testify. By her will is given to the city Hospital \$1,000; to the St. Vincent de

Paul Society, \$200; to the maintenance of the cemetery, \$200; and \$1,000 toward the building of a House of Refuge. A condition in consultation with the latter bequest provides that unless the House of Refuge is erected within three years the donation will revert to the hospital. Her son Edward is the only surviving member of her family; six sons and daughters—have been lost to her through death.

The funeral took place on Monday, Aug. 14, to St. Joseph's Church, where High Mass was sung by Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D.D., the pastor, assisted by Rev. Father Dixon, P.P. of Ashfield, as deacon, and Rev. J. A. Laine as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Gnan, from the text: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their good works do follow them."

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER offers its heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing son and other relatives. May her soul rest in peace.

Peterborough Separate Schools.

Mr. Wm. Brick, whose resignation of the position of principal of the boys' Separate Schools was noticed in yesterday's *Examiner*, has returned to town from a holiday trip in Western Ontario. He will remain till the end of the week, when he will go to Kingston, where he has accepted the principalship of the Separate Schools of that city at a salary of \$800. Mr. Brick has filled the position of principal of our Separate School for three and a half years with entire acceptability to the Board, and with a teaching success of which the results of the entrance and other examinations give practical proof. He has also been active in the promotion of educational interests outside his official sphere. As the energetic and, one may say, enthusiastic secretary of the Catholic Association, he has had a very large share in the success it achieved, during his connection with it. Mr. Brick will be much missed in Peterborough in educational, literary and social circles, and the *Examiner* joins with his many friends in wishing him much success in his new field of usefulness. *Daily Examiner, Peterborough.*

St. Paul's Picnic.

A picnic in aid of St. Paul's Church is to be held on the 28th of August, Toronto's Civic Holiday, in the grounds of the House of Providence. Every arrangement has been made to contribute to the enjoyment of the day. The band of the I.C.B.U. will be in attendance. The worthy and indefatigable pastor, Father Hand, is doing everything in his power to make it a success, and, with the able assistance of his congregation, will make it very pleasant to while away a few hours.

Loretto Abbey.

The following young ladies, pupils of Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, have been successful in obtaining diplomas for Stenography from the Head College, London, England: Misses K. Leonard, L. Nash, A. Badgley, I. Murlock, A. Owen. The following were awarded certificates for accuracy in learner's style: Misses M. Byrnes, M. Ford and W. McNally.

Correction.

Miss Lane, whose name was inadvertently omitted in our last issue when reference was made to St. Basil's Garden Party, had charge of the Flower and Candy Booth, energetically assisted by Misses Stewart, Johnston and Fleming, and by her exertions greatly contributed to the success of this most successful of garden parties.

Picnic at Richmond Hill.

This picnic is to be held on the 28th of August, and will be one of the largest affairs of the kind ever held in this vicinity. Richmond Hill is very prettily situated on Yonge Street, and within a pleasant drive of Toronto. Most satisfactory arrangements have been made to contribute to the day's enjoyment.

I. C. B. Union.

At the twenty-fourth annual convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, held in Pittsburgh, Pa., last week, Mr. J. J. Behan, of Kingston, Ontario, was elected First Vice-President, an honor which he well deserves on the score of ability and faithful service.

Poor Blood.

Persons, sick and convalescent, whose blood grows poor and thin, who have a distaste for food, whose members grow cold and inactive, whose sleep is agitated and uneasy, who have no energy and disinclination to work, whose flesh is wasting away, should use Almoxia Wine, recommended by all the principal physicians. Giacomelli & Co., 18 King street West, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

James O'Dowd, Esq., Deputy Judge Advocate-General, has been recently the guest of his cousin, the Crown-Solicitor of Mayo, Mr. Malachy Kelly.

SWEET LANGUAGE OF THE GAEL.

This is what an able Australian writer says of the Gaelic language: I have often heard Irish men and women say that even though they knew nothing about it, they could judge it vulgar by the sound of it. Now, that insane and contemptible fallacy ought not to be considered, and should not, but for the love we bear the subject of this paper. It is not the language, but the speaker that is accountable for the sound. I believe it is generally admitted that Italian is about the softest and most euphonious of modern languages. Yet if you ever find yourself in any city of Italy—say Naples or Venice—and go out in the evening to some place where the townspeople meet to talk, I will give a thousand to one you will be off in disgust before ten minutes from that language so famed for euphony, —ing in chagrin that, compared with a jargon like that, Pandemonium were purely respectable. And in that you may not be far astray. But where you would be astray, would be, if you were to judge the speech of Dante and Petrarch by the jargon of an Italian street crowd. And this is how Irish is judged especially by Irishmen themselves.

We hear some poor uncultured old men or women conversing in their native Gaelic. The speakers are strangers to us. The language they speak is a mystery to us. We are unconscious that a good score of causes have long since predisposed us to regard it as vulgar. And we look upon it as such on the strength of these causes, while complacently deeming ourselves judging it fairly by the sound of it. Some of these predisposing causes are: First, the debasement in our people of human nature itself—the living effect of forgotten penal times. Second, but in fact there is no second—every other cause is only an effect of that debasement of human nature. It is through that machine for the debasing of human nature in us that our Irish language came to be heard only among the poor; through it our so-called educated men came to know nothing about it, and to believe that they could not be called educated men unless they despised the language of their own clean, green little island. It is through that debasing of human nature in our people that the majority of Irishmen are ignorant of the very existence of their own Homeric literature. It is through it we take for granted that the language of a people, and usually the most refined by nature in the world, is uncouth and vulgar; or if we claim not to take it for granted, if we deign to profess to reason the case at all, it is through that debasement that our justifying data for despising our own language will be, that we know it is vulgar by the sound of it.

I say it here again, this proves the perfection of the art by which we were taught to be slaves. Surely Burke had weighed our case well, and gauged our position minutely, when he said of the penal code that "it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well-digested and well-arranged in all its parts; it was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Sound has very little to say as to the reasons that make Irishmen laugh at Irish. It is not the sound that evokes their mirth—it is unconscious, immemorial custom. It is just because Irish is laughed at by those who know nothing about it that we feel bound to laugh at it. We want to let it be seen that our intelligence is up to the average. It is like laughing consummately at a superior's joke, which may be as flat as unsalted porridge, just

because to enjoy a superior's joke is a time honored method of showing deep and rare intelligence, finished fitness for promotion. The English became and remained our superiors, and they joked at the sounds of a language they wanted to destroy, that they might destroy the raucy, native heart that language would be sure to keep beating in the people who spoke it. And we came to enjoy their joke, and those who laughed most throat were called "the intellectual portion of the community," and are called so to-day.

Sound forsooth! Do we remember when we began to learn French, how the very first word of it we had to pronounce had to be sounded like a grunt? Now, if we treated French at that time as we treat Irish—that is, if we had judged it by the sound of it, and refused on that score to learn it, what wisdom we should have shown the world! But fashion does not laugh at French, and so neither did we. Fashion admires it, goes in for it, and so did we. And this reminds me that I have known and know Irishmen who greatly admire Greek, because of its beautiful sound—men who never heard the sound of it, men who never learned the alphabet of it, but who had somewhere seen that Gladstone was a great Greek scholar, that he had lauded up the language in his books, and they were at once of Gladstone's opinion, priding themselves on how they had reasoned out the matter, and on the independence of that literary judgment of theirs. Oh, Max Muller, how I respect thee for that unfashionable saying of thine, that there are plenty of passages in famed old Homer not worth the trouble of a road, and plenty of passages in authors all unknown to fame deserving to be read a hundred times.

And often have I wondered at those men of Forty-eight, those young men to whom everything must be forgiven, they were so purely and sincerely Irish,—often have I marvelled how it never occurred to them, gifted and brilliant students as they were, to study and to write the language of the Celt. One of them sang to his brother bards:

"No whining tones of mere regret,
Young Irish bards for you;
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do."

What a wonder that none of them wrote a line—and what a pity, because it would be an eloquent and stirring line—to tell us hold fast by our olden tongue. That I conceive to be a very chief one of the things that Irishmen should do. See how they told us in '08 to keep the green—and the green, although a color for which we would be ashamed not to die, would be a small loss compared with the loss of our native tongue. Now, for good or ill, I am no bard myself. But as this may catch the eye of some bardic nature who will, doubtless, do it justice, I will make bold to rhyme this subject to that noblest of Irish airs—"The Wearin' o' the Green:"—

THE LANGUAGE OF THE GAEL.

Oh, then Paddy dear, did y'er ever hear the like o' this before,
That Irish is a foreign tongue within the Irish shore?
No more the boys and colliers love the speech of
Grawnya Wall,
There's now no need of laws agin the language of the
Gael.
Oh, I met an Irish bard upon a lone, far alien strand,
And he says, "What news of Erin's tongue, so old
and so grand?"
Sure, then, bard, your proud old Celtic heart would
break to learn the tale,
Our men and women all have "hung" the language
of the Gael.
Oh, then, if the language we must speak be England's
fraudful tongue,
Sure 'twill remind us always how the change from
thralldom sprung,
From Limerick's broken treaty, from Satan's penal
laws,
Perfidious Albion's murdering of our Mother and our
cause.
Oh, when the laws an stop the carol of the skylarks
as they soar,
And when Saxon penal codes can hush the angry
ocean's war,
Oh, when I will change the speech so long the pride
of Innisfall,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the
"Language of Gael."
J. M. O'REILLY.
Camperdown, Sydney.

The Mayor of Cork presented to Mr. H. G. Kross, late Consul of the United States at that port, on his departure from Ireland, a silver card-case bearing the Cork Arms and a suitable inscription.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Excellent Year's Record—Steady and Substantial Progress.

The twenty third Annual Meeting of this company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, Ont., on Thursday May 25th, 1893, at one of the clock, p.m. The meeting was fairly well attended by a number of influential and representative policyholders from various parts of the Dominion and the leading agents of the Company, as well as by the prominent business men of the sister towns of Berlin and Waterloo.

The President, Mr. I. E. Bowman, M.P., having taken the chair, supported by the Manager, Mr. Wm. Hendry, on motion Mr. W. H. Riddell, the Secretary of the Company, acted as secretary of the meeting. Having read the notice calling the Annual Meeting, on motion the minutes of last annual meeting were taken as read and adopted, whereupon the President read

The Director's Report:

To the Policyholders of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company.

GENTLEMEN—In submitting the following statements as their 23rd Annual Report, your directors have great pleasure in being able to inform you that during the past year your company has made very substantial and satisfactory progress.

The total number of policies in force at the close of the year was 12,445, covering assurances amounting to \$10,122,105 38 on 11,220 lives.

During the past year 1,068 policies were issued for assurance, amounting to \$2,070,250, and 82 applications for \$121,600 were declined.

The net premium income for the year was \$503,359.13, and we received for interest on our investments the sum of \$111,562.13, making our total income \$614,921.26.

The total assets of the company at the close of the year were \$2,253,084.20, and the surplus, after deducting the liberal amount distributed among the policyholders, was \$176,301.30.

The amount paid for death claims during the past year was \$96,000 on 75 lives, which indicates a very low rate of mortality.

The ratio of expense to income was again reduced below that of the previous year.

The executive committee has carefully examined the securities held by the company and found them correct, as reported by your auditors.

The depreciation in the value of real estate has not impaired our mortgage investments, the margin on our valuations being sufficiently large to meet all probable reductions.

During the past few years there has been a material decline in the rate of interest, and present indications point towards a still further reduction, and we think it is quite probable that before long all life assurance companies in Canada may have to hold a larger reserve than that which is required to be held at present.

These two contingencies will to some extent reduce the surplus of all the companies available, for distribution among the policyholders. We confidently expect, however, to maintain in the future the liberal distribution of last year.

You will be called on to elect four directors in the place of I. E. Bowman, M.P., Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., E. P. Clement and Hon. Wilfred Laurier, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

The detailed statements prepared and duly certified to by your auditors are herewith submitted for your consideration. On behalf of the board,

I. E. BOWMAN, President.

How the Business has Increased.

In commenting upon the report Mr. Bowman said that the amount of new insurance granted was in excess of the previous year, and that the number of policies and the amount of insurance issued since Jan. 1 to May 25th, 1893, was very considerably in excess of the amount issued during the corresponding period of last year. During that period in 1892 the insurance issued amounted to \$869,300, while during the same period this year it amounted to \$1,180,000, an increase of \$310,700.

The controllable part of the expenditure of the company had, owing to economical management on the part of the directors, been somewhat decreased; the risks of the company had been carefully scrutinized before being taken, as shown by the death rate and the funds were well and carefully invested, as shown by the rate of interest that had been realized. Notwithstanding the fact, common to all companies which had funds to invest, that the rate of interest had declined during the past year, the income derived from investments was a very handsome amount, exceeding the death losses for the year by no less a sum than \$15,000. He moved the adoption of the report.

Steady and Substantial Progress.

Mr. Robert Melvin, of Guelph, the second vice-president, said that the report read by

the president had shown the affairs of the company to be in a most satisfactory condition. A fair comparison between this and other companies showed that its standing was equal to the best. The record of The Ontario Mutual had been one of steady, substantial progress. In the year 1882 the assets amounted to \$127,420, while in 1892 they had increased to \$2,253,084. These were solid, substantial assets. They were in securities available at any time for the purpose for which they were intended. They were in securities that he believed to be of the safest possible character. Because of the scarcity of investments that would yield a reasonably fair return, based on the requirements of the government reserve, it was so hard to find favourable investments that some companies were compelled to place their money in one particular line of security. This company was extending its operations to almost every safe kind of investment in Ontario. In 1882 The Ontario Mutual had \$5,604,478 of insurance in force, while in 1892 it had reached the sum of \$10,122,105. He thought all would admit that fair and reasonable progress had been made. Some other companies might have a larger amount of insurance in force, but in the earlier years of the Mutual the directors had felt, and he thought wisely so, that it would be well not to have too much business and not to accept the larger class of policies. Mr. Melvin seconded the motion for the adoption of the report.

Mr. B. M. Britton, Q.C., in supporting the motion regarded the absence of a large number of policyholders from the meeting as an indication that the great majority were satisfied with the management of the affairs of the company. He announced that the directors were considering the advisability of shortly extending the operations of the company to the province of Quebec and stated that already a commodious suite of offices had been secured in the new board of trade building in Montreal. An influential friend of the company had interested himself in insurance in that province so as to be a source of strength and profit to the company. He felt that the policyholders of the Ontario Mutual had good reason for boasting of the position which the company occupied at the present time and reason to anticipate still greater success in the future.

Mr. Wm. Hendry, the manager, did not agree with those who thought a change to a higher reserve necessary or advisable, inasmuch as no necessity for it existed nor would exist so long as the net rate of interest earned on investments, as it has done so far, exceeds 4 1/2 per cent. An unnecessarily large reserve imposed a serious burden on a company in the cost of its investments and also in the enhanced difficulty of obtaining desirable securities. Surplus distributions under a lower interest rate must necessarily range lower, but as this company holds a large surplus, with the view of being prepared to fill the higher reserve, if required, and considerable besides as a safe guard to contingencies, the surplus to existing members would not be for the present decreased.

Some companies doing business in this country have materially reduced the dividends to their policyholders as compared with the previous year; but by rigid economy in every department and owing to the low ratio of mortality experienced, this company had not been and he hoped would not be compelled to follow their example in this respect.

Other members having spoken in terms of gratification of the excellent standing and satisfactory progress of the company, the report was unanimously adopted.

On motion of Mr. Henderson, seconded by Mr. F. C. Bruce of Hamilton, Messrs. B. F. J. Jackson and J. M. Scully were re-appointed auditors.

Mr. E. M. Sipprell of St. John, N.B., moved seconded by Mr. J. A. McKay of Woodstock, that the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the President, Vice-Presidents and Directors for the care and attention devoted by them to the affairs of the company during the past year. Mr. Sipprell strongly commended the course pursued by the directorate and spoke in warm terms of the past progress and present position of the company. The resolution was unanimously adopted, as also one moved by Mr. Robert Baird of Kincardine, extending the thanks of the policyholders to the Agents for their devotion to the business of the company and for the very gratifying results from their exertions during the past year. This resolution and another conveying the thanks of the meeting to the Manager, Secretary and staff for their efficient services during the past year, were unanimously adopted.

The scrutineers reported that the following directors had been re-elected:—Messrs. I. E. Bowman, M.P., Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., E. P. Clement and Hon. Wilfred Laurier. At the subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. I. E. Bowman was re-elected president, Mr. C. M. Taylor vice-president and Mr. Robert Melvin second vice-president, for the ensuing year.

On July 21st, a young lad named Thomas Sutton, of High street, Wexford, fell into the water at the Crescent, and was in danger of drowning, when he was rescued by another youngster, Patrick Brien, of Allen street.

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

The Countess of Aberdeen, in the course of a tour which she has been making on behalf of the industrial movement in the West of Ireland, paid a visit to the fine Convent of the Sisters of Charity at Ballaghaderreen, County of Mayo, where she was received by the Rev. Mother and community of the institution and the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, the venerated Bishop of Achonry. The excellent work done in the industrial schools attached to the convent, in which some eighty children are taught, and in the factory where some fifty girls are employed in knitting, sewing, and other like remunerative work, impressed the distinguished visitor greatly. The Countess expressed herself as amazed at the industry, thoroughness, and method which reigned in the institutions under the charge of the good Sisters. They were instilling habits of work and skill, the beneficent influence of which in after life was incalculable. As the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster well said, the honest earnings of these children and girls made their homes bright and happy, encouraged a spirit of thrift and self-reliance, and, above all, by securing them a competence in their native country put some check to the hitherto terrible drain of emigration. We want our young people at home. The growth of an industrial movement such as that which Lady Aberdeen is and has been endeavouring for some years past to foster in the country districts of Ireland is one of the best means towards securing this desirable end. The kinds of work mainly contemplated by the Irish Industries Association—to wit, knitting, sewing, and all descriptions of lace and other ornamental work—are of a nature in which our people have always excelled. One of the rev. speakers at Saturday's demonstration, who himself bore personal evidence to the admirable work done by Lady Aberdeen in Chicago, was in a position to state that he heard experts say that the exhibition of lace in the Irish Village there, was of a kind the world could not equal. This is certainly a proud and we think not an ill-founded boast. Work of such excellence is bound to open up a market for a future trade in the United States. At the present moment, we are glad to learn on Lady Aberdeen's authority, the Village is bringing in from £2,000 to £2,500 every week. This return, we need hardly say, implies that the exhibit is a splendid advertisement for our industrial output in the very heart of what should prove a splendid market for it. It now only remains to perfect the system of the Irish Industries Association by establishing a network of branches throughout the rural districts, and thus gaining the wonderful strength and profit that comes from co-operation and organization. The satisfactory character of the tour which Lady Aberdeen is at present making in the West of Ireland gives every hope that this consummation is within measurable distance of attainment. She has everywhere observed evidences of renewed life and vigor in the industrial movement, and found amongst its warmest supporters representatives of all creeds and all sections of politics. On the other hand, her own personal enthusiasm in the matter and the vast experience she has gained of the advantages and difficulties in the way of a national industrial revival must have reacted with excellent effect on those engaged in the work in the various centres and institutions visited by Lady Aberdeen. Her ladyship was, for instance, in a position to tell them that their efforts were no longer to be made in comparative isolation or their abilities to remain undeveloped. Thanks to her own splendid energy in the matter, and the good work performed by the Irish Industries Association, a very

keen interest has been aroused in the industrial work of this country both in London and America. It was impossible that once such an interest was awakened it should speedily die out. The skilled work produced in our industrial schools need fear competition from no side, and it only required adequate advertisement in order to insure for it a permanent and profitable market. During her tour in the West, Lady Aberdeen has been specially desirous, in addition to the ordinary work of the Association, to encourage the poultry industry. With this object in view she had secured the services of Mr. Edward Brown, F.L.S., an English gentleman of wide knowledge and experience in the matter. We think this a question of prime importance, and we trust that Mr. Brown's explanations of the subject have opened the eyes of our people in the rural districts of the West to the fine field which there is for the development of the poultry trade. As Mr. Brown informs us that the annual requirements of England in the matter of eggs was some 2,000,000,000, while the average export from Ireland was only 650,000,000, there is here plenty of room for an increase, and a profitable increase, in our poultry trade with England. We have just alluded to this point in order to show the broad basis on which Lady Aberdeen is anxious to place the industrial movement. Nothing that tends to better the condition of our peasantry is alien from her aims. She has devoted time and energy unsparingly towards this end, and she has thereby not alone done much towards its attainment, but has also secured the affection of the entire Irish people. The warmth of her reception both at Sligo and Ballaghaderreen on Saturday was only an additional proof of this.—*Dublin Freeman.*

An Archbishop in Prison.

Archbishop Elder, the learned Cincinnati prelate, was once put under arrest by the United States government. When he was bishop of Natchez, Miss., in 1864, a bumptious federal post commandant officially directed the bishop to insert in the services of the church a form of prayer for the President of the United States. He was directed to issue such an order making the form in question incumbent on priests. Bishop Elder saw that such a mandate was a gross abuse of authority on the part of the commandant. The Bishop that had imperiled his own existence to save the life of a Union soldier on more than one occasion came out flat footed and emphatically refused to obey such an order. Persuasion was tried, but it was of no avail. Then force was resorted to. "The prayer or to prison" came the command in threatening and thundering tones. "Then the prison" was the quiet but unflinching rejoinder. And to prison he went, a martyr to his conscience. He submitted to the indignity of arrest and was sent out of the diocese to Louisiana. But time, which rights all wrongs, vindicated the good prelate. In a short while an order came from Washington revoking the sentence, thus proving the legality and righteousness of Bishop Elder's position.

SAFE CERTAIN, PROOVED, ECONOMIC—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

The meaning of all events is to mould character.

Over the triple door way of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." Underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

The Imitative Faculty.

Though loth to believe that we have descended from a race of chattering, gibbering monkeys, still it must be admitted that our children are born with an imitative faculty that would do the most knowing chimpanzee credit. Realizing this, does it not behoove the parents of the land to set a good example to those bright eyed critics that are watching every movement, taking in every intonation, and doing exactly as we are prone to do? One look into these little mirrors and we see our own manners and morals standing out to our credit or with a long black mark pointing out the error of our ways.

The plastic little minds can be moulded like soft clay into any desired shape. The parent is the sculptor of the child's brain, and it lies altogether with those guardians of the little stranger whether the mind shall absorb the pure and the good or assume a hideous shape that cannot be changed when the mould has once set.

A low voice, gentle manners, consideration for the aged and all women, in fact every estimate virtue, can be fostered by the mere act of imitation. You need not expect a sweet, melodious-voiced child when you yourself attain a pitch in speaking that, though terrifying, is certainly far from impressive. You need not look for any great amount of consideration or respect if you show none to your own parents before the bright eyed boy or girl who will probably rehearse the whole scene later with the tin soldier or dilapidated rag doll that represent your aged father or mother.

You may send your child to school and he may study grammar until the day of his death, but the idioms of the dinner-table rather than the school-room are the ones that will cling, and and his correct speech will rest entirely on the general conversation he hears in the home.

Sculptors of human clay, take care; mould well and carefully, chisel each outline with fine precision until the jutting projections of temper selfishness, and conceit are all carefully carried away, and you see before you as perfect a form as it is in your power to make.

A Relic of the Holy Blood.

St. Paul's Church, London, was at one time one of the venerable churches in existence. The cathedral known as "Old St. Paul's" dates from the time of Bishop Maurice, A. D. 1080. This wonderful edifice was nearly six hundred feet in length, and the summit of the spire rose to within a short distance of five hundred feet from the ground. It was made of wood covered with lead, and had relics placed in the ball beneath the cross. On Candlemas eve, 1444, the spire was struck by lightning and partly destroyed. One of the greatest treasures and curiosities that the church possessed for some time was a relic of the Holy Blood, sent from Jerusalem to King Henry III. by the Knights of St. John and those of the Order of Templars. This precious gift was afterwards conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where an indulgence of six years and one hundred days was granted all who visited it with the proper dispositions.—*Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

Malarial and other atmospheric influences are best counteracted by keeping the blood pure and vigorous with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A little caution in this respect may prevent serious illness at this season. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine in existence.

Virtuous men are sometimes more disturbed and their spiritual progress more retarded by straws and trifles than others are harmed by things of great importance.

Every substance in the world has its shadow: you cannot separate its shadow from the substance. Where the substance moves the shadow follows. So every sin has its pain; it matters not whether we think of it or no, whether we believe it or no.

PABST MILWAUKEE LAGER

Sold by the principal Wine Merchants and Leading Hotels.

JAMES GOOD & Co.
Sole Agents for Toronto.
Tel. 424.

TO EDUCATORS
CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOKS

	Retail Dole.
Sadler's Dominion Catholic Speller, complete.	50c. \$2 70
Sadler's Dominion Catholic First Reader, Part I	07 03
Sadler's Dominion Catholic First Reader, Part II	10 00
Sadler's Dominion Catholic Second Reader	25 240
Sadler's Dominion Catholic Third Reader	85 3 60
Sadler's Dominion Catholic Fourth Reader	60 6 40
Sadler's Outlines of Canadian History, with colored map	25 2 40
Sadler's Outlines of English History, with colored map	25 2 40
Sadler's Catholic School History of England, 6 colored maps	75 7 50
Sadler's Ancient and Modern History, with illustrations and 25 colored maps	1 7 13 44
Sadler's Edition of Butler's Catechism	05 40
Sadler's Edition of Questions and Objections concerning Catholic Doctrine and practices answered by Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, D. D., late Archbishop of Toronto	10 60
Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Old Testament Part I	10 1 00
Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament Part II	10 1 00
Sadler's Catechism of Sacred History, large edition	15 1 35
Sadler's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated	50 4 80
Sadler's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard exercises	30 2 70
Sadler's Edition of Grammar Elementary par E. Robert, Authorized by the Educational Department of Ontario	20 1 92

D. & J. SADLIER,
No. 123 Church street, Toronto, Ont. | No. 1689 Notre Dame st., Montreal, P.Q.

St. Michael's College,

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific, and Commercial Courses.

Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance. Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to

1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President

St. Jerome's College

Berlin, Ont.

Complete Classical Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address, Terms including all necessary expenses, except for books \$14 per annum.

REV. THEO. SEETZ, C. R., D.D., President.

COLLEGE NOTRE DAME.

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

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

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

Domino Ut Videam I

A PRAYER BEFORE RETREAT.

S. M. S. in Irish Monthly.

Apart into a desert place,
My God, Thou leadest me,
And here I ask one only grace—
O Lord, that I may see!
Nature and Earth soft vapours raise,
That dim my inward sight,
Oh, scatter that deceitful haze,
And let me see aright!
It may be pain, it may be shame,
Deep anguish it may be;
Yet shall my prayer be still the same;
O Lord, that I may see!

Show me Thy law, those precepts wise,
My every step should guide;
Then let me strew with clearest eyes
My practice side by side.
Show me my vows, and let me long
That triple bond survey,
To see that every link is strong,
And strengthening day by day.
Show me my duties one by one,
Unshrinking let me see,
What was omitted, and what done
For other end than Thee
Show me myself without disguise,
As clearly, I entreat,
As when death's hands shall open my eyes
Before Thy judgement seat.

But, dearest Lord, my weakness pleads,
Let not Thy light stop there,
The vision of my own misdeeds
Were else too hard to bear
Show me Thyself, Thy tender Heart
In all its love display—
One ray of Heavenly light impart,
To chase earth's glare away.
The truths of Faith, the joys of Love,
And virtue's solid bliss,
The glories of the world above,
The hollowness of this;
The sweetness of Thy service, Lord,
The honour and the joy,
Oh! how can anything be hard
In such a proud employ?
All this, and many a lesson more,
Make clear and plain to me,
Oh! I entreat Thee o'er and o'er,
My God, that I may see.

China Painting.

Amateur china painters are notoriously ambitious—perhaps presumptuous would be a better word. Even the veriest tyros attempt with assurance that highest attainment of all art, the portrayal of the human form, forgetting that a knowledge of free-hand drawing and anatomy, coupled with a quick eye for expression, is as necessary to the success of the china painter as to the artist in oils, or water colors, or pastels, or crayons, or any other medium. Absolute correctness in drawing and modelling is the first requisite, as defects in these particulars cannot be rectified by any number of subsequent paintings after the piece is once fired.

Elizabeth Halsey Haines, in her articles on figure painting now running through the Art Amateur, warns beginners against attempting to paint cherubs, under the delusion that it does not matter about the expression. She says: "Each tiny toe and finger has as much expression of its own, distinct from the other four, as has a mouth or a nose." In this caution she echoes the methods of the best teachers at Dresden and Paris, who would not think of allowing beginners to struggle with cherubs. As a first study, a simple head, say of a young girl, is recommended, with very few accessories about it.

The Dresden colors are preferable to the French for figure painting, and the following simple palette is given as that used by the most celebrated teacher of figure-painting in Dresden:

Ivory yellow, canary yellow, superior Pompadour red, purple, carmine, ochre, yellow brown, finishing brown, sepia, black, light blue, dark blue, blue green, dark green, relief white and relief yellow. These, with Dresden thick oil and clove oil as mediums, and the ordinary brushes, palettes, etc., used in china painting, form a complete outfit.

It will be far better if the beginner in figure painting will confine first efforts to monochrome. For this purpose use sepia, shading it with finishing brown mixed with sepia. Very beauti-

ful effects are obtained by these two simple colors.

The colors must be rubbed to the right consistency, on the palette, with the mediums before using, and dipping the brush in the mediums while working is to be avoided as much as possible. Take up the color on one of the medium-sized brushes, and lay it delicately where the shadows fall on the face and neck. Then, with one of the small stipplers, holding it as you would a pen, stipple lightly towards the high-lights until all the parts are covered, taking care to leave the high-lights on cheeks, chin, nose, forehead and eyelids well defined. Here a word of caution—never put a dry stippler to the work. Wet the palm of the hand with alcohol and pass the stippler across it until the hand is dry. If the high lights are not sufficiently sharp, take a clean brush, moisten it with turpentine and press it with a cloth; then dip it lightly in the thick oil, and brush it over the palette until pliable. With this, a little of the color may be safely removed. This must be done with a very soft touch. The sharp high-light on the nose may be defined with a brush handle sharpened to a point. Now proceed with the remainder of the figure, never covering more ground than can be blotted before the color dries, and always stopping at a point where the color can be joined without discovery. After the whole figure is thus gone over, remove with a pointed stick the color from the eyeballs, and paint the eye, carefully observing the high-lights, and adding a touch of black to the scopia for the pupil. Next lay in the shadows of the hair broadly, and use the stippler very lightly, but do not obliterate entirely the brushstrokes. Define the eyelashes and eyebrows, but never draw a line under the eye; it will give a hard effect. If there be draperies paint them with a large brush, in free strokes, gently blurring the half tones with the stippler, but leaving the shadows and extreme high-lights well defined. Now go back to the hair, which will be by this time sufficiently dry to shade. Do this with fine, delicate lines, breaking them at the high-lights and following the wavy lines as indicated in the study. Carry the lines beyond the color laid, to give an appearance of lightness, especially about the forehead and where there may be stray locks.

For the first study put only a simple shadow behind the head. To do this lay a few broad strokes of color on either side of the head at a little distance from the outline, and stipple up to it; then blend outwardly until the shadow is lost on the white ground and fades away towards the top of the head.

At this stage dry the painting over a lighted saucer of alcohol, and when cold remove all rough particles of paint and any specks of dust with your needle, and pass the eraser laid almost flat lightly over the surface. This operation is one requiring great care.

After the first fire shake a little powdered pumice stone over the painting and rub it gently with the finger, thus reducing any unevenness of paint left by the brush. Dust off all the grit and then proceed with the second painting in the same way as at first, but with more delicate touches, and carefully strengthen the shadows. A monochrome figure should be completed in two paintings and firing, figures in natural colors will require four, five or six according to the finish of the work.

A magnificent mural tablet has lately been erected in Derry Cathedral, to the memory of the late Bishop, Dr. Kelly. It is composed of pure white Carrara marble, against a slab of Kilkenny black; and in a deeply moulded and carved recess there is a life-sized bust of the deceased Bishop. On each side are carved capitals, bases and anulets, with Mexican onyx columns, surmounted by crocketed pinnacles. It is eight feet six inches in height, and is in perfect unison with the architecture of the Cathedral. The sculptor is Mr. Herbert G. Barnes, Great Brunswick street, Dublin. The architect is Mr. E. J. Foye, Derry.

An Interesting Ceremony.

In *Mackwood's Magazine* for August Lady Stafford Northcote contributes an interesting paper on "French Cathedrals." She gives the following interesting account of Maundy Thursday's ceremony:

At Soissons we were rewarded by seeing the *Lavement des Pieds*, a most novel ceremony to us. In the nave of the cathedral an oblong space was fenced in, around which were placed chairs for the congregation. At the west-end of the enclosure was a slightly raised platform, on which sat the twelve old men whose feet were to be washed. Before them was placed a long table, covered with a white cloth, which bore piles of loaves. The commencement of the ceremony was heralded by a procession of some fifty semi-narists, in cassock, cotta, and short black cape, who quietly took up their allotted places. Presently, from the east-end of the church, came a procession of Canons of the diocese similarly vested, in the rear of whom was the Bishop with his pastoral staff, and wearing a violet cope and a mitre of white and gold. After a short preliminary Office, the Bishop took his seat in the centre of the enclosure, facing the nave pulpit. Thence an Oblate of the Sacred Heart delivered a sermon, which was chiefly an amplification of the Gospel narrative of our Lord's washing the feet of His Disciples. When the address was concluded, the Bishop was divested of his cope and girded with a towel, and the actual ceremony began. One priest bore a basin, which he held under the foot of each old man, while another poured water over it from a silver-gilt ewer. The Bishop then dried and kissed the foot, and other assistants successively handed him a cup of wine, a loaf, and a piece of money, which he gave to each recipient. It may be imagined that this function was a very trying one to the chief actor in it. Nevertheless, the Bishop, a fine, venerable, and benevolent-looking old gentleman, performed his part with great dignity and kindness of manner. It was a touching sight to see him after the ceremony going the round of the enclosure and placing his hands on the heads of the little children, whom their mothers eagerly put forward for his blessing.

Pisa's Leaning Tower.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa is a campanile or bell tower. It was begun in 1174 by the two famous architects, Bonanno of Pisa and William Innspruck. The tower, which is cylindrical in form, is 179 feet high and 50 feet in diameter, made entirely of white marble. It has eight stories, each with an outside gallery projecting several feet from the building and each decorated with columns and arcades. In the centre of the tower a flight of 380 steps passes up to the summit. It is called the leaning tower from the fact that it inclines some 30 feet from the perpendicular, and it is not generally known that this inclination, which gives the tower such a remarkable appearance, was not intentional. At the time that it was about half done the error in measurement was perceived and it was guarded against by the use of extra braces in the further construction of the building and an adaptation of the stone in the highest portion. There are seven bells on the top of the tower, the largest weighs 12,000 pounds and these are so placed as to counteract as far as possible the leaning of the tower itself.

On July 25th, at the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork, the impressive ceremony of the reception of a postulant took place. The young lady who received the white veil from the hands of the most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, was Miss Elizabeth Mary Josephine (in religion Sister Mary Peter of the Sacred Heart), eldest daughter of Mr. M. Flannery & Beaumont terrace, North Circular road, Dublin.

Experience the Test.



St. Leon Mineral Water

Is not an experimental remedy, but an

Infallible Cure.

Years of experience and practice establish this fact. Each of the sixteen elements in its composition seems to be selected by nature for some special bearing upon the cause of disease, the combination of which results in a permanent restoration to health.

ALL DEALERS, on

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd.

Head Office, King street West.

Branch: Bond's Drug Store,

448 Yonge street.

GO TO

DILL & O'HEARN,

FOR YOUR

House, Sign or Ornamental Painting, Plain or Decorative Paper Hanging.

212 QUEEN STREET WEST.

TELEPHONE 1830.

117

COSGRAVE & CO.

MALTSTERS,

Brewers and Bottlers.

TORONTO.

Are supplying the Trade with their superior

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St.

TELEPHONE No. 204.

TELEPHONE 1406.

M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

345 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

F. ROSAR, UNDERTAKER,

240 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

THE CAUSLAND & SON
MEMORIAL WINDOW
TORONTO ONT
MEDICALISTS CHURCH & SECULAR
LONDON ESTD 1886 STAINED GLASS
DESIGN & EXECUTION

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

The Catholic Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

AT THE

OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

Aug. 24—St. Bertholomew, Apostle.
25—St. Louis, Confessor.
26—St. Zephyrinus, Pope and Martyr
27—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Most Pure Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary
28—St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.
29—The Beheading of St. John the Baptist.
30—St. Rose of Lima, Virgin.

Philosophical Talks.

ABOUT RIGHTS.

We are glad to meet our friends again in the pages of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. We thought it well to give them a rest during the summer heat and the Sunday car controversy. Philosophy is not exactly the thing for a summer holiday, and Sunday car controversialists seem to prefer Theology, poetry, ancient and modern history, with a mixture from contributors like Dr. Carman, of ignorance, prejudice, bigotry and—bosh.

But now, when ordinary people are beginning to keep cool, and popular orators and newspaper editors will have time to listen to reason, a little philosophy may be in order again. Indeed, as this Talk will come in before the Sunday car contest is ended, it may help to uphold the right, even at the end of the contest. For this Talk is to be all about Rights, and about the rights of all—men, women and children.

Hitherto we have talked about Duties. In speaking of human acts duty comes before right. The first thing for an intelligent creature is to know what he ought to do. The next thing is to know what he may do and what he may demand. Shakespeare's hero had the true idea of human right when he said: "I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none." What is called "modern morality" confounds right with might, I may with I can. Right with the teachers in this school is no longer a matter of reason and free will, but an affair of physical force, numerical majorities, or military strength. Their principle seems to be

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep, who can."

It is true indeed that right is a power, but it is a moral power, a power residing in a person, and upheld by reason and free will. A right is that in virtue of which a person calls anything his own, to the exclusion of others. Everyone, of course, calls himself his own. He has a right to himself, and a right to his actions, because he is his own. He is free, under God, to dispose of himself and his actions as he likes within the limits of law. His duty, as we have seen in former talks, is to act up to his rational nature, and his right to claim as his own what such rational nature requires: and as justice is to give every one his own, others are bound to

respect his own and leave him free to exercise his right.

But man is not self-sufficient. His nature needs many things outside of itself to attain its due perfection, and hence man's right not only to do, but to have. His selfhood is the foundation of his right to do, his right to freedom, personal, social, civil, and religious. His self-insufficiency and his progressive social nature are the foundation of his right to possess, his right of property. The rights of man are connatural and acquired. The philosophy of the famous Declaration of Independence was pretty correct when it said: "Man has a connatural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Acquired rights depend upon human action. Such are the rights to property duly secured by law, and all rights that come by contract. Some rights a man may not resign, such as the right to life; and these rights are called *inalienable*. The right of a parent to educate his child is an inalienable right. He may indeed communicate his right to a teacher, but he cannot surrender it even to the State. This goes to show that man has rights in relation to the State, and prior to, and independent of, the State.

In relation to God man has no rights, only duties. In the presence of the Supreme Being man is not his own; he is not a person, not master of himself, he is the property of the Divine Master and Owner of all things. It is sometimes said that man has a right to choose his own religion. He has, in relation to his fellow-man. He has not in relation to God. Again it is said that man has a right to have no religion if he likes—false philosophy as well as bad theology. Man is a rational creature and as such is essentially bound to acknowledge his entire, complete and perpetual dependence on his Creator, and to worship that Creator and Sovereign Lord by praise, reverence and service. It is only when man comes into relation with his fellow-man that his rights really begin. Here his right to life, liberty and happiness is absolute. Man has no right to determine the kind of worship he gives God Sunday morning. That is a matter for God to settle. But man has a right to determine the kind of rest he will take Sunday evening, and how he will take it, and this right all other men are bound to respect. It is as absurd for his fellow-man to presume to dictate to him about his rest or recreation as it is about his religion; and if such dictation takes the form of a majority vote, might rules right in civic or social slavery. Majorities may indeed regulate and even determine acquired rights; but when they dare to touch the connatural, inalienable rights of the individual, they abuse their power in the worst form of tyranny.

Rights and duties are correlative terms. That is, whenever one man has a right his neighbor has a duty to respect that right, as he has a duty to respect the rights of his neighbor. Yet there are duties without rights, and rights without duties. It may be a duty to give alms to a beggar, who has no right to one's money, but has a claim on one's charity. Infants and idiots have rights, but no duties. Yet it is our duty to give them their rights;

and it is well to remember that the rights of infants begin with their lives, and the rights of idiots and insane persons end only with their deaths.

As all persons have rights, and as women are persons, of course women have rights! Indeed all that has been here said about rights applies equally to men and women. Woman's most distinctive, highest and noblest right is the right to be respected, revered and loved. This right they will best protect by keeping out of politics and away from polling booths, even when the question to be settled is Sunday cars.

A Silver Jubilee.

No more fitting occasion can be found in the life of a priest upon which he is made the recipient of the esteem of his brother priests and of his people than the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. A triple blessing from God has rested upon his life and labors. There is the blessing of being spared until that time, for it is not granted unto very many. Then the priestly character has been duly formed and fully developed: the waters of grace have been pouring down into the springs and fountains of human action, softening some, hardening others, and rendering heart and mind and soul more truly devoted and unselfish. And the labors are now manifest: the Church, which cost the energy of the pastor and the generosity of the people, stands out the monument of his priesthood; the school, now firmly established and steadily advancing in usefulness and efficiency, has been fostered by him; the parochial residence, comfortable but not extravagant, has risen to be a home for himself in his latter years and for his successors. The springtime of such a priest's life has not only blossomed into the flower of summer, it has deepened into the harvest of autumn. Upon the joyous occasion his clerical brethren gather round him, and his people, also, to thank God for all the good given His chosen servant through all the years gone by, and to implore a continuance of them to the end. All this was done at Thorold on the 16th instant at Father Sullivan's Jubilee, an account of which will be found elsewhere. Little remains to be added except to present the congratulations of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER to our good friend, and our best wishes for many years of usefulness in that Church which he has served so faithfully and so well.

The Columbian Catholic Congress.

When the history of this year comes to be written, high amongst the great events will be the congresses which have been held at Chicago during the World's Fair. Whether the end aimed at was to attract more people (for Americans generally have an eye to the practical) it matters not. Where numbers are gathered together with one idea uniting them, and where they start discussion to find the extent to which they agree upon the subject, and how far they disagree, good will come of it—not all the good which the enthusiastic prime-movers had hoped, but distorted views are corrected, pro-

justice is removed and narrow minds widened. This is true of most subjects, to a very limited extent it is even true of religion. We are not, however, so eager for the Religious Congress, or as it is technically called "Parliament of Religions." That distinguished prelates may rise and give a reason of the hope within them, and do good by so doing, we have no doubt, but we are sure that the dignity of a Catholic prelate will save him from parliamentary debate upon religion, and that Catholic truth can never enter into discussion with error. Such a parliament needs a Saint as speaker, and the prayer of a Saint as the preamble of its measure; faith is a gift of God.

But our interest centres more about the Columbian Catholic Congress, which is to convene a week from next Monday, September 4, and which will continue its sessions daily during the week. The idea originated at the Catholic Congress in 1889, when it was proposed to hold an international congress in the city where the World's Fair would be held. The representatives from the different dioceses, colleges and seminaries will run up to the number of four or five thousand delegates. Invitations have been sent to the archbishops and bishops outside the United States, and also to distinguished Catholic laymen throughout the world. The central item on the programme is the social question as proposed by the Holy Father in his Encyclical upon "The Condition of Labor." A number of papers are to be read upon this subject. 1. The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on "The Condition of Labor;" 2. The Rights of Labor: Duties of Capital, 3. Poverty; 4. Public and Private Charities; 5. Working men's Organizations and Societies for Young Men; 6. Intemperance; 7. Life Insurance for Wage-workers; 8. Trade Combinations and Strikes; 9. Immigration and Colonization; 10. Condition and Future of the Indians; 11. Condition and Future of the Negroes.

A series of papers are to be prepared upon Columbus, his Mission and Character; Results and Consequences of the Discovery of the New World; Missionary Work of the Church in the United States; Influence of the Church upon the Social, Political and Civil Institutions of the Country. Another series have been prepared for the "Isabella Day"—Isabella the Catholic; Woman's Work in the World; Woman's Work in Religious Communities; Woman's Work in Art; Woman's Work in Literature; Woman in the Middle Ages; Woman's Work in Temperance Reform; Alumnae Associations in Convent Schools.

That programme is long enough for one week of the hardest working assembly that ever met, and varied enough to suit all tastes. The papers are to be read, and then discussed before committees or sections, in which all interested may take part; a report will then be made to the Congress. Full arrangements have been made for a detailed report, and at the close an official volume will be issued containing the various papers read and the general proceedings. Its sessions will undoubtedly be watched with the deepest interest by multitudes who cannot attend, but who, nevertheless, will feel concerned in its progress and success. For our own part, we express our heart's sincerest desire when we wish God's blessing on the Columbian Catholic Congress at Chicago.

Dr. Carman on Street Cars.

It is some time since the public heard from Dr. Carman, the wholesale dealer in bigotry, hate and calumny. But, after a silence which is commendable in proportion to its length, he has come forth with erstwhile vigor and all the venom begotten of the dog day season. His subject is the Sunday Street Cars; his argument, vituperation; and his conclusion, self-righteousness. This high pontiff of Methodism, in arrogance and pride of state, seeks to impose his despotic views upon a city which he flatters in order that he may crush it, though his distant residence should teach him to mind his own business. Like a boggar hawking his sores in public, he comes with scolding and tongue-lash to terrorize his opponents and bully his friends. Political parson as he is, he is never satisfied with preaching the word of God, but takes the platform and newspaper column to protrude his views upon the country. The boast of the reformation has been that it destroyed all human agency between God and conscience. But what do we see in this heated controversy? We see a minister, after a comfortable hot dinner and high tea, come forth and denounce Sunday Cars, with all the greater energy by reason of the encouragement which the inner man received. We see letter after letter from another, whose zeal has grown more fervent by reason of the cool of a summer resort and the health giving breeze of the sea. We see a third from a quiet town, where rest and fresh air are the portion of all, come out and denounce the advocates of Sunday Street Cars as cursed of God and man. What are these men doing? Without the slightest commission they are standing between God and the conscience; they are striving to rob Christian men and Christian women of their Christian liberty. No Pope on Peter's throne ever used his divine commission to interfere with the rights of a foreign people, as does this false hierophant, residing away from Toronto, in his harangue upon Street Cars. Contrast the action of the Catholic Clergy in this city with that of Carman & Co. From first to last throughout; neither in public nor in private; neither in the pulpit nor in the press have they from the venerable Archbishop to the youngest curate, sought to impose their authority upon their people. So far from it, that we ourselves have protested that in signing the petition his Grace signified only his opinion; but that in voting, the utmost freedom was to be enjoyed. Now, suppose this picture had been reversed, and the Catholic clergy had acted as the Protestant clergy have done—that they had written letters from the sea-side, that they preached upon the subject *ad nauseam*, what would have been thought of them? The country would have rung with cries of shame and pity for the priest-ridden Catholics.

Dr. Carman remarks: "The Capital of Ontario ought to know and show whether we are heathen, infidel or Christian." If the majority vote for the Cars, what is to be understood of Toronto? Into which category—

heathen, infidel or Christian—will the capital of Ontario fall? In any case, whether majority or minority, how are those to be classed who vote yes? The character of Toronto is at stake. Dr. Carman is the self-appointed judge; and the sentence is heathen, infidel or Christian. God help us! We were not particular before, but now that the Doctor has spoken thus, and having a free will and a vote, we are going to run the risk of condemnation, and brave the sneer of the self-righteous, the mockery of the Pharisees, the monarchy of an autocracy worse than mob law, more injurious than European espionage and more destructive of freedom than the ukase of emperors.

If language were argument and insult proof, we would readily yield the palm to this latest anti-carman. He is bombastic when things please him, insolent when they do not please him, and dogmatic throughout. He is at his best when he is calling names; at his worst when he strives to appear learned; and when most natural he is vulgar, hypocritical and sinister. Loud-mouthed, he brays like a certain animal, and like it, he kicks only from the rear.

It would be useless to review his arguments, for they are the single grain in a bushel of chaff. One point we deign to notice. He classifies the various arguments on both sides, and claims that people should vote for Sunday cars:

Because Sunday cars are favored and demanded by those high authorities, the Archbishop of the infallible church, the Archon of polite learning, the Siren of pleasure, the Mammon of the corporation and the Moloch of the saloon. Help ill come to this potent league from the mistress of vagrants, the mockery of unbelievers and the monarchy of the mob. This is an ancient and mighty confederacy, and has more than once asserted itself the terrible and irresistible. Why not now? In its face and before its march how darts reason, or religion, or conscience, or wisdom and sound knowledge, or patriotism, or love of family, kindred and home lift a hand or raise a voice?

Whatever spirit may have animated the writer of such language is indifferent to us, but it stands a bold specimen of unblushing insolence, narrow minded bigotry and manly cowardice.

Again we repeat, in protest of the insult which this arrogant leader heaps upon our prelate and our people, that the Archbishop's signature to the petition contained no "ought," duty or obligation. But the mighty champion of righteousness confesses that reason and religion are unable to raise their voice against the combination he himself is pleased to arrange so impudently. The Religion that faced the corruption of Greece and Rome and the barbarism of the North, is frightened at the running of a few street cars on Sunday—"unable to lift a hand or raise a voice." Truly that is the inane cry of a man who is not strengthened by Christian fortitude, guided by Christian principle, or controlled by Christian charity. He touches this question in the same spirit as he touches all others—with a plethora of passion and bitterness which would fain crush if it cannot convince. In his treatment of this matter, as in all his other public utterances, he has deservedly won the scorn, contempt and detestation of every patriotic lover of peace.

Upon this subject we find the following able letter in Monday's *World*:

Editor World: In a letter to the *Globe* of Saturday last Dr. Carman fills nearly two columns of that paper with religious bombast and learned nonsense on the Sunday car

question. He ends by saying he will "shout amen through all the land with all his heart," on and after Saturday next. Dr. Carman has, of course, a right to indulge his taste for what he considers "polite learning," and to "shout" to his heart's content, as loud and as long as he likes, but when Dr. Carman offers a public insult to the Archbishop of Toronto every Catholic, every citizen, has a right to call him to order. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that, as the Sunday car controversy warms and wears its close public speakers and popular audiences should always preserve controversial propriety. Though indeed it must be said to the credit of our citizens that, considering the many elements of excitement that naturally enter into the present discussion, our public meetings have been singularly free from offensive oratory and unseemly conduct. It was reserved for a Methodist bishop, not in the haste and interruption of extempore speech at a public meeting, but from the quiet tranquility of his study to scandalize and pain the public by discourteous and dishonest controversial methods. It is not easy to see what Dr. Carman means by his elegant metaphors of "Mammon," "Moloch" and the "Siren of pleasure." But it is easy to see that he means to be grossly insulting to Archbishop Walsh when he places him in such company. There are few we believe in Toronto or out of it, who do not hold our venerated Archbishop in high esteem. And all will be shocked at this vulgar insult to a venerable and respected citizen.

But Dr. Carman is worse than discourteous; he is positively and publicly dishonest. Dr. Carman should keep his gross and unpardonable ignorance to himself, if he does not know that Archbishop Walsh signed the petition in favor of Sunday cars simply and solely as a private citizen, which, of course, he had a perfect right to do. His Grace, we are quite sure, could give Dr. Carman or anyone else, not two columns of nonsense, but a few very good and sufficient arguments from reason, necessity, public convenience and Sunday rest rightly understood in favour of a limited service of Sunday cars. But to tell the public that the Archbishop of Toronto in putting his name to a civic document thereby exercises his authority as "a bishop of the infallible Church" or in any way issues a "command" to his people is not only something much worse than nonsense; it is a flagrant dishonest controversial argument and an ignorant, vulgar insult to the faith, intelligence and freedom of every Catholic in Toronto. CATHOLICS.

Father McBride.

For several weeks this good young priest has lain through the summer heat, felled by a disease which never lays hold of its victim without bringing death. Never very strong, always of a very active disposition, his body could not stand the high pressure at which it was kept going. La Grippe had seriously undermined his health, excess of work gave him no opportunity of recuperating, and some weeks ago he was seized with a severe attack of Bright's disease, which carried him off last Sunday afternoon about two o'clock at St. Michael's Hospital.

Joseph Francis McBride was born at Glasgow, in Scotland, in 1865. His father dying when the son was but five years of age, his mother brought him to Canada shortly afterwards, and took up her residence at Wilkesport, Ont. Before being long in this country Mrs. McBride entered a convent and became a religious with the Sisters of Mercy, leaving the care of her young son to an aunt of his on his father's side, who, up to his death, was most devoted in her care and attention. In fact she was mother and father to him; nor was he unmindful of all she had done, for he returned her constant affection with love and gratitude which deprived him of many a comfort. Father McBride's mother, who was present for some time before his death, is now in a house of her community at Kingston.

After attending school at Wilkesport he advanced to Streetsville High School, where he studied classics for some time. He was then a student in Niagara University and Laval Univer-

sity, Quebec, and St. Anne's. He completed his theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and was ordained by the late Archbishop Lynch on the 23rd of April, 1878. His first charge was at St. Michael's Cathedral, then at St. Paul's Church, whence he was removed to Penotanguishene to take charge of the Reformatory. When the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes was completed Father McBride returned to the city to be its pastor and act as secretary of Archbishop Lynch. His next pastorate was Dixie, which he soon resigned as its duties proved too severe. He went as curate to the Very Rev. Dean Cassidy at Brockton, where he remained until early in July, when his fatal sickness prevented him from work and soon called him to his reward.

While at Brockton, a year ago last May, he assumed the editorship of our predecessor, the *Catholic Review*, to which he brought the vivacity of a brilliant intellect and the polish of exquisite taste. This position he held until THE CATHOLIC REGISTER was started, and during the earlier months of our existence was a frequent and welcome contributor to our columns. For this reason we mourn him, and yet not for this reason alone, we mourn him as a brother, whose high principle endeared him most to those who know him best; we mourn him as a priest, because he was cut off in his early prime, when his zeal and his talent might have given years of work to God's Church. There are few so active in mind and varied in talent as was Father McBride. Theology, science, literature and music all received from him no mere superficial, ordinary study, but found in him a master, whose quick, searching intellect gave him a grasp of every subject he attempted, and a brilliancy of talent which we shall look for amongst many and find not.

In one particular task the Diocese and the province will miss him. For several years Father McBride was the official compiler of *The Ordo*, and now that he is gone it will be important that the position be as well filled and the work as well done as it was by our departed friend.

An account of his funeral, which took place on Tuesday last, will be found elsewhere. May his soul rest in peace.

The Monitor.

There arrives at our sanctum each week no more welcome visitor than the *Monitor* of San Francisco. Its well selected articles, its able editorials and its fine appearance, all render it a Catholic weekly Journal worthy of the Golden West from which it sheds its light. The issue of the 12th instant is a special one, with a splendid Ignatian Supplement containing an account of the religious ceremonies at San Francisco in honor of St. Ignatius, and also several views of various altars in the Church of St. Ignatius. A very fine sheet with medallion portraits of the alumni of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, accompanies it. The whole thing is most creditable to the zealous Society in charge of the College as well as to the printing office from which such good reports and excellent plates have issued.

Erysipelas Cures Cancer.

A patient in the New York Cancer Hospital, at one Hundred and Sixth street and Central Park West, accidentally became inoculated with the virus of erysipelas several weeks ago. As the disease progressed it was noticed that the patient's cancerous condition improved. This fact suggested to Dr. William T. Bull the advisability of inoculating other patients with the poison of erysipelas. Accordingly several cases were set apart and experiments were begun and carried out by Dr. W. B. Coley under the direction of Dr. Bull. The inoculations were made not only on patients with carcinoma (commonly known as cancer), but also on others who were suffering from sarcoma, which is a much more malignant form of tumor than the ordinary cancer. The results in both forms were very satisfactory.

For inoculating purposes a pure culture of the streptococcus was used. Of the case of carcinoma about 25 per cent. were reported cured, while in the sarcomatous cases the results were even better, showing as many as 40 per cent. of those experimented upon to have become well and free after the attack of erysipelas.

It has been said that whatever good has resulted was due to the reaction. This theory is apparently disproved by the fact that inoculations made at a distance from the tumor have been known to cause it to disappear.

The injections, as a rule, were made into the tumor itself, and were repeated every forty-eight hours. The reaction produced was almost identical with that produced by true erysipelas, though in most of the cases it was milder in degree, passing away within twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The dangers attending this form of treatment are insignificant when one considers the usual outcome of a case of cancer, or sarcoma, which is almost invariably fatal. The subject of cancer is not generally understood. What is popularly known as cancer includes many different forms of tumors, such as carcinoma, of which there are four varieties—the spheroidal celled, which includes the hard and soft cancers, what is known as epithelioma, the form usually seen affecting the lip, the cylindrical celled, and the colloid.

Of sarcomata the surgeons also make four subdivisions—the round celled, spindle celled, mixed celled and the myeloid or giant-celled. For other than scientific purposes the sub-divisions are hardly necessary, as the various forms of sarcomata are all said to be very malignant.

In the report written by Dr. Coley he concludes: First, that the curative effect of erysipelas upon malignant tumors is an established fact; second, the action upon the sarcoma is invariably more powerful than upon carcinoma, in about the ratio of three to one; third, the treatment of inoperable malignant tumors by repeated inoculations of erysipelas is both practicable and not attended with great risk; fourth, the curative action is systematic and probably due chiefly to the toxic products of the streptococcus, which products may be isolated and used without producing erysipelas; and fifth, that the method of inoculation should not be employed indiscriminately until further clinical experiments have proved its limitations.

Francis I.

The modern Fontainebleau dates from the gallant knight errant Francis I. A giant among his courtiers, a graceful horseman, an expert wrestler, a dexterous swordsman, Francis was hailed as the glass of fashion and the mirror of chivalry. Succeeding to the throne at a moment when the young nobility of France were wearied of the economies of "Le Bon Roi Louis Douze," he enjoyed the means as well as the opportunity of indulging his love of

lavish display. Deeply read in chivalric romances, he had framed to himself an ideal of a knightly king, and, in the opinion of his flatterers, he united the love of glory and high-bred courtesy of Roland with the virtues of the most constant of lovers, A. Jadis de Gaule.

It was Francis and the brilliant Pleiad of artists whom he gathered round him who were the true creators of the modern Fontainebleau. Everywhere his salamander appears upon the walls, ceilings, and woodwork, commemorating the victories of the King—to whom had yielded the bear of the Swiss, the eagles of the Germans, the snake of Milan.

"Ursus atrox squallaque leves, et tortilis angulis
Cesserunt flammae Jani, Salamandra, tur."

It was Francis I. who reconstructed the ancient buildings and added tenfold to their extent and decorative splendor. Vast sums of money were expended on the palace which he called "mon Fontainebleau," his beloved "Chez Moi," and which was not transformed from a feudal castle into "la vraie maison des Rois," to quote the words of Napoleon "la demeure des siècles."

All the forces which had revolutionized society were reflected in the changes effected at Fontainebleau. Italian influences, grace and refinement of manners, reverence for classical antiquity—everything, in short, that inspired the Renaissance movement—are imprinted on the style and the form of the architecture and the decoration.—*The Edinburgh Review.*

Right Rev. J. N. Lemmens, bishop of Vancouver, B. C., sailed last week from New York for Schemmert, Limburg, Holland.

August 1st was the 14th anniversary of the death of the late lamented Bishop O'Brien, of Kingston. May his soul rest in peace.

Catholic teachers for deaf and dumb children are wanted at Jacksonville, Ill. Rev. J. W. Crowe of that place can find employment for them.

Mr. Eugene O'Connell, a young Catholic, of California, is accorded the highest place by musical critics among violinists of the Occident. They predict for him an international fame.

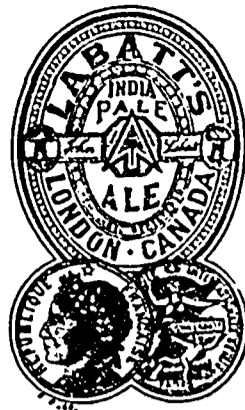
Professor St. George Mivart's work, "Happiness in Hell," which appeared originally in the nineteenth Century, and which provoked a lengthy controversy and a deluge of comment, has been placed by the Vatican in the Index Expurgatorius.

The Mitre and the Ring worn by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster at the recent consecration of England to Our Lady and St. Peter, once belonged to St. Thomas of Canterbury. They were given to Cardinal Manning by the Bishop of Nismes.

Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., has been appointed to succeed the late Father Walsh, as President of Notre Dame University, Indiana. Father Morrissey has been at Notre Dame since he was twelve years of age, and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the founder.

When, last week a Baptist Church at Long Island City offered the use of its house of worship to the priest of a neighboring Catholic Church, which had been destroyed by fire, the Baptist pastor said: "We are here for doing good, and I hope to see the day when all churches will join hands in one common object, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls." The Catholic pastor, in accepting the generous offer, wrote that it "tends to send us a long step forward in the direction of that universal brotherhood for which we are all striving."

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinago, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."



JOHN LABATT'S ALE and STOUT.

VISITORS TO THE

WORLD'S FAIR

Will find these reliable brands of

ALE AND STOUT

on sale at all the leading hotels, restaurants, clubs and refreshment rooms in CHICAGO.

Families supplied by C. JEVNE & Co., 110-112 Madison St., Chicago.

ASK FOR THEM.

Brewery at London, Ont., Canada.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

LIMITED.

(ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.)

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000. Subscribed Capital, \$1,750,000

OFFICE—No. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

DIRECTORS:

HON. FRANK SMITH, SENATOR, *President.*

EUCENE O'KEEFE, Esq., *Vice President.*

JOHN FOY, Esq.

WM. T. KIELY, Esq.

EDWARD STOCK, Esq.

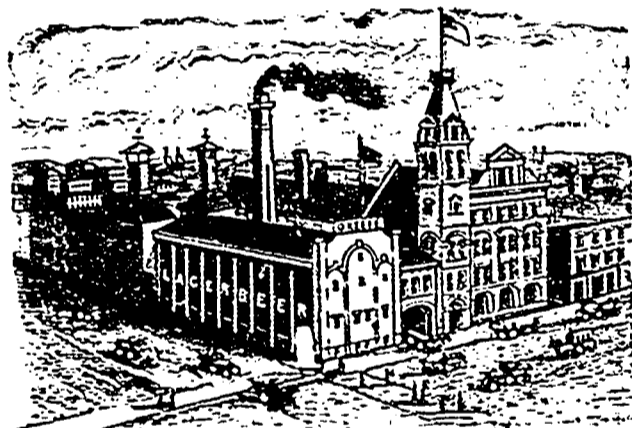
JAMES J. FOY, Esq., *Solicitor.*

Deposits Received from 20c. and upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon.

Money loaned at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures.

Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. Office hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m.

JAMES MASON, *Manager.*



THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.

OF TORONTO

LIMITED

EUGENE O'KEEFE, *Pres. and Manager*

WIDMER HAWKE *Vice-Pres. and Assist. Mgr.*

H. S. STRANGE, *Sec. Treasurer.*

SPECIALTIES—English and Bavarian Ales, in wood and bottle. XXXX Porter, Gold Label, in Bottle. Pilsener Lager, equal to the imported.

P. BURNS & CO.

1856. ONLY IMPORTERS OF 1893.

Celebrated Scranton Coal and Best Steam Coal

IN THE MARKET.

HEAD OFFICE—38 King street East.

BRANCHES—546 Queen street West, and 399 Yonge street.

GILLETT'S

PURE POWDERED 100%

LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds of Soda. Sold by All Grocers and Druggists. E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

M. MORAN, House and Sign Decorator, 115 JARVIS STREET.

Painting, Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining and Paper-hanging. A select stock of Wall Papers always on hand.

LISTEN!

M. J. CROTTIE,

838 and 844 YONGE STREET,

Can sell you Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, Shirts, and Cuffs,

As cheap as any other store in the city. Call and be convinced. Our stock is always well assorted.

M. J. CROTTIE,

838 and 844 Yonge st., (The Beaver.) North Toronto. TELEPHONE 5321.

ALEX. BURNS.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

297 PARLIAMENT STREET TORONTO. Fine art tailoring a Specialty. Terms moderate.

An Ancient Toast.

It was a grand day in the old chivalric time, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered until it came St. Leon's turn, when lifting the sparkling cup on high:

"I drink to one," he said,
 Whose image never may depart,
 Deep-carven on the human heart,
 Till memory is dead.
 To one whose love for me shall last
 When lighter passions long have passed,
 So holy 'tis and true;
 To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
 More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
 Than any pledged by you."
 Each guest upstarted at the word,
 And laid a hand upon his sword,
 With fiery flashing eye:
 And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
 Proud knight, of the most peerless dame,
 Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
 Not breathe her name in careless mood
 Thus lightly to another;
 Then bent his noble head, as though
 To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said, "My mother!"

Selected Receipts.

POTATO BALLS.—Moisten two cupful of cold mashed potatoes with one half cupful of hot milk, and when softened, stir in two salted well-beaten eggs. Drop carefully from a spoon into flour or egg and crumb them. The mixture should be very soft, and brown either in hot butter or boiling fat.

EGG PLANT FRITTER.—Pare the egg-plant and cut into slices about one inch thick, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one cup of milk, half teaspoonful salt, and one cup flour. Beat well, add one level teaspoonful of baking powder, beat again. Cut each slice of egg plant into quarters, dip in the batter and fry in smoking hot fat.

A HEALTHY AND COOLING DRINK.—An old summer drink, recommended by physicians for cooling the blood, both of children and adults, is made by taking a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and dissolving it in a tumbler of water, sweetening to taste. You will be surprised to find how pleasant it is, being hard to detect it from lemonade. It can be made in a quantity and kept on the ice. It is slightly laxative.

A RECEIPT FOR "CLARET CUP."—One bottle of claret, one pint of soda water, one wine glass of brandy, half a wine glass of lemon juice, half a pound of lump sugar, a few slices of cucumber; mix in cracked ice.

But if one desires a cool and pretty (to look at) drink, which is better than any of the store mixtures and has no objectionable element in its composition, she should mix in a glass pitcher the following fruits, vegetables, and herbs. To one glass of old fashioned lemonade add two slices and a length of cucumber peel, half a slice of pineapple, three strawberries, and a quarter of a glass of seltzer. With this mixture artistically sandwiched between pieces of chopped ice, you need not fear the heat. Indeed, it is only necessary to look at it and your temperature will fall.

Gardening Notes.

Globe artichoke is a vegetable which is too rarely seen in our gardens. Few persons who have once tried it would care to do without it, and almost everyone relishes its delicate flavor. It is of easy culture, a quick forced growth of the flower head, the part eaten, being the only requirement.

The New Zealand spinach is a variety which remains in good condition for a long time. In favored localities it may be grown the year round. This variety is not as good in flavor as the older kinds, but its ability to endure heat and drought and the fact that it does not go to seed as quickly as the older sorts will make it a primo favorite.

The Sandwich Island salsify is a new comer of value. It grows more evenly, and is not so apt to branch and fork as the old variety. In my exper-

ience it is better for lifting and storing for winter use, and will remain dormant longer in an ordinary cellar.

Many varieties of lettuce have been introduced in the last few years. Except for forcing, the demand is for a close-heading cabbage lettuce. The Deacon, Onondaga, Boston Cabbage and others of that strain are preferred to the Cos or other non-heading varieties. It is surprising that the Cos lettuce finds so little favor among gardeners; but this may be explained by the fact that it is usually grown in the same manner as the other varieties, instead of being blanched as it should be to obtain its perfection.

Poultry Notes.

If water must be provided, give it in the morning, fresh, and be careful to clean out the fountains or troughs in order to guard against disease. The roup and cholera are always spread through the flock by each member being compelled to drink from the same source as the sick fowls.

We hope the fanciers have not omitted to breed some cross-bred fowls for the coming Ontario show next January, of which due notice has been given several times by the secretary of that show. This is the fowl that the farmers and the government are interested in, and no doubt for the market and eggs will fill the bill.

If you have not the time to do so yourself, it will pay to hire a man to whitewash the hen houses. Clean up the floors, and put a good coat of the wash on the walls and the ceilings. You will not only greatly improve the appearance, but get the advantage of the lice. While there are more or less lice on the premises the entire year, it must not be forgotten that the month of July is the time when they become the most prolific, and it is high time that something be done to get ahead of them. Clean up—if you have cleaned up, do it again.

There is no trouble to raise chicks with hens during the summer if you provide plenty of shade. I find that by making coops about 2x2½ feet there is plenty of room for a hen and her brood, and if these coops are placed in an orchard, say a coop under each tree, there would be no trouble to get the necessary shade and the chicks would do very well. Besides the chicks will keep down the crop of bugs which do so much damage to the trees. It will pay to raise chicks the whole year round, as the prices for summer broilers and roasters are very good during these months.

You must not forget to put in an extra crop of vegetables for the chickens while you are doing your farming. Remember that lettuce, cabbage, onions, turnips, beets and all such kinds, make the very best feed for stock in winter. And, of course, all the small potatoes and refuse pumpkins can be used. In New Jersey some of the poultrymen cut sweet potatoes in two and let the fowls eat them raw. Cooked they are too fattening. Considerable of this stuff can be stored away for winter use, and such as lettuce can be given in season when the fowls are confined to yards.

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions.

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

On July 25th, in the Land Commission Court, Dublin, the case of the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly against Lord Rossmore, which has given rise to a number of questions in Parliament recently, came before the court in reference to the question of Dr. Donnelly's status as a present tenant. Dr. Donnelly appealed to have a judicial rent fixed for a holding, consisting of about 14 acres, situate close to the town of Monaghan, and held from Lord Rossmore, at the yearly rent of £86. The court gave judgment in favor of him as the tenant, who was entitled to have a judicial rent fixed at £30.



INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

**AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral**
 Prompt to act, sure to cure

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY,
 256 QUEEN STREET WEST,
 Directly opposite Fire Hall.

Headquarters for Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Pharmaceutical Preparations and Family Medicines.
 ALSO SICK ROOM, NURSERY & TOILET REQUISITES.
 Liberal discount to Religious Communities.
 PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.
 Postal and Telephone orders receive immediate attention.
 E. G. LEMAITRE.

- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray, Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan, Hespler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdoch. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGee, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Gueph, Rev. J. C. Hamau, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address
BENNETT FURNISHING CO
 London Ont., Canada

EMPRESS HOTEL

339 YONGE STREET,
 TORONTO.
 Com. Gould Street
 TERMS:
 \$1.00 & \$1.50 per day.
 Street Cars from Union Station pass every 3 minutes.
R. DISETTE, Proprietor.
 Telephone 2779.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

COUGHLIN BROS.
 DESIGNERS,
 MANUFACTURERS
 AND IMPORTERS OF
**Artistic
 Monuments.**
 WORK EXECUTED
 IN A SOLID MANNER.
 20 Years' Experience.
 OFFICE AND WORKS:
 539 YONGE ST.,
 EAST SIDE,
 TORONTO.

**A. T. HERNON,
 BUTCHER.**

Has removed his business to larger and more commodious premises where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

256 CHURCH STREET
 Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

**WEDDINGS,
 WEDDING CAKES,
 WEDDING SUPPLIES,
 HARRY WEBB,
 447 YONGE STREET,
 Toronto.**

RUBBER BOOTS,
 And Other Rubber Goods Repaired
H. J. La FORCE
 Fine Boots & Shoes Made to Order
 134 CHURCH STREET
 Toronto, - Ont.

Whaley, Royce & Co.,
 IMPORTERS OF
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE
 Music Engravers and Publishers. Band Instruments, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Band and Orchestral Music. Cheaper THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE in the trade. Send for catalogue
BAND INSTRUMENT REPAIRING
 A SPECIALTY
 158 YONGE STREET
 TORONTO

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
 BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
 Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

**The Register
 BOOK
 —AND—
 JOB
 Printing Department.**

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK
 NEATLY EXECUTED.
 ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
 Write for Prices or Telephone.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

At a special meeting of the Belfast Corporation, on July 31st, Mr. E. S. Finnigan, solicitor, was elected coroner for the city, as successor to the late Dr. Dill. The other candidates for the office were Dr. McGee, Mr. Jos. Donnelly, Mr. Robert Kelly, Jr., and Dr. McKee, who all dropped out in the course of the voting.

On the night of July 31st, about 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in the collar and cuff manufactory of Messrs. R. Ferguson & Co., 3 and 5 Alfred street, Belfast, where a considerable business was carried on. The flames were not extinguished until after the greater part of the two upper stories had been burned. The damage was considerable.

Armagh.

Cardinal Logue has made the following clerical changes in the Archdiocese of Armagh—Rev. H. McSherry, C.C., Ardee, to be Administrator of Duadalk, vice Rev. R. Segrave, who has been appointed parish priest at Faughart, in succession to Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, deceased; Rev. J. Murtagh, C.C., Carlingford, to be C.C. Ardee; Rev. Father McDonald to be C.C. Carlingford; Rev. Father Smyth, C.C., Toghher, to be C.C. Cooley; Rev. Father Booth, C.C., Tenure, to be C.C. Cookstown; Rev. J. Carragher, C.C., Faughart, to be C.C. Forkhill; Rev. J. Green, C.C., Forkhill, to be C.C. Dorrer; Rev. C. Short, C.C., Dorrer, to be C.C. Toghher; Rev. D. Byrne, C.C., Drumintee, to be C.C. Tenure; Rev. Father Quinn, to be C.C. Armagh; Rev. Father Donnelly, to be C.C. Keady; Rev. Father Drennan, to be C.C., Clonee; and Rev. Father Grimes, C.C., Lower Killeavy, to be Administrator, Armagh.

Carlow.

Mr. R. S. Swale, for many years postmaster in Carlow, is about to leave that district. He has been advised to seek change of air, and has effected an exchange with Mr. O'Keefe, of Coleraine, who will take charge of the Carlow office.

Clare.

It is understood that Mr. Morley has promised to inquire into the cases of some of the Clare prisoners undergoing imprisonment for various offences, notably the brothers Delahanty, who in the year '82 were sentenced to twenty years for firing into the house of a farmer in Feakle.

Cork.

Mr. C. Crowley was on August 1st, for the third year in succession, elected Chairman of the Bandon Town Commissioners.

The emigration from Queenstown to the United States ended Sunday, 30th July, 1893, was: Thursday, Germanic (White Star), New York, 140; Lord Gough (American), Philadelphia, 34; Friday, Catalonia (Cunard), Boston, 64; Sunday, Umbria (Cunard), New York, 120; total, 361. For the corresponding week of 1892, 505.

Intelligence reached Cork, on the evening of August 4th, that Mr. S. Heffernan, B.A., a teacher at the Christian Brothers' College, St. Patrick's Place, Cork, had been drowned the previous evening, while bathing, at Lahinch, Co. Clare, where he had been spending his vacation. Mr. Heffernan, who was 25 years of age and unmarried, was a son of Mr. Heffernan, Rathmore Place, Cork.

Derry.

On August 3d, a sad drowning fatality took place in the River Foyle, a little above Carlisle Bridge, Derry, the victim being a young lad, about 15 years, named Willie Bonar, an employe of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway Company. The lad it seems, went into the river at shallow water to have a bath, and being unable to swim, was drowned before help could reach him.

Donegal.

Shortly after noon, on July 28th, John O'Donnell, a little boy of four years of age, strayed away from his father's dwelling-house, in Meenaniller, Gweedore, and could not be found that day. An energetic search was at once instituted. On the following Sunday the police, who joined in the search, discovered the dead body of the boy, who had apparently died from exposure, on the Keeldrum Mountains, four miles from his parents' residence.

Down.

News reached Newry on the morning of August 1st, of a boating fatality off Annalong, between Lillakeel and Newcastle. Six ladies and a gentleman went out in a yacht on the previous evening, when a squall struck the vessel, which capsized. The occupants were thrown into the water, but the Coastguards succeeded in saving 4 lives. A young man named Pollard was drowned, and a young lady died before the boat reached the shore, from shock. The man drowned was the boatman, and the lady was Miss Maitland, niece of the late Mr. John Shaw Brown, J.P., Belfast.

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of Mr. John Cull, Rostrevor. It is only two years ago since Mr. Cull returned to his native place from Australia, where he made for himself a host of friends, by his uprightness and amiability of his character and the kindness and gentleness of his disposition, as well as by his untiring and patriotic exertions to promote the interests of his native land in that far-off country.

In his native town, where he carried on a large business with his good sisters, there is universal sorrow at his demise.

Dublin.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Joseph Farrell, which occurred on July 28, after a few hours' illness, at his father's residence, Clonhiffe road, Dublin. Deceased was widely known in Dublin circles, and was a young gentleman of considerable business capacity, and of extensive intellectual attainments, having been educated at Belvedere College and University College, St. Stephen's Green. He occupied the position of Auditor of the Literary and Historical Society in the latter institution, and in the inauguration of his year of office delivered an able address on "The Future of the Irish Race."

We regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Edward Russell—in religion Father Joachim—which took place at St. Teresa's Convent, Clarendon street, Dublin, on July 31st. The deceased was born in Dublin, in 1838, and entered the Order of the Discalced Carmelites of Saint Teresa less than twenty years later, being received in 1857. He was ordained in 1861, and spent nearly the entire of his religious life in Ireland. His death is deeply regretted, not only by the members of the community among whom his arduous labors were exercised, but by many friends both clerical and lay. His funeral services were celebrated in St. Teresa's Church, on August 3d, there being a large attendance of priests in the sanctuary. Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated. The ministrants were: Very Rev. Father Jerome O'Connell, Provincial O.D.C., celebrant; deacon, Rev. Father Vernon, O.D.C.; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Cyril Ryan, O.D.C.; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Peter Thomas Burke, O.D.C.; Rev. James Russell, P.P., Manchester, England, brother of the deceased, was in the sanctuary.

Fermagh.

Sydney Williams, aged twenty-five years, a house painter, belonging to Colebrook, who was one of an excursion party, was bathing at the strand, Bundoran, on July 31, when, though a tolerably good swimmer he was carried out by a sweeping current and cried out for assistance. The crew of the rescue boat reached the drowning man, not a moment too soon, as he was quite exhausted. After being brought to shore he soon recovered strength.

Galway.

Sir Thomas Brady is actively engaged in a movement for the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. Michael O'Donoghue, for many years the esteemed pastor of the Arran Islands. It is contemplated placing the proposed memorial on a site overlooking these Islands, for the inhabitants of which Father O'Donoghue had labored so industriously and with such beneficial results during his missionary career among them. It goes without saying that these poor people have the keenest appreciation of his services, but their impoverished circumstances preclude the possibility of their subscribing the amount necessary—between £80 and £100. Sir Thomas Brady has already received substantial subscriptions in aid of the good work. Father O'Donoghue was for some time previous to his death in pastoral charge of the mission of Carnar.

Kerry.

On July 25th, Mrs. Curtayne, of Belleville, Killarney, died at her temporary residence, Roscullen Lodge, Castlemaine, whither she had gone, about three weeks previously, to recruit her health, which, for the past twelve months, had caused her friends great anxiety. She was long and well-known for her unbounded charity to many a deserving family in Killarney and its neighborhood. The sympathies of the people of Killarney were manifested by the numbers of merchants, legal and medical gentlemen, and people of Killarney who accompanied the funeral cortege to the family burial place at Muckross Abbey.

Kildare.

As Sir John Kennedy, accompanied by Mr. Frank Kennedy, was driving from Johnstown Kennedy to the Kildare tournament, on July 26, his horse ran away. A young man going to Naas discovered the horse and trap lying on the road, the horse with his neck broken; and, some distance off, Sir John was found in the ditch, suffering great agony. Among other injuries it was found that his arm was broken.

Kilkenny.

Shortly after one o'clock, on the morning of August 1st, a fire broke out in rear of Mr. Deloughrey's laundry, Parliament st., Kilkenny, in a shed, the property of Mr. Martin Crotty. At the time it was discovered it had made such considerable headway that despite the exertions of the Corporation Fire Brigade, it was impossible to extinguish the flames. Eventually the roof of the shed fell in and the fire burned itself out. The shed in question was being used by Mr. Crotty for keeping pigs, but fortunately at the time he had no pigs in it. It is thought the fire was purely accidental, and the premises were insured.

King's County.

Under the Land Purchase Acts, the following completed sales have been guaranteed:

To 14 tenants of Daniel Thornton and others in Donegal, price £2,268; to 6 tenants of Lord Londonderry, same county, £2,350; to 25 tenants of A. W. Birmingham, in King's County, £5,162; to 8 tenants of C. G. Tottenham, in Wexford, £4,709; to 3 tenants of Lord Egmont, in Cork, £3,743; to 13 tenants of Lord Denny, in Kerry, £6,250; to 6 tenants of Anno E. Haldane, in Limerick, £10,300; and to 23 tenants of Alexander J. Crichton, in Roscommon, £3,100.

Limerick.

The Great Munster Fair, at Limerick, on July 27th and 28th, is stated to have been the best (as to prices,) held for some years. There was an unusually large supply of cattle, on which there was a rise, owing to foreign orders. There was a large number of buyers, principally from Cork and Waterford, who brought largely on demand. The fair was looked on by all as a good one in beef and mutton. In the horse fair the class of animals offered for sale was of a rather poor character. Class horses and hunters were not represented to any extent as compared with former fairs. There was not even the usual demand for horses for trooping purposes. Young horses could not be given away at any price. The exceptional depression in the character of the horse fair is attributable to the depression in trade, particularly in England. There were only 840 pigs in market, of which Messrs. Shaw purchased 280; Messrs. Denny, 250; Messrs. Matterson, 240; and O'Mara, 110. Bacon pigs brought 55s. per cent., and Berwigs from 56s. to 58s.

Louth.

On the 25th of July there died, at the Monastery of our Lady of Missions, Lyons, the Reverend Mother Mary St. Gabriel (nee Elizabeth Conachy) Assistante Generale of the Holy Order of Our Lady of Missions, in the 41st year of her age and 26th year of her religious profession. For many years past she had been on the Foreign Mission as Mother Superioress at the Convent of Our Lady of Missions, Christchurch, New Zealand. Recently, summoned home to a General Chapter of the Order, she arrived a few days before her death at the Convent where she first entered the Order, a little school-girl, 29 years ago. The deceased lady was daughter of the late Mr. William Conachy, of Castlebellingham, and cousin of the late Most Rev. Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois.

Mayo.

It is pleasant to know that in the West of Ireland there is no complaint of the shortness of fodder, the rains having been so plentiful and mild, that, all through Connaught, there have been splendid crops of hay, while the oats, and, indeed, all other farm products, look more promising than they have for several years past. So plentiful has been the hay crop, that parties are now engaged shipping it in quantities to England, the price paid by the shippers being £3 per ton for the best meadow, and from £3 10s. to £4 for the best rye grass hay.

Tipperary.

The Nuns of the Order of Mercy in Carrick-on-Suir, with commendable enterprise and an ardor for doing good, have started a linen factory which will give industrial education and employment to many in the town. A number of looms of the most improved type are already at work, and the various classes of goods in course of being manufactured are towellings, sheetings, handkerchieffing, plain linen and fine dress goods. The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, is deeply interested in this laudable undertaking, and has generously subscribed £20 towards its inception. Mr. Maurice Power has kindly placed the spacious factory building at the disposal of the Nuns, and the Rev. Mother (Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart), with two other ladies, went to Skibbereen, county Cork, where they spent some weeks in becoming acquainted with the leading features of the business. The looms are gifts from the following—Very Rev. Maurice Sheehan, P.P., V.F.; Rev. Paul Power, C.C., Carrick-on-Suir; Miss H. O'Donnell, Carrick-on-Suir; Mr. Maurice Power, Carrick-on-Suir; and one, "In Memoriam," from the family of Mr. Michael Campbell, late of Dublin. It is understood that many influential persons in the district will co-operate in the furtherance of the movement.

Waterford.

At the last meeting of the New Ross Town Commissioners—Mr. A. J. Doyle (chairman) presiding—Mr. James Dowling, North street, New Ross, was, on the motion of Mr. M. J. Finn, T. C., seconded by Mr. Patrick Tierney, T. C., elected unanimously as a Commissioner for Rosbercon Ward, in place of Mr. M. Hutchinson resigned.

Wexford.

A pious and exemplary Father of the Augustinian Order—Rev. Patrick Moran—passed away on July 31st, in one of the establishments belonging to the community in Dublin. Father Moran, who was in his 66th year, had been in failing health for some time past. He was born in Harriestown, near Grants-town Convent, and was always of a remarkably pious and retiring disposition. After his preliminary studies in St. Peter's, he pursued his theological course in the college of his Order in Rome, where he was ordained. After spending some time in

the Augustine Convents of Cork, Callan and Galway, he was appointed Prior of Drogheda, and afterwards of New Ross Convent. Father Moran last year went to Dublin, where he died, deeply regretted by the members of his Order and the attached friends he made in the various towns where his holy and useful life was spent.

Wicklow.

Steps have been taken to provide a suitable residence for the curates of Wicklow parish. Earl Fitzwilliam has given a site free. A meeting of the parishioners was held in the vestry attached to the parochial church, on July 23, when a subscription list was opened. Canon Dillon and Mr. Joseph Smyth were appointed treasurers, and each subscribed £30. The others present also gave generously.

MUCH LIKE A WORLD'S FAIR

WILL BE
Canada's Great

INDUSTRIAL FAIR

TORONTO
SEPT. 4 TO 16

1893

Excelling all others

NEW STABLES, NEW CATTLE SHEDS
And many other Improvements

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

GREATER and BETTER THAN EVER

The People's Greatest Annual Outing

Cheap Excursions on all Railways.

J. J. WITHROW, H. J. HILL,
PRESIDENT. MANAGER, TORONTO.

ONLY ONE PROFIT

From the Vineyard to the Consumer.

CLARETS

Our own bottling. Imported in wood from our own Bourdeaux House; all excellent table wines.

	Per doz.	Quarts.
Montfenaud, - - -	-	\$1 00
Medoc, - - -	-	4 50
Blaye, - - -	-	5 00
St. Estophe, - - -	-	5 50

Shipped in cases from our Bourdeaux House:

	Per Case.
Chateau du Roo, - - -	\$6 50
St. Estophe, - - -	7 00
St. Julien, - - -	7 50
Paul ac, - - -	8 50
Margat Superior, - - -	10 00
Pontot Canet, - - -	11 50

A discount of 10 per cent. on five case lots.

WM. MARA,
WINE MERCHANT,
79 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Phone 1708.



A well-known Berlin physician states: "A healthy stomach is cholera proof." K. D. C. will restore your stomach to a healthy action, and fortify you against cholera.

Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Preserving Bacon.

We are asked for the best method of keeping hams and shoulders after smoking. We think we can give some information on the subject which will prove all that could be wished. We have tried various modes, but find the two following to answer all the purposes desired most admirably.

The first is, to hang your bacon up, shank down, in a good, dry, cool, stone smoke-house, and kept in perfect darkness—the smoke-house to be used for no other purpose, in order to avoid the opening of the door as much as possible. When a ham is wanted, it should be taken out and kept out. We have known hams to be kept in this way for two years, as sweet, pure, and almost as free from rust as the day they were smoked, and without insects ever having approached it.

The other mode—in the absence of a proper smoke-house—is, about April or May, or when the mild weather renders it necessary, to cover your meat well with clean, dry, wood ashes, and pack down in tight flour casks, well closed at the top. The ashes must be thoroughly dry, passed through a sieve to separate it from coal, lumps, and other impurities, and well rubbed on the meat. The casks may be put away in a dry attic or outhouse, where the meat will be perfectly preserved until wanted.

We make this statement from our own knowledge of its entire correctness, and recommend a fair trial of either of these modes with full confidence in its success.—*Germantown Herald.*

Heroic Rescue.

A despatch from Vienna of August 18th says: The heroic rescue of a tourist by a priest in the Sonnbluck mountain, was reported to-day from Salsburg. The Sonnbluck, famous as the seat of the loftiest meteorological survey in Europe, stands 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. Glacial formations abound near the summit. On Tuesday a tourist lost his footing near a hospice on the north side of the mountain, slipped down the steep side, and vanished in the ice and snow of a broad crevasse. The man was generally supposed to have been killed instantly, but Father Lechner, of the hospice, regarded it as his duty to make a perilous trip into the crevasse. His St. Bernard dog crept ahead. He followed, supported as far as possible by a rope held by his colleagues in the hospice. Near the bottom of the crevice he cut the rope, and disappeared. He was given up for lost. Yesterday, however, he appeared at the hospice, half leading, half carrying, with his bleeding hands and bruised arms, the lost tourist. Father Lechner had found the man severely, although not mortally, injured at the bottom of the crevasse, and by making a long detour had reached an egress further down the mountain. This is the fifth time that Father Lechner has saved men from death in the glaciers of the Sonnbluck.

Why Artificial Ice Is So Pure.

That artificial ice is pure ice cannot be gainsaid. The very nature and manner of manufacture necessarily makes it so. The water used is carefully distilled, which renders it impossible that any impurities shall remain, and even after it is distilled extra precautions are taken to keep it pure until it is safely congealed into the crystal blocks, which are almost transparent and show not the slightest foreign substance. Take a piece of purest lake ice and carefully compare it with the manufactured article, and the difference will readily be seen. Melt them in different glasses, and in the bottom of that containing the natural ice will be found a sediment, the other will contain pure water, while under the microscope a vast difference will be disclosed.



DON'T BE FOOLED

by the dealer who brings out something else, that pays him better, and says that it is "just as good." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed. If it don't benefit or cure, you have your money back. No other medicine of its kind is so certain and effective that it can be sold so. Is any other likely to be "just as good"?

As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It's not like the sarsaparillas, or ordinary "spring medicines." At all seasons, and in all cases, it purifies, invigorates, and builds up the whole system. For every blood-taint and disorder, from a common blotch or eruption, to the worst scrofula, it is a perfect, permanent, guaranteed remedy.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh in the Head.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Has come not a little knowledge as to cookery—what to do, as well as what *not* to do. Thus we have learned to use

COTTOLENE,

the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

PROGRESSIVE COOKING

is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us *not* to use lard, but rather the new shortening,

COTTOLENE,

which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be.

The success of Cottolene has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Sts.,
MONTREAL.

INSIST UPON A Heintzman Co. Piano

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

Catalogue Free on Application.

Heintzman & Co. 117 King st. West.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Drill Hall, Toronto, Ont.," will be received until Monday, 28th August, for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Drill Hall, Toronto, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Office of H. C. Winter, Esq., Architect, Toronto, Ont., after Monday, 16th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to supply the coal contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

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

By order,
E. F. E. Roy, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 11th Aug., 1893.

PIC-NIC
In House of Providence Grounds
18 AID 07

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ON CIVIC HOLIDAY.
A String Band and also that of the I. C. B. U. will be in attendance.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

'VITALIZED AIR'

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

Toronto Savings & Loan Co.
10 KING ST. WEST.

Paid up Capital, \$500,000
Reserve Fund, 80,000

FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposits from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more.

Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks.

ROBERT JAFFRAY, A. E. ASHEN,
24-y President. Manager.

The Pope has issued a special dispensation to the Catholics of Naples from abstinence on Fridays as long as the cholera prevails in that country.

Funeral of Father McBride.

A Requiem Mass is always solemn and impressive, but on Tuesday morning it was doubly so, when the obsequies were performed over the remains of the Rev. Father McBride. Hundreds viewed the body as it lay in St. Michael's awaiting burial. At 10.30 the Requiem High Mass was commenced, Father Harold was celebrant, Father McIntee deacon, and Father Trayling sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop assisted, in cope and mitre, and at the end of the Mass preached an impressive sermon, in which he paid a touching and well-deserved tribute to the deceased.

The musical portion of the Mass was conducted by the Rev. Father Rohleder, Mr. Auglin's rendering of O Salutaris (plain chant) at the offertory was very fine. The following clergymen officiated as pall bearers: Rev. E. Kiernan, Collingwood; Rev. E. Gallagher, Pickering; Rev. W. Joffcott, Oshawa; Rev. Father Morris, Newmarket; Rev. Dean Cassidy and Rev. Father Ryan. Among the clergy who accompanied the remains to the grave were: His Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Deans Cassidy, Bergin and Egan, and Rev. Fathers Tracy, Coyle, Lawlor, Cruise, Minihan, Lynch, Reddin, Trayling, Hand, Harold, Grogan, McKee, Gillican, Whitney, Vary Rev. Archdeacon Campbell, Rev. Fathers McMahon, Kellot, Smyth, O'Malley, Carney, Laboureau, Kilcullen, La Marche, Duffy, Sullivan, O'Neill, Walsh, and Brother Dominic.

The Ontario Mutual Life.

No more progressive or more substantial Assurance Company is located in Canada than the "Ontario Mutual Life" of Waterloo, Ontario. From year to year this Company shows a solid gain, and its popularity is in the same ratio as its prosperity. A resume of the business done for the year ending May last is given in another column, to which we beg to direct attention. The record is a flattering one to the officers of the O.M.L., who are to be congratulated on the very fruitful results of their labor.

At the fair of French Furze, on July 26th, Mr. Patrick Hurloy, a farmer, of Ladytown, was kicked by a horse, and had his leg broken.

On July 31, Dr. R. C. Parke, J.P., coroner for the Northern Division of Down, held an inquest in Mr. John McConvey's Hotel, Downpatrick, on the body of Eliza Fitzsimmons, who had been found dead that morning in the kitchen of her house in Irish street. A verdict of death from natural causes was returned.

In the Court of Chancery, Dublin, on July 29th, Mr. Philip White applied to have Mr. Donald McArthur, law clerk, appointed a Commissioner for taking oaths in Enniskillen. The Attorney-General opposed the application on the ground that there were already four Commissioners in Enniskillen, and two others resident a short distance from that town. The Lord Chancellor refused the application, partly on the ground that Mr. McArthur was already a Commissioner for Ballyshannon, and the circumstance was not a sufficient reason why he should be appointed for that town.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 23, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush	\$0 62	\$0 63
Wheat, red, per bush	0 61	0 62
Wheat, spring, per bush	0 60	0 61
Wheat, goose, per bush	0 59	0 60
Barley, per bush	0 35	0 44
Oats, per bush	0 37	0 40
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 08	0 09
Turkey, per lb	0 12	0 13
Butter per lb	0 29	0 22
Eggs, new laid, per dozen	0 12	0 13
Parsley, 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	2 50
Potatoes, per barrel	1 50	0 00
Hay, timothy	7 0	11 00
Straw, sheaf	7 00	8 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO Aug. 22 — There was not much export trade going on as reports from Britain continue are very discouraging. Prices ranged from 4 to 4 1/2c.

The market for butchers' cattle was entirely unchanged since last Friday. There was an average local demand for butchers' cattle. From 3 to 3 1/2 was paid for the better grades. A quantity went at from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4, and common sold at 2 1/2c.

Sheep are not wanted. Lambs were in ample supply at from \$3 to \$3 75 each.

Between 30 and 40 calves were on sale, but they were all of an inferior rough kind; good calves will sell.

There were a couple of hundred hogs. Prices showed an upward tendency.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

Felicitas pushed a rickety table to the window and mounted it. Ah, what was it she saw! There was no wide view of the surrounding country, as she had expected; four roofs formed a square, and the opposite one, which towered above the rest, shut out any distant prospect; but this very roof presented to the child's wondering gaze a marvel not to be surpassed by the most delightful fairy-tale. Its long, gentle slope, instead of the dark, dingy, moss-grown tiles that covered the other roofs, was fairly ablaze with flowers; asters and dahlias were waving their bright blossoms on this airy porch as securely as those that bloomed below close to the firm earth. As far as a human arm could reach from the balcony running just below the roof rows of flowers extended, and beyond grew vines displaying every shade of red in their dancing leaves—like a cloak flung round the shoulders of some brilliant beauty. Wild grape-vines twined still higher, stretching their shining leaves and tendrils and clusters of blue-black fruit to the neighboring roofs. The balcony extended the whole length of the roof and was as light and airy as though it might sway in every breeze, yet the top of the railing supported heavy boxes of earth filled with mignonettes, and hundreds of monthly roses nodded their bright blossoms.

A somewhat heavy white garden-chair beside a small round table, on which stood a dainty china coffee-service, unmistakably proved that creatures of flesh and blood lived here, though the child still fancied that the little square inclosure opening by a glass door from the balcony must be the abode of the fairy of the flowers. Neither roof nor walls could be seen, both were completely overgrown by the large leaves of the Scotch ivy, mingled with a vine that, clambering upward, dangled the velvety orange-yellow petals of its blossoms over the glass door, now slightly ajar, from which poured the notes that had attracted the child to the window.

A glance down into the square inclosed by the four buildings suddenly gave Felicitas an idea where she was. Feathered fowl vied with each other in crowing and cackling—it was the poultry yard. The child had never entered it; Frederica, fearing that one of its cackling tonants might get into the front court-yard or even the hall, always kept the key in her pocket. But how often she had come into the kitchen with an angry look, grumbling to Heinrich. "That old woman is watering her worthless grass again and all the gutters are overflowing!" So these thousands of lovely flowers were the "worthless grass," and the being who watched and tended them was the old mam'selle, who was again "profaning the Sabbath by unholy songs and merry tunes."

These thoughts had scarcely entered the little head before the child's feet were on the window-sill. The elasticity of childhood, which had wholly forgotten grief and care for the moment in sight of something new, instantly revealed itself. She could climb like a squirrel, and to run over the roofs was a trivial feat. The gutters that ran under two of the roofs afforded excellent footing, though they looked rather moss-grown and shaky, and both were somewhat warped at the corner where they joined, but they wouldn't break down for a long, long time, and could not be compared with the slender ropes on which Felicitas had seen girls far smaller than herself dancing. Slipping out of the window, two steps down the slanting roof brought her to the gutter. It creaked and groaned under the little feet that tripped bravely along it, with no support on her right hand, and on her left

a sheer descent of four stories. If her mother's eyes could have seen her! But everything succeeded admirably. A climb up the higher roof, a spring over the railing, and the child stood, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, among the flowers, looking over the other roofs into the open country, bathed in the crimson radiance of a sky glowing with the hues of sunset.

On the round table lay several papers; the child smiled as she read the title of one of them: "The Garton-laube" (Garden-arbor). Surely the name was well suited to this bright, sunny spot, fanned by the pure, fresh air.

Then she turned and looked timidly through the glass panes that perhaps had never reflected a child's face. Did the ivy grow through the roof and twine its tendrils around the spacious room? The wall was completely covered with climbing vines, but brackets, placed at short distances apart, held large plaster Paris busts, a noteworthy collection of grave, calm faces, that gleamed forth in spectral contrast from the dense green background of foliage, silently submitting to the saucy pranks of the ivy, which flung a garland across the breast of one or twined a wreath around the thoughtful brows of another. The windows fared no better; vines hung like a dark green cloud over the curtains. Yet these two windows afforded magnificent views over the roofs, the forest gay with autumnal foliage on the crest of the mountain, and the intervening tracts of stubble.

A piano stood between the windows. The old mam'selle, dressed precisely as she had been the day before, sat in front of it, her delicate fingers striking the keys with a firm, strong touch. Her face looked somewhat different; she wore spectacles, and a faint flush tinged the cheeks that yesterday had been white as snow.

Little Felicitas had entered softly and was standing in the arched entrance. Was the old lady conscious of some human being's presence, or had she heard a noise? Suddenly pausing in the midst of a brilliant passage, she fixed her large eyes over her glasses upon the child. An electric shock seemed to thrill the fragile figure, a faint cry escaped her lips, and, removing her spectacles with a trembling hand, she rose, supporting herself on the instrument.

"How did you get here, my child?" she asked at last in a voice which, spite of the tremor of terror, sounded sweet and gentle.

"Over the roofs," replied the little girl diffidently, pointing back across the court-yard.

"Over the roofs? That is impossible. Come here and show me how you came." Taking the child's hand, she led her out upon the balcony. Felicitas showed her the attic window and the gutters. The old lady covered her face with her hands in terror.

"Oh, don't be frightened!" said Felicitas, in her sweet, innocent voice. "It's really very easy. Doctor Poehm says I'm like a bunch of feathers, and haven't any bones."

The old mam'selle removed her hands and smiled—a charming smile which disclosed two rows of dazzlingly white teeth. Then she led the little girl back into the room and took her seat in an arm-chair.

"You are little Fay, are you not?" she asked, lifting Felicitas into her lap. "I know you though you did not fly in on pink gauze wings. Your old friend Heinrich told me about you to day."

At Heinrich's name the whole burden of the child's grief returned to her memory. As in the morning, a burning flush crimsoned her cheeks, while wrath and sorrow drew the harsh lines around the little mouth that so completely transformed the whole expression of her face. The sudden altercation did not escape the old mam'selle's

notice. Taking the little face between her hands, she bent toward it.

"Little daughter," she went on, "for many years Heinrich has come up here every Sunday to look after various matters for me. He knows that he is never permitted to mention what is occurring in the front of the house, and until to day he has never disobeyed this command. Think how dearly he must love little Fay, to act in opposition to my strict orders."

The child's defiant eyes softened.

"Yes, he loves me—but no one else does," she said, her voice breaking.

"No one else!" the old lady repeated, her unspeakably gentle gaze resting lovingly on the child's face. "Do you not know that there is one who will always love you, though every human being should turn away? The dear God in—"

"Oh, He doesn't care for me, because I'm a player's child!" Felicitas interrupted with sudden passion. "Frau Hellwig said this morning that my soul was lost, and everybody down in the house says that He has shut out my poor mamma from His heaven—she is not there with Him. And I don't love him any more—not a bit! And I don't want to go to Him when I die. What shall I do, if my mamma is not there?"

"Merciful God! What have these cruel people, with their so-called Christianity, done to you, poor child!"

Rising hastily, the old lady opened a side door. It seemed to the child as if soft white clouds were floating over her head, for over the bed, which stood in one corner, the door, and the windows, fell curtains of snow-white muslin. The pale green walls of the little chamber were only visible here and there between the fleecy texture of the drapery. What a contrast between this little room, fresh and stainless as the thoughts of a pure, un sullied mind, and the gloomy boudoir in the mansion below, where Frau Hellwig kneeled in prayer early every morning upon a *prie-dieu*, whose embroidered cushion had ample room for all the cruel symbols of the passion, but none for the emblems of peace and love.

On a little table beside the bed lay a large, well-read Bible. The old lady opened it with a steady hand and read aloud with deep feeling: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." She read on, closing with the verse: "Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

"And this love comes from Him—yes, God himself is this love," she said, putting her arm around the little girl. "Your mamma is His child, as all are His children, and she has gone to Him, for, 'Love never faileth.' Seek her above, and when you look up at night to the sky with its millions of wonder-stars, think what the Creator of such a heaven must be! And now you will love Him once more, love Him with all your heart, will you not, my little Fay?"

The child made no answer, but threw her arms passionately around the neck of her gentle comforter, while burning tears streamed from her eyes.

Two days after, a carriage stood waiting before the Hellwig mansion. The widow entered it with her two sons, whom she was going to accompany to the next town. John was on his way to Bonn, to study medicine, but intended to first place Nathanael in the school where he had received his own education.

Heinrich stood, broad-shouldered and corpulent, at the open door with Frederica, watching the carriage lumber slowly and clumsily over the rough pavement of the market-place. Something like a low whistle—always a sign of satisfaction—escaped his pursed lips, and he stuck both thumbs into his

closed fists, a gesture which among the lower classes signifies: "Lord, preserve us from a return of misfortune!"

"Well, it will be seven years and more before we see either of those boys in the house again," he said joyfully to Frederica, who was dutifully holding a corner of her apron to her eyes.

"And are you glad of that, you block-head?" She cried. "Fine thanks for the parting present you had from the young master?"

"Go into the kitchen—the trash is lying on the hearth. I won't touch it. You can buy yourself a red petticoat and yellow shoes for the next fair."

"Oh, you shameless fellow! A red dress and yellow shoes, like a ropedancer!" cried the old cook, wrathfully. "Oh, we all know why you are so ill-natured—the young master served you right this morning!"

"Oh, you don't know the whole story!" replied Heinrich, indifferently. He thrust his hands into his pockets, shrugged his shoulders, and planted himself still more firmly on the threshold. This roused Frederica's anger to absolute fury, for his attitude expressed the utmost contempt for everything she had said.

"A man with only twenty thalers wages, and at most fifty thalers saved," she went on, spitefully, "to stand up before his rich master like the Great Mogul, and say: 'Give me the child; I will bring her up in my sister's family; she sha'n't cost you a copper, and—'"

"And the young master answered," added Heinrich, turning his face slowly towards the enraged cook: "'The child is in the best hands, Heinrich; she will stay in this house until she is eighteen years old, and you must not venture to encourage her in any disobedience to my mother—and if you ever again catch that old witch in the kitchen listening, nail her ear to the door without ceremony. What do you think, Frederica, of my—'"

He raised his arm, and the old cook fled scolding to her kitchen.

CHAPTER X.

Nine years had passed over the stately mansion on the market-place, but they had left no trace of decay, no sign of change, either in the strong walls or the woman's profile at the well-known window of the sitting-room on the ground-floor. Possibly a keen observer might have perceived that the dragons' heads on the roof had crumbled a little. No wonder; they had been pouring Heaven's tears through all these years on the stone pavement below, and in the intervals been scorched by the hot sunshine. Such changes can not fail to alter faces. But the lady below stood on the firm ground of fixed conviction, the lofty pedestal of her own infallibility—in this changeless region of ice there are no doubts, no conflicts, no mental struggles to break the external petrification termed an "excellent state of preservation."

Yet there was one striking change in the old house. For some weeks the curtains of the great bow-windows of the room in the second story had been raised, and pots of flowers stood on the window-sills. The glances of those who passed at first sought dutifully, as of yore, the window with the asclepias plant, and Frau Hellwig was always sure of a respectful greeting, but then their eyes cast a stolen look above. There, framed by the stone casement of the window, a woman's charming face now frequently appeared, a face fairly dazzling in its bloom, a head covered with flaxen tresses, and a pair of dove-like blue eyes that gazed out upon the world with almost child-like artlessness. This head was part of a body of exquisite symmetry, usually clad in white muslin. Sometimes—though rarely—the lovely vision at the window had a disfiguring contrast to its beauty—a child that had climbed upon a chair and looked down into the market-place over the lady's shoulder.

The poor little face was terribly disfigured by scrofula. The hand that had curled the thin, light hair in graceful ringlets had wasted its labor—it had only made more striking, by force of contrast, the plainness of the livid, haggard face, while the extreme elegance of its dress was ill adapted to conceal the poor child's shapeless figure and swollen joints. Spite of the contrast between the two, they wore mother and child, and had come to Thuringia for the benefit of the latter's health.

Within the last nine years an engineer had waved his magic wand over the soil of X—, and this modern rod of Moses had lured forth a bitter spring, whose waters, upon being exposed to the air, hardened, if not into gold and silver, at least into very valuable crystals of salt. This was sufficient hint to the inhabitants of X—. They established baths whose renown, in connection with the fame of the bracing air of Thuringia, soon attracted throngs of invalids.

The young mother had also come to the place for the sake of the baths, which had been ordered for her child by Professor John Hellwig, of Bonn. Yes, the lady behind the asclepias plant had done much for her son. She had him placed, at a very early age, under the charge of his devout relative on the Rhine, and never permitted him during the whole seven years of his stay, to visit his home even for one vacation. His name had been regularly mentioned every morning as she knelt at her *prie-dieu*, she had never been weary of supplying him with shirts of the requisite number and quality—and now he has become a famous man.

Yet the young professor, with all his fame and knowledge, would scarcely have persuaded his mother to receive his patients in her carefully closed front room on the second story, had not these patients been the daughter and granddaughter of this devout relative on the Rhine whom Frau Hellwig held in such high esteem. Besides, the beautiful young mother had the advantage of a title—she was the widow of a court councillor of Bonn. It could involve no loss of caste in the world's eyes to have a councillor's widow in the family circle, since Herr Hellwig had resolutely declined to accept any offices which would have given his wis wife a title.

She was sitting on the raised platform at the window. Time had seemed to leave no trace on the fine, black, woolen dress—the white collar and cuffs, nay, even the little breast-pin which fastened her collar at the neck, looked precisely the same as they had done the first evening we had made the great lady's acquaintance. Her figure seemed fuller; the tight sleeves fitted the plump arms very snugly, and the dressmaker—possibly without orders—had made the dress fall in more ample folds round the stout, ungraceful form. Her large white hands, holding her knitting, rested in her lap—just at this moment more important affairs engrossed the lady's attention.

By the door, at a very respectful distance, stood a man—a thin figure in a shabby coat; the hand he often raised while speaking was hardened by toil. His voice was low and faltering—the room was so strangely still that the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard. The lips of the stern woman uttered no word of encouragement, nay it seemed as if the motionless figure did not even breathe, as if the fixed, stony gaze could never be averted from its present object—the pallid, anxious face of the unfortunate man, who now paused, exhausted, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his cotton handkerchief.

"You have come to the wrong person, Meister Thienemann," said Frau Hellwig, coldly, after a long silence; "I never divide my money into such small sums."

"Oh, Frau Hellwig, I don't mean that; I should not be so bold," replied the man, eagerly advancing a step nearer. "But you are known as a charitable lady, who is always collecting money for the poor, your name is often in the newspapers connected with various benevolent enterprises, so I only wanted to ask you to advance from this fund twenty-five thalers on interest for six months."

Frau Hellwig smiled—the poor fellow did not know that this was the death-sentence of his hope.

"I might almost think that you were a little out of your mind, Meister Thienemann," she said, sharply. "This is a new idea. But I know that you pay no heed to the pious labors of Christians to promote the interests of the Church, so I will tell you that not one copper of the three hundred thalers now in my hands will remain in this town. I collected it for missionary purposes—it is sacred money, destined to accomplish work pleasing in the sight of God, not for the support of people who are able to labor."

"Oh, madame, I don't lack industry," cried the man in a half-choked voice. "Illness brought me to this dire distress. Good heavens! In better days I have often spent my leisure hours in making little articles for your charitable fairs, because I thought the proceeds would help some of our poor, and now the money will all be sent abroad, while so many of our own townspeople haven't a shoe to their feet or a log of wood for the winter."

"I forbid you to make such impertinent remarks. We do sometimes distribute alms in this town, but we choose the objects of our bounty, Meister Thienemann. Men who attend mechanics clubs and listen to lectures filled with false doctrine, of course receive nothing. You would do better if you stuck to your bench, instead of peering into stars and stones, and then asserting that they contain many contradictions of what is written in the Holy Scriptures. Yes, yes, all blasphemous talk reaches our ears and we take careful note of it, and govern ourselves accordingly. Now you know my opinion, and that you have nothing to hope from me."

She turned away and looked out of the window.

"Oh, what things we must submit to hear when we are pressed by poverty!" sighed the man. "It's my wife's fault; she would not rest till I came here."

He glanced toward the other window of the room, but receiving neither help nor even a word of comfort, left the apartment. The poor man's last look had been turned toward the councillor's widow, who was sitting opposite to Frau Hellwig. If ever there was a woman fitted to awaken hope in the heart of a supplicant it was surely this blooming creature in her airy, spotless white robes. The soft lines of the profile, the halo of fair curls above her brow, and the blue eyes, gave the impression of an angel's head—though, to a keen observer, a head carved in stone; for while more than once a flush of indignation had crimsoned Frau Hellwig's brow, as the petitioner so touchingly expressed, both in voice and gesture, his sore need, the lovely oval of the widow's countenance had not lost its smiling repose, ever for an instant. The beautiful bosom rose and fell without the least emotion; the rose in her embroidery had gained a leaf during the little scene, and the most rigid scrutiny could not have detected any mistake in the carefully counted stitches.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Noreatur, Kans.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

Professional Cards.

C. J. McCABE,
BARRISTER and SOLICITOR.
Office: 69 Adelaide St. East,
TELEPHONE 1436. TORONTO.
Money to Loan. Conveyancing.
20-ly C. J. McCABE, B.A.

CAMERON & LEE,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
EQUITY CHAMBERS,
COR. ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA STREETS,
TORONTO.
BRANCH OFFICE: OAKVILLE, ONTARIO.
D. O. CAMERON, B.A. W. T. J. LEE, B.C.L.
TELEPHONE 1683. 29-ly

ANGLIN & MINTY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, &c.
OFFICES: MEDICAL COUNCIL BUILDING,
Corner of Bay and Richmond Streets,
(Next door to the City Registry Office),
TORONTO. CANADA.
FRANK A. ANGLIN. GHO. D. MINTY.
MONEY TO LOAN. MONEY INVESTED

FOY & KELLY,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
OFFICES
Home Savings and Loan Co.'s Buildings,
80 Church Street, Toronto.
J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY

MULVEY & McBRADY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY,
Room 67, Canada Life Building,
46 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
Telephone 700
THOMAS MULVEY. 17-6m L. S. McBRADY.

QUINN & HENRY,
Barristers, - Solicitors, - &c
TORONTO, ONT
OFFICES—No. 6, MILLICAMP'S BUILDINGS,
55 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephone 1159.
J. M. QUINN F. P. HENRY.

Macdonell, McCarthy & Boland
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.
Offices—Quebec Bank Chambers,
No 2 Toronto street
Toronto.
MONEY TO LOAN.
A. C. Macdonell B.C.L. W. C. McCarthy.
W. J. Boland.

DR. MCKENNA,
244 SPADINA AVF
TELEPHONE 2993. 0-6m

Jas Loftus, L.D.S., D.D.S. H. J. Robins, I.D.S., D.D.S.
DRS. LOFTUS & ROBINS,
DENTISTS.
Cor. Queen and Bathurst sts. Toronto, Ont.
Open at Night.

J. J. CASSIDY, M.D.
TORONTO.
Residence, 69 BLOOR ST. EAST,
Office, 70 Queen St. East.
Office Hours: 9 to 11 A.M., 2 to 6 P.M.
TELEPHONE 3544.

POST & HOLMES,
ARCHITECTS.
OFFICES:
Rooms 28 and 29 Manning Arcade,
A. A. POST Toronto. A. W. HOLMES
TELEPHONE 451.

C. P. LENNOX L.D.S.
C. W. Lennox, D.D.S., Philadelphia
: : L. D. S., Toronto : :
C. P. LENNOX & SON.
: : Dentists : :
ROOMS A AND B, YONGE ST. ARCADE,
ELEPHONE 1846 :—: TORONTO

A. J. McDONAGH,
DENTIST,
Office and Residence
274 SPADINA AVE.,
Three doors south of St. Patrick st.
Telephone 2492.

Dr. EDWIN FORSTER
DENTIST,
OFFICE:
Corner Buchanan & Yonge sts. 24-y

EYESIGHT PROPERLY TESTED
MY OPTICIAN,
159 Yonge St., Confederation Life Bldg.
TORONTO. 10-3m

Lowe's
Commercial Academy
346 Spadina Avenue
Toronto
ASSURED.
Shorthand, (Isaac Pitman's System)
Book-Keeping; Typewriting \$5
until proficient.
Shorthand by Mail \$5 until proficient.
Over 2000 graduates during past five years
Pupils assisted to positions.

FLEXIBLE BRIDLED
BOECKH TRY THEM!
MADE IN EVERY SIZE READY FOR USE
PAINT BRUSHES.

J. YOUNG,
(ALEX. MILLARD,)
The Leading Undertaker
347 YONGE STREET.
TELEPHONE 639.

HUGH BRIMSTIN
LOCKSMITH and BELTHANGER.
Razors, Scissors and all Kinds of Cutlery
Ground and Repaired.
Lawn Mowers Ground & Repaired.
596 YONGE STREET,
Established 1864 TORONTO
TORONTO CARRIAGE WORKS.
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES & WAGGONS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CULLERTON & McGRAW,
29 and 31 AGNES STREET, TORONTO.
Repairing and Re-painting a specialty.
Moderate prices. 10-1y

CATHOLIC NEWS.

By his last will, the late James Sadler leaves several thousands of dollars to public and private charities.

The 19th of March, the Feast of St. Joseph, will henceforth be officially recognized as a holiday in Portugal.

Two hundred and fifty Benedictine Nuns made their retreat at the Mother House, St. Joseph, near St. Cloud, Minn., recently. At the close of the retreat twenty-five young novices took the veil.

Fathers Postigo and Hartman, S. J., who have had long experience amongst the inhabitants of Mashonaland, have completed a grammar of the Mashona language and it is now going through the press.

The famous monastery of Maria Loach will celebrate on the 16th of August the eight hundredth year of its existence. The Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Korum of Treves, has promised to be present.

The Pope has sent a special letter to Madrid thanking the Spanish Government for ceding to the Franciscan Order the Convent of La Rabida, where Columbus spent the night previous to his departure on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

The curate at Lourdes who had the happiness of preparing Bernadette Soubirous for her first Communion, the Abbe Ponsain, canon honorary of Tarbes, died at Lourdes on the first vespers of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which corresponded with the thirty-fifth anniversary of the last apparition. With him disappeared the last ecclesiastical witness of the veracity of the royante.

Some idea of the extent and importance of the work done by the Rev. Father Callaghan and his devoted assistant, Mr. McCool, at Castle Garden, in behalf of immigrant girls, may be gained from the statement that within a year no fewer than 4,000 of these young women were cared for. It was especially designed by its founder, the lamented Father Riordan, for young girls, of all nationalities and creeds, providing them with a home until relatives or friends come to claim them.

The German Government evidently intends to keep the pledges which the Emperor, in person, gave the Catholic Polish members of the Reichstag in return for the support they rendered Caprivi on the army bill legislation. It has already issued orders for an inquiry into the best means to be employed for the restoration of the Polish language in the schools of the Posen district. This restoration was one of the conditions the Polish members, whose votes won the day for the Government, demanded before they promised to support the army bill.

The death is announced of Miss Mary M. Meline, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a well-known Catholic writer and lecturer. She was giving a course of lectures in one of the eastern cities a few months ago, when she was stricken with paralysis, from which she never recovered. Miss Meline had been closely identified with all the important intellectual movements that have been inaugurated by Catholics of late years, and she was an indefatigable worker in the cause of Catholic literature. She was literary by right of birth,—her father being a man of unusual parts, and her uncle the celebrated Colonel Meline, whose "Life of Mary Queen of Scots" caused Mr. Froude so much uneasiness on its first appearance.

A dispatch from San Antonio, Texas, says that a tract of twenty acres of land has been purchased there by Rt. Rev. Eugene Gillo, Oaxaco, Mexico, in behalf of the Catholic church of that country. Upon it will be constructed magnificent buildings of stone, costing not less than \$200,000, which will be used as a Catholic ecclesiastical institution. The work of construction will

begin within the next sixty days. The law of Mexico prohibits the establishment and conduction of such institutions there and this institution is to be built by the Mexican Catholic clergy for the purpose of educating and training up the young members of the priesthood who are to labor in the religious fields of Mexico.

At the recent ceremony in Vienna of the conferring of a Cardinal's hat on the Bishop of Grosswardein—a most imposing ceremony because of the number of church dignitaries present and because the Emperor knelt there prostrate at the altar—the most impressive figure was that of the young Papal envoy, who attracted all. This youthful prelate, the son of a Spanish nobleman, was easily the centre of the brilliant scene on account of his youth, his manly beauty and the dignity beyond his years which lent effectiveness to his address to the Emperor. He is the son of Senor del Val, was born in England and is famous in Rome for the fine sermons he preaches in the English tongue.

The death is also announced, on July 26th, at Castle Park, Limerick, of John O. Delmore, J. P. Mr. Delmore had attained an advanced age; and being in weak health for some time past, his death was not unexpected. He had for many years occupied a prominent position in local affairs, being one of the leaders of the old Tory Ascendancy faction.

On July 24th, at the Cathedral, Kilkenny, Mr. Martin Phelan, High St., was married to the widow of the late James Doyle, Rose-Inn street, and daughter of the late Thos. Ryan, Bennetsbridge. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. R. Walsh, Administrator of the cathedral parish.



Worth Its Weight in Gold. 12 ENEMY, Dak., July 23, 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.

OST, Ileno 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 4 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Tonic a positive cure was effected from epileptic fits. REV. JOHN LOEVENICH.

Rev. John Redeker, of Westphalia, Kan., writes, October 12, 1890:—"There is a 12 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 1870, and is now under his direct supervision.

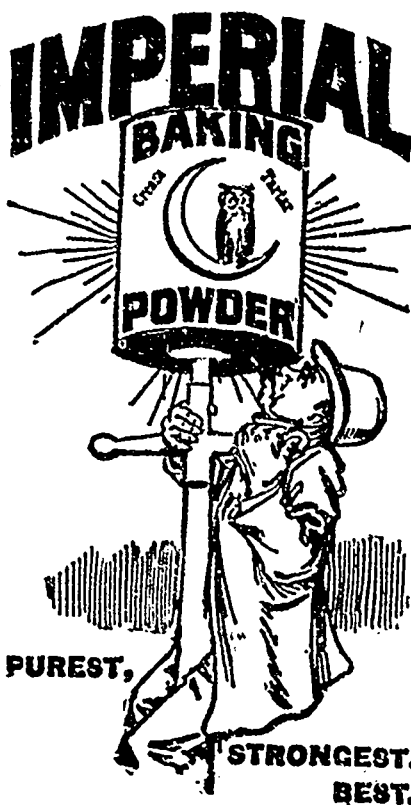
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5 Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

Trusts Corporation OF ONTARIO And Safe Deposit Vaults. Bank of Commerce Building, King St. TORONTO.

Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000. Capital Subscribed, \$800,000. Hon. J. C. Aikins, P.O., President. Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money Invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.

Deposits safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured. N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same. A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.



NIAGARA RIVER LINE FOUR TRIPS DAILY.

STEAMERS

Chippewa, Chicora and Cibola.

Will leave Goddes' wharf at 7 and 11 a.m., 2 and 3.45 p.m. daily (except Sunday) for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central railways for Falls, Buffalo, etc.

Tickets at all principal offices. JOHN FOY, Manager.

WESTERN Assurance Company INCORPORATED 1851.

CAPITAL, - - \$1,200,000

Fire and Marine. Head Office, Toronto, Ont

PRESIDENT: A. M. Surratt, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT: Geo. A. Cox, Esq. DIRECTORS: Hon. R. C. Wood, Geo. McMurrich, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., J. J. KENNY, W. K. Brock, Esq., A. T. Fulton, Esq., Robert Besty, Esq. [Managing Director]

SOLICITORS: Messrs. McCarthy, Osle, Hoskin and Croelma. Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hull, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation. On Cargo Risks with the Maritime Provinces, by sail or steam. On Cargoes by steamer to British Ports.

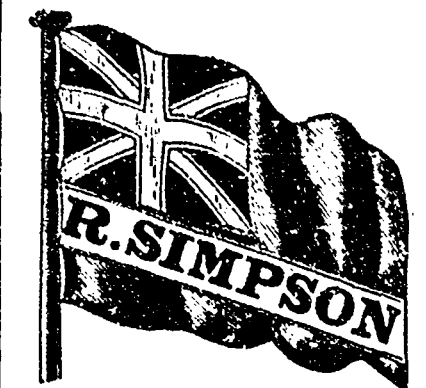
Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS, 10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephones 592 & 2075.

CARPETS CLEANED By latest process and relaid by competent workmen. Altering and Re-fitting a specialty. Upholstering; furniture re-covered in latest style.

Ontario Carpet Cleaning Co. Telephone call 3211. W. O'CONNOR.

TEACHER WANTED, FOR the Roman Catholic Separate School, Whitby, for the balance of this year. Applications received up to Monday, the 31st. Duties to begin Aug. 25th inst. JAMES LONG, Sec. and Treas.

WANTED FOR Peterborough Separate Schools (Male Department) a Principal holding First or Second-Class Certificate. Applicants will please enclose testimonials and state salary required. Duties to begin 25th inst. JOHN CORKERY, Sec. Peterborough, Aug. 14 1893.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

Building Sale.

SUMMER SUITINGS, The negligee garment will prevail in August. Make it as careless and free as possible. Ceylon flannels make up in comfortable suitings in so many different ways:

- Ceylon Flannels, stripes and checks. 90c. Ceylon, Flannels, very handsome, in silk mixtures, 35, 37 1/2. Flannelottes, special, 6c, worth 10c. Gingham Shirtings, fast colors, 5 and 6 1/2c. Gingham Shirtings, extra heavy, fast colors, 10c. 36-inch Gingham, fast colors, large and small checks, plaids, 10c. Toazle Cloths and Summer Suitings, special sale price 6 1/2. Saxony Flannel, white or cream shades, from 20c. Special fine Saxony, 36 inches wide, cream shade, very fine quality, sale price 55c. Oxford Shirtings, 16, 17 1/2c. Striped Flannels, all-wool, for Blazors, in Blue and White Navy and White Stripes 45c. Blue and Bl ck worth 65c. Orange and Black Opera Flannels, in all the best shades, 25. Shaker Flannel, in cream, pink, blue, grey, 8 1/2, 10c. Navy Serge, for boys' wear, 30c. Navy Flannel, for bathing suits, 1 1/2, 20c. Navy Flannel, for boating suits, 25. 30c. Embroidered Flannels from 75c.

The new Annex, 170 Yonge street, takes on new forms of attractiveness from week to week. Has increased the store space just double.

R. SIMPSON, B. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st. W. TORONTO. Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

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

	CLOSE.	DUE.
	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.20
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.10
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25
N. and N. W.	7.30	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	8.30
Midland	7.00	8.35
C. V. R.	6.40	8.00
G. W. R.	noon	9.00
	6.15	10.30
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00
	4.00	10.30
U.S. West'n States	6.15	10.00

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 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for August: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31. N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transmit their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents of such orders payable at such Branch Post Office. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

AGENTS WANTED.

COLUMBIAN JUBILEE or Four Centuries of Catholicity in America. Published by J. S. Hyland & Co., of Chicago, with the approbation of his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago, and approved by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and many Archbishops and Bishops throughout the Continent. Illustrated with Colored Frontispieces and many rare and beautiful engravings from paintings by Grosz and others. This work has had the largest sale of any Catholic work of recent years. See Editorial notice in CATHOLIC REGISTER of July 27. Agents wanted in every town and city in the Province. Salary or commission to good reliable agents. Apply at once Address T. J. KELLY & Co., St. Thomas, Ont. 112 Wellington St. West, Toronto.