

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## MR. GLADSTONE ON HERESY AND SCISM.

Leo XIII., feeling the end of life to be approaching, has made a solemn appeal to the world in favor of religious unity. He calls attention to the enormous loss of power for good in the world through the divisions among Christians, and has asked them to consider more seriously the claims of the only Church which can reunite them in the bonds of unity. Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century* is an appeal from another aged man, impressed in like manner with the evils flowing from religious division, and anxious to offer some suggestions for at least diminishing the range and consequences of these divisions. To this extent there is a noticeable parallelism between the utterances of the successor of St. Peter and the utterances of the world-renowned statesman; and we may be allowed to accept the parallelism as one indication showing how truly the Pope has interpreted the present feelings of earnest-minded men. But what are we to say of "the readjustment of ideas" on the basis of which Mr. Gladstone hopes that a working religious unity may be constructed? He acknowledges that Our Lord founded a Church with a succession of pastors whose teaching and rule all were to accept and obey; that the commission of the pastors "was expressly extended by a promise of His superintending presence with them (which could only mean with them and their successors) till the end of the world;" that the Church so instituted was destined "to be the great standing witness in the world for Him and for the recovery of lost mankind;" and that the effect of "rebellion against the jurisdiction then solemnly constituted," when carried as far as heresy and schism, could only be "to impair the Church's witness and thereby frustrate Our Lord's work." Mr. Gladstone acknowledges further that the question of the status of those who should thus lapse into heresy and schism "did not escape the forethought of Our Saviour, and was dealt with by Him in the simplest and most decisive manner." "If he neglect to hear the Church let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican (Matt. xviii., 17);" that is, excluded from salvation. "This," says Mr. Gladstone, "I think is a fair account of heresy and schism according to the view of Our Lord and the Apostles." He is right. The account given is obviously a fair account of what Our Lord and the Apostles taught.

But then it would seem to follow that heresy and schism still retain their ancient character; and that as they continue to impair, and more now than ever, the witness for God's truth on earth, so they must continue to exclude from salvation, and should likewise continue to be regarded as two enormous moral evils which the prudent man cannot on any account consent to make terms with. This, however, is almost the opposite of Mr. Gladstone's contention. He pleads that times have changed. When at length the Church succeeded in reacting Christendom, her success was in another sense her ruin; for it caused her to receive into her bosom, along with her converts, the lustful world from which they had so imperfectly disengaged themselves. Thus the evidences of her divine commission became obscured, and with their obscuration was dimmed likewise the recognition of the duty of obedience to the Church's authority. By necessary consequences heresy and schism became mere venial offences, if offences at all, at least in the case of those who are not themselves authors of the heresies and schisms, but have inherited them by the conditions of their birth and education. That things have come to this pass Mr. Gladstone endeavors to establish on the following grounds: First, from the analogy of other Divine laws—those, namely, against the making of images and usury—he forbids us to settle the question straight off by an appeal to what he has called "the view of Jesus Christ and the Apostles." Secondly, from the piety oftentimes displayed—and, as he would claim, on a large scale—among religious bodies which, if there is a true Church of God still existing on earth, must be deemed heretic and schismatic. Here he has chiefly, though not solely, in view the English Non-Conformists, and those derived from their stock in America and elsewhere. Is not all this piety an evidence that God's grace is at work among them, and thus an implied sanction of their position? The consideration is, as we are all aware, one of which the force is strongly felt by many. Thirdly, he appeals to the tenacity of the existing heresies and schisms in contrast to "the meteoric passage over the scene" of the more ancient aberrations. "The Gnostic, the Arian, the Donatist, the Monophysite, whence are they?" And as their disappearance is clear evidence that God has not blessed them, so surely must the endurance of Protestantism (to speak of it only), through three centuries, be an evidence that God does accept it as a suitable soil for the rearing of godliness and piety.

But is it true that the evidences of the Church's credentials have become obscured? The reason Mr. Gladstone gives for thinking it to be so is in any

case open to exception. From the commencement, and hence during the period when he deems the evidence to have been bright, and the state of heresy and schism ruinous to the hopes of salvation, bad and good have been mingled together within the fold. We have evidence enough, unfortunately, of that in St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. But there has been the light shining in the darkness, and unobscured by it, as we may safely claim, in every generation of the Church's history. And heresy likewise has at all times shown the disposition to spring up, and has often succeeded in springing up, within the Church, that is, among its members. But the Church's soil is ungenial to its growth. After a struggle it is always compelled to betake itself outside, and by this persistent expulsion of all that is unorthodox, the Church is able to preserve undimmed her immaculate doctrinal purity. We must contend, therefore, against Mr. Gladstone that there is no obscuration of the Church's evidence through any intrinsic diminution of their splendor. At the same time we may admit an obscuration of the splendor for those who are without. According to a certain physical theory, our globe was at one time encompassed by a dense and opaque mist. The condition to which the separated bodies have brought themselves by their ever multiplying divisions is a similar mist in the regions outside the Catholic Church, obscuring to the view of those who live in the mist the brightness of the rays which the Church is ever emitting from her indefectible stores. Here is a method by which this truth may be more easily recognized. Imagine blotted out of existence all religious communities, ancient and modern, claiming the Christian name, save the Catholic Church of the first four or five centuries, and the modern Church in communion with the See of Rome. Does not the latter patently correspond with the former we will not say doctrinally, as that would be disputed, but to the extent of the outline which Mr. Gladstone draws at the beginning of his article—that is to say, in the character of a Church, large enough and extended enough to be called a world-wide Church, united under the teaching and ruling authority of a succession of pastors tracing unbroken descent from the Apostles, and acting entirely on the principles which Mr. Gladstone calls "the views of Christ and the Apostles?" And if so does it not follow that it is the other religious communities which are at fault; that it is they who by their divisions have (for themselves) obscured the evidences, or, to use Mr. Gladstone's language, "impaired the witness of God's servants" and frustrated thereby His work?

What then is to be our judgment on those who find themselves by inheritance members of these separatist bodies? Mr. Gladstone's theory is that their status has the divine approval manifested by their piety and goodness, and that the changed circumstances are sufficient to explain this approval. The theory current among Catholics, and often expounded, is that if they remain where they are in good faith, not having been able to penetrate the mist of confusion in which Protestantism has enveloped them, they have committed no sin against faith and are so far under the divine approval. They are thus able to receive the grace of God, which is indeed the inheritance of the holy Catholic Church but which is diffused around in order to draw men towards it, and which will enter for that purpose every well-disposed heart. Thus equipped these exiles can bring forth solid fruits of piety, and yet their condition is a subject for sorrow, more than for rejoicing. If grace reaches them, and they lack all the efficacious means of grace, internal and external, which are found within the Church. And then again, whereas within the Church every doctrine is a strong aid towards piety, outside the Church whatever doctrines are opposed to hers are a positive hindrance to piety. Hence given two hearts, one within the other without the Church, of which the latter is much more responsive to grace than the former, and then you may find more fruits of piety in the latter than in the former; just as a good seed sown on a hard seed may surpass in its growth a bad seed sown in a fertile garden. But let the two hearts be of equal responsiveness, and the fruits of piety in the Catholic will far surpass the fruits of piety in the "heretic and schismatic." In the short, spiritual growth without the Church is at best difficult and stunted; only within the enclosure can it find its full expansion. And we claim that a broad survey of Christendom corresponds with this contention. Let not, however, our motive be misunderstood when we assert this. It is not asserted in any spirit of arrogance, but in recognition of a truth, to which because we recognize it we give our allegiance.

Here are two theories to explain the undoubted and consoling fact that much piety is found among Christians outside the pale of the Catholic Church. Now we are arguing, be it remembered, from premises common between ourselves and Mr. Gladstone; namely, that God did institute a Church which

He clothed with authority and intended to last till the end; and on that basis we will now ask which of the two theories is most like the truth. The Catholic theory seems to flow at once by necessary consequence from the idea of a Catholic Church; for them will always be heresies and schisms with such innocent victims we should expect God to deal in the spirit of compassion, while still sustaining the institutions which He has Himself founded. But Mr. Gladstone's theory requires us to hold that out of consecration to the modern prevalence of heresy and schism Our Lord has actually withdrawn the exclusive sanction which originally He gave to His Church, and has taken to His heart, not merely the innocent victims of heresy and schism, but the very heresy and schism itself; approving as approximate truth what He originally prohibited as a suitable soil for error, sanctioning as a suitable soil for the growth of piety what He originally denounced as a land of death; and this although in the original utterance He spoke of an institution destined, "under His superintending presence," to last till the end of the world. How is such a change of attitude consistent with our Lord's divine attributes? Mr. Gladstone, we have seen, seeks for analogies in the altered attitude of Christian thought, doubtless with divine approval, towards image-making and usury. But we would urge upon him with all respect that the analogy here is altogether wanting. In neither of these two cases is there any passage from a judgment of condemnation to a judgment of approval in regard to matter of doctrine, or to an institution distinctly declared of old to be of permanent obligation. The prohibition of the making of images—if it was of making only, and not of making with a view to idolatrous worship—was a mere precautionary enactment not needing to be maintained when the danger was past, and belonging to a confessedly temporary dispensation. The prohibition of usury, strictly so-called, binds now as much as ever. But usury, strictly so-called, is exacting interest for the loan of money, which, if not lent, would have to remain unproductive in the hands of its owner; whereas the establishment of a widely extended money market has caused money to be in these days almost always practically a productive commodity. Thus modern lending at interest is something quite distinct from the usury which was, and is, prohibited.

One point on which Mr. Gladstone insists has not yet been dealt with, and it is not easy to see why he insists on it. Protestantism, he says, has vindicated its claim to pass as under divine approval by its endurance. It has lasted through three centuries and seems destined to continue. It might be remarked how far it has slipped away from its original dogmatic moorings, how evident is the process of dogmatic dissolution through which it is passing. But even if it lasted as this is no mark of divine approval, unless we are prepared to recognize a divine approval of Mohammedanism. The endurance does not compare, rather it contrasts, with the endurance of the Catholic Church, the only institution which, in lasting, can remain faithful to its own principles and its own needs, and can, at the same time, exhibit the phenomena of a vigorous intellectual life.

We have given so much space to the substance of Mr. Gladstone's article, that we must dismiss with a single word the purpose which he has in view. This purpose is to invite Christians of all denominations to consider how precious a heritage they have in common, a heritage affirmed to them even by an enhanced authentication through the sheer fact of their intestine dissensions. On the basis of their common possession of belief in the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation, he invites them to co-operate much more than they do for its maintenance against the assaults of unbelief; and he seems, if we understand him rightly, to indicate a State-imposed system of undenominational education as a special danger against which such co-operation needs to be directed. Although we cannot accept his premises, we can have nothing but a welcome for an invitation to co-operate in this manner and for this end. It seems, however, that the Nonconformists are those on whom this invitation needs to be most pressed. It is they who are the great sustainers of the Undenominational system which, in common with Mr. Gladstone, we find to press so sorely on our consciences. If we could but hope that one result of Mr. Gladstone's article would be an endeavor to move those with whom he has still much influence to do, as might easily be done, if there were the will, a system of public education which, without prejudice to proficiency in secular subjects would allow us all to follow the dictates of conscience in the department of religious training.—*London Tablet*.

Rev. Hugh McGlin, rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, died suddenly at Halifax, N. S., on Tuesday, 21st August. He was a general favorite with both clergy and laity. R. I. P.  
Very Rev. Dr. Wall, V. G. Pittsburgh, Pa., died very suddenly on Friday, Aug. 24.

## A Pertinent Suggestion.

Rev. George Meyer of Bayonne, N. J., in a letter to the *New York Sun* makes this interesting suggestion.  
"I would like to make a suggestion to retail liquor dealers. How would it be, gentlemen, if you form a moral reform society among yourselves? In the middle ages the executioner of convicts sentenced to death was socially ostracised. Yet a hangman was as necessary as the sheriff of today who performs the hanging or electrical execution of culprits. You are, more or less socially ostracised in the present age, while the sheriff is not any longer. Form a guild among yourselves. Let every liquor dealer be bound to observe strictly the laws of the State, i. e., let him close on Sundays, not sell to minors, nor to persons under the influence of liquor or of intemperate habits. Do not allow profane language, keep your children from mixing with frequenters of your saloons, etc. Do this, watch over your members, report yourselves to the law-breakers in the liquor business, and bring them to suffer the penalty of the law, and you will soon take the wind from the prohibition sail and be as respected socially as any other business man. There is generally a great deal of energy found among liquor dealers. Use this energy to eliminate from your ranks all low-lived, law-breaking liquor establishments."

## A QUEEN'S REMORSE.

The State of Mind that Queen Margherita is In.  
Letters from Rome described the terrors of which Queen Margherita has been the victim for months past. According to the correspondence, the wife of King Humbert is convinced that the monarchy will be destroyed by the Revolution and her own life is increased by the belief that the Royal Family will be its victims, as was the unfortunate Louis XVI., in the French revolution. The correspondents assure us that she never ceases to exclaim: "I will die like Marie Antoinette! We will not escape the vengeance of Heaven for having deprived the Vicar of Christ of his States!"

The unhappy lady is also convinced that all the evils from which Italy is now suffering are the consequence of the conquest of Rome by Victor Emanuel.  
From the day in which the breach was made in the Porta Pia all our misfortunes began" is her constant exclamation.  
A very significant article which has appeared in *L'Italia* has been attributed to the inspiration of the Queen. In it, after a respectful eulogy of Leo XIII., and of the moral grandeur of the Papacy, regrets are expressed that she should not take part in the Jubilee of the Holy Father.  
The article also expresses the profound grief of Queen Margherita for not being permitted to cast herself at the feet of His Holiness Leo XIII.  
She is quite right in thinking that the breach in the Porta Pia has been the immediate cause of all the misfortunes that have afflicted Italy since the conquest, as the Masons claim by the secret organization working in the interests of Satan.

## A CHURCH AT HARVARD.

To be Erected Through the Efforts of Rev. P. J. Callaghan, Paulist.  
One of the adjuncts of the great University of Harvard in the near future will be a Catholic church, and the pastor will be Rev. Peter J. Callaghan, the Paulist priest, whose appearance in the pulpit of Harvard chapel a few months ago created widespread interest.  
Father Callaghan is authority for the statement in reference to the erection of the church. His plan and purpose will be elaborated in an article which he is preparing for the *Catholic Family Annual* to be issued soon. The scheme is the outcome and direct fruit of the young priest's discourse to the faculty and students. The church, of course, will not be within the university grounds. It will be in the immediate vicinity, "near enough," said Father Callaghan, "to reap the harvest that will come as the result of my poor sowing a few months since."

## The Catholic Child.

The Catholic child is God's first fruits, and we remember how, in the Old Law, the Lord jealously required for Himself the first fruits. "Set aside with your first fruits to the Lord. Let every one that is willing and hath a ready heart, offer them to the Lord. And accordingly, all the multitude of the children of Israel offered first fruits to the Lord with a most ready and devout mind." But what first fruits does our Lord yearn for as He yearns for the souls of innocent children? And it is doubtless because Satan knows how precious they are in God's sight, that in our days he strives up all his agents on earth to make war essentially against the souls of children.  
What wonder that they make such a struggle for the soul of a baptized

child! Think for a moment on the effect produced at the font of baptism. If the thread of life is cut one moment before the water flows and the word of power is spoken, the poor soul goes stillborn into eternity. It is indeed a creature stillborn; it has not the life which alone can find place in heaven. If, on the contrary, it be brought to the font, from the poorest parents and in the meanest rags, and the water is poured and the word of regeneration pronounced; O, then let death come as quickly as it will. "O, death, where is thy victory?" This is not death but the beginning of life. For the holy angels are waiting and saying with glad wonder, "who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delight?" Without any let or hindrance, without any passage through cleansing fires, it is welcomed among angels and archangels.

## A TRIBUTE TO A HERO.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage writes as follows, from mid-ocean, near Tasmania, to the *Brooklyn Eagle*:  
"The most of the world's heroes and heroines die unrecognized. They will have to wait until the roll is called on the other side of the Dead sea. Once in a while there are circumstances which thrill the world with the same story like that of the brilliant Belgian Catholic priest, Joseph Damien, who after a week's consideration of whether he had better to do so, accepted the appointment as missionary to Molokai, the Isle of Lepers, for sixteen years administering to the leprosy and the dying of the leprosy. When told by his physician that he had the faintest hope he showed no alarm nor even agitation, but said, 'As expected, I am willing to die for these I came to save.' The King knighted him and a memorial slab designated his resting-place, but Protestantism has joined Catholicism in the beatification of this self-sacrificing ecclesiastic.  
That moral hero completely transformed the Isle of Lepers. It was before his work began a den of abominations. No law. No decency. All the tigers of passion were let loose. Drunkenness and blasphemy and licentiousness and cruelty dominated. The mortal disease eclipsed the physical. But Damien dawned upon the darkness. He helped them to build cottages. He medicated their physical distress. The plague which he could not arrest he alleviated. He prepared the dead for burial and dug for them Christian graves and pronounced upon them a benediction. He launched a Christian civilization upon their wretchedness. He gave them the gospel of good cheer. He told the poor victims concerning the land of eternal health, where the inhabitant never says, 'I am sick,' and the swollen faces took on the look of hope, and the glassy eyes saw coming relief, and the footless and the limbless and the fingerless looked forward to a place where they might walk with the King robed in white and everlasting songs upon their heads.  
Good and Christ-like Joseph Damien! Let all religions honor his memory. Let poetry and canvas and sculpture tell the story of this man who lived and died for others and from century to century keep him in bright remembrance long after the last leper of all the earth shall have felt through all his recovering and revitalized nature the voice of the Son of God saying 'I will. Be thou clean.'"

## Who Converts the Chinamen.

The work of Catholic missionaries in China is productive of far better results than that of Protestants. From the decennial report of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, it appears that in Mowchang twenty-three Catholic missionaries have more than 12,500 converts, whereas seventeen Protestant missionaries have only about 2,000. In Chefoo the missionary body comprises some seventy-five Protestants with 500 converts, and 100 Catholics with 100,000 converts. Thus, while each Catholic secures 1,000 natives, each Protestant secures only six or seven. In Mengtzo the situation is even worse from the Protestant point of view. There are, we are told, twenty-three Catholic priests with 10,000 converts; twelve men and nine women. Protestant missionaries can only boast of a dozen baptised adherents. No clear light is thrown upon the causes of the failure of the Protestant missions; but it is doubtless due in great measure to the faculty possessed by the Catholics of identifying themselves with the interests of the natives. In Ichang, for example, the Fathers have taught the people to grow the potato, which in many villages has superseded even rice as the staple food.

## AN INCONSISTENCY.

It is a strange fact that the tendency of the modern mind is to reject dogmas, which rest upon authority in the very domain wherein authority holds good, and loosely to admit them on the strength of that same authority, in that other domain wherein strict logic proves that authority ought not to constitute their basis.

## St. Thomas.

In reviewing a new edition of the works of St. Thomas of Aquin, two or three weeks ago, we referred to the increase of interest which those outside of the fold are beginning to manifest in the writings of the Angelic Doctor. A further proof of appreciation for the writings of the Angel of the Schools on the part of non-Catholics is afforded by the announcements of the establishment of a chair of Thomistic philosophy in the Protestant University of Amsterdam.—*Ave Maria*.

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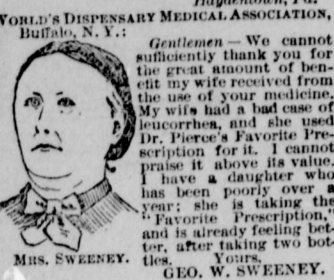
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FOR HIS SAKE.

Sir George Eidsen was a wealthy man, and although not in Parliament, still by his L. S. D. he had the pull of a good many strings connected with that august and distinguished assembly.

But he had an only son, in whom his hopes were centered, and whom he had determined should make the name of Eidsen renowned. That only son was a youth of twenty-two—a tall, well-made, good-looking fellow, who had just concluded a successful University career.

"James," said Sir George to the man who had come in response to his bell, "tell Mr. Jocelyn I wish to see him." Jocelyn was engaged with his cousin, a delightfully pretty little maid who saw but one man in this world and that Jocelyn.

"No rudger, my dear boy," explained Sir George, "on the contrary, a very pleasant life, which leads on to something higher and better. He will use his just influence for your advancement. It's a rare chance, Jos., and with it great prospects."

"No sir, it is neither my intention nor yet my desire," replied Jocelyn, with that respect, alas! so rare now-a-days among children when addressing their parents.

"What?" bellowed Sir George, his face crimson, and bringing down his fist on the unoffending table, "are you a Catholic?" But he did not wait to hear the "yes" which hung on Jocelyn's lips.

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he has no inclination for. But does he live?"

Sir George was rather taken aback by this question. He felt as if his son was laying a trap for him, at any rate he would be cautious. It is not always safe to answer an apparently simple question, especially when it is a link in an argument, on the spur of the moment.

"We live to succeed," he said at last, "and where success is achieved, life is realized." "Again, sir, I agree with you," replied Jocelyn, with the semblance of a smile, "but provided the success is the result of desire, and not compulsion.

"I should say, sir," replied Jocelyn deferentially, but firmly, "to enable me to take my place in the world and to fulfill my calling, whatever vocation I may be called to."

"That's cant, sir. And pray what is this state of life?" Jocelyn felt that the crisis had come. But with it his opportunity. With the same deference he had maintained throughout, he said:

"I wish to take Holy Orders, sir." Sir George fairly gasped. "Such a disgrace has never happened in our family before. What, an Eidsen a clergyman!" Poor Sir George, he invariably lost his head with his temper.

"What?" bellowed Sir George, his face crimson, and bringing down his fist on the unoffending table, "are you a Catholic?" But he did not wait to hear the "yes" which hung on Jocelyn's lips.

My husband was subject to severe attacks of neuralgia which caused him great pain and suffering. The pains were principally about his eyes, and he often had to remain in a darkened room, not being able to stand the light.

Not exactly, Gertie. We have had a row. "Oh, do tell me all," she pleaded, as only a woman—a loving, noble woman—can plead.

"It seems to me, little girl, if we go on in this way we will not finish our little story."

"Oh, don't let's read any more," with a sigh, "it's all about sacrifice." "Yesterday you were enthusiastic on the subject, to-day you run away from it. It was with a sad smile he spoke. "Would you not be willing to make a sacrifice for His sake?"

"I would make any sacrifice for you," she spoke earnestly, nay passionately. "I said for His sake," repeated Jocelyn. She was silent. She felt a strange fear coming over her, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"He could no longer restrain his tongue. He told her all. As she listened, she felt the altar and wood of the sacrifice were laid, and her hand was to apply the light.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee." She arose and obeyed. And of her second sacrifice, on the day of her solemn profession, she could truly say the words he had taught her. "For His sake."—Catholic Fireside.

The Real Catholic.

There is a certain Ritualistic church in the north of London where the imitation of Catholicity in external matters is so successful as to give near deceiving the very elect, at any rate in their sight, says the Liverpool Catholic Times.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capacious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

Dear Sirs.— I have been using Burdock Bitters for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled. Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, Montreal, Que. Minard's Lintment for sale everywhere.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF PROTESTANTISM.

England may be said to be the nursing-house of fallacies in regard to the propagation of the Faith. "That country which is most easy to deceive, most difficult to undeceive, and most powerful to deceive others" is perpetually spending its millions in the attempt to divide the earth upon the One Faith which should be alone indivisible.

That such a fearful waste of power, of money, and even of good will, should be possible throughout a couple of centuries; or that the English people should be deluded during that period into believing in such a vast colossal action, is only explicable on the estimate quoted above, that England is the home of fond delusions, the nursery of false tradition and of prejudice.

As for Gertrude, she bore the cross she had received from Jocelyn's hands with patience and silence, pondering the while in her own heart. And what time had failed to do in her uncle's case, it had succeeded in hers.

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that it is a duty to "preach the Gospel to the heathen."

But what must be the effect of this vague conception of "the Gospel" upon the Protestant belief in the Future State? We have just heard the Archbishop of Canterbury under the irresistible prompting of Christian sentiment, asking a vast audience to stand up, "while he offered special prayers in commemoration of the departed."

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A Story

One day last season of the sweet everything seemed welcome in the land and when a certain land village was in new, clean to in the beautiful part of the skies warmth and bright special sunshine lady looked out of to herself.

"Oh, what a thing that charming there! I'll do it color-box and little camp-stool started out merry ant morning's quite a dance soft, green banyan trees through flickered and feet of these trees there herself and arranged a pretty, peace. It filled her heart she hummed a half self while her busily with them seem as if any disagreeable pleasure of that.

But, oh dear! Presently a dark lounging about an especial object of time. Now the little folks, for grown people and beyond on matter how wasn't a bit too full rapidly, drag with it, and time of your manhood, and it, into old thing to do is time allows u kind words, and efforts, and pleasanter tr our flight with have to go side science, and and naught be undone, a travel toward cause this long moon. I won't.

Well, the as I have said mischief will deserve the they reached artist was peacefully, about a bal voices reach. She looked shade of her hoped they with another mistaken, for time" suggest rude fellow being the tawny very worst leader in all.

Say, a an' make h tion, as he girl and w. An enge plump into ball, while satisfaction in dismay. They ru the aim h and there motion of far over a grass.

The boy around to signed to for fling. They jo against h annoyed tolerate n her seat, away.

"Got a you're go go folks. All leave," I take me "Oh, can't ha "May I think call for to save; you may spoke, a "Con beginni the gar me like. They having the mig our you resume ant sim But, far. "The ne only, a and sa. The art the art and so work. "H in". Bill bits,

to "preach the Gospel"

to be the effect of this... We have just heard... of Canterbury under... prompting of Christ... asking a vast audi-... "while he offered... in commemoration of... the prayer which assured... the repose which assured... of its benefiting... l, or of that soul being... o benefited. Like... Services," which are... only to the living;... nplate possible benefit... such a belief was ever... e Church of England... e reputed as "rank... re is no such thing as... on of Saints" for Pro-... dead are utterly cut... ring. Prayer cannot... e cannot know of it;... ed either to be saved... n either case to be... on with the Church on... as no voice for them... e... e is a disturbance of the... re state, as Catholicity... itive assurance. The... ropagation of heretical... therefore of the loosen-... faith—is as much... e joy of the Christian... e strength of the Chris-... The very base of Chris-... tianity is a disturbance of... e creed to the level of... or speculation, so fear-... the foundations of the... intellect being "at... e tenderness of Catholic... ome impossible. Every... o goes forth "with his... e," to discuss the... an opinions with the... uch an enemy of de-... e Christians, since he... e communion of the two... of earnestness on... ionaries—and scores of... od fact and full of zeal... e fact that all heresies... e are as, the Anglican... e, "deadly sins,"... ily in their opposition... ty, to the unity of all... one communion, to the... ngrasp which depends on... and to the sweet peace... o contemplate with all... e of their faith and de-... at Sunday in the present... part by the Archbishop... for "universal prayer in... es for the reunion of... —by which is meant the... Protestant sects? The... bishhop has so far noticed... as, to point out that... to the authority of the... ch" is the only possible... e which depends on... e clergy... "unity" but, naturally... llusion, to "submission,"... e, of whom we had hoped... s, can only express his... "the time has not come... as in organic laws, while... ch useful work to be done... which have thus far been... —which is a sort... might expect to find dur-... of the Corn Laws, or... or ableness of taxing land... The Non-conformists... eem to deplore divisions;... ery root of Nonconformity... dgment, it is hard to see... e principle be approved, its... onsequences can be de-

DAN.

A Story for Boys.

By MARY D. BRINE.

One day last spring, just at that season of the sweet spring-time when everything seems loveliest and most welcome in the landscape around us, and when a certain little New England village was looking its very best in new, clean foliage, and rejoicing in the beautiful blue of its own especial part of the skies above, and the golden warmth and brightness of its own especial sunshine, a pretty young lady looked out of her window and said to herself:

"Oh, what a lovely day for sketching that charming bit of roadside over there! I'll do it at once."

So she caught up her shade hat, her color-box and paper, and, with her little camp-stool in the other hand, started out merrily enough for a pleasant morning's work. Stretching for quite a distance along the road was a soft, green bank shaded by grand old trees through which the sunbeams flickered and fell softly. Under one of these trees the young lady seated herself and arranged her easel. Such a pretty, peaceful scene before her! It filled her heart with sweet content, and she hummed a happy little song to herself while her fingers were working busily with the brushes. It didn't seem as if anything discordant and disagreeable could happen to spoil the pleasure of that fair, bright morning.

But, oh dear! how mistaken she was! Presently a bunch of boys appeared, lounging along together with no especial object in view save the killing of time.

Now the killing of time is a most unprofitable employment, my dear little folks, for you know—or, at least, grown people do—that time flies away and beyond our reach fast enough, no matter how well we treat it, and there isn't a bit too much of it in this beautiful world. It comes and passes rapidly, dragging little people along with it, and hurrying them into the time of young womanhood, young manhood, and at last, before we know it, into old age. I think the wise thing to do is to fill every minute which time allows us for opportunities, with kind words, and deeds, and thoughts, and efforts, and we will find them much pleasanter travelling companions in our flight with Father Time than if we have to go side by side with a bad conscience, and neglected opportunities, and naughtiness which can never be undone, or kept back from their travel toward eternity. (Please excuse this long digression and little sermon. I won't do it again.)

Well, the boys came lounging along, as I have said, ready for any kind of mischief which would seem to them to deserve the name of fun. Just before they reached the spot where our young artist was sitting so quietly and so peacefully, there was some dispute about a ball, and their loud, angry voices reached her ears disturbingly.

She looked around at the boys with a shade of reproach in her glance, and hoped they would pass by and be gone with another moment. Again she was mistaken, for a new way of "killing time" suggested itself to one of the rude fellows. His name was Bill, and, being the tallest of the group, and the very worst as well, he was a sort of leader in all they desired to do.

"Say, fellows, let's shy this at her an' make her hop!" was Bill's suggestion, as he glanced towards the young girl and winked his eye.

"The bend in the road beyond where the young lady sat sketching. 'Good! let's ketch him, an' have some fun, I say!' 'All right; an' fun it'll be, won't it, eh, fellers?' The voices roused the girl from her reverie amongst the colors on her block of paper, and she raised her eyes to see if 'Dan' were dog, cat, or horse, plying either animal should it fall into the hands of those terrible boys. But her pity grew deeper and turned into solicitude when she beheld a little fellow of about ten years of age coming towards her, and dragging a small cart which contained a bundle of something white. As he drew nearer, she saw that he had a round, good-natured face, from which glowed a pair of beautiful dark eyes, shaded by long, black lashes. From under his hat-brim a mass of tangled black hair seemed to be struggling for freedom, and clustered about on his forehead very prettily. His complexion was dark and smooth, his features regular, and he held his head straight up in the air in a manly sort of way that im-pressed her favorably, and made her jump at the conclusion that 'Dan' was no mean-spirited lad, nor a bad one either, such as they who were waiting for him farther down the road.

He came along whistling merrily, and meeting her gaze as he passed, returned her smile, though rather shyly, and went on to the fate in store for him.

"Poor little chap! I do hope he will have the spirit to give those boys as good as he gets, and stand up for his rights, if they try to tease him," she thought, turning again to her work.

"Hello, Injun!" shouted Bill, suddenly pouncing down upon Dan. "Hello, yourself," retorted Dan, pleasantly, though not without an air of defiance of Bill's nearer approach.

"Ye're lookin' kind of down in the mouth, Dan," continued Bill, as he winked to his mates. "Here, fellers, Dan wants to be cheered up, let's do it for him; it'll be a real kindness now, won't it?"

"He looks like he ain't smiled in a year," added another boy, as he jumped down the bank to assist Bill, who was hauling poor little Dan off from the road.

Dan's struggles were all in vain, and the "cheering up" was begun in short order. Dan was held down by one or two of his tormentors, while the others pulled off his old shoes and tickled his little bare feet; and the more he squirmed and laughed nervously, the more they shouted and enjoyed the fun.

The noise increased, and presently the young lady, whose back had been turned all this time, and who at first had not heeded the affairs about her, was startled by a scream from Dan which held more of pain than of laughter, and so she started up quickly to find out what it was all about.

"'cause I've only got her, an' she's only got jus' me, an' we love each other very much indeed." "Bravo, Dan!" cried the girl, clapping her hands. "You've made quite a speech, and given me a great deal of information too. Well, I think it is a shame that bad boys should tease you so, when you are trying to be a little man, and help your mother. Do they always tease you so?"

Dan sighed. "That Bill, the biggest feller, he's all the time a laytin' for me. He thinks the other fellers on, an' they think I'm only a Injun, so they can plague me all they like, 'cause I ain't got any big brother to pay 'em for it. But sometimes I get a chance to hit 'em back, an' I do it, too, though mammy's always tellin' me it's better to be patient, an' try not to do wrong by fightin' 'cause they do."

"The young lady laughed. 'I wouldn't mind a little teasing, Dan, if I were you, but when it comes to cruelty and deliberate hurting, why, then, I think you might rightly stand up for your rights. I hate to see anybody hurt and teased, and the boys shan't tease you when I am around.' Dan's big brown eyes regarded the girl curiously. Nobody had ever shown so much interest in him before, save his hard-working mother, who was all he had to love in the wide world. He thought this new friend who was talking to him so kindly was a beautiful lady, and he wished he dared tell her so. Presently he asked shyly:

"What's your name, ma'am?" "My name is Viola Carey," was the smiling reply, "and you may call me Miss Carey, or Miss Viola, either you please."

Dan gave the matter serious thought for a moment, then he said, "I think I'll call you Miss Viola sometimes, an' Miss Crew other times, for a change, you see. I like 'em both very much. They're lots prettier names than only 'Dan.'"

Viola laughed, and patted the curly head at her side. There was a few moments of silence, during which Dan was poking a small beetle with a piece of twig, and turning it over on its back, greatly against its inclinations.

Presently a gentle voice broke the silence. "Dan, little boy, what were the boys doing to you a little while ago, do you remember?"

The child stopped playing with the miserable little bug, and looked up in surprise. He thought the young lady must be joking, surely; but no, her face was quite too serious for that, so he replied: "Why, you ain't forgettin', are you, miss, how they teased an' hurt me 'cause if you forget, I don't, I tell you."

"That's just it, Dan," said Miss Viola. "I knew you wouldn't forget how they made you suffer. I was only wondering if you enjoyed teasing that poor bug as Bill enjoyed teasing you. I wonder if the bug will forget it, or remember how a little boy named Dan Carmen teased and hurt it one fine day when it was peacefully walking along and minding its own little affairs, without a thought of troubling anybody."

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

On the Centenary of Stonyhurst College, England.

Cardinal Vaughan responded as follows, to the toast "The Cardinal and the Bishops of England," at the banquet which was given on one of the five days, from the 14th to the 19th ult., devoted to the celebration of the Centenary of Stonyhurst, College of the Jesuits:—

Cardinal Vaughan, who was received with enthusiasm, said he was at Stonyhurst on that occasion in a threefold capacity. They had heard already of that college—he was one of several there present—laughter—and it was only natural, therefore, that he should find himself there that day. They were there that day very willingly, to declare to those who might be present and those who might follow them that their testimony was that the property was well bestowed. The gift was put out at large interest, and many of them had richly participated in the blessings that flowed from that gift made one hundred years ago.

He was also present as an old boy (cheers)—and what old boy did not love Stonyhurst whatever his experiences might have been? For the life of man, as of all institutions, was made up of varied experiences, and the time would come when the boys who received too much sugar every day would want a little of the ferula (laughter). He could most heartily endorse the expression made use of by Father Galway the previous day when he referred to the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, as it was celebrated within the walls of Stonyhurst. He most truly said that many, and perhaps every boy who had made his profession on the 8th of December, would carry away a memory that would never die either in this world or the next (cheers).

He was here in another capacity, continued the Cardinal. He was here in an official position, with his brethren of the English hierarchy. Two only were absent—the Bishop of Plymouth, who was also a student at Stonyhurst, and the Bishop of Southwark, both of whom were compelled to remain away owing to ill health. But with these exceptions all the Bishops of the English hierarchy were present to show their appreciation of the occasion, and to offer their congratulations to those of the religious order to which that college belonged. The Bishops of England knew and recognized to the full that the religious orders and congregations were their most powerful auxiliary in the grand campaign against heresy and evil which they had to conduct. They felt that their hands were strengthened by the co-operation of the religious orders were not necessary to the essence of the existence of the Church, but that they were necessary to her well-being and to her successful prosecution of the great mission which Jesus Christ had entrusted to her. And they found that wherever a persecution was directed against the Church the first attack was made upon the religious orders, and the first order to be attacked was usually the Society of Jesus (cheers). It was not until the religious orders in England were pillaged and destroyed that the king was able to set up his own authority in place of that of the Pope, three hundred years ago.

Had the example not been followed even in the present century in those countries that had waged deliberate war against the Catholic Church and against our holy religion? Spain, France, Germany and Italy all bore witness to this: that the remarkable service rendered by the religious orders of the Church called attention to their existence, and inspired hatred in the minds of those who had determined to overthrow, if they could, the Catholic Church. There was no Bishop who did not rejoice in having within his diocese one or more or many religious houses of men as well as of women, and every Bishop felt that his work was forwarded by the co-operation of these religious men. For what were they? Members for the most part of the clergy who were set apart for special work to carry out special works, teaching, preaching, missionary work—and a great variety of other interests with which the heart of the Church was bound up. They were men trained to fulfil these special duties, to carry out this special work, and the Bishops knew that these auxiliaries had rendered to the Church the greatest possible services. Of the religious orders the most numerous though not the oldest, was the Society of Jesus (applause), and it was inextricably bound up with the history of the Catholic Church in this land during the last hundred years. And the Bishops of England, in coming to the celebration of the centenary of Stonyhurst, had come to recognize, to encourage, and to bless, the labors of the Society of Jesus (cheers). On the Zambesi, China, Africa, India, every part of the missionary field, they found goodly priests in the midst establishing schools and going on with the most important work of to-day—the work of education. They were present, then—the Bishops and himself—to rejoice in the centenary of the Stonyhurst College, to praise God for the graces that during the one hundred years He had poured out so lavishly upon that establishment, and to rejoice in the affection held for the family, for himself, and for those who had gone before them, and to express the hope—the well-founded hope—and earnest prayer that the graces of the next hundred years might be increased in richness far above any that had graced

the years that had gone before (applause). And had they not reasons for this hope? What did we see? He had known Stonyhurst during the first half of the century, and he had been able to watch it, not from mere hearsay, but from personal contact and inspection, and had been able to measure the powers that were to be found in the Order of Jesus, and the way in which that college had grown, had changed in discipline, and in its domestic arrangements—changed, and improved decade by decade, until it had reached the crowning point that it occupied to-day (cheers). England during the last fifty years had changed in a most marvellous manner, and Stonyhurst and Ushaw, well equipped for the educational establishments in this country for the honors and the successful examinations of the London University (applause). But while education was well-developed they would see greater developments in the future, and whereas during the last fifty or sixty years the Catholic colleges have increased at least ten-fold, Stonyhurst, nevertheless, not only maintained the numbers she had during the first half of the century, but they had increased, so that during the last decade, in spite of other colleges that existed, the numbers at Stonyhurst had been larger than ever before (cheers).

These were hopes—well-founded hopes for the future. The past was gratefully, and they looked back at it with gratitude, and their hearts must go forward; they had yet a long and arduous work to accomplish before they could let down their hands and say the struggle was over. If they wish to see that work accomplished in the future, it must be by the strength of their unity, by the unity that had existed, that would exist to grow daily stronger and stronger, where Bishops, clergy and all the religious orders acting in common co-operation in respect to each other's position, and he was glad to think this good and noble and true understanding existed among them all (cheers). He was deeply joyed and gratified at his connection with Stonyhurst, not only as a boy, but as Bishop of the diocese where he had watched its progress, and had noted especially the regard in which the college and its work was held by all in that neighborhood. His Eminence was loudly cheered on resuming his seat.

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Mr. J. Alcide Chausse, Montreal, P. Q.

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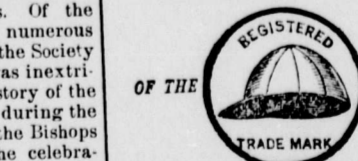
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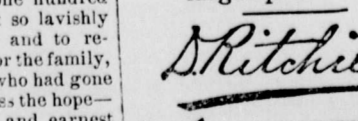
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his head. When they reached the prairie they told him they would spare his life, and they then tarred him and rolled him in feathers, and left him alone to wander in the woods, nearly crazed by the tortures inflicted on him.

The enormity of the crime committed by these men is augmented by the fact that they are sworn and paid to uphold the law. They violated their oaths, and failed in the duty they were paid to fulfill. Now that their identity has been ascertained, if there is any justice to be had in Colorado, the culprits will atone for their crime by serving for ten or fifteen years in States prison at hard labor. This is the least punishment they deserve.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An amusing incident occurred recently in a highly Ritualistic Church in the north of London. An Irish woman, who was a Catholic, entered, supposing it to be a Catholic church, and as she saw an altar with lights on it, a clergyman vested in a chasuble, and boys with red cassocks in attendance, the delusion was complete, and she began to recite her beads with great devotion. She was interrupted by a verger, who said: "Put away those beads: we don't use them here."

St. Asaph's still the Church of half the pop- ular members; but at the Establishment about one-quarter and it is not at all in turn the scale in Wales beyond the vote for disestablishment will have only two the third man keep

DARK DEED.

The Capitale, an organ of the Masonic, fraternity, published in Rome, has said that the murder of President Carnot was planned and brought to a successful issue by the Jesuits. The Capitale is always just about as truthful in its statements as are the A. P. A. and P. P. A. papers of America, which attribute all crime to the Jesuits. If these authorities could make us believe their statements they would say that the Robespierres, the Dantons, the Marats, of the French Reign of Terror in the end of the last century, and the Communists of Paris in 1871, were all Jesuits; whereas they were the friends and allies of the Capitale's patrons. Santo Cesario, the murderer of President Carnot, is the fruit of the Atheistical system of education which was established in Italy by Kings Victor Emmanuel and Humbert, with the approval of the Capitale and its party.

WE STILL find from time to time in some of the papers a repetition of the story that it is the intention of a large section of the United States Poles to establish a "Polish National Church," of which it is expected that the so-called Old Catholic Archbishop Valette is to be the Metropolitan. There is no such considerable movement among the Poles, who are devoted Catholics, and faithful to the Holy See. It is true that a certain number of rebellious Poles in Cleveland adhere to an ex-priest, Kolaszewski, but though he is trying to make his schism more extensive than it is, he is meeting with no success. There may be a few scattered Poles here and there who will be duped by him into some kind of adherence, but there is no evidence that any serious schism will come from his attempt. The movement has been pretty largely advertised by the press, but it is meeting with no response.

THE Galt Reformer has a good advice to give the Loyal Protestant Women of Canada, the sister society to the P. P. A. established in the spirit of hate, by Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, the sanctimonious lover of an "open Bible." The Loyal women are now engaged in a squabble as to whether Mrs. Shepherd or Mrs. Youmans should be the Simon Pure President of the Association; the former having been formally expelled by vote, for her good conduct, of course, and Mrs. Youman's having been established President in her place. But a section of the society still adheres to Mrs. Margaret L. with the purpose of regenerating the Dominion by driving out from it all Catholics. The Reformer's advice to these Mrs. Jellybys is as follows:

"It would be as well if this religious-political association was disbanded, and the ladies who compose it would be content with taking their proper places in the household and in those labor of love for which nature has so well fitted them. And if in their own families they have no stockings to

data, or pants to patch, or matted hair to comb, there are hundreds of poor children and suffering women needing such help as they could give. Instead of making a little hell for themselves and their neighbors they might do much to make this earth a little more like heaven."

A DISCUSSION is going on between Church of England clergy in England regarding the lawfulness of the baptism of the young Prince Duke of York. There are two forms of baptism prescribed in the Church of England Prayer-Book, one being for use when the baptism is public in the church, and the other when it is private in houses. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the supreme ecclesiastical Head of the Church, administered baptism, but he was bound to follow the Act of Parliament, and he has no authority to substitute one form of liturgy for another; nevertheless, he used the form for public baptism, though the rite was administered in the palace—a house, not a church. The question now is: "Is the baptism valid?" The Queen certainly did not dictate the form to be used, so that she can scarcely be said to have given a dispensation to the Archbishop to do as he did; and it is more than doubtful if the Queen herself had authority to give such a dispensation. The rubric has the authority of Parliament, and only the Parliament could authorize the change of form. The discussion is a curious one, and it is still more curious because those who are engaged in it appear to wish to keep in the background the fact that the only authority which can settle the ecclesiastical question is a temporal court.

OUR READERS will remember that a few months since an effort was made by the P. P. A. members of the Town Council of Galt to remove Chief of Police Ahern from his position because he is a Catholic. To the credit of the town, the scheme of the Know-Nothing proved abortive. Later developments, as given by the Galt Reformer, put a somewhat humorous phase on the occurrence. The old saying: "When rogues fall out," etc., comes forcibly to one's mind, on reading the following editorial paragraph, which we take from the paper named:

"The police force has ended in a miserable fiasco. The charges brought against Chief Ahern some few weeks ago by a party in the town council who had made up their minds to knife him, were of a most paltry character, but what will the public think now when two of these men were guilty last night of a breach of the peace, and councillors became brawlers? 'You're a liar!' exclaimed one. 'You're another!' replied the other. 'And in an instant the worthy, honest, pious, order-loving, peace-abiding and sanctimonious defenders of the faith and guardians of the public morals prepared for a bout at fisticuffs, and Dr. Radford deliberately struck Mr. John C. in the eye. O Heavens! who would have believed this? O sainted beings, how ye love one another! Now the gentlemen who have hounded Chief Ahern for weeks and resorted to every contemptible device imaginable to besmirch his character and deprive him of his daily bread, are his victims begging for mercy. Think of it! Be sure, gentlemen, your sins will find you out."

THE DEATH OF HON. C. F. FRASER.

A noble soul has taken its leave of earth and all things earthly. On last Friday the news was flashed over the wires that Hon. C. F. Fraser, late Minister of Public Works, under the Mowat Administration, had died suddenly in Toronto. During the past few years it was known that his health was failing, but it was hoped that rest from the cares of office would to some extent prolong a life that was valuable not alone to his family and intimate friends but to the Province at large. Ontario has lost a valued son, one whose life is a model for the rising generation. From the day that the Hon. C. F. Fraser first entered public life until the moment when the angel of death summoned his soul to a better world, no man dared say that his conduct was not manly and honest. Into political life he carried a course of conduct that will for years reflect honor upon his name and be a beacon light to others. To the bereaved family we offer our heartfelt condolence, coupled with the prayer that the light of heaven may shine upon his soul.

From the Toronto Globe we copy the following sketch of his life:

The life so suddenly cut short was one of ceaseless activity and of great value to the people of Ontario. Christopher Finlay Fraser was a man of the people who, by natural force of character and the possession of uncommon talent, reached a high place in his native Province. He was born at Brockville in October, 1839, and was of pure Celtic extraction. His father was a Scot, from that part of the Highlands never reached by the Reformation, and that is still Catholic to the

core. His mother was Sarah Burke, of Irish birth and parentage. They were poor, as was the fashion in the pioneer days, and young Fraser had to fight hard with the world before it afforded him an education. He did any work that offered, and in the interval of these laborious "bread-and-butter" days he worked in the office of the Brockville Recorder and continued his studies. About his twentieth year he entered the office of Hon. A. Richards, and began the study of law. He worked hard, and was called to the bar in 1865. He began practice in Brockville, and those qualities which in his boyhood brought him fame gave him a profitable business connection. His ambition turned early to the political sphere, for, in 1867, he offered himself as a candidate for election for Brockville, but was twice defeated. By reason of his advocacy of the rights of the Catholic minority Mr. Fraser shortly rose to the position of leader of the Catholics of Ontario. In 1871, upon the death of Mr. Clarke of South Grenville, who had previously defeated him, Mr. Fraser became a candidate, and was elected. In 1879 he was elected for Brockville, and had since continuously represented that constituency. He took an active part in the House which has many of the most eminent public men of Canada among its members, and after serving a year in the ranks was appointed Provincial Secretary and Registrar.

In 1874 he was gazetted Commissioner of Public Works. For twenty years he held this office, and in all that time his affairs were conducted with thoroughness and unswerving honesty. The administration of the Works Department of Ontario was regarded as a model of perfection than it is given to mundane things to be. Many important buildings were erected under the superintendence of Mr. Fraser. The Mercer Hotel, the Brockville Asylum and the Orillia Asylum, the Brockville Asylum and other buildings were erected in the manner in which Mr. Fraser's work was done. The greatest and most important buildings were the last and greatest triumph of Mr. Fraser's administrative career. Their low cost, taken in connection with the convenience and fitness for the needs of a great Province, is the wonder of American visitors. The Province for which he worked, and which contains a large unorganized territory, stocked with rich resources under the control of the Government, and in which there is no State Legislature or Government in the Union, with the possible exception of New York, which has more important duties than those which are assigned to the Ontario Parliament buildings. What is the comparison as to cost? They were built for about a million and a quarter, while the Michigan State buildings a million and a half, the New York State buildings more than twenty millions.

Very few people are aware of the fact, and probably Mr. Fraser himself did not know, that the letters composing his monogram are carved in the stone which supports the columns to the right of the main entrance to the Parliament buildings. The monogram is not conspicuous, and if the observer were not advised by the architect that the letters of the monogram are carved in the stone, he would not notice it. To the left of the entrance the initials of the architect are inscribed in the stone. Mr. Fraser's name is not only connected with but indelibly engraved upon his last great work.

In addition to the care of public buildings Mr. Fraser had during his long career as a Minister much work of a more general character. He was a member of the House of Commons, and one of his most important duties was to see that the conditions which provincial aid had been granted to the railway companies were complied with before the subsidy was paid. His administration, the Toronto Telegram voicing the general sentiment, said: "The Hon. C. F. Fraser, who ranked his title to rank as one of the most faithful administrators of public money who ever held office in any Government or in any country, died on the 28th of August, 1894, at his desk told upon a constitution that was never strong, and for the past three years Mr. Fraser's health had been steadily failing. He spent the last few winters in the Southern States, in the hope of restoring his health, but the benefit was of but a temporary nature. The Hon. C. F. Fraser died on February 28, when Sir Oliver Mowat rose in his place in the Legislature and announced the resignation of Mr. Fraser as Minister of Public Works. 'I have been very reluctant to part with my esteemed colleague. He was elected to this House in the same year as myself, and he has been my colleague in the Government for twenty years—a longer period than any other colleague has been associated with the Government. He is one of those who were our colleagues at the time of his appointment is amongst our colleagues and he has been a great help to me. I have pleasure in saying that my honorable friend has had the confidence and esteem both of all who were associated with him in the past, and that he is his colleagues now. He has been invaluable in his department, and has been invaluable also in Council as regards the many and varied subjects which have come up for consideration and action; and his governmental usefulness has increased as his experience has increased, as is in case with every hardworking and conscientious Minister. Possessing a clear, incisive and active intellect; able to look on all sides of every question; and with a retentive memory, and a ready and forcible utterance; a powerful debater in the House, and a successful speaker in the Council; a platform; a man of uncommon energy and force of character, and devoted to the public interests, his retirement from public life is a great loss to the country, and to his colleagues and his party, but to the whole country, irrespective of party. (Loud applause.) I hope, and I have no doubt that the hope is shared by all, that without overtaxing himself he may be able to give some assistance in the business of the House during this, his last session, and that he may have some years yet to contribute to the discharge of his duties and his public life."

THE FUNERAL SERVICE. The service was the ordinary funeral service, but the music was particularly fine. Miss Brant and Miss George Brant sang beautifully "Quis est Homo" by Rossini, and the "Liberia" by the choir was grand. Miss Callaghan of St. Peter's Church presided at the organ, and the Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier conducted the service, assisted by Archbishop Kelly of Kingston, Dean Masterson of Prescott and Father John Galt of Brockville. The services in the church the procession returned and proceeded to the cemetery west of the town, where, with the impressive ceremony of his Church, all that was mortal of the late Christopher Finlay Fraser was laid at rest.

Archbishop Cleary of Kingston sent the following message from Caledonia Springs to Mr. O. K. Fraser: "I lament your illustrious brother's demise, and offer you and whole family my sincere sympathy. Ontario has no other more upright son to-day. Were it possible I would preside at the funeral. (Signed) Archbishop Cleary."

Telegrams of regret were also received from the Cabinet Ministers who were unable to attend. Miss Helen Martin, daughter of United States Senator Martin, of Washington, D. C., entered the novitiate of St. Mary's Catholic Academy, Leavenworth, Kansas, Thursday of last week, intending to become a nun. She recently became a convert to the Church.

THE MARYSVILLE PICNIC.

The picnic of St. Mary's congregation, Marysville, Tynesburg, on Wednesday, 22nd ult., proved, without doubt, the most successful event of the kind ever held in this part of the Bay District. Favored by fine weather and other propitious circumstances, the attendance throughout the day was very large, over a thousand persons being present on the grounds. The trains from Deseronto carried a large contingent and the room train from Belleville brought down seventy persons, while every country road was an endless stream of vehicles carried in happy crowds from all parts of the district. The scene of the event was Meturn's grove on the roadside, a suitable spot, from which a view of a large section of pretty country can be obtained. Here willing hands had made very extensive preparations for the amusement of the day. There was a large dancing pavilion, where to the strains of a well-trained orchestra, the young men and their sweet girl trippings were dancing, "all through the day with unremitting preparation for a spread on festive occasions, and they never showed their skill to better purpose than on Wednesday. The music and tea were triumphs of ordinary skill and decorative art, the tables being covered with everything that could tempt the most fastidious palate. Over one hundred people took dinner and more than seven hundred partook of tea. During the day the warmest temperature was taken in a contest for a gold watch for the young lady who should collect the largest sum of money for picnic purposes. Miss Doreen, of Shannonville, was adjudged the winner of the watch, and collected the large sum of \$143.25. She was closely followed by Miss Dryden, who had \$131.90 to her credit, thus winning the second prize (a gold ring) Miss Callaghan, who collected \$101.85; Miss O'Sullivan \$59.10 and Miss Curry \$28.30. The total sum secured by this contest was \$468—a very large amount indeed. The easy chair was won by Rev. Father McCarthy, of Read; Miss Jennie Ryan, of Marysville, was fortunate enough to secure the silver berry bowl while Miss Meade, of Wood, carried off the silver sugar bowl. Mr. W. B. Northrop, M. P., who was present in the afternoon, in a few well-chosen remarks announced the success of the picnic, and also promised a Belleville silver souvenir spoon as a prize to Miss Callaghan, who stood third in the gold watch competition. The art of one prevailed in the grounds all day, and Father Quinn and the members of the various committees were unremitting in their endeavors to make things pleasant for their numerous visitors. As a result of the day's proceedings it is expected that about \$1,200 was raised for the benefit of the presbytery building fund. Father Quinn must be congratulated on such a great success.

IN ADDITION to Father Quinn, the following clergy were present during the day: Rev. Fathers Kehoe, of Kingston; Carey, of Brewer's Mills; O'Brien, of Belleville; McLaughlin, of Flemington; Tweed, of Marysville; Read; and Gallagher and Burns, of Pittsburg.

Rigs met trains at Marysville and carried passengers to the picnic grounds. Visitors were placed at the disposal of the following: Messrs. Chas. Scanlon, J. S. Meturn and Michael Kelly, who efficiently and courteously performed the duties of gate keepers. Deseronto visitors were pleased with the quick and cheerful railway service. The gate receipts were \$250, showing an attendance of at least one thousand persons. The prize for the best pig launcher was won by James McAlpine, of Marysville. A travelling photographer did a rushing business on the grounds. Mr. W. B. Northrop, M. P., C. E. Lyons, and J. M. McLaughlin, of Belleville, and Bedford, of Deseronto, were among the representatives of the local franchise. Justice was well represented by Commissioner McCullough, of Deseronto. All were glad to see Mrs. Chas. Scanlon preside after so many years of critical illness. Dr. Dalmeida, Dr. Yeomans, Messrs. P. J. Wims, J. Dalton, P. Slaven, J. Adams, P. O'Connor, J. Callaghan, E. Edwards, Amos Baker, T. Hart, etc., were among the representative citizens of Deseronto who could be seen on the grounds during the day, and at the event. Messrs. P. J. Wims and T. Culhane rode into Deseronto during their wheels in thirty-five minutes after the event. Father Quinn is justly proud of the hearty manner in which the people worked to make the event such a complete success—Deseronto Tribune.

HOME RULE.

THE EVICTED TENANTS' Bill of the coming session will be broader than the one just rejected by the Lords. If the House of Lords again throw the bill out, Rosebery will dissolve Parliament at once and appeal to the country to settle the whole question of the Upper House's existence. The Government has promised that the Evicted Tenants' Bill shall run its course concurrently with the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. This promise does not satisfy some of the Welsh members, and they are out once more with their threats of dire vengeance in case the Ministers do not come up more promptly to the Welsh demands.

The Irish leaders are extremely anxious about the Irish League in Ireland for the coming winter, owing to the rejection of the Evicted Tenants' Bill by the House of Lords. The Paris funds will be available for the support of the evicted, but the danger arises from the feeling of exasperation throughout Ireland that they are determined not to pass any Evicted Tenants' Bill, either compulsory or voluntary, in this Parliament. To increase the tension and to add to the difficulties of Mr. Morley's position, the landlords are arranging an eviction campaign when the winter sets in. If this is carried out, disorder may follow, despite all efforts of the Irish leaders to pacify the people.

The chief hopes of avoiding a dangerous situation lie in the effect of a report agreed upon by a Parliamentary Select Committee, declaring that the intentions of Parliament in passing Mr. Gladstone's Land Act in 1881 have been frustrated by the decisions of the Land Commission and the Appeal Court judges; and recommending the passage of an amending bill rectifying the defects of the former measure and giving clear effect to the intentions of the Legislature so that the courts cannot defeat them. The Parliamentary Select Committee on the Irish Land Acts, of which John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is chairman, met last week to consider the report of the proceedings of the committee drafted by Mr. Morley since the meeting of July 31. The report was adopted.

It is interesting to note the comments of the press on the rejection of the Evicted Tenants' Bill by the House of Lords. The Daily News says: "The majority in the House of Peers are content with the majority in the House of Commons, with the aim of making the government of Ireland impossible. They calculate that if disturbances can be induced during the winter, the removal of the Government will be demanded, and Chief Secretary Morley may, by yielding, quarrel with the Irish members or fail to maintain order, and so lower the reputation of the Ministry. The responsibility for the consequences of last night's vote rests upon the House of Lords, who have been the enemy of Ireland from the beginning." The Dublin Freeman's Journal comments thus on the rejection of the Evicted Tenants' Bill: "The time has come for the Irish people to make their power felt in strong, united agitation. Justice and mercy fail to move the landlords. The vulnerable place is fear. Let the pressure of public opinion be applied in a practical form."

GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

Mr. Gladstone has written a reply to the address presented to him by the Liberal Federation on the occasion of his retirement from office. He excuses himself for dis-

lay in answering on the ground of the weakness of his eyesight. In referring to the summary of his achievements of his political lifetime contained in the address, Mr. Gladstone says: "While the picture is just, as regards the action of the nation and the Liberal party, only a very small and insignificant fraction of the accomplished results can be ascribed seriously to myself. Concomitantly the best of my limited ability is all that I can claim. Subject to this observation, I conceive that the facts of my parliamentary history are such as will obtain conspicuous notice on the page of history. It is not for me to enter upon the deeply interesting prospects of the future, but I will express my earnest hope that the future will be marked by the same practical tone, the same union of firmness and moderation, the same regard for individual freedom, the same desire to harmonize the old and the new, and the same sound principles and policy of administration which have given the work of the past year so much promise of stability."

TIGERS OF SOCIETY.

Father Biggs on Socialism and Anarchy. In the most vigorous and thrilling sermon he has ever preached, Father Biggs, of St. Alban's Church, Blackburn, who is rapidly developing into a very powerful and eloquent preacher, spoke on Sunday of the demoralizing tendencies of irreligion and Godless education, having special regard to extreme Socialism and Anarchy. He said the want of religious education caused men to hold the erroneous opinion that one religion was as good as another and created a tendency to develop Liberalism—had did not use the term in his political sense. What was man without religion? He was a tiger, let loose in the midst of society. He had all the evil passions—all the natural temptations in him. He had no hell to fear and no heaven to hope for; no belief in God, no knowledge or belief in Christ; no belief in the immortality of the soul; believing in nothing but this world; and, availing himself of the opportunities and occasions it afforded to indulge his passions without restraint, he became a tiger in the midst of society—yea, worse than a tiger. If the insects of the earth could reason, they would be able in the course of a few years to sweep the whole world out of existence. But they were incapable of uniting themselves for a common object. Neither could tigers unite; yet the tigers of society could unite and could form themselves in a league against society and against all religion. Give them the opportunity and they would do so. A set of men would get together and little by little they would unite—secretly if they could not do it openly—and lay out their schemes for the destruction of society. Over and over they had done so already and would continue to do it. What was the result of giving these men that liberty which they claimed for themselves when religion was thrown aside? They claimed liberty and soon changed it into tyranny, and that tyranny became more and more dreadful the greater power they got into their hands. They had an exhibition of Tory tyranny in the persecution of unfortunate Ireland during three hundred years. They saw tyranny exercised at the time of the French Revolution when crimes against purity were committed that would have put the inhabitants of Solomon and Gomorrah to shame, and which even surpassed the horrors and crimes of Rome in pagan times. What was the result of this tyranny on the part of those who got the power into their hands? They were exercising tyranny now over Catholics, and Conservatives and Liberals had the same voice. With regard to education they said to them: "We will have our godless education." We will give our children education, but there shall be no God or religion in it; yet you shall pay your share towards the education of our children in godless education. You may keep your own if you like, but we have the power and we will make you help us in our godless work, while we will not lift a hand to help you Catholics, but will starve your schools and your religion out of existence. Both political bodies were at one in this matter; but the time was coming when Catholics would have to rise up against them and fight for their holy cause. What was their godless education doing, and what had it done in the past? It was teaching men and women their power, and Socialism was the result. Now, Socialism as it existed in the early Christian times, was Catholic Socialism, when men and women lived for one another. They lived under the restraint of religion; they had to be true and just to one another. Now that people had begun to read and think, they were pitted together against the classes. They recognized that there was in the world too much wealth and too much poverty; too much idleness and too much hard work; they recognized they were trodden down and despised by the rich; so they gathered together in Socialistic meetings, and fed one another with false principles and false ideas. They saw it night after night in their own Market place, where men spoke of Socialism and drew great crowds about them—far greater than they saw in the Church of God—and these Socialists got up—enemies of the rich, enemies of authority, enemies of religion—led on by ignorance, able to use their tongue a bit, but at the same time knowing nothing about past history, or philosophy, being quite uneducated men, simply speaking for those who paid them and filling the minds of the people with ideas out of which would come nothing but the destruction of society. They saw it already developing in the Anarchists,

who gathered together in secret meetings to plot against society and authority. The whole world was shocked the other day when the Anarchist's dagger found its way into the heart of the French President. Referring to the Panama Scandal and Italian Scandals, Father Biggs said the Anarchists remembered such things as these, and wished to get the power into their own hands. Those who had had the power had sown the wind and they were now reaping the whirlwind. But the time would come, sooner or later, when they would have to abandon their false principles, or Europe would be brought by the destruction of society to be like those ruins that had been dug up in the desert of Asia. Society could not go on progressing. There was only one way by which it could possibly progress, and that was by having the religion of God which was given to them by Jesus Christ. Society must be based on religion, and that the Roman Catholic religion. It must consist of the State and the Church united together and working hand in hand; each supreme in its own domain; the Church not interfering with the State, and the State not interfering with the Church, unless the question of faith or morals be attacked by the State and then the Church must have its way. Where true society existed, the Holy Father said they would have religion ruling each individual, ruling the parent and the child, ruling the judge and the magistrate, ruling the statesman, ruling the priests, the Bishops and the Pope himself. All must be under the control of the Law, established from the beginning by Almighty God. Father Biggs concluded with an excellent peroration.—London Catholic News.

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KODAK IN THE VATICAN.

Experiences of a Protestant Who Carried One Under His Coat-tails - Leo XIII. and the Consistory - Charles H. Adams in "Godey's Magazine" Describes an Interesting Visit to the Home of the Pontiffs.

Having a great desire to see the Holy Father during my visit to Rome, I provided myself before leaving America with influential letters, and on reaching the Eternal City presented my credentials to Monsignor O'Connell, the rector of the American College at Rome. He received me in the most courteous manner, saying that he would render me any assistance in his power. He said the Pope was now so aged and infirm that he gave but few private audiences, which were always given on Thursday. "But," said he, "he is about to hold a consistory, when two new Cardinals will be created, and if you desire to see the pomp and splendor of the Papal Court, you would be well repaid to make your engagements in such a manner as to be here on the 4th of June. Should you be able to do so, I will secure a ticket for your admission." After consultation with our American Minister, ex-Governor Porter, and our Vice-Consul General, Mr. Wood, I concluded to accept Monsignor O'Connell's invitation and so advised him at my next visit. He said: "Take your kodak with you under your coat-tails and you may get some good pictures; but remember you will not be admitted unless you wear a dress suit."

I said: "How can I conceal a kodak under the tail of a dress suit?" He replied: "You Americans are equal to any emergency and you must brave it through. You must also remember," said he, "that should you escort a lady, she will be obliged to wear a black gown with a black head-dress and that a lady wearing a bonnet will not be admitted."

Therefore I returned to Rome in season for the appointed time, and on 8 o'clock in the morning found my carriage at the great bronze gates, which were not to be opened until 9 o'clock. Here, while waiting in the already assembled crowd, let us take a peep at the Vatican, the home of the Popes for over fifteen hundred years.

This episcopium or residence was an insignificant affair as built by Pope Liberius A. D. 352 on the Vatican Hill, close to the mammoth St. Peter's Cathedral. The Vatican increased in splendor as the power of the Church increased, so that in the time of Leo III., 800, it had become sufficiently magnificent to entertain Charlemagne within its walls. He was crowned here after the overthrow of the Lombardian war. Nicholas V. determined to make it the most splendid within the world and to establish within it the Sacred College of Cardinals. Successive Popes added the many beautiful wings and chapels, and Sixtus IV. erected the Sistine Chapel and had it painted by Michael Angelo, Perugino, Rosselli and Signorelli. Sixtus V. built the splendid palace in which the present Pope, Leo XIII., resides.

The Vatican is rather a collection of buildings than one structure, though all are united in one. It is nearly twelve hundred feet in length and nearly eight hundred feet in breadth. It has eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts and nearly eleven thousand halls, chapels, salons and private rooms. By far the greater number of these are occupied by collections and show rooms, a comparatively small number of the buildings being set apart for the Papal Court. Notwithstanding all this, the Vatican viewed from the outside is nothing more like a gigantic factory than what the interior shows it to be, the most magnificent palace in the world. It was plundered by the French under Napoleon I. to enrich the Louvre, and owing to the firmness of the English Government in enforcing restitution of the spoils and the generosity of the English nation in subscribing about \$150,000 to defray the expenses of the removal, the Vatican received back its priceless treasures.

The bronze gates finally opened for the impatient crowd, and the Pope's Swiss Guards, with their peculiar costumes in red, yellow and black stripes, designed by Michael Angelo, scanned those who entered to see if they were properly clad. We ascended the Scala Regia, the royal marble staircase, long and broad, constructed by Bernini, and at the top were ushered into the Consistory Chapel, which is in the private apartments of the Holy Father, where the Cardinals were to receive their "red hats." It had been the custom to perform this ceremony in the Sistine Chapel, but of late the Pope does not even enter this chapel.

Speaking of the Sistine Chapel and the wonderful frescoing there, which is one of the chief objects of interest to all tourists, the great attraction is the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, to which, of course, must be added the paintings on the roof. Michael Angelo was sixty years old when he designed this work, at the request of Clement VII., and it took him nearly eight years to accomplish it. Paul VI. was not pleased with the scanty clothing of some of the figures and expressed as much to Michael Angelo, through Messer Biagio, Cesana, the master of ceremonies, who first suggested the idea to His Holiness.

"Toll the Pope," said the painter, "to attend more to the reformation of men and to trouble himself less about pictures" and for his punishment Messer Biagio had his portrait painted, with donkey's ears, among the lost. This

was too much, so he complained to the Pope.

"Where has he placed you?" asked the Pontiff. "In hell," replied the master of ceremonies. "Then," said the witty Pope, "I can do nothing. Had he placed you in purgatory I could have taken you out of it, but I have no jurisdiction over hell. Then the portrait remains there to this day.

The ceremonies at this consistory were supposed to take place at 10 o'clock, so that I had plenty of time to look about me—naturally with curious eyes. The room was of moderate size and not very light, owing partially to being heavily frescoed. There were compartments, with seats enclosed, on the floor, on three sides of the room, for ladies to occupy, with the throne for His Holiness at the other end of the room. Over one of the apartments was a balcony for the Diplomatic Corps. It was a novel sight to witness the entrance of the representatives of the various countries habilitated in their gorgeous apparel of velvet, laces and bright colors and bedecked with rare jewels and orders, which had been conferred upon them by their own and other Governments. The ringing of a huge gong would announce the entrance into the chapel of each dignitary, accompanied by an elegantly dressed lady. Two Papal attendants clad in purple robes preceded them to the balcony stairs, and how we watched them all until they made their appearance above in the balcony and had greeted each other. Some of the ladies were very handsome, and one in particular, a Spanish grandee, was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

As there were no seats in the body of the room the gentlemen were all obliged to stand and rest themselves, first on one foot and then on the other, for over two hours, as the Holy Father did not come at the appointed time. The room was now filled with several hundred selected invited guests and there was scarcely room for the Palatine Guards and the Swiss Guards to form a line for the entrance of the procession.

As Monsignor O'Connell had told me to take my kodak and hide it under my coat-tails, I vainly attempted to so conceal it, but was prevented by the Palatine Guards from using it, although it was too dark to obtain good results. An officer finally came to me and told me I must surrender my kodak unless I had a permit from the Maggior-domo. I understood this to mean a permission from the major-domo and learned that he was in the Cortile di St. Damaso, or Court of St. Damasco. I found there a venerable priest and endeavored to get the necessary permission, but was refused, and I then made up my mind to do as Monsignor O'Connell advised, to "brave it through," and returned to the Consistory Chapel, kodak in hand. The soldiers again besieged me and I had no peace until, in my extremity, I addressed a lady seated in one of the compartments by me and found, to my relief, she was an American, who agreed to take care of my camera and secrete it under her skirts until I should call for it.

At last the Guards formed a double line and we saw the head of the procession coming through the Sala Ducale, a hall now used for the passage of the Royal Pontiff. The unorch choir from St. Peter's led the way; the singing was of the finest description. Following the choir was a throng of prelates, secret or private chamberlains of the Pope, heads of religious orders, consistorial advocates, Cardinals in violet robes, followed by Pope Leo XIII., seated in his chair of state, carried on the shoulders of sixteen priests, all richly dressed and bending heavily under their burden. Two priests followed, each carrying a magnificent fan of ostrich plumes, held upright in the air on long handles, the fans containing beneath the plumes the crest of the Holy Father. The Pope was clad in gorgeous pontifical robes and wore his jeweled triple-crown tiara upon his head.

He looked small, emaciated and feeble, and well he may, for he is now eighty-four years old, and as he has never left the Vatican since he ascended the Papal throne, in 1878, the only exercise which he obtains is that within its walls and gardens. The feebleness and extreme age of Leo XIII. recall the fact that of the nearly three hundred Popes who have lived in Rome the most of them have found their graves there, and of the entire number over one hundred and fifty Popes are buried in St. Peter's in Rome.

The name of Pope Leo XIII. in the Roman Catholic Church will live in history. It will figure as the peer of his great namesake, Leo I., and the Gregories and the Innocents. He is in touch with his people, who revere him for his personal virtues. He is fully bright and shining light in the Roman Catholic Church for over half a century. He has lived to see the episcopate of his Church in America increase from fifteen to eighty-five Bishops, the clergy to grow from five hundred to nine thousand, and Roman Catholic laity to expand from one and a half million to nine millions of communicants.

One day while visiting St. Paul's, outside the walls, where St. Paul is buried, I noticed high up in the central nave a medallion mosaic picture of every Pope who has ever lived in

Rome from St. Peter down, and there were about a dozen blank spaces for the portraits of those to come. Pope Innocent IV. in 1249 bestowed on Cardinals at the Council of Lyons the scarlet hat as the insignia of their office. Gradually the symbols of rank became what they are now.

Paul II., who loved pomp and state and magnificence around him, amplified the dress and desired that the scarlet robe should be long enough not only to envelop themselves, but also their mules and horses when they rode, so that when I saw a priest behind each Cardinal at this consistory bearing his train, it at once brought to mind the origin of this custom.

One of the new Cardinals was from Lisbon and was one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood that I have ever seen. He was about forty years of age, over six feet tall, of fine physique, regular features, a pale Portuguese countenance and hair as black as a raven's wing. His dignity of demeanor compared with the gravity of the occasion, and as he walked side by side with his smaller brother Cardinal-elect, he was the observed of all observers. A number of the Cardinals were quite aged, one particularly so, and so feeble in his gait that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could keep his place in the procession, and he had to be supported by two priests throughout. Cardinal Bonaparte, a nephew of the great Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, was also in the procession, and I noticed the strong family likeness as he passed by; but his days of usefulness are ended. He is mentally not much more than a wreck, and but little attention is given by him to his duties; his brother Cardinals and Leo XIII. look upon him as one who has fulfilled his mission and who will never be of any further use to the Church. This part of the procession attracted more attention naturally than any other, excepting Leo himself, as from this body of men must be selected the next Pope, and about them must necessarily cluster much interest not only in the Catholic, but in the Protestant world.

The Pope usually wears Peter's ring, or the Fisherman's ring, which is worn by every successive Pontiff, with his name engraved within it. It is called "Annulus Piscatoris." As the Holy Father was carried through the room on the shoulders of the sixteen priests he bestowed his blessing upon us by frequently raising and lowering his right arm, with the two forefingers extended. As he was borne slowly along I noticed the flash of diamonds in the ring on his right hand, and so stated to my friends on leaving the Vatican. This was disputed; I was told that the Popes were not allowed to wear diamonds. I insisted that if he had not on a diamond ring my eyes would not have been deceived, and I wrote to Monsignor O'Connell, who replied that I was correct.

While the Pope's train contained sapphires, in this case he wore a ring containing a huge diamond set about with small ones. This ring was a gift from the Sultan of Turkey to His Holiness in January, 1888, on the occasion of the Pope having completed twenty-five years of his bishopric. The ring is valued at fifty thousand liars \$10,000 and is filled by His Holiness to the Church.

To return to our subject, as the Pope waved his hand in the attitude of blessing, all good Catholics bowed the head, and as he passed and blessed the members of the Diplomatic Corps in their elevated gallery, they laid their heads devoutly upon the rail before him.

After fine singing by the choir and elaborate ceremonies performed with great pomp by His Holiness, he placed a sapphire ring on the forefinger of each new Cardinal, thus marrying them to the Church.

After this the Pope retired, being borne away by sixteen priests, blessing us as he departed, and the procession followed on through the Sala Ducale, the Cardinals' hats being carried on a pillow by one of the Priests.

All the Cardinals then returned and walked in procession through the Sala Regia, or Royal Hall, to the Sistine Chapel, where the Te Deum was sung by the choir; prayers followed and the new Cardinals remained prostrate before the altar, the others kneeling around. At the close of the services the Cardinals were congratulated and embraced their new colleagues.

While the Cardinals were going through their prayers in the Sistine Chapel, as there was good light there, I was very desirous of taking some pictures, and seeing a good opportunity, I snapped my camera several times. The noise attracted the attention of some of the soldiers of the Swiss Guard, and I thought for a moment I should certainly lose my kodak, but by mumbling to them, which they naturally did not understand, I got away and stood behind a screen in one corner of the chapel awaiting another opportunity. At length the opportunity came and the soldiers again made a rush for me, and I assured them that I would take no more without permission. The pleasant-looking officer who had at first told me I must get a permit from the major-domo, standing near me, I held up one of my fingers to him and said in the most bewitching manner possible: "Let me take one picture; just one," and he smiled and said something in Italian, which I understood to mean: "Go ahead; I am not looking at you," and turned his back on me. No sooner said than done, and I got my first picture in peace and quietness, but the click of my instrument brought the

soldiers again, and as the assemblage was leaving, I followed them rapidly down the royal staircase, and not being held in awe any longer by the dreaded guard, "I pressed the button" a number of times on my way down the stairs and through the long hall to the bronze gates, securing several fine views of the departing guests.

FATHER DUCY ON SUICIDES.

A Letter in Reply to the Sentiments of Col. Ingersoll.

New York, Aug. 11.—Father Ducey contributes the following in reply to the latter of Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll on suicide:

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has asked: "Is suicide a sin?" I do not know how Col. Ingersoll can put such a question. He does not believe in sin, for he ignores and denies the existence of the supernatural; and sin is defined as a crime against the law of God.

Many people are very severe against Col. Ingersoll. They seem to be unwilling to recognize that he has any good qualities for the reason that he is a professed agnostic and atheist. I am willing to admit that Col. Ingersoll is a first class know-nothing when he deals with anything supernatural, but I am unwilling to recognize Col. Ingersoll as a know-nothing when his sympathies are called upon in the interest of suffering humanity. I know that Col. Ingersoll is a man of large sympathies and that he is most kindly disposed to relieve generously the afflicted whose suffering is brought to his notice. I know this, not from hearsay, but from numerous cases where I have been called, and to the relief of which cases Col. Ingersoll had contributed with his mind, his heart and most generously from his pocket.

The knowledge of his conduct broke down my prejudice against the man. When I reflected on the goodness of his conduct I could not help giving to him my recognition and sympathy, but I give to him my unqualified condemnation when he attempts the part of the destroying angel against the virtues of faith, hope and charity.

Col. Ingersoll regards life from a natural point of view. He says he does not take God's heavens and hells into account. His horizon is the known, and his estimate of life is based upon what he knows of the life here—in this world. He says that people should not suffer for the sake of the supernatural beings or for other worlds or the hopes and fears of some future state, and that our joys and sufferings and our duties are here. It seems to me that Col. Ingersoll's great fault is that he is a destroyer and not a constructor. He robs poor humanity of the only hope that gives it comfort and makes its afflicted existence endurable, and having robbed it of the bread of hope he reaches out to it the stone of despair.

Another bad point about the colonel's propagandism of destruction is that he always gives his interesting lectures for a large financial return. Perhaps for the good colonel spends this \$1,000, \$2,000 or \$3,000 a night that he is said to receive for the benefit of the poor and despairing, and not for the comfort and luxury of those who are near and dear to him. The religion against which he fights is not without its compassion and devotion to humanity, and the suicide which he justifies is condemned by that religion which holds out to humanity, hope and encouragement.

In the condemnation which the Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his encyclical on labor, passes on the trusts and monopolies of the day, which have driven honest labor to the verge of despair and suicide, Leo XIII. says: "The elements of conflict to-day are unmistakable. The growth of industry and the surprising discoveries of science: the changed relations of masters and workmen; the enormous fortunes of individuals and the poverty of the masses and the general moral deterioration, cause great fear to every honest and thoughtful man. The momentous seriousness of the present state of things fills every mind with painful apprehensions. All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. The concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

If Col. Ingersoll and others whose chief aim seems to be to pull down that reverence and religion which seek fearlessly to teach all men the obligations of justice would spend the talent and time they devote to the proper adjustment and construction of society upon equitable basis, there would, in my judgment, be few temptations to suicide, and only the insane and morally irresponsible would flee from "the ills they have and fly to others they know not of." If the Colonel would preach this doctrine of justice and adjustment to the railroad wreckers and trust corruptors, who seek through the evil use of money to increase their capital for luxurious indulgence and to create a society of despair among the honest and struggling brain and brawn workers of humanity, I think he would be doing a nobler work for his fellow-man than contributing his luminous brain as a capitalistic trust to rob his fellows of the hope of a higher and happier realization than they find here below.

If death means oblivion Colonel Ingersoll is right. Col. Ingersoll's policy would make men cowards. A man

might abandon wife, children and the obligations of justice to his fellow-men simply because he felt the pangs of disappointment and suffering, and, freeing himself from his portion of the burden, leaves an addition burden to others.

As to the outcast who has abused every faculty of head and heart, I cannot agree with the colonel that he has a right to take his life. I cannot agree with the colonel for I view natural and supernatural obligations, and the colonel has no regard for this view of the case.

Such a creature has, in my judgment, ceased to be a moral agent, and I might say of him what I have heard of a Yankee saying in a court of justice when asked by the presiding judge, "What do you think of this man's moral character?" "Wal, yer honor, I don't know nawthin' about his moral character, but his immoral is first-class." This picture of the colonel strikes me in the same way.

The Colonel's classic historical examples are prescribed in very bad chemicals. I don't think his camera was in very good order when he focused the pictures. I do not think that the cases of Seneca, Brutus or Antony help his argument. The historical reasons given for their self-destruction convey no devotion of heroic example, and I think the colonel has been most unhappy in presenting these creatures as heroes. In naming Antony he left out Cleopatra. I presume he was afraid to insult the memory of the classic Cato by grouping him with two such immoral associates.

THOMAS A. DUCY.

Testimony of the Sects.

The quarterly statement of the Protestant missionaries in Batavia, in the East Indies, bears the following testimony in favor of their Catholic brethren:

"It can not be denied that Rome is making alarming progress in India. Knitted together like a Macedonian phalanx, the Catholics are pushing forward and gaining victory upon victory. As a Church, the Roman Church makes a favorable impression; she at least offers the spectacle of a Church that is really one. She has only one confession of faith; her priests and her followers do not openly contradict one another; what one professes as an article of faith another does not deny. In her organization she is far ahead of us. The superior of our ecclesiastical establishment is appointed by the Government and is usually some State official.

At the head of the Roman missions is a Bishop, who is named by the Head of the Catholic Church and is recognized by the Government. This Bishop is generally one that has grown gray in the country, in the mission; he possesses a real authority, and he commands as one having such authority. The selfishness of the priests of Rome is truly admirable. We see them fraternally dividing the salaries allowed them by the Government. The missions have schools in all the cities; their institutions are splendid in more than one respect; everybody prizes them, and many a Protestant does not hesitate to have his children receive their education in a convent. The nuns train the girls entrusted to them with rare tact, and one seldom meets a pupil of theirs that does not speak of the Sisters with great affection. The zeal with which the Roman priests visit hospitals and prisons deserves all praise. The poor unanimously express appreciation of their cordiality and self-sacrificing spirit. Hence comes also the favorable opinion of the public and the Government. These priests everywhere show themselves to be men full of courage and conviction.

Such testimony is creditable alike to those who give it and to those in whose behalf it is given. But why should the progress of the Church in India "alarm" Protestant missionaries?—Ave Maria.

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BEHAVIOR IN P

And He spoke in a parable, marking how seats at the table. Gospel of Our Blessed Saviour

Gospel teaches us a order and practical can be applied in many make the application ing to our conduct will consider the Holy Mass the great feast invited, the church th and the pews the plac the guests.

There is nothing mo the pleasure and purp blage than the good arrangement of every with it, and we oft participated as being because everything wa and arranged. Now, with double force to th of religion. Catholic the public services of everything is well arranged, and there tract them or jar up every service there Presence, and when reigns it soon make calm peace steals in communes sweetly, an spirit and in truth."

But in order to se condition of things in essential to recollect each one must know occupy it without del and in our present arrangements each v posed to have his or assigned, and the re church has become a devotion as well as a church finance.

Hence, to secure a in the church is a d well as something e and we find that tr almost invariably try their parish church humble. Indeed, Ca do this are not in the practice of th there can be no dou of duty in the case. the support of relig positive law of the C Mass on Sunday, a revenue for the sup comes from the pew therefore, that every possibly afford it sho in church; good or well as duty and a poor business to be pping other people's things, perhaps, of them. Few holders and they must be p Nevertheless, to see harmony at the ser vice-holders must be waive their rights a and others to occup in their pews. Th politeness and comr ity demand. To re in church to a str gone to seed, and t who would be gullible.

But while all who have their regular there will, no doub considerable nu poverty or pervers holders at large, a also address a fo Catholic Church is poor. This is pride. No one c attend the service Church. God is s sons, nor is His Ch always welcome temples, and non single service of r are too poor to h is free to them, a vacant seats for t not only wish occupy the vacant but we insist on f for the good orde services require t all should be seati tion we imposi place "or in the if you are told to not refuse. G doors is more obj thing else, for t that interferes so order and repea Let me arrange the words of th up higher," and the doors.

Nothing is greate tute the great nam of an idle tongue.

A B

Says the Pitts publican took a in all humility, penitence, and nercy, since he young men of th rear of the chu their late entran observed out du leave before the vice, are not im nor do they get justified."

No appetite? force food thou scientific mean the stomach. Ayer's Sarsaparilla coming again, an



