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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. III.—No. 23.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



Lady Aberdeen's Lecture on the Irish Literary Revival.

### Impromptu.

God bless thee, Countess fair of Aberdeen!  
The more we grow to know thee do we find  
ad hail in thee a fitting type, a queen,  
Of all that's noblest in true womankind.  
By birth a lady, Nature wished to show  
The meaning of the word and so designed  
That in thy person all the flowers should  
grow  
That grace the garden of pure heart and  
mind  
Virtue and beauty bloom with industry  
Strong blossom of so many different hues,  
And evergreen domestic bliss we see,  
While intellect doth light o'er all diffuse.  
Alas! too soon thy presence we shall lose.  
But long indeed will live thy memory.  
ROSE FERGUSON.

Great credit is due to the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association for their enterprise in arranging the lecture of last Friday evening. The affair was an unqualified success in every way, and Lord and Lady Aberdeen have repeated their Irish experience and made conquest of a portion of the people, that, here as in Ireland, has been overlooked by most of their predecessors.

On the platform were gathered all the young ladies of the society. Shortly past eight o'clock His Excellency the Governor-General entered, accompanied by Lady Aberdeen, Lady Thompson, Sir Frank Smith, Mr. Hugh Ryan, Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. Thos. Long, Mr. Patrick Hughes, Hon. T. W. Angho, Mr. B. B. Hughes, and Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, all of whom took seats on the platform. His Grace the Archbishop and Vicar General McCann were seated on either side of their Excellencies. His Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor occupied a box. Other boxes were taken by priests of the city.

After the first part of the musical programme had been rendered His Grace Archbishop Walsh arose to introduce the distinguished lecturer, and was received with hearty applause. His Grace explained that in complying with the formality of such occasions he had a task both pleasant and easy. The Countess of Aberdeen required no introduction to a Canadian audience. Her noble deeds of charity, and her efforts on behalf of distressed humanity had made her name a household word throughout the British Empire, and beyond its bounds. Especially did her sympathies with the exceptional sorrows and sufferings of the Irish people endear her to Catholic hearts. She had learned of the condition and the wants of the Irish people, had discovered their great capacity for the exercise of the industrial and decorative arts, and had striven to relieve the distress and to promote the industries. By her acts a great many girls had for the first time been assisted to earn their living, a circumstance that had brought joy to many cabins and warmth to many hearths. In this way Her Excellency had placed the whole Irish race under a vast debt which could never be repaid. His Grace observed that were he tempted to flattery his respect for those present and for his own office would prevent it; but in this case the unadorned truth was more agreeable than the highest flattery. He would close by expressing in the beautiful Irish tongue, the sentiment of all those present, and bid Her Excellency Oaed Mille Failthe.

As Lady Aberdeen stepped forward the vast audience arose, manifesting the most kindly feeling. Her Excellency said she had looked forward to this occasion with peculiar pleasure.

She considered herself to a degree under His Grace's protection. As to the kind things that had been said about herself she would ask it to be remembered that His Grace is an Irishman (Laughter). When some eighteen months ago she had hesitated before entering upon the work of the Council of Women His Grace had advised and encouraged her, and the Council felt that to him was due much of the success they had experienced. She wished to express thanks for that help and for the gracious and kindly message, a living message, in the person of Father Ryan, whom His Grace had sent to assure them of his approval of their design, and his belief that Catholic societies should cooperate in their work. Her thanks were also offered to the C.Y.L.L.A. for their many acts of kindness during the week.

### LADY ABERDEEN'S ADDRESS.

Her Excellency said—"I make no apology for the subject which I have chosen for the address which you have done me the honour to ask me to deliver under the auspices of your society to night, and I wish, at the outset, to relieve any apprehensions as to any even distant allusions to controversial matters, whether religious or political. Happily, this is a subject round which all lovers of their country can meet, however much divided they may be in their opinions, and it is a subject which has special claims on many of us here, who claim connection either by birth or by parentage with that green isle, whose royal and magic sway over her children, even to a remote generation, only once more proves that the greatest thing in the world is love.

"But even outside that charmed circle, are there not many who in their heart of hearts feel a thrill of tenderness for those old far away times of heroic deeds chronicled for us by the wandering bards who upheld amongst those wild warrior tribes the ideals of justice, and honour, and purity, and love so well that a prepared and fruitful soil was found by the great Apostle for his divine message, which was to make Ireland the Isle of Saints, and which would enable her to win truer laurels than those to be gained in warfare, in the fields of learning, and art, and music, and architecture, and missionary labours?"

Does our tenderness for these traditions proceed from a half acknowledged belief that these tales are but traditions, surrounded with merely the halo of charm with which we associate the fairy tales of the nursery?

"If that be indeed the attitude of any here towards this lore of the early centuries of Ireland's history and fame, they lose much, for the spirit which is revealed in these tales of romance and chivalry and heroism largely moulded the character of the people, not only then, but for future times, the estimation in which music, and literature, and art were held, and the justice and mercy which distinguished the Brehon laws of those old pagans should be a source of veritable pride to all who can boast of Celtic blood, and the instinct for constitutional government ruling through the will of the people expressed at these tribal and national gatherings, which were so central a feature in the life of the times is one which may well claim the attention and admiration of the

present generation, who are sometimes tempted to believe that to them belongs the discovery of political freedom.

There could be little scope for tyranny where it was a deep seated custom that no action could be taken by family, or tribe, or people without an assembly. If the lord wanted any special work done by his tenants he called a *Maol at Fiatha*, or "meeting of the tenants," to lay it before them. If the head of a tribe wished his followers to join in some movement he called a *Maol at Tanna*, or "meeting of the freeholders" of the tribe to take counsel with them, if a yet greater chief, the "chief of kindred," or *Aire Fine* wished to have the support of the householders of his sept for measures of defence, for the consideration of certain acts of the King or decisions of the court, he would summon an important assembly called the *Mathaugh*. Again there was the *Dal*, or assembly of all the Aires or heads of kindred, without whose consent no taxation could be carried out, and finally there was the great *Acnadh*, or fair, held every three years at Tara, or Teltown, in Meath, at Carman, in Wexford, at Alleach, or Armagh, in Ulster, summoned, and presided over by Ard Righ, or High King of all Ireland. There the High King and Lesser King, the nobles, judges, poets, and scholars met to discuss national affairs.

Lady Aberdeen quoted from Mrs. Bryant's volume on Celtic Ireland a description of one of these assemblies, and gave an interesting account of the status of these bards, and the qualifications necessary in order to attain a high rank among them. After referring briefly to the love of literature which prevailed in the land, and the position which was accorded women in the councils of the nation, she continued:—

"But the second proof of the high character of those Breton laws, in which so many resemblances to the common law of England have been found, lies in the fact that St. Patrick when called upon to revise them in view of the conversion of Ireland to Christianity found but comparatively little to alter or to add. Did he and his two Episcopal assistants seek to supersede them by the Roman law? No; we are told that they declared that the ancient Irish code contained the judgments of true nature, which the Holy Spirit had spoken through the mouths of the

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## IN HONOR OF A WOMAN.

How a Young Girl, Scarce Twenty,  
Was Crowned With the Silver  
Laurel Wreath of Doctor  
of Philosophy.

A TRUE DAUGHTER OF THE  
CHURCH.

"Genoa la superba! Bologna la grassa!" cry the Italians; and the word grassa is eminently characteristic of a city so filled with associations heathen and Christian, sacred and profane. Voices of old Egypt may be heard in the pillared silence of the Campo Santo where are still found the skeletons of Etruscan warriors bearing in their mouth the coin with which to pay the ferryman, Charon—he is slow to collect his dues—voices of Christian martyrs echo from tombs where centuries have done them reverence.

It was a May morning, over a century and a half ago, in that quaint arcaded city. Writes Mary Josephine O'ahan in Irish Monthly. All the town is astir; gay draperies hang from every window, flags are waving, bells are ringing, students and town folk, old and young, women in white kirtles and kerchiefs, beggars in dark red gabardines, are hurrying through the arcaded streets, past St. Petronia, past the fountain where Neptune poises lightly his trident, across the Piazza, toward the Town Hall. All is life, all is enthusiasm; the patter of the mules with their tiny chaises and their expostulating occupants, the laughter of the women, the repartee of the students medley with the cool splash of the fountains and the silvery staccato of the bells from the Campanile.

Presently a procession winds into sight, the state equipages of the gonfaloniere, the nobility in velvet and gold lace, the municipal authorities in all the insignia of office, college dons in cap and gown, Doctors of Philosophy, Doctors of Medicine, the President of the Institute, the Legate and Vice-Legate, the Archbishop and the Cardinal.

What hero is this whom the city delights to honor? What warrior scarred with battle? What prince flushed with victory? What king coming to his own? Oh, onlooker, fresh from the superciliousness of this Nineteenth Century of ours, pause and wonder! For seated in the place of honor, on either side the great ladies of the court, is a young girl, scarce twenty, clad in an unpretentious gown of black. She it is whom Bologna delights to honor; she it is whom on that May morning Bologna will crown with her most coveted crown, the silver laurel wreath of Doctor of Philosophy.

It is a scene not soon forgotten, that tableau vivant in the Hall of Hercules (for the Town Hall has been found inadequate), that modest girl in black, known to her to us people as Laura Bassi; amid nobles and prelates with no claim to distinction save that won by her own mental powers. The Venerable Archdeacon, after conferring the usual degree, placed a ring upon her finger and made a most elegant discourse in Latin, which Laura bore with proper humility and meekness. Bazzani, President of the Institute, then placed about her shoulders the vara of the University, and upon her head the silver laurel wreath of Doctor of Philosophy. What salvos of applause must have rung through the high arched hall from the enthusiastic Bolognese, as the glistening laurel touched that girlish brow. Bologna's child, Bologna's queen and lineal descendant of a long line of

famous and learned women whom Bologna holds over to her heart.

We hear much in these days of ours of the advancement of learning, of the strides of science, above all, mirabile dictu, of the widened opportunities of women. Every age is a little in love with itself, every age is a little given to the attitude of the late Narcissus, of egotistical memory. In all these things we forget that the world is getting back its own. A few years ago women were not admitted to the universities of either England or America. Sidney Smith's brilliant plea for the education of women met more laughter than commendation. And yet away back in the thirteenth century when the University of Bologna numbered 10,000 students, women were not only admitted to the halls, but women were among its most distinguished professors. What need to name them? Among the many Accorsa Accorsa, Bettisia Gozzadini, Anna Manzolini, the famous anatomist, and that learned and lovely Nevella, whose lectures on law were given behind a curtain that her beauty might not distract her hearers, a wise precaution since it is said that Petrarch was one! What need to speak of the vast array of learned women in convents whose zeal for heavenly virtues was only equalled by their zeal in the acquirement of earthly lore. This was in Catholic Italy ere the great wave of Modern progress had come surging in. This, too, was in old Bologna that watched with such interest the progress of young Laura Bassi, and on the 12th of May, 1792, crowned her its youngest, most honored queen.

The early history of Laura Bassi may be given in a few words. She was born in 1711, her father was a man of cultivated tastes and his home was frequented by many literary and scientific men. Of those, bright little Laura was the pet and plaything, afterwards the pet and disciple. While still a child, she could translate the most difficult Greek and Latin authors at sight, and from these she drew the solid learning and concise vivid style for which she afterwards became celebrated. She studied metaphysics and the natural sciences with the learned physician, Tacconi, her father's friend, studied them so eagerly and persistently that before long her master had sore trouble to defend himself in the discussions held with his pupil. Gassendi, professor of physical science, and the mathematician, Manfredi, were also her tutors; and before she was twenty all Bologna was ringing with her praises.

Nor was it considered singular that this young Italian girl of the eighteenth century should have for tutors the most learned men of her time. Why should it, in that land where learning was ever ranked as next to virtue, and in its pursuit woman was raised to as high honor as man?

Though her timidity was great, Laura had already sustained a most learned discussion in public, in the Latin tongue, with that pluralist in science, Beccasi, and with several other distinguished men; she had been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences; nothing remained but that highest honor in Bologna's gift, to admit her to a chair in the University. Such was her history as she stood that Spring morning in the Hall of Hercules with the sunlight gleaming upon her laurel crown, such the prelude to that triumphal march when all Bologna assembled with vivas and rejoicing to do her honor.

After the ceremony of coronation Laura was led to the presence of the Archbishop and Cardinal de Polignac, that Cardinal of Anti-Lucretius fame, and those dignitaries, we are told, rose most graciously to receive her. There were more Latin speeches and then more Latin replies from the indomitable girl. To complete the fes-

tivities a magnificent banquet was served in the Palace of the commemoration of the day with Laura's portrait on the one side and Minerva's on the others.

So entered into public life Laura Caterina Bassi, and for twenty-eight years she continued to teach in the great university, holding first one, then another, of its professional chairs. No distinguished personage or crowned head ever passed through Bologna without paying her his respects; and when she became Professor of Experimental Physics, the fame of her teaching brought her scholars from the furthest parts of Europe, many of whom became renowned in after years.

And what, it will be asked, was the heart-history of this woman? Had her heart been starved, as is sometimes charged of learned women, to make her head? One confesses that it is a genuine relief to learn that her entry into public life did not prevent her from entering also into the very honorable state of matrimony. She married the same year that she assumed her duties in the university a man of some distinction in science and letters, Dr. Verati, and in the course of time, with due awe be it spoken, she became the mother of children. Cerebral development in her case did not have the effect predicted by Herbert Spencer, Gregg and other writers of the present day. She is another refutation of that standing horror of the Philistines that knowledge of philosophy in woman necessitates ignorance of cooking, and that, given mathematics, she is liable at any moment to "desert an infant for a quadratic equation."

The duties of her professorship never caused her to neglect her home or her family. She superintended her husband and looked after her children as thoroughly as any good commonplace woman of them all, and she was no more zealous at her books and lectures than at her needle and spindle.

Standing in her university gown, the silver laurel wreath upon her brow, with no side of her womanhood stunted, no phase of it starved, a Christian wife, a loving mother, a learned doctor, true daughter of Italy, true daughter of the Church that honored her, may we not join in the plaudits that on that May morning rang through the arcaded streets of Old Bologna? May we not hail Laura Caterina Bassi as a noble, a fitting type for the womanhood of today.

The Church of England has redeemed itself from a grave scandal. Some time ago a marriage service was interrupted by a High Church minister rising in his pew and asking his officiating Low Church brother to stop the service, as the would-be bridegroom was a divorced man. But the interrupter was ordered to keep quiet and the service was continued to the close. The matter becoming public, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Halifax took the High Church clergyman's part, and brought the affair to official notice. Now both houses of Convocation, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding, have approved the conduct of the objector and his two noble backers, and incidentally condemned the Low Church minister before whom the divorced man was married. The thanks of society are due to Convocation and the protestants.

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Torquato Tasso.

It was Goethe who said "Only in Rome have I felt what it really is to be a man. As soon as we enter Rome a transformation takes place in us and we feel ourselves great, like the objects which surround us." And there are few places in the world where greatness and goodness are so readily acknowledged and so profoundly felt as here.

The inspired poet who sang the glories of "Jerusalem Delivered," telling in immortal verses to his contemporaries and to future ages the great deeds of the Crusaders, has never been forgotten in Italy in "the memory of the heart" of its people. There must have been some exaggeration in Byron's lines, when he wrote—

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier

At Chioggia, a town of fishermen a few miles from Venice, the traveller may see to-day a group of these bare-footed, half clothed "toilers of the sea," gathered in silence around some scholar, who reads to them the tale of "Jerusalem Delivered," as related in sonorous verse by Torquato Tasso, and they contribute, out of their scant and hard-earned savings, a few cents to pay the reader. This is indeed a glory such as Tasso himself would most desire. I have known laborers who work in vineyards, and who can neither read nor write, who can repeat nearly all of this great poem by memory; and who lighten their labor by a sort of chanting these heroic verses. People who have such a store to fall back upon cannot be altogether lonely, even in the absence of reading.

In his day Tasso was regarded as the laureate of the land. The honor of the laurel crown had, two centuries previously, been awarded to his great predecessor in poetry, Francis Petrarch. His solemn incorporation, "on that rock of imperishable glory," the Capitol of Rome, is related in full detail by Guy of Arezzo, an eye-witness. The name of "Laureate," as Father Prout remarks, was then first proclaimed, amid the shouts of applauding thousands, on the seven hills of the Eternal City, and echoed back with enthusiasm from the remotest corners of Christendom.

And when it came the turn of Tasso to receive the same grand distinction, the ceremonies were to be similar to those used two centuries before for Petrarch's coronation. "Death," writes Prout, "interposed his veto, and stretched out his bony hand between the laurel wreath and the poor maniac's brow, who, on the very eve of the day fixed for his ovation, expired on the Janiculum Hill, in the romantic hermitage of St. Onofrio. And the charming Irish writer adds: "Oft have I sat under that same cloister wall, where Tasso loved to bask in the mild ray of the setting sun, and there, with Rome's awful volume spread out before me, pondered on the frivolity of fame."

These honors were only prepared, never bestowed, on the unhappy singer of "Jerusalem Delivered." It was left to posterity to decree other honors to his memory, of a different nature to the myriad hues and symbols of the poet-laureate honor of a long gone past. In Rome the ceremonies of the tercentary celebration of Tasso's death may be said to have opened by the celebration of the solemn Mass of Requiem at eight in the morning in the Church of St. Onofrio, on the Janiculum Hill, in the adjoining convent of which the poet died. The celebrant was his Eminence, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who afterwards pronounced the absolution at the tomb of Tasso, in one of the chapels of this church. Representatives of the Academy of the Arcadia were present, and placed a splendid wreath of bronze on the tomb.

## HOME RULE.

## The Burning Question of the Hour and Near to Settlement.

## THE LAND LEAGUE'S GOOD WORK.

Rev. Father Sheehy, the celebrated priest, who has been known for many years as a renowned Irish patriot, delivered recently a lecture on Ireland. After reviewing the state of the country in penitential times he dealt with the Land League and Home Rule:

Down to the year 1879, fifteen years ago, the English garrison of landlordism was the bulwark of British power in Ireland.

Michael Davitt (cheers) appeared on the scene. He (Father Sheehy) unhesitating said from that platform that night that Michael Davitt was the Providence of Ireland, and what now was practically the charter of her rights, that social masterpiece, the Land League, was launched by him. (Cheers.) What Elizabeth sought to filch from the Irish people, but failed, and what Cromwell would also have filched from them if he could, the Land League had practically given back to the tenant farmers and the agricultural laborers of Ireland. He knew it was charged against himself and others that they had ideals for Ireland. Aye, they had ideals, and wide and high ideals, too. He belonged to the ideal school, but they in Ireland had learned that it was needful to restrict themselves. Especially was this so with priests living in Ireland and moving about among the poor, struggling tenant farmers and the agricultural laborers in their poorly-lit, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated cabins. Had their fancies toned down to the hard and pitiless reality of Irish social life, they would have been dorect in every sense of duty if they did not go into line with Michael Davitt and strive with him for the social elevation of the people, taking down the pride and power and pomp of their enemies, the landlords. (Cheers.)

The reverend speaker then gave a vivid picture of scenes that he had witnessed and mentioned "en passant" some cases that had come under his notice in Limerick on the estate over which Mr. U. Townsend was the agent, and in which a young man, McCarthy, was evicted before his honeymoon was out, simply because the young woman married him against the landlord's wish. This was an estate in which the agent claimed priority in selection of husbands for young women, and because this was denied him he put the law into force. If he did not like the young man, the young woman should rest satisfied or pay the awful penalty. Father Sheehy said he did not believe up to then that as bad as landlords were they would exact such a price from a young man, much less from a young woman, but McCarthy came upon the platform and avowed for the truth of the statement that they were evicted before the honeymoon was over.

The burning question of the hour was Home Rule. He found in this country two classes of people. One said to him: "You will never get it," while another said: "Well, Father Sheehy, you ought not to take it." Now, ought the Irish people take Home Rule? He believed that they in Ireland knew a good thing when they saw it, and though Home Rule did not quite fill all his expectations, it was quite better to dine off half a loaf from the table than to try to get one's dinner off the street. No man could get to the top of a mountain in one step; you must walk up there step by step; and with Home Rule it was much the same. They would get there. Then there was another class

of persons who said to him: "If you get it you must acknowledge British authority," and in reply to them he would say that he would take Home Rule and keep his mind to himself. (Laughter.) He heard most significant words from Mr. Campbell Bannerman in the House of Commons during the passage of the last land measure through various stages of committee. That gentleman admitted that the measure was not all that the Irish party might reasonably expect, it was the best thing just then that they could give. And he said to the representatives of Ireland: "If you make a good use of the law when it is passed, the party that gave this will give you more. (Cheers.) And in closing Mr. Campbell Bannerman used the expression, "Solvatur ambulando"—"It will be solved as we go marching on." ("Hear, hear!") He remembered being in the Opera House, Cork, one evening, and sitting side by side with Mr. Parnell (cheers), who spoke then on this very subject of Home Rule, and of putting a strait-jacket upon the souls of Irishmen. He said it was not given to him or to any man to place the ne plus ultra to the onward march of the nation. Home Rule meant for the Irish people, when they get it, concrete power and certain prosperity; it means for them a condition of things—an altered condition, under which the young men and women of Ireland will be content to remain there—"Hear, hear", and under which condition of complete prosperity many of the race in this country will be tempted back once more to their friends. (Cheers.) The Irish party gave forth ideas, and it took only pith and reason to see their applicability. The Irish blood was not so terribly heated up at present, either in Ireland or here, with material prosperity or success. Why had the Irish race come over to America? Was it not for an altered condition of things; was it not for material reasons? Were the Irish people at home to be the only people who were to stand at a distance from prosperity? Now the race of young people educated to-day in the schools of Ireland were a level-headed people, hard thinkers, they read, they reflected. (Cheers.) The days of tall talk, rhapsody and eloquence had gone by forever!

The fact was that Home Rule to-day had the good will and approval of the civilized people throughout the whole world. They had morally conquered, so far as Home Rule was concerned; they had carried conviction into the minds of the Anglo-Saxon, and had held him down to consider the question. They had made England's statesmen feel that Ireland blocked the way, and that she also had the field. (Cheers.) When the day came for them to get Home Rule, that day would see them possessing increased power and a superabundant flow of prosperity. Rejecting Home Rule, whether they liked it or not, they were still united to England. Would it not be better to place in the Senate House in Dublin Irish intellect and Irish sympathy, and foster Irish industry, to create new hopes, to fire new heads and quicken them? John Morley, while down in Cork some little time ago, said he was glad to be among them, and he assured them that he was as good an Irishman as they could possibly make out of an Englishman.

The Irish people to-day understood the lesson of freedom, for no people had ever panted with a more impassioned spirit for the highest and weightiest measure of it than had the Irish race. They knew that it gave the sweet fruit of life its lustre and profusion, and that men were weeds without it. And they who were struggling for social emancipation had succeeded and were now as eager in the struggle to emancipate their national life. (Cheers.)

## Hero of the Confessional.

The Glasgow Observer announces the death of Rev. Patrick McLoughlin at Rothsay, Bute. Father McLoughlin's long life as a priest was marked by one incident which, by no means rare in the Catholic Church, was for a time the cause of arousing very strong feelings amongst the Catholic community of Glasgow. While in charge of the mission at Shettleston he was approached in the confessional by a penitent thief, who, desiring to make restitution of the money he had stolen, and wishing at the same time to avoid detection, asked Father McLoughlin to address the envelope wherein the money was returned. Father McLoughlin did so and the money reached its destination in due course. Inquiries were set on foot to trace its source with a view to prosecuting the purloiner, and there was but slight trouble in getting to know that the envelope was addressed by the Catholic priest of Shettleston. When Father McLoughlin was asked if this were so he made no denial of the fact.

In the trial he refused to give any evidence or make any statement which could be at all construed into the breaking of the seal of confessional, and rather than take this course he submitted to a sentence of thirty days imprisonment for contempt of Court. The presiding Magistrate was a man called Mr. Kidston, of Ferniegair, a trusted bigot of the Newdegate type, and was reputed to eat a cold dinner on Sundays for the prevention of the labor entailed in the cookery. The feelings of such a man towards a Catholic priest may well be imagined, and the fact that it was he who sentenced Father McLoughlin aroused considerable resentment in Catholic circles. Father McLoughlin went to prison, but when the sentence was half way through he was liberated through the efforts of the late Bishop Murdoch, who took the case in hand and spared no effort to obtain the release of the good priest.

Needless to say Father McLoughlin's memory was held in high esteem since by the Catholic of the city, and although the younger generation know little of the matter, the older people still speak with intense admiration and esteem of the brave priest who stood out against all the terrors in the power of a bigoted Magistrate to inflict rather than be guilty of a breach of priestly duty.

## Death of Secretary Gresham.

Walter Q. Gresham, whose honorable titles were successively Major-General, Judge, Postmaster-General and Secretary of State, died at one o'clock last Tuesday morning, May 25. He was sixty-three years of age and had spent more than half of his life in the service of his country.

As a soldier Gen. Gresham early won distinction and received the highest praise for his courage and discretion, from such good judges as Grant and Sherman. He was severely wounded before Atlanta in 1893 and carried home to lie on a bed of pain for a whole year, never wholly recovering from the injury.

As a judge he was learned, careful and fearless. Not one of his decisions was ever reversed by a superior court during the twelve years of his service on the bench.

He filled the office of Postmaster-General under President Arthur, with his characteristic attention to every detail of duty, reducing the postal rates without lessening the revenues of the office, and waging successful war on the lottery swindlers.

The selection by President Cleveland for the responsible position of Secretary of State of a man who had been almost a life-long Republican, was a surprise to the nation, and it can hardly be said with justice that it was the wisest of Mr. Cleveland's appointments. The

foreign policy of the second administration has been severely criticised, even in the President's own party, but without any imputation on the integrity and patriotism of either Secretary or President.

Secretary Gresham's fame rests secure on his war record and his judicial services, either being brilliant enough to gratify the ambition of any man.—*The Pilot*

## Heroic Obedience.

An incident that has occurred in the Diocese of Nashville, furnishes an illustration of heroic obedience to constituted authority that should not be permitted to pass by without a few words of comment. Rev. William Walsh has been pastor of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, in Chattanooga, for the past seven years. In that time the old wooden edifice in which the Catholics of the locality worshiped for almost a quarter of a century has given place to one of the most magnificent temples of religion in the State of Tennessee. Prior to this and during his twenty-one years of service in the priesthood Father Walsh labored zealously in Memphis and on the mission. Twenty years ago, when the ravages of the yellow fever made a vast charnel house of the fair city of Memphis, Father Walsh was foremost in leading the brave band of priests that faced grim death itself in the performance of what they believed to be their solemn duty to God and man. He remains to-day one of the two or three loved survivors of the dreadful time that tested men's souls.

A few weeks ago the recently consecrated Bishop of Nashville, for reasons that were seemingly sufficient to himself, but which in no way reflected upon the honor, the duty or the zeal of his subordinate, issued an order transferring Father Walsh to another and a less important parish. The news came like a thunder clap and brought forth a storm of protests not only from the Catholics of Chattanooga, but from the Mayor of the city, the Judges of the Courts and nearly all of the substantial and prominent non-Catholics of the community. It came as a personal affliction upon the faithful members of the church. Father Walsh was placed in a trying position. A word or a sign from him might have caused the smothered indignation to burst into a flame that would have done irreparable injury to the Church and religion.

Built on a heroic mould, however, he arose equal to the occasion, and on last Sunday bade farewell to his sobbing congregation in an address that is a model of affection, loyalty and good judgment. Appeals through the legitimate channels of the Church being unavailing, he announced his intention of obeying his ecclesiastical superior. Such an example of moral courage under these circumstances cannot go unnoticed. The influence of such a man cannot be confined to the narrow limits of any city or town in which he may be temporarily stationed. The people of Chattanooga—Catholics and non-Catholics—are to be pitied in having suffered what is distinctly and emphatically a great loss to themselves and their city. The people of Jackson, Tenn., whence this faithful priest goes, are to be felicitated on the accession of a man intended for greater things. But above all, Father Walsh is to be congratulated on having set an exalted example of heroic obedience that shall serve as a model for all time to laymen, priests and prelates alike.—*Catholic Times*.

Those who do not give themselves to prayer, close the door upon God who gives them no spiritual contentment in this life, and justly refuses them the special assistance that would enable them to endure patiently the trials and contradictions which daily present themselves.—*Life of St. Teresa*

Brehons and first poets of the men of Erin, and that 'the law of nature had been quite right.' Consequently they only amended it, so that it should not clash with the Word of God, and should take cognizance of the obligations of the faith and the harmony of the Church and people. Some of the additions made by St. Patrick are noteworthy: there are four dignitaries of a territory who may be degraded: 'a false judging king, a stumbling bishop, a fraudulent poet, an unworthy chieftain,' and there were penalties imposed for the following offences committed by anyone—'False judgment, false witness, fraudulent security, false information, false character giving, bad story, or lying in general.'

"We have no time, however, to linger over these details which have been lately quoted in an interesting lecture by Dr. Sigerson on St. Patrick's day, in Dublin, although we may well wish that St. Patrick were here to rule us. But the two points to be observed are first, the high tone which must have existed amongst these pagans, and which in company with their ambition to do great deeds, which had been fostered by their national poets, so prepared them to embrace and to spread the religion of self-devotion of Jesus Christ. As Mr. Standish O'Grady well says: 'Those heroes and heroines were the ideals of our ancestors; their conduct and character were to them a religion; the bardic literature was their Bible. . . Under its nurture the imagination and spiritual susceptibility of our ancestors were made capable of that tremendous outburst of religious fervour and exaltation that characterised the centuries that succeeded the fifth, and whose effect was felt throughout a great portion of Europe. It was the Irish bards and that heroic age of theirs which nourished the imagination, intellect, and idealism of the country to such an issue. Patrick did not create these qualities. They may not be created. He found them, and directed them into a new channel.'

"And the second is to note the wonderful wisdom of St. Patrick throughout his mission to Ireland. Christianity was not wholly unknown in Ireland, but it had never taken hold of the people before. He made himself all things to all men; he sought to win the people through their own customs and traditions; he first sought to put the truth before the kings and chieftains, and gained their adherence and then inspired them to bring about the conversion of their followers, which method would predispose them to the new faith—he took their pagan feasts and converted them into Christian festivals and largely used their tribal system in introducing church organization. He discovered intuitively that there has ever been one way to the Irish heart, and that is by sympathy—it is sympathy far more than benefits that they value, and St. Patrick so identified himself with his adopted country, to the country where he was first taken as a slave, that it is hard even now to remember always that he was a Scotchman. And yet that Scotland should have given to Ireland her St. Patrick, and that Ireland should have given to Scotland her St. Columba, surely explains much of the mutual understanding and amity existing between the two countries who have so much in common.

"But the attractive personality of St. Patrick must not make us forget that our chief concern to-night is Irish literature, and so we must consider him from the point of view of what he did in regard to that. And we can easily see that the attitude which he took up of identifying himself with his converts and their laws, by speaking and writing and preaching in their language, and by his enthusiastic support of their poets and their lore, must have done a great deal towards preserving all the stores of Gaelic

literature now at our disposal scattered in various academies and museums and monasteries. It is related that he feared giving over-much time to the wonderful histories of the country he loved, and he consulted his guardian angels. Their approving answer was given, and they bade him have the remnant of the stories inscribed so that they might be on record for the nobles of Erin in future time. It must not either be forgotten that his own autobiography is the first work of the kind in Irish, and it is touching to note how this great man at the end of his grand life begins by apologizing for any errors of style which it may contain, and says he blushes for his "want of skill to render in clear and concise words what my spirit conceives."

Lady Aberdeen read an extract from this confession, as given by Aubrey de Vere, and then continued:—The centuries which followed St. Patrick's death are well known as centuries of glory for Ireland. St. Columba, a native of Donegal, and the descendant of the great King Niall, was impelled to found his monastery in Iona, and from thence he penetrated to Lverness, preaching before the king and converting him and then going as far as the Orkneys, laying the foundation of Pictish Christianity. From his mission branched out many others in Scotland and England, and a great many monasteries were founded. St. Columbanus and a host of other missionaries crossed the seas to Europe, and have left to this day marks of the success of their devoted labors in France and Germany and Italy, and even Iceland.

An enthusiastic Irish scholar, Miss Stokes, has lately been personally examining the traces of the footsteps of the Irish saints in Europe, and I see the announcement of a work by her on the subject which is sure to be fascinating. "The Shrines of Irish Saints." She has already preserved and reproduced for us some of these wonderful specimens of Irish art and architecture and illumination which made Irish art and Irish scholarship so famous in the ages of which we have been speaking, and when the rest of Europe was in darkness after the downfall of the Roman Empire. I am glad to know that the British Government awarded her a pension to enable her to pursue her valuable researches.

To Ireland in those days were the young princes and nobles sent who were to receive the highest education available, and the Anglo-Saxon began to grumble at this fashion of going to Ireland for education, even as we Scotch and Irish are inclined to grumble now about the fashion of going to England, and from Ireland had John Scotus to be fetched by the King of France when he wanted a certain Greek work translated. I suppose we mostly know his name in relation to the well known story which is told of the king trying to joke about his name one day at dinner, and asked the scholar what there was between "Scotus" and "Sotus." "The table, sire," promptly replied Scotus. But we must not forget that this same Scotus was an Irishman, and is considered the one great philosopher of the dark ages.

It is unnecessary to linger longer on the proofs that exist of the rich store that exists of early Irish literature, on the value it possesses for those who would rightly understand the Ireland and the Irish of to day, and who would awaken the present generation to understand all that this inheritance means—it is unnecessary, too, to speak of the centuries of war and disorder and misery that followed when the monasteries and centres of learning were pillaged, and the people had other things to think of than the pursuits that made Ireland so famous. We need not dwell on the authors of

later times, on Swift and Sterne, and Steele, and Sheridan and Moore and such like—their names can easily be gathered along with many others who have kept alive the fame of Ireland in other walks of life. And Miss Edgeworth, Lover, Griffin and Carlton, A. M and T. D. Sullivan, Thos. Davis and Boyle O'Reilly and Sir Samuel Ferguson, Dr. Joyce, Dr. Todhunter, down to the five ladies who are now making a notable place for themselves in modern literature, Miss Jane Barlow, Miss Lawless, Miss Hopper, Mrs. Hinkeon, Mrs. Bryant—do we not know and love them all?

It is not lack of material with which we have to deal, it has been lack of organization and a lack of realization of the riches of Irish literature and the desirability of cultivating it amongst Irishmen and Irishwomen.

Fifty years ago a company of young men banded themselves together to remedy this, and were busy digging up the buried relics of history to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past. But the famine of 1847-48 came, and it and its results brought the attempt to an end for the time. But within the last few years a revival has grown up which bids fair to endure. Irish literary societies have been springing up everywhere, Dublin taking the lead in 1888, as was her right. The Irish Literary Society in London has been organized under the presidency of Sir Charles Duffy, who had been one of the chief workers of the earlier movement 50 years ago, and is composed of members of all politics and all religions, there being but one object, the fostering of Irish literature, both ancient and modern. Commodious rooms have now been established in London for the use of the members, a library begun, and most interesting monthly lectures delivered. The opening addresses of Sir Charles Duffy, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Dr. Sigerson, and Mr. Hyde, showing what a field of work lay before the society, both in the direction of translating the old Gaelic literature and reproducing it worthily in English, in the collection and publication of the scattered work of Irish authors, and in the education and direction of readers, have been collected in a volume, and are well worthy of your attention—they present the subject as I cannot hope to be able to do. But there is one piece of work which was the outcome of the formation of this society to which I wish to draw your special attention. A project very dear to Sir Charles Duffy's heart was taken up, and arrangements made with Mr. Fisher Uwin, the publisher, to bring out a new Irish library, collecting works which had hitherto been unattainable by the general public, and presenting them at a cheap price. The beginning which has been made with the first six volumes shows how well worth the attempt was making—the continuance of the library must depend on the support given to it.

I have here the very first copy of the first book printed, sent to me by the publisher as I was embarking at Liverpool. "The Patriot Parliament," a deeply interesting fragment of history by Thomas Davis, preceeded by an introduction by Sir Charles Duffy, clearing up much concerning James II.'s Irish Parliament in 1689, a region sufficiently removed from present day politics to be able to be judged dispassionately. Then comes a collection of tales of the sixteenth century, presented to us in modern dress by Mr. Standish O'Grady. I cannot forbear from telling you a little of the first story, from which the book takes its name, "The Bog of Stars."

Two volumes of Irish verse are included in the series, one a collection of the poems which appeared in the Nation newspaper some forty years ago, and which deeply stirred the hearts of the country at the time, and the other a much-needed and charmingly edited Irish song book, the words being



One's physical feelings, like the faithful setter, search and point out plainly the fact of disease or health.

If a man is not feeling well and vigorous—if he is losing flesh and vitality, if he is listless, nervous, sleepless, he certainly is not well. The down hill road from health to sickness is smooth and declines rapidly.

At the first intimation of disease the wise man takes a pure, simple vegetable tonic. It puts his digestion into good active order and that puts the rest of the body in order. The medicine that will do this is a medicine that is good to take in any trouble of the blood, the digestive tract, the respiration no matter how serious it may have become.

The medicine to take is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a remarkable remedy. It cures diseases in a perfectly natural way, without the use of strong drugs. It cures by helping Nature. It has a peculiar tonic effect on the living membranes of the stomach and bowels. By putting these membranes into healthy condition, stimulating the secretion of the various digestive juices and furnishing to the blood the proper purifying properties, it breaks out over the whole body and drives disease germs before it into the usual excretory channels. It builds up firm muscular flesh, makes the skin and the eyes bright.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been found wonderfully efficacious in the treatment of skin diseases—eczema, tetter, erysipelas, salt-rheum—from common pimples or blotches to the worst case of scrofula.

accompanied by the airs, the whole being chosen and edited by Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, who is not only the author of Father O'Flynn but an authority on and earnest worker in matters of this kind.

You must let me dwell for a few minutes on the subject matters of another of the volumes of this new Irish library. It is called "A Parish Providence," by Mrs. Lynch. Ah, would that we could find a few dozen such parish providences as are depicted in this book by the Mayor. This good man settles down in a desolate village, from which trade and prosperity have all departed, where the houses are in ruins, and not fit for habitation, the roads impassable, and the inhabitants in a state of stolid misery and indifference, bred of despair. By small degrees, he sets local cars in force and gets the roads repaired, new houses built, the people interested in cultivating their gardens, and a market opened up for their produce, a basket-making industry is started, a brickfield is opened, lodgers come and take up their summer quarters in the now cosy cottages, and contentment and a desire for education and culture begin to make themselves felt.

We are seeing the same process at work in many parts of Ireland through the fostering of her home industries, and a system by which the workers are taught to produce work suitable for modern requirements. I could tell you stories about those patient, hard working weavers and knitters of Donegal, and of the lace makers scattered throughout the country which would make you look with fresh interest at these goods in which many a life history is worked. I am glad to be able to tell you that there is an increasing demand for our woollens and embroideries and laces, and that here in Canada, too, they are becoming popular. If an Irish department is ever opened by any of the stores here, I shall look to you ladies to give it your support. A society has lately been started to help the woollen industry, which exacts a promise from each of its members to buy one suit or one costume of Irish material every year. Why could we not get members for

this society in Canada? The excellence and the beauty of the stuffs can be guaranteed.

Forgive me for thus wandering away from my subject—the two are, after all, not very far apart in some ways, and we of the Irish Industries' Association owe a special debt to the Irish Literary Society, inasmuch as we stole from them our most earnest and enthusiastic secretary and managing director, Mr. T. W. Rolleston. To him is largely due the success of both societies. Alongside of the Irish Literary Society in London and that of Dublin, others are prospering in Liverpool, and Cork, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and elsewhere at home and abroad. Not only can they point to definite results from their own immediate work, but they are creating an atmosphere favorable to the general revival of Irish literature, quite apart from anything that any society may accomplish. A magazine called the *New Ireland Review*, itself a proof of what I am saying, and ably edited by Father Finlay, of Dublin, points out in the current number how many distinctly Irish volumes have been issued during the last two years outside the now Irish library, and many of these are books which have claimed wide attention outside Ireland, although the subject matter is Irish. Mr. Rolleston asks what is meant by Irish literature, and he answers this by saying that it is literature written by Irishmen under Irish influences, whether those influences be of the past or of the present, and that all this stir about Irish literature means that the Irish imagination is endeavouring to do what is always the highest function of the imagination to do—namely, to idealize and ennoble what is near and familiar to it—idealizing those old stories of bygone times of which we have spoken this evening, idealizing the scenes of everyday life in Ireland by giving them historical associations, or associations such as will haunt us if we hear April in Ireland thus described by Miss Hopper:—

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,  
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown in the winter's edge;  
The golden loom of Tir-na-n-Ug moves all the winter through  
Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue.

Those exquisite Irish idylls of Miss Jane Barlow, bringing out the pathetic beauty, the patient courage and devotion of the Irish peasantry, the fascinating through tragic story of *Grania*, by Miss Lawless, not to speak of her "Hurrish" and "Maolcho," and the delightful sketches of Irish character in Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's "Cluster of Nuts," are all books which should be in the hands of every Irishman and Irishwoman, though I would fain see them also in the hands of every other English speaking man and woman. They can only make us love Ireland better, and make us wish to work for its welfare in some way or another.

I must not, however, be tempted to quote more from our modern Irish writers, but merely tell you of one result of the present Irish literary revival which may be of use to you personally.

Reading circles have been formed with a view of promoting and directing the reading of those who wish to study Irish literature consecutively. Lists of books have been made out for certain periods and a little magazine published for the help of the readers. These at the head undertake that no over-controversial books shall be introduced, and the politics of none need be offended. It might be of interest to your society to enquire into the course of reading recommended, or you at least could recommend lists of the best Irish books to be easily obtained. It is well that every encouragement should be given to make the love of country an intelligent love, and what can conduce more to this object

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than the study of all that is best in its literature and history, so that we also may be stirred to be worthy of those who have gone before. The pre-eminence of English literature and the love which is felt for it has been one of the great strengths of England.

You, young ladies of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society, are doing a noble work in fostering this love of reading and study. Those who have never formed this habit in youth little know the riches they lose by its neglect. And if this love is to be of the highest use to us, it must be trained and directed. We have reason to fear that there are many young people in our time who only use their education for the purpose of devouring the worse than empty literature with which all countries are flooded, and which can do nothing but deteriorate. If you can meet the young girls leaving school and encourage them in habits of self-culture, of disciplined reading, you will not only be benefiting their own lives and conferring on them a source of truest happiness and blessing, but you will be blessing the homes of the future by cultivating and developing the thought-intelligence of our future wives and mothers.

### Literary Competition.

The Toronto Saturday Night, a recognized authority in Canada on matters pertaining to literature, refers as follows to the short story competition offered by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville:—

"It is gratifying to find this large business firm interested in literature, and the nature of the competition is such that keen interest is sure to be aroused in all parts of Canada. There is perhaps no portion of the world that yields material so abundant, situations so pregnant and characters so striking, for the writer of short stories, as may be found in Canada and more particularly in the North-west Territories. We have seen what Gilbert Parker has been able to do with his all too limited knowledge of the Hudson Bay country. Had he or any other trained writer as complete a knowledge of our great North-west, the traditions of the forts, the half-breed and the Indians, as is possessed by hundreds of our readers, the literature of the world would be enriched. Winners of cash prizes in other competitions are excluded, so that there is no reason why beginners should not try a hand."

Three hundred dollars is offered in prizes, the amount being divided among the best five stories received. Stories for competition must reach the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., before the 1st of July next.

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TWO-PIECE SUITS, \$1.50 up; reduced prices in this line and variety enough to please the most exacting.  
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### Catholic Foresters.

The newly-formed Ontario Provincial Court in Catholic Foresters, met in Ottawa last week. The following delegates were elected to the International Convention, which meets at Ottawa on the 2nd of September:—Messrs. M. Cleary and S. Cross, Ottawa; J. C. Howard, Hastings; C. Robert, Windsor; and W. T. Lee, Toronto. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—Provincial Chief Ranger, Mr. W. T. Lee, of the firm of Willoughby, Cameron and Lee, barristers, Toronto; Provincial Vice-Chief Ranger, Mr. O. C. S. Boudreault, Ottawa; Provincial Secretary, Mr. J. W. Seguin, Ottawa. Provincial Trustees, Messrs. C. Mullens, London, Bryson, Chatham; Chrisholm, Cornwall; Baby, Peterborough; and McCullough, Ottawa. Toronto was selected as the next place of meeting. The installation of officers took place in the afternoon, over which High Chief Secretary Thiele, of Chicago, who came here to establish the court, presided. Afterwards the officers went down to Archbishop Dubamel's palace for the purpose of securing his Grace's consent to his appointment as High Provincial Chaplain. This, as all likelihood, will be granted.

## MEN'S SUMMER CLOTHING

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Tennis Suits, extra fine flannel, cream grounds, variety of stripes, \$7 and \$8.

Good Tweed Unlined Coats and Vests, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4.

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Fine Lightweight Trousers, \$2.50 to \$5.

Boys Blazers, \$1.

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No need to talk of qualities. Everything is the best.

## OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King St. East.

There is no creature in the world wherein we may not see enough to wonder at, for there is no worm of the earth, no spear of grass, no leaf, no twig, wherein we may not see the footsteps of a Deity.

## THE PRIESTHOOD.

The Appointed Guardians of  
Eternal Truth.

AN ADDRESS BY BISHOP KEANE.

At the jubilee celebrations in honor of Archbishop Williams of Boston, Bishop Keane of Washington University spoke as follows:

O wonderful thought, the everlastingness of God amid all transient things, the unchangingness of God amid all changeable things!—thought which hushes the soul in adoring awe; thought which fills the soul with unearthly peace; thought, too, in the study of which we will best come to a right appreciation of that priesthood which is the central object of our attention this day.

Amid all changeable things God is unchanging. He is unchanging because He is infinite. We and all things else are changeable because we are finite. The Infinite is unchanging because He is the totality of perfection and, therefore, can be neither more nor less nor other than He is. All human things, all finite things change, because their perfection is limited, and so in their aspiration they mount to higher, or in their weakness they fall to lower, and, in the unceasing onward flow of contingent things, themselves and their environment change unceasingly.

There is a marvellous beauty in the changeableness. The myriad phases of being, the myriad shades and degrees of perfection, which come and go and sparkle forth beneath the Creator's hand, are wonderful to contemplate and show forth amazingly the inexhaustibility of the creative wisdom. The spectacle fills the heart of the Psalmist with wonder and exultation, and he calls upon "all the works of the Lord to bless the Lord, to praise and exalt Him forever." It thrills every sensitive and rightly tuned heart with the overwhelming sense of the harmonies of existence. It has called forth nearly all the utterances of sweetness and sublimity which have charmed the generations of men.

But this truth has its other side, which is equally true. The changeable is limited and evanescent. Its charm is transient like itself. Its beauty withers; its sweetness cloy; its smile vanishes and turns to gloom. Every radiant spring-time is gliding on into autumn and winter. The change and the whirl wears us out. All the sweet and good that is in it does not fill the heart, does not give peace. God only gives peace, because He has no need to change. And so, amid all the wonders of the great world, which he has made so beautiful, so glorious, but so changeable, we rejoice to hear the Apostle say: "Every good gift is from above, coming down from the Father of Light, to whom there is no change, and no shadow of alteration."

O then, how sweet to look beyond this span of life, beyond even this Golden Jubilee of fifty years, with all the blessings that have filled each month and day, but must end at last, up to the blessed God and to our eternity in Him, which is peace and rest unending because it is the fulness, perfect and unchanging of all goodness and beauty and perfection.

And now what God and His eternity is amid the changeableness of life and of the universe, such is the priesthood amid all things else that makes up the spiritual universe which we call Religion and Church. That which creates that universe and orders and harmonizes and vivifies it, is the mystery of the Incarnation, the stupendous fact of the Word made flesh, the fact of that wondrous individual

humanity in which the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth bodily" in order that "from His fulness we may receive." That Divine Humanity is the centre of all the plan of God. It is "the one mediator between God and man." Toward it all things human gravitate; around it all things human circle, as the planets round the sun. Nay, far more than that, in its adorable privilege all things human are meant to be united and incorporated; through it, says the Apostle, we are "made partakers of the Divine nature." Itself unchanging with the unchangingness of God, because of its Divine perfection, [the grace of that Divine Humanity knows how to sweetly conform itself to all the myriad necessities of everchangeable mankind, and to assimilate to itself the myriad types and characteristics of perfection of which sanctified human nature is capable.

This relation of the Incarnate Son of God to all human beings, to all human conditions, delivering them from all evil, lifting them up to all good, advancing them in perfection—this is the priesthood of Jesus Christ. His priesthood includes both His sacrifice for the redemption of the world from sin, and His dispensing of the grace of His Incarnation for the sanctification of souls and their union with God. The ministry of this priesthood He carries on in all ages and in every part of the world, through the Apostolic Priesthood of the New Law, through those to whom He hath said: "As the Father hath sent Me, so do I send you," and through their legitimate successors in all ages: "Behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world." Their ministry He declares to be the carrying on of His ministry, their priesthood is a participation in His own priesthood.

The priesthood is, therefore not in any sense a human thing. It does not consist in any human goodness, or human ability, or human qualities of any kind. All human qualities, how perfect soever they may be are only, as St. Paul expresses it, "The earthen vessel containing the heavenly treasure." The priesthood is the very priesthood of Jesus Christ, residing in and acting through human agents. Poor human beings though we are, we are priests with the very priesthood of the Son of God. The priesthood is Divine. The foundation of its human transmission is in the Apostles of our Lord; and the Bishops, who hold the order and office of the Apostles, have like them, the priesthood in its fulness. In the Apostolic Body itself, the centre of unity, and the centre also of the priestly ministry, is in St. Peter; hence in the body of Bishops the centre of the priesthood, the centre of order and jurisdiction, is in the chief bishops, the successors of St. Peter. From the Apostolic Body the priesthood is communicated in fitting degrees, to those whom, as authorized by our Lord, they associate with them in the holy ministry. Thus the priesthood of Jesus Christ, of the bishops, and of the priests, is one and the same priesthood, communicated and held in different degrees according to place and share which each holds in the ministry of salvation. Always and everywhere it is the self-same: "Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day, and the same forever." All things else change but it changes never. Types of character; types of holiness, change and differ, "as stars differeth from star in glory." The whole external physiognomy of the Church may be modified, as circumstances of the time and place vary, for in all external things, the Church knows how to make herself "all things to all men in order to win all to God"; but the priesthood is as unchanging as the Son of God Himself.

It is His own presence and action in the spiritual universe, adapting itself to the countless varying needs of



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all, but remaining itself over the self-same.

Humanity responds to the action of that divine priesthood with all its myriad forms and degrees of Christian goodness, Christian holiness, Christian perfection. Prayer ascends from numberless hearts and tongues in every variety of homage of supplication, of simple worship or stately liturgy; and the centre of it all is the unchanging divine sacrifice, the "clean oblation" of the Immaculate Lamb, offered up by the ministry of the priesthood "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," and making "the name of the Lord great among all Gentiles."

Brave, privileged souls breathe forth to God vows of special consecration, vows by which they pledge themselves to aspire to perfection through the voluntary practice of poverty, chastity and obedience; and, according to their measure of grace and of fidelity, they live in the observance of the Evangelical Counsel, and thus weave, thread by thread, day by day, the nuptial garment which they are to wear at the espousals of the Lamb. It is their response to the grace dispensed by the priesthood, their endeavor to lead lives worthy of that incorporation in the mystery of the Incarnation which is the whole meaning and purpose of the priesthood. It is the noble effort of willing hearts and generous souls, exclaiming: "What shall we render to the Lord for all that He hath rendered unto us?" and making such return as human creatures can for the wondrous gift of God bestowed in and through the priesthood. Gladly would they make that return more worthy if they could; but well do they know that at best it is only the human offered in return for the Divine. Well they know that the priesthood is the gift of God to men, while their vows are the gift of men to God; that the priesthood is the consecration of the Eternal High Priest Himself participated in by those who "are called by God as Aaron was," while their vows are the finite consecration of human hearts offering their little best to their Creator; that the obligation to perfection imposed by being a partaker in the all-holy priesthood of the Son of God, is far more sublime and far more binding than any such obligation imposed by human resolutions and promises and oaths. And yet they know it is the best return that poor little man can make to God for gifts Divine, and Mother Church rejoices to see her children, men and women, offering to God the sweet incense of their vows and encircling with the endlessly variegated sweetness and beauty of their human consecration the great, unchanging, central majesty of the Divine consecration of the priesthood.

The fulness of truth is the understanding both of the Infinite and of the finite. Its three realms are God

and man and nature. With all three the Word made flesh has to do; with all three His Apostolic priesthood, the action of His Church forever, has to do. They who would divide the domain of truth, and assign the spiritual to the Church, the material to the world, are one-sided, mistaken, are extremists of some sort. The Manicheans of old thus divided things, and assigned the spiritual to God and the Church, the material to the world and the devil. Some modern Manicheans would assign the catechism to the Church and all other learning to the world. But this not only morally pernicious; it is intellectually illogical and false. Truth is a harmonious organic whole. It is seen rightly only when it is seen in its logical unity. Every young mind should be trained to read the simple elements in the three volumes of God and man and nature, and should be taught that the three are volumes of one work. And as the young mind develops, it should be taught to read deeper and deeper in all three. And elite minds, which receive fullest culture and attain highest development, should above all recognize the harmonious unity of the three; else they are one-sided and puzzled in their endeavor to know the reality and meaning of things: and, being blind themselves, they become leaders of the blind, and many, many "fall into the pit."

All there is on earth cannot impart joy of a single soul. All its glory and salvation consist in sufferings and tribulations.—St. Mechilde, O.S.B.

Rocking cradles for baby were used by the Egyptians many centuries before the Christian era. The human race, in fact, may be said to be founded on a rock.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of June, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.		Due.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	7.30	7.45	7.25	9.40
O. and Q. Railway...	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	3.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30	4.30	10.10	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland .....	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.00	12.35pm	8.50
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.....	6.30	4.00	10.45	8.30
		noon	8.35	2.00
		2.00		7.50
		9.30		
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.30	12.00n	8.35	5.45
		4.00	12.35pm	10.50
		9.30		
U.S. West'n States	6.30	12 noon	8.35	5.45
		4.00		3.30
		9.30		

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of June: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.

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

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

The Scenery of the Clyde.

The people here are very agreeable and courteous to strangers who may have occasion to make their acquaintance, but they would not be kinsmen of the descendants in Nova Scotia if they were otherwise. But I must pass on to the end of my journey. I took the five o'clock boat for Dublin, touching at Greenock on the way. This trip down the Clyde is a delightful one, for I have now an opportunity of seeing by daylight this celebrated place, second to none, I am told in the world for its foundries and shipbuilding. To a stranger like myself seeing it for the first time, it presents a most striking appearance. For three or four miles in leaving Glasgow on either side of the Clyde, there is nothing but ships of all sizes and dimensions, from the four-master down to the small frigate. Some are in their infancy, the keel laid; others have their ribs fastened to their backbone, assuming a skeleton shape; while others have enough of flesh on their ribs to keep them together until steelplating, and many at a more advanced age of maturity will soon be able to leave the cradle—the launch-way. The noise from the riveting and hammering of iron bolts and steelplate is deafening, while the columns of smoke rising up here and there from the foundries and overspreading the dense thicket of spars resemble a forest on fire. The river is all alive with steamers of all kinds, and the river boats plying between Glasgow and Greenock are passing us proudly by, back and forth every few minutes. Flash packets and quick of speed, they have a great advantage over us, for they on either side pass up and down at full speed, while we having the middle course can go only at half speed. Leaving the ship manufacturing district behind with all its smoky and noisy surroundings, we pass along through as charming a spot as one could wish to see. Here the river takes a gentle curve and as far ahead as the eye can see runs a level plain with a range of hills extending on either side from a mile to mile and a-half from the river's bank. I pause to think if there be such a place as a terrestrial paradise on this earth, this must be it. It is altogether so enticing and select a spot for the poor man to occupy any portion of it. There is not one living within miles of it. If you wish to see his habitation, look away in the distance in the scraggy hillside where stands his humble cot. Here none but the big-bug, the rich gentleman, the wealthy landlord, the duke, the squire, the earl or some other titled dignitary dare set his foot. Thus it is how greedy Dame Fortune is over her earthly goods and possessions; the poor man is in for a small share indeed. And this is the way too I'm informed the mastery of landlordism is exhibited in Ireland, only more tyrannically.

What a pitiable sight of selfishness and injustice the earthly gods show! Here is a faint description of the well-feathered nest of one of those birds of ill-omen, as seen from the deck of the Shamrock. The little plot of land is not very large to begin with; it contains only five or six hundred acres, and is called in landlord phraseology a demesne. This demesne is laid out in the best possible manner, so as not to be outdone by its next-door neighbor in point of artistic skill and novel arrangement. On its central portion stands a gorgeous three-story building, elaborately furnished, and built on a slightly elevated site which gives the passerby an opportunity of having a full view of all its ancient beauty. The level lawn on either side, the house with its heavy cornice, the well proportioned, half-gothic windows, finished in deep ornamental work, the ever-green and ivy creeping round about, the horse-chestnut scattered here and there, and the trimmed hedge-rows between, form a pretty picture, even

now when the fine summer days have gone by. On the roof stands a turrotted railing meeting at either side and enclosing an observatory from which can be had an extensive view of the surroundings. Two large bay-windows opening out in front on the balcony, rich and beautiful in Gothic art, set off the facade to almost perfection. The architectural work displayed about this antique looking building is considerable. It contains all the features of a Norman keep. From the river's edge to the hall door in front where it runs to the boundary walls on both sides and continues till it meets again, the bank is a carriage drive completely closed in with the shady leaves of the oak, elm, beech and chestnut. Within each of the squares formed by these two shady carriage drives are many smaller ones enclosed with neatly clipped beehived shaped white-thorn hedges, and from one to another running in every direction are gravel walks fringed with box wood interspersed with holly, ivy and laurel. These closely shaven green patches within the smaller squares are laid out with choice shrubs and sweet scented flowers of various hues and colors, the dainty ones covered with glass shades to shield them from the cold, while the more hardy kind exposed and rustled by the September winds are filling the air with sweet perfume. How lovely they must have been before the autumn blast caused their stately head to droop. Away in the background is an extent of woodland broken up with pieces of meadow ground, thickly sprinkled with the faded fern. This is set aside for hunting ground when the "Monarch of all he surveys" chooses to divert himself by shooting a rabbit, partridge or pheasant. The middle portion of the demesne is devoted to the raising of crops as the hay racks, the stacks of corn, the fields of cabbages, turnips and potatoes, clearly show. As we pass on, the eye never weary at gazing on the beautiful, still looks back, and not till the view is shut out from sight does it turn reluctantly away. On comes another enchanting scene to take the place of the former; still another and another, each seemingly more beautiful than the other, such as the one I have been making a poor attempt to draw a faint picture of. Imagine for the distance of eighteen or twenty miles, extending along on each side of the Clyde, this level fertile plain cut and fashioned with all the art and skill of a master hand, and strewn with nature's choicest gifts—picture this and you might be able to form some idea of the reality. But now at last the quiet dreamy scenery which we have been passing for hours is relieved by an immense dark-looking object peering out in front of us through the gloomy shades of evening. The nearer we approach the more visible become its outlines—a few moments more and we are passing under its shadow. What, the historic Dumbarton Castle, or rather the remains of that once famous structure! Yes, here it stands beside the river towering some fifty feet above the water level, not as in days of yore when its unconquerable rick proved an impregnable barrier to the enemy's guns, but a confused mass of imperishable ruins. The lofty tower over which Scotland's flag so often fluttered proudly in the breeze; that strong embattlements that once bade defiance to the alien foe; the brave hearts that kept the walls amid the thunder of battle and the clash of gleaming steel; the hero chief who was cradled within those walls whose mighty hand wielded so nobly and well the sword in defence of his country's cause—all have gone, the sad relics alone remain. The past is full of historic legends of this noted place; to recall them here would be to repeat pages of history. A few instances may not be out of place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

### Calendar for the Week.

June 7—St. Paul Bp. M.  
8—St. Maximinus, Bp.  
9—Trinity Sunday.  
10—St. Margret, W. Q.  
11—St. Barnabas, Ap.  
12—St. John Facundus, C.  
13—Corpus Christi.

### Luther's First Bible?

Defenders of the principle of "private interpretation" of the Holy Scripture as the sole rule of Faith attribute the success of the so-called Reformation to Martin Luther's translation of the Bible. It is very true that the great Reformer was an able scholar, well versed in philology, and probably master of Latin, Greek and Hebrew-Chaldaic. As a professor of deep erudition in German Literature and the exact sciences, he was very competent, if at all times honest, to make a very good translation. But the assertion is misleading, and contrary to facts, that credits his translation with being the source of light which suddenly burst on the Teutonic populations, pointing clearly to new methods of salvation.

There might exist excuses for such a plea, if proof were at hand, that up to Martin Luther's time, and up to the time of the general diffusion of his translation the Holy Scriptures had been a sealed book to the German people. In a recent work of great value by Dr. Walther (Brunswig) we find a long list of Biblical translations in the German language, that were printed and in general use, some of them at least one hundred years before the publication of Martin Luther's famous translation. A critical examination by Dr. Walther of the several copies of the Bible extant in German before the Reformation, shows that at least fourteen different translations were in the hands of the people, and read extensively in the German speaking districts. The first quoted is Mentel's High German edition, Strassburg, 1466; another by Eggestein, also in Strassburg; one at Augsburg (Zainer) 1477; one at Nurnburg by Koburger, 1483, and so appeared edition after edition every three or four years up to 1518, twelve years before Martin Luther's translation was given to the public.

The great Reformer was born at Eisleben on the 10th November, 1483. He broke away from Catholic unity in 1520 and issued his translation of the Bible ten years later (1530). His German translation of Holy Scripture could not possibly have originated the Lutheran defection from Papal authority, since at least fourteen similar if not better and purer translations had been in vogue all through the previous century.

In the meantime there were issued in the Nether German dialect (Low Dutch) two editions of the Bible, at Cologne, 1480, and Lubock by Arndes in 1494.

Dr. Janssen, referring to the list, says three editions were published in Strassburg, one in Nurnberg, one in Basle, Switzerland, and eight in Augsburg. Reprints followed in tolerably quick succession. In two cases we have two separate editions within little more than the space of a year. The large circulation of the translation is attested by contemporary writers, and is proved abundantly by the comparatively large number of copies still extant. Thus there are known to be in different libraries fifty-eight copies of the Hoberger edition, 1483; of Mentel's first print we have twenty-eight, and of the rarest edition, that of 1518, there are still ten copies to be found. Comparing these facts with the statement that of an edition of 4,000 copies of the translated Breviary printed at that time, of which only eight copies are to be found, we may form some estimate of the number of German Bibles scattered among the reading public before Martin Luther's work appeared.

### Vice Royalty.

The social world of Toronto has been favored with a short season of vice-royal activity just at a time when in our agricultural world, the strawberry season has arrived. A good soul has received universal assent to the statement that "doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless, God never did." Allowing for limitations in the power of royalty, it is perhaps safe to say that not only has Rideau Hall never been more acceptably officered than now, but that it is not likely to be. It looks as though, when the time comes for them to return to Great Britain, the departure of Lord and Lady Aberdeen will be as widely regretted as was that of Lord and Lady Dufferin, which is saying a great deal.

Lord Aberdeen's strength cannot be said to lie in an undue assumption of the appearances of official dignity. Those who were at the entertainment in Massey Hall last week had a good opportunity to observe him, and those who thought about it at all came away with the opinion that he can so far rely upon actual ability as to be able to discard many of the attitudes of greatness. Impelled by immense nervous activity, he is never at rest, resembling in no wise those heavy personages whose fame seems to depend upon solemnity of countenance. Charles Sumner once remarked that he would not allow himself to adopt, even in his own room, any attitude which in the Senate chamber he would consider undignified. The Governor General seems content to assume the most comfortable position consistent with nominal erectness, in this respect somewhat resembling Mr. Edward Blake, who when seated on a platform thinks of things other than himself, and in consequence allows his many inches of brawn and limb to dispose themselves as they list. His Excellency seemed actually to enjoy the whole

performance, a circumstance for which he can perhaps thank his wife. Certainly he was free of that bored look that haunts the official at every function. His brogue, which of course he attempted when reading from Mrs. Hinkson's book, is not so good as Joe Murphy's, but in this case, as is not the case with bad poetry, sentiment and sympathy are of more importance than perfect fact. Altogether one derives the opinion that the present Governor General of Canada and sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is a man of acute, vigorous mentality, large human sympathies, and a capacity for work which will sometime, no doubt, be drawn upon to the utmost.

Of the Countess of Aberdeen it is enough to say that she maintains the reputation that has preceded her. The place she occupies in the public view is an important one. Some there are who facetiously over-estimate her ability. But if by the exercise of talents possessed only by woman, she succeeds in making the dull routine of receptions, hand-shakings and speech making not only bearable but enjoyable, she does a work for which her husband may well be grateful. Every one else certainly appears to be.

### The Maid of Orleans.

Mr. Andrew Lang, for all the multiplicity of his intellectual employments, is constant ever in his devotion to two great women of history, Mary Queen of Scots and Joan of Arc. In a recent essay he indicates the points of coincidence in their lives. Both were high minded, both were unfortunate, both were denied the scantiest privileges of a trial, both were the victims of treachery; but he gives it as his opinion that Mary so far succumbed to the influences about her as to have been at one time a deep criminal, while Joan was in very deed a saint.

French history does not furnish another such instance of undivided chivalric devotion like unto that which has been meted out without stint to the memory of the girl captain and king maker. The nature of her exploits is enough to make for her a place apart. It is indeed extraordinary to be at once praised among women and renowned among commanders.

The view that Joan was a poor shepherdess, which adds somewhat to the romantic interest of her story, seems to be unfounded. Her father appears to have been moderately well-to-do, and if she sometimes tended the sheep, the occasions would be infrequent. She was always remarked for her devotedness. To hear Mass daily was her particular care. Even when on the march, she was not content unless she was permitted to attend the holy sacrifice. The voices that came to her in a manner she would never attempt to explain, guided her conduct in all things. Knowing that she was meant to be the deliverer of the country and the leader of its armies, she firmly set aside any other prospect of life. When she announced her intention to join the army, her parents sought to dissuade her, and would have had her accede to an advantageous marriage they had arranged. She refused absolutely and won her case in the ecclesiastical court when the parents tried to force her consent.

She brought her story and her prophecies to the consideration of the nearest local commandor who laughed at her and sent her away disappointed but not discouraged. The common people near the village of Domremy believed in her implicitly. There were old prophecies that France would be saved by a maiden of Lorraine, and the peasantry saw in her the realization of prophecy. Inquiries made by friends or foes elicited only the most favorable reports of her. In the end she was brought to the king.

How the siege of Orleans was raised, how the power of the English was broken, how the dauphin was crowned king, how Joan refused all honors, excepting the release of Domremy from taxation, how, her work being accomplished, teachery beset and misfortune and death at the stake overlook her, are details as familiar almost as the most innocent of tales for children. What is not known to everyone is the sublime faith, the heroic persistence by the exercise of which she accomplished her wonderful mission. The recital of great deeds is always a smooth and natural tale. In general we learn but little of humiliations and reverses that go before the opportunity for such accomplishments arrives.

France, fresh from the contemplation of Napoleon, a study involving views of avarice, cruelty, ambition, heartlessness, and excessive moral obliquity at every turn, is now passing into a study of the Maid of Domremy, the woman warrior saint. The rest of the world is taking up the cult. The effect must needs be beneficial.

### The Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith.

From the interesting and brilliant sketch by Mr. W. T. Stead written for the May number of the Review of Reviews, we glean a few facts that may prove of interest, if not of profit, to our readers on the career of the Right Hon. Herbert Asquith. The present Home Secretary, when but 40 years of age, and assistant junior to Sir Charles Russell, caught the eye and close attention of England's grand old Premier, who as it were by an act of inspiration, advanced him at one bound to the very highest position, next to that of Prime Minister, in the gift of the executive of the British House of Commons. Hon. Mr. Asquith was born in Yorkshire of a non-conformist family, and was but six years old when, by the death of his father he was left to the sole charge of a Puritan mother, who seemed to have combined a singularly lofty character with a keen and sympathetic intellect. Educated at the Moravian School of Fulneck, near Shields, the home influences of Puritanical reserve were reinforced by the religious atmosphere of the Moravian community. He studied afterwards in London city, whence he proceeded to Oxford and won a scholarship. He was somewhat solitary in his habits, and juvenile sports had no attraction for him. Mr. Stead remarks here that Mr. Asquith during college years was reserved, as he is now, and almost sad, for the skeptical surroundings somehow eroded the narrow but simple creed which he had learned at home and at

Fulcook. We have since learned that Mr. Asquith left Moravianism to join the Catholic Church of which he is, like the late Sir John Thompson, a most earnest, fervent and practical member. Probably it was owing to his close connection with Sir Charles Russell, himself an eminent Catholic, and his daily intercourse with so great and so good a master, that determined his choice of Catholic truth and practice. It was certainly owing to his position of junior to the admitted chief of the English Bar, that England is indebted for the invaluable services of a Home Secretary, of whom the writer says, that when better known and understood there will be few more popular men in England than Mr. Asquith.

It was in the Parnell trial that the Home Secretary first made his mark as a man of depth and of infinite resources. Sir Charles Russell had cross-examined at great length Mr. Soames the Times Principal witness, and to little purpose. After lunch he said to Mr. Asquith, "I feel worn out, you had better take McDonald, the next witness, in hand." "But this is most absurd," said Mr. Asquith to his chief, "he is one of the most important witnesses in the case, and of course you will cross-examine him yourself." "No," said Sir Charles—I am tired and you will do it well enough." When Mr. Asquith rose to address his first question to the manager of the Times, he was about at his wits' end. Neither he nor his chief, nor any of the Irish party dreamed of the luck in store for them. By some good fortune he put a question to Mr. McDonald at the commencement of the examination which that gentleman answered in a supremely silly fashion. The answer was a revelation to Mr. Asquith, and he at once saw he could play his fish with good results. He did so and all the world knows with what result. His cross-examination was one of the most brilliant displays of skill that the Commission had witnessed. Poor Mr. McDonald was turned inside out and held up to a scoffing world.

It was in connection with the same trial that Mr. Asquith impressed with his great abilities not only the House of Commons, but all England. Sir Richard Webster, then Attorney-General, made a speech on the forged letters, in a way which laid himself open to the rapier-like thrusts of Sir Charles Russell's junior. Mr. Asquith saw his opportunity and availed himself of it to the full. His eloquent and masterly reply to Sir Richard Webster stamped him as one of the ablest men in the House, and safe for a position in the next Liberal Administration.

As Home Secretary Hon. Mr. Asquith has proved the wisdom and appropriateness of his appointment by Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Among Englishmen it would be difficult to find one more devoted to the cause of humanity and general freedom. With relentless vigour he has been ferretting out and destroying the sweating dens, in which certain capitalists were growing rich on the miseries and premature deaths of thousands. He sent commissioners to ascertain the sources of poison and death in the white-lead industries that are represented in the

commissioners reports as equalling in horror Dante's description of Hell. In Belfast for years mortality among the linen workers has been exceptionally high. Mr. Asquith sent a thoroughly competent official over to the Belfast Linen Works to investigate the cause of all the premature deaths recorded each month among the operatives. He reported, hot damp air, charged with the waste product of linen manufacture, too little ventilation, and consequent phthisis, or lung disease. The recommendations of Mr. Asquith's commissioner were acted upon with commendable promptitude by the linen manufacturers of Ulster. The improvements which he pointed out should be introduced, costing an expenditure of several thousand pounds, are all being carried out by the employers without any act of Parliament or any other agency, beyond the wish of the Home office expressed through its ordinary channels.

In order to insure permanency in those beneficent regulations, a bill has passed through a committee of the House of which clause 6 deals with the powers "of inspectors and the penalties to be imposed for the employment of persons in places injurious to health."

Mr. Sexton, ever vigilant of the interests of the poorer classes in Ireland, and to safeguard the cottage industries, inaugurated chiefly by Lady Aberdeen, from the officiousness of Government inspectors, moved an amendment to insure their protection. It was to be regarded as a new subsection—providing that "Inspectors' powers shall not apply to any place which is not in a city, town, or other populous area, unless the carrying on of the work in that place is dangerous to the public health, by reason of the existence therein of infectious diseases."

Mr. Asquith completely sympathized with the object his hon. friend had in view. That object was to restrict the ample powers of inspectors, so as to prevent the scope of this provision being extended in the direction of cottage industries in Ireland or have any tendency to prevent such cottage industries being carried on.

It must be admitted that a wonderful change for the better "has come over the spirit of England's dream," when a mere suggestion from an Irish member is accepted as a reason for amending the laws of the realm; and when an English Home Secretary is found entering thoroughly into the views of Irishmen, appreciating their difficulties, and safeguarding their local interests.

Mr. Stead concludes his admirable sketch with the flattering commendation: "In bringing to a close this rapid and fragmentary survey of the career of a man who stands as it were on the threshold of still greater things, we are glad to bear testimony to the universal conviction of those who know him best, as to the simplicity, the integrity and the unselfishness of his character. He a man of affairs, a man of common sense and a man with a level head, and if, as seems not unlikely, the influence of his wife (Miss Margot Tennant) and the pressure of great responsibilities tends to break down the somewhat too stiff crust of remorse and enable him to reveal the inner man as he really is before his countrymen, there is little reason to doubt the highest expectation of his friends will ere long be realized."

### The Children's Aid Society.

Notwithstanding that some form of misery is the lot of every man that cometh into the world, and for all that provision is made to temper every ill, there are some aspects of life in the lower strata of society which would be deemed incredible by many, and which are known only to patient students of abnormal social conditions. It was to meet one of these phases that the Children's Aid Society was founded, and that the Ontario Legislature accorded to that Society extraordinary powers and privileges.

The officer of the Society is empowered to take into custody any child who is found begging, stealing, receiving alms, sleeping in the open air, wandering about without apparent home, or who from want of rational safeguards or proper association is likely to grow up a menace to society, and worse than useless to himself.

For some considerable time this work was in the hands of none but Protestants. Unfortunately those who came within the operation of the law held some times, though in ever so small measure, the Catholic faith. The disposing of these was not such as would conduce to the preservation of that faith; indeed, for such a child to grow up an enlightened Catholic would be little short of the miraculous. To meet this difficulty, several gentlemen, with the hearty co-operation of his Grace the Archbishop, formed a Catholic body working upon similar lines. The St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society of Toronto was organized and Mr. Remy Elmsley, President; Thomas Long, J. J. Murphy, Dr. M. Wallace and Wm. Burns, Vice-Presidents; Hugh T. Kelly, Treasurer; Alexander Macdonell, Secretary, and P. Hynes, Assistant Secretary and Agent, became its first officers.

At the date of writing there are two boys confined at St. Nicholas Home. Another case is that of a girl of about twelve years, who, being cursed with unworthy support, had taken to sleeping in such places as the street affords. Her clothing was of the worst. Drink had handicapped her from birth. Sometimes she engaged in picking rags. Her condition was literally of the wildest character. It is hoped that a few years of good food, regular living and the efficient training given by the Sisters will reclaim this life which bade fair soon to become a human wreck.

Yet another interesting case is that of two boys, the children of Swiss parents, who were taken in charge by the original Children's Aid Society some time ago. The parents were unfortunate and unable to provide for their children. Both parents were in the General Hospital through illness. At a later date they both entered the House of Providence and finally became Catholics. Both children are quite young, and, remaining in the charge of the Aid Society, will, unless a transfer can be effected, be trained as Protestants. Herein we have an instance of the need for Catholic support to such a society, a support which has been generously given to begin, and which it is to be hoped will so continue.

### Lady Aberdeen's Real Interest in Irish Affairs.

It has been avowed, even by certain Irishmen, that Lady Aberdeen's sympathies with the cause and material interests of Ireland were assumed in order to win ephemeral popularity among the uneducated and poorer classes. But were such the sole motive of her beneficent and philanthropic career she would be no less entitled to admiration and the gratitude of the many, it may be said the thousands, in whose welfare and uplifting she has taken such a decided, continuous and practical interest. The world, although cold and ungenerous, takes people generally not for what they profess to be but for what their deeds, whether selfish or charitable, leave no doubt as to the motives which inspired them. Had her Excellency at the solicitation of a committee of a literary association of young Irish Catholic ladies, delivered a lecture on the music and literature of the Emerald Isle it were a most gracious act of condescension and womanly kindness, whose value and just appreciation should not be lightly considered either by the members of the association so honored or by the public which derived so much profit and instruction from the lecture. Of all those who have presided over the destinies of Canada while an infant colony or while growing to the dimensions of a great Dominion, the Earl of Dufferin, himself an Irishman, was the only one capable of doing justice in a public lecture to the true history, the genius and character of the Irish race. Yet although largely sympathizing with Ireland's sacred cause and efforts to become a nation, it most probably never occurred to him how gratifying it would be to his fellow countrymen "in this far off countree" that he should see them assembled in some capacious public hall, and speak to them words of cheer and encouragement. That Lady Aberdeen, having found a way to do this, has accomplished her grateful and gratifying task most admirably and to the general satisfaction must be admitted even by those who take little or no interest in the questions affecting Ireland or the Irish.

Lady Aberdeen's sympathies with Ireland's sad fate and history are not superficial or of yesterday. It would be utterly impossible for any lady or gentleman no matter how accomplished or gifted to deliver an able and exhaustive lecture on the literature of any people or nation, who had not already been thoroughly well versed in every detail of that nation's early history, and who had not already in a labour of love and kindly interest, mastered the origin and the progress, the glories and causes for decline of that nation, with all its possibilities of return to a new life and a glorious resurrection. No one who listened to Her Excellency's instructive and admirable lecture can harbour a doubt of the heartfelt interest Lady Aberdeen takes in every move made for the betterment of Ireland's condition. The thousands of Irishmen and Irishwomen who were not present but who read with avidity every word of her grand address in the public journals, feel that they owe her a very deep debt of gratitude. They cherish the hope even that one day, and that not a very distant day, it may be in the power of an Irish Legislature to give ample and adequate expression of the national sentiment in monuments more lasting than marble or bronze.

## AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

## A Sketch of the Hog Mountain Range.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"The folks is porely and puney," Teague replied, "an' the news won't skacely b'ar relatin'. I hain't a-denyin'," he continued, rubbing his chin and looking keenly at the other, "I hain't a-deyain' but what I'm a huntin' airter you, an' the business I come on hain't got much howdyin' in it. Ef you uv got some place er nuther wher' ever 'body hain't a-cockin' up their years at us, I'd like to pass some words wi' you."

"Why, of course," exclaimed Woodward, hooking his arm in Teague's. "We'll go to my room. Come! And after we get through, if you don't say that my business with you is more important than your business with me, then I'll agree to carry you to Hog Mountain on my back. Now that's a fair and reasonable proposition. What do you say?"

Woodward spoke with unusual warmth, and there was a glow of boyish frankness in his tone and manners, that Teague found it hard to resist.

"Well, they's thes this much about it," he said; "my business is mighty troublesome, an' yit hit's got to be settled up."

He had put a revolver in his pocket on account of this troublesome business.

"So is mine troublesome," responded Woodward, laughing, and then growing serious. "It has nearly worried me to death."

Presently they reached Woodward's room, which was up a flight of stairs near the corner of Broad and Alabama Streets. It was a very plain apartment, but comfortably furnished, and kept with scrupulous neatness.

"Now, then," said Woodward, when Teague had seated himself, "I'll settle my business, and then you can settle yours." He had seated himself in a chair, but he got up, shook himself, and walked around the room nervously. The lithograph of a popular burlesque actress stared brazenly at him from the mantelpiece. He took this remarkable work of art, folded it across the middle, and threw it into the grate. "I've had more trouble than enough," he went on, "and if I hadn't met you to-day I intended to hunt you up to-morrow."

"In Atlanta?"

"No; on Hog Mountain. Oh, I know the risk," Woodward exclaimed, misinterpreting Teague's look of surprise. "I know all about that, but I was going just the same. Has Miss Sis ever married?" he asked, stopping before Teague and blushing like a girl.

"Not less'n it happened since last Wed'elay, an' that hain't no ways likely," replied the other, with more interest than he had yet shown. Woodward's embarrassment was more impressive than his words.

"I hardly know how to say it," he continued, "but what I wanted to ask you was this: Suppose I should go up to Hog Mountain some fine morning, and call on you, and say, as the fellow did in the song, 'Old man, old man, give me your daughter,' and you should reply, 'Go upstairs and take her if you want to,' what do you suppose the daughter would say?"

Woodward tried in vain to give an air of banter to his words. Teague leaned forward with his hands upon his knees.

"Do you mean, would Sis marry you?" he asked.

"That is just exactly what I mean," Woodward replied.

The old mountaineer rose and stretched himself, and drew a deep sigh of relief. His horrible suspicion had

no foundation. He need not fly to the mountains with Woodward's blood upon his hands.

"Lemme tell you the honest truth, Cap," he said, placing his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, "I might 'low she would, an' I might 'low she wouldn't; but I'm orbleege to tell you that I dunno nothin' 'bout that chil' no more'n ef I hadn't a-never seed 'er. Wimmin is mighty kuse."

"Yes," said Woodward "they are curious."

"Some days they er gwine rippitin' aroun' like the woods wuz afire, an' then ag'in they er mopin' an a-moonin' like ever' minnit wuz a-gwine to be the nex'. I bin a studyin' Sis sence she wan't no bigger'n a skinned rabbit, an' yit I hain't got to A, B, C, let alone a-b ab, u-b ub. When a man lays off for to keep up wi' the wimmin folks, he kin' thes make up his min' that he he'll have to git in a dark corner an' scratch his head many a time when he oughter be a diggin' for his livin'. They'll addle 'im thereckly."

"Well," said Woodward, with an air of determination, "I'm going back with you and hear what Miss Sis has to say. Sit down. Didn't you say you wanted to see me on business?"

"I did start out wi' that idee," said Teague, slipping into a chair and smiling curiously, "but I disremember mostly what 'twuz about. Ever' thing is been a-pesterin' me lately, an' a man that's hard-headed an' long-legged picks up all sorts of foolish notions. I wish you'd take keer this picklobottle, Cap," he continued, drawing a revolver from his coat-tail pocket and placing it on the table. "I uv been afeard ever sence I started out that the blamed thing 'ud go off an' t'er my jacket wrog-sud-outers. Gimme a gun, an' you'll gener'ly fin' me somewheres aroun'; but them ar clickety-cluckers is got mos' too many holes in 'em for to suit my eyesight."

Usually, it is a far cry from Atlanta to Hog Mountain, but Teague Poteet and Woodward lacked the disposition of loiterers. They shortened the distance considerably by striking through the country, the old mountaineer remarking that if the big road would take care of itself he would try and take care of himself.

They reached Poteet's one afternoon, creating a great stir among the dogs and geese that were sunning themselves outside the yard. Sis had evidently seen them coming, and was in a measure prepared; but she blushed painfully when Woodward took her hand, and she ran into her father's arms with a little hysterical sob.

"Sis didn't know a blessed word 'bout my gwine off to Atlanta," said Teague awkwardly but gleefully. "Did you, honey?"

Sis looked from one to the other for an explanation. Woodward was smiling the broad, unembarrassed smile of the typical American lover, and Teague was laughing. Suddenly it occurred to her that her father, divining her secret—her sweet, her bitter, her well-guarded secret—had sought Woodward out and begged him to return. The thought filled her with such shame and indignation as only a woman can experience. She seized Teague by the arm—

"Pap, have you been to Atlanta?"

"Yes honey, an' I made 'a'se to come back."

"Oh, how could you? How dare you do such a thing!" she exclaimed passionately. "I will never forgive you as long as I live—never!"

"Why, honey—"

But she was gone, and neither Teague nor her mother could get a word of explanation from her. Teague coaxed and wheedled, and threatened, and Puss cried and quarrelled; but Sis was obdurate. She shut herself in her room and remained there. Woodward was thoroughly miserable. He felt that he was an interloper in some measure, and yet he was convinced

that he was the victim of a combination of circumstances for which he was in nowise responsible. He had never made any special study of the female mind, because, like most young men of sanguine temperament, he was convinced that he thoroughly understood it; but had not the remotest conception of the tragic element which, in spite of social training or the lack of it, controls and gives strength and potency to feminine emotions. Knowing nothing of this, Woodward knew nothing of women.

The next morning he was stirring early, but he saw nothing of Sis. He saw nothing of her during the morning, and at last, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he saddled his horse, and made preparations to go down the mountain.

"I reckon it hain't no use to ast you to make out your visit," said Teague gloomily. "That's what I says to Puss. I'm a free nigger ef Sis don't beat my time. You'll be erbleege to stop in Gullettsville to-night, an' in case er accidents you thes better tie this on your coat."

The old mountaineer produced a small piece of red woollen string, and looped it in Woodward's button-hole.

"Ef any er the boys run up wi' you an' begin to git limber-jawed," Teague continued, "thes hang your thumb in that kinder keerless like, an' they'll swar by you thereckly. Ef any of 'em asts the news, thes say they's a leak in Sugar Creek. Well, well, well!" he exclaimed, after a little pause; "hit's thes like I tell you. Wimmin folks is mighty kuse."

When Woodward bade Puss good-bye, she looked at him sympathetically and said—

"Sometime when youer passin' by, I'd be mighty thankful ef you 'ud fetch me some maccaboy snuff."

The young man, unhappy as he was, was almost ready to accuse Mrs. Poteet of humour, and he rode off with a sort of grim desire to laugh at himself and the rest of the world. The repose of the mountain fretted him; the vague blue mists that seemed to lift the valleys into prominence and carry the hills further away, tantalised him; and the spirit of spring, just touching the great woods with a faint suggestion of green, was a mockery. There was a purpose—a decisiveness—in the stride of his horse that he envied, and yet he was inclined to resent the swift amiability with which the animal moved away.

But it was a wise steed, for when it came upon Sis Poteet standing by the side of the road, it threw up its head and stopped. Woodward lifted his hat, and held it in his hand. She gave him one little glance, and then her eyes drooped.

"I wanted to ask you something," she said, pulling a dead leaf to pieces. Her air of humility was charming. She hesitated a moment, but Woodward was too much astonished to make any reply. "Are you very mad?" she asked with bewitching inconsequence.

"Why should I be mad, Miss Sis! I am glad you have given me the opportunity to ask your pardon for coming here to worry you."

"I wanted to ask you if pap—I mean, if father went to Atlanta to see you," she said, her eyes still bent upon the ground.

"He said he wanted to see me on business," Woodward replied.

"He say anything about me?"

"Not that I remember. He never said anything about his business even," Woodward went on. "I told him about some of my little troubles, and when he found I was coming back here, he seemed to forget all about his own business. I suppose he saw that I wouldn't be much interested in anybody else's business but my own just then."

Sis lifted her head and looked steadily at Woodward. A little flush appeared in her cheeks, and mounted to her forehead, and then died away.

"Pap doesn't understand a-r'y thing, and I was afraid he had—" "Why do you look at me so?" she exclaimed, stopping short, and blushing furiously.

"I ask your pardon," said the young man; "I was trying to catch your meaning. You say you were afraid your father—"

"Oh, I am not afraid now! Don't you think the weather is nice?"

Woodward was a little puzzled, but he was not embarrassed. He swung himself off his horse and stood beside her.

"I told your father," he said, drawing very near to the puzzling creature that had so wilfully eluded him—"I told your father that I was coming up here to ask his daughter to marry me. What does the daughter say?"

She looked up in his face. The earnestness she saw there dared and conquered her. Her head drooped lower, and she clasped her hands together. He changed his tactics.

"Is it really true, then, that you hate me?"

"Oh! if you only knew!" she cried, and with that Woodward caught her in his arms.

An hour afterwards, Teague Poteet, sitting in his low piazza, cleaning and oiling his rifle, heard the sound of voices coming from the direction of the Gullettsville road. Presently Sis and Woodward came in sight. They walked slowly along in the warm sunshine, wholly absorbed in each other. Woodward was leading his horse, and that intelligent animal improved the opportunity to nip the fragrant sassafras buds just appearing on the bushes. Teague looked at the two young people from under the brim of his hat and chuckled but when Sis caught sight of him, a little while after, he was rubbing his rifle vigorously, and seemed to be oblivious to the fact that two young people were making love to each other in full view. But Sis blushed all the same, and the blush increased as she approached the house, until Woodward thought in his soul that her rosy shyness was the rarest manifestation of loveliness to be seen in all the wide world. As she hovered a moment at the gate, flushed and smiling, the old mountaineer turned the brim of his hat back from his eyes and called out with a great pretence of formal hospitality

"Walk in an' rest yourselves; thes walk right in! Hit's lots too soon in the seasons for the dogs to bite. Looks to me, Cap, like you hain't so might tender with that 'ar boss er your'n. Ef you uv rid 'im down to Gullettsville an' back sence a while ago, he'll be a-needin' feed thereckly. Thes come right in an' make yourselves at home."

Woodward laughed sheepishly, but Sis rushed across the yard, flung her arms around Teague's neck, and fell to crying with a vehemence that would have done credit to the most broken-hearted of damsels. The grizzled old mountaineer gathered the girl to his bosom and stroked her hair gently, as he had done a thousand times before. He looked at Woodward with glistening eyes.

"Don't min' Sis, cap. Sis hain't nothin' but a little bit of a slip of a gal, an' sence the day she could toddle 'roun' an' holler—good news or bad, mad er glad—she's bin a-runnin' an' havin' it out wi' her ole pappy. Wimmin an' gals hain't like we all, Cap; they er mighty kuse. She never pestered wi' Puss much," continued Teague, as his wife came upon the scene, armed with the plaintive air of slouchiness, which is at once the weapon and shield of women who believe that they are martyrs—"she never pestered wi' Puss much, but, cry or laugh, fight or frolic, she allers tack it out on her ole pappy."

Puss asked no questions. She went and stood by Teague, and toyed gently with one of Sis's curls.

"Sis don't take airter none er the Pringles," she said after a while, by way of explanation. "They hain't never bin a day when I couldn't look

at Teague 'thout battin' my eyes, an' ma use to say she 'uz thow that away 'bout pap. I never know'd what the all-overs wuz till thes about an hour before me an' Teague wuz married. We 'uz thos about ready for to go an' face the preacher, when ma comes a-rushin' in—an' she won't never be no paler when she's laid out than she wuz right that minnit. 'In the name er the Lord, ma, is you seed a ghost?' 'I. 'Pass! so' she 'the cake hain't riz!' I thes tell you what, folks, I like a-went through the floor—that I did!

At this Sis looked up and laughed, and they all laughed except Pass, who eyed Woodward with an air of faint curiosity, and dryly remarked—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Distinction—Magistrate—"Now, at the time you saw him, was the prisoner drunk?" Witness—"Well, 'e may 'ave bin wot you'd call drunk. 'e warn't what I'd call drunk."

## THE DOMINION BANK.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE INSTITUTION.

Report of the Directors and Financial Statements—Death of the Late General Manager Feelingly Referred to—Election of Officers.

The Annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking-house of the institution on Wednesday, May 29, 1895.

Among those present were noticed: Mr. James Austin, Sir Frank Smith, Col. Mason, Messrs. William Ince, John Scott, William Ramsay, C. Cockshutt, W. G. Cassels, William Roy, James Scott, E. Leadlay, M. Boulton, Aaron Ross, E. B. Oler, William Hendrie, Dr. Smith, John Stewart, David McGee, G. W. Lewis, Gardiner Boyd, G. Robinson, Walter S. Lee, J. J. Foy, Samuel Althorn, Anson Jones, R. D. Gamble, and others.

It was moved by Mr. Edward Leadlay, seconded by Mr. A. Ross, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Mr. Anson Jones moved, seconded by Col. Mason, and resolved, that Mr. R. D. Gamble do act as Secretary.

Messrs. W. G. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed scrutineers.

The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

To the Shareholders.

The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending April 30, 1895:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1894	\$ 6,223 73
Profit for the year ending 30th April, 1895, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	159,561 53
	\$165,785 26
Dividend, 3 per cent., paid August 1, 1894	315,000 00
Dividend, 3 per cent., paid November 1, 1894	45,000 00
Dividend, 3 per cent., paid February 1, 1895	55,000 00
Dividend, 3 per cent., payable 1st of May, 1895	45,000 00
	\$1,000,000 00

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward

It is with deep regret your Directors have to record the loss the Bank has sustained by the death of the late General Manager, Mr. Robert H. Bethune, who has been the Chief Executive Officer of the Institution since its inception, twenty-four years ago, and mainly to whose energy and ability the Bank owes its present position.

Mr. R. D. Gamble, who has been in the service of the Bank since 1871, and who has until lately been manager of the Toronto branch, has been appointed General Manager.

JAMES AUSTIN,  
President,

Toronto, May 29, 1895.

#### GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve fund	1,500,000 00
Balance of profits carried forward	165,785 26
Interest on No. 50, payable 1st May	45,000 00
Reserve for interest and Exchange	91,721 46
Balance on bills discounted	32,456 03
	1,035,067 55
	2,135,067 55
Notes in circulation	267,204 00
Deposits not bearing interest	1,412,625 43
Deposits bearing interest	21,107 13
	\$14,229,165 00

ASSETS.	
Specie	\$ 413,304 00
Domination Government demand notes	772,210 00
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	75,000 00
Notes and cheques of other banks	233,915 65
Balance due from other banks in Canada	137,082 25
Balance due from other banks in United States	767,773 65
Balance due from other banks in Great Britain	14,423 36
Provincial Government securities	354,193 25
Municipal and other debentures	1,656,052 71
	\$1,454,751 76
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call)	9,417,600 64
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for)	125,754 33
Real Estate	17,911 00
Bank premises	270,074 50
Other assets not included under foregoing heads	6,371 31
	\$14,229,165 00

R. D. GAMBLE,  
General Manager.

Dominion Bank,  
Toronto, 30th April 1895.

Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by Sir Frank Smith, and resolved, that the report be adopted.

Moved by Mr. Aaron Ross, seconded by Mr. William Hendrie, that we, the Shareholders of the Dominion Bank, take this opportunity at our annual meeting to express our deep sorrow and regret at the loss we feel the Bank has sustained by the death of the late General Manager, Mr. Robert H. Bethune, who has been the chief Executive officer of the Bank since its inception twenty-four years ago, a man who was held in the highest esteem by the bankers of the Dominion, and by the business community generally, and to whose ability, energy, and careful management the Bank is largely indebted for its present position. Carried.

It was moved by Dr. Smith, seconded by Mr. John Stewart, and

Resolved that the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President, and Directors, for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. Charles Cockshutt, seconded by Mr. Boulton, and

Resolved that the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Managers, and Agents, Inspectors, and other officers of the Bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. James Scott, and resolved that the poll be now opened for the election of seven Directors, and that the same be closed at two o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. William Ramsay moved, seconded by Mr. G. Boyd, and resolved: That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. James Austin for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers declared the following gentleman duly elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. James Austin, William Ince, E. Leadlay, Wilnot D. Matthews, E. B. Oler, James Scott, and Sir Frank Smith.

At a subsequently meeting of the Directors, Mr. James Austin was elected President and Sir Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing term.

A soul in the habit of committing small offences unconsciously becomes addicted to greater ones.—St. Gregory the Great, O.S.B.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs, or consumption, while you can get Nickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and throat, all chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

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Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and liver Complaint, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

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Archbishop Begin, the coadjutor of Cardinal Taschereau, and the administrator of the archdiocese of Quebec, has recently addressed a letter to his priests warning them against allowing their people to join secret societies. "You should dissuade your flocks," writes the prelate, "from joining all societies that are not known as purely Catholic." He also adds that for those who wish to join societies there are Catholic ones in the archdiocese of which they can become members.

In one of the latest public addresses which he delivered prior to his departure for Rome, Cardinal Gibbons declared his opinion that it was folly to enact prohibitory legislation which could not be enforced in those places. He advocated for cities a license law, strictly enforced, with sound public opinion to back it up. It may be mentioned also that Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia lately declared himself in favor of local option, and prohibitory laws, as a general rule, especially in populous places, appear to find small favor with Catholic prelates.

That was a very happy idea which Monsignor Satolli put into the address that he delivered at the Boston banquet, when he instituted a comparison between the career of Leo XIII., who was appointed to the see of Perugia in 1876, and that of Archbishop Williams, who became a priest the year before that date. The apostolic delegate made an admirable impression during his latest visit to Boston, and he must have carried away with him very favorable ones of the Catholics of that place and the excellent relations that exist between them and their fellow-citizens of other creeds.

Bishop Hedley, O. S. B., of the English diocese of Newport and Menavia, within whose jurisdiction was comprised the larger part of those Welsh districts that have recently been erected into a vicariate, has addressed to his flock a pastoral with reference to the establishment of that vicariate. The bishop gives some highly interesting statistics regarding the strength of the church among the Welsh people, asserts that those people are not by any means unfriendly to Catholicity, and declares that the erection of this vicariate will be only preliminary to the restoration to Wales by the Holy See of her former Catholic hierarchy.

This is a notable year for Catholic college jubilees. Over in Ireland St. Patrick's Royal College of Maynooth will keep this month its centennial; Notre Dame University, has sent out invitations for its golden jubilee, the celebration of which is to cover three days this month, and St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, one of the foremost Catholic educational institutions of the West, will also keep its silver jubilee this June. Although this institution was really inaugurated in 1869, it did not obtain its charter until June, 1870. St. Ignatius' is one of the foremost Jesuit colleges in the United States, and the attendance of students at it is very large, something like 350. Its present worthy president is Rev. James Hoefler, S.J.

Bishop Becker of Savannah, who went on an official visit to the Holy See earlier in the year, was recently granted an audience by the Holy Father. Nothing has as yet been made public concerning the reported intention of Rome to make Savannah a metropolitan see; though if any such intention be entertained the Pope doubtless talked the subject over with Dr. Becker. It is not likely, though, that any definite decision will be reached in this matter until after Cardinal Gibbons' arrival in Rome, as he is the metropolitan now of the district over which Dr. Becker presides as bishop, and should Savannah be made an archdiocese the lines of the Baltimore province would probably undergo some alteration.

The question of rebuilding St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, has led to the recital of the early Catholic history of that place. St. Patrick's was the second Catholic church erected in Baltimore, dating back to 1790, the very year of the consecration of Bishop Carroll. The first Catholic church in Baltimore, old St. Peter's, was commenced in 1770 and probably used for divine service shortly afterwards, though it was subsequently closed, because of indebtedness, up to 1775. No resident pastor was appointed for it until 1784, when Rev. Charles Sexwall was given charge. He stayed for two years, and was succeeded by Father Carroll, who three years later became the proto-primate of the American Catholic church.

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Mr. George Argee is one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of North Gower. He has passed through an experience as painful as it is remarkable, and his story as told a reporter will perhaps be of value to others. "I was born in the country of Carleton," said Mr. Argee, and have lived all my life within twenty miles of the city of Ottawa. Ten years of that time have been years of pain and misery almost beyond endurance. Eleven years ago I contracted a cold which resulted in pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. Other complications then followed and I was confined to my room for five years. The doctor who attended me through that long illness said that the reason I was unable to move about was due to the contracting of the muscles and nerves of my



I could hobble around on crutches

hands and feet through confinement to bed. I could hobble around a little on crutches, but was well nigh helpless. At this stage a second doctor was called in who declared my trouble was spinal complaint. Notwithstanding medical advice and treatment I was sinking lower and lower, and was regarded as incurable. I was now in such a state that I was unable to leave my bed, but determined to find a cure if possible, and sent for one of the most able physicians in Ottawa. I was under his care and treatment for three years. He blistered my back every three or four weeks and exerted all his skill, but in vain. I was growing weaker and weaker and began to think the end could not be far off. At this juncture a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I yielded to his solicitations, and by the time six boxes of pills were used I found myself getting better. I used in all thirty boxes, and they have accomplished what ten years of treatment under physicians failed to do. Thanks to this wonderful medicine, I am able to attend to my duty and am as free from disease as any man in ordinary health is expected to be. I still use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they are the medicine for me, and so long as I live I shall use no other. If I had got these pills ten years ago I am satisfied I would not have suffered as I did, and would have saved some hundreds of dollars doctor bills. It is only those who have passed through such a terrible siege as I have done who can fully realize the wonderful merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Argee's experience should convince even the most skeptical that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of other medicines and are one of the greatest discoveries of the age. There is no disease due to poor or watery blood or shattered nerves which will not speedily yield to this treatment and in innumerable cases have been restored to health and strength after physicians had pronounced the dreaded word "incurable." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware imitations and do not be persuaded to try something else.

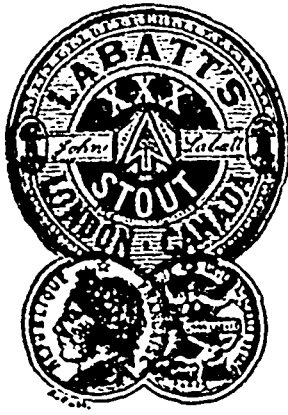


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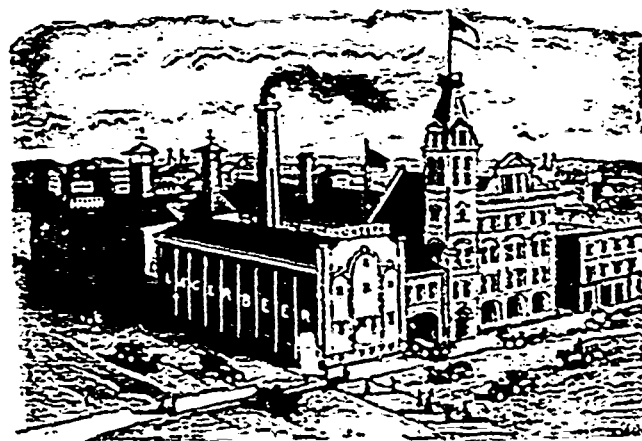
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All Hallow's Chapel Gone.

About half-past two o'clock on Monday morning, May 13, a serious fire broke out in the chapel of the famous All Hallow's College, Drumcondra Ireland, which resulted in the complete destruction of that beautiful building. One of the priests, Father Walsh, telephoned for the Fire Brigade, which arrived at three o'clock. The building was then one lurid mass of flames, and with the exception of the fire nothing could be seen but the bare walls of the building. The masonry was falling in fast, and the roof had already collapsed. The chapel was a beautiful constructed edifice, built in Gothic style about forty years ago. In it was a magnificent altar, which was only renewed last year at considerable expense, costing upwards of £100, and certainly an admirable work of art. The sacristy, which was also destroyed, had undergone a complete renovation last year. Nearly two hundred students are annually educated there, and fully that number slept within a few yards of the conflagration. They were, of course, all roused up, and rendered what assistance was possible to prevent the further spread of the fire. The college hose, playing on the fire at the of the chapel, near the main building was principally the means of preventing the fire from extending to the dormitories. With an extra pressure of water the Brigade were enabled to prevent the flames extending any further, and they succeeded in extinguishing the fire in about half an hour.

The chapel itself has been completely destroyed, nothing remaining of what was a singularly handsome structure save a few walls and a burnt and charred mass of debris piled up in the centre. No other part of the college was injured by the fire.

A Remarkable Tomb.

The most remarkable tomb in Westminster Abbey is that containing the remains of "Rart" Ben Jonson, the famous English dramatist. The surface of the tomb is only two feet square, the dramatist having been interred in an upright position.

The story goes that the Dean of Westminster of his day rallied Johnson about his burial in the Abbey, when the latter replied, "I am too poor for that; no one will lay out the burial charges on me. No, sir, six feet long by two feet wide is too much for me, two feet by two feet is all I want."

"You shall have it," replied the dean, and the conversation ended. On the dramatist's death a demand was made for the promised space. Accordingly a hole eight feet deep was made, and the coffin, in an upright position, deposited into it.

Pilgrimage to St. Anne.

We are happy to be able to inform our readers that the preparations for the great Diocesan Pilgrimage are being arranged with skillful care, and with a view to securing every comfort of modern travel at the lowest possible cost. Father Stanton has succeeded in bringing the excursion within limits which will render it easy for even persons of slender means to embrace its advantages. The several railways and lines of steamers have met the indefatigable organizer with unexpected generosity; and thus all, even those living in distant places, will be afforded every opportunity of securing the advantages of a few days agreeable sojourn in the neighboring Province and a day of rest and prayer at the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. The C. P. R. from Picton to Trenton and thence to C. P. R. crossing will give cheap excursion rates. A first-class coach of the C. P. R. will be sent to Picton, so that persons from that neighborhood may travel right through to the Shrine without change of cars. The excursion rates extend to Pembroke, Peterboro', Prescott, Brockville and Dalhousie Mills and all intermediate points. The date of the pilgrimage is the 30th of July next. We are satisfied that the organization of all the details will prove eminently successful, and that economy will be secured to the travellers. This journey could not be accomplished, under ordinary circumstances, for four times the

cost of this forthcoming excursion. The rates as under will give an idea of the cheapness of the excursion:

FROM Peterboro'.....	\$5 65
" Kingston.....	4 00
" Sharbot Lake.....	4 70
" Kempton Junction.....	4 15
" Pembroke.....	5 35
" Renfrew.....	5 00
" Prescott.....	4 90
" Brockville.....	4 40
" Hemptville.....	4 10
" Green Valley.....	4 10
" Dalhousie Mills.....	3 76
" Monklands.....	3 76

Children—half fare

First-class coaches, sleeping cars and tourists equipped cars will be in Kingston for passengers. Applications for sleeping berths may be made to any C. P. R. agent—to F. J. Conway, agent, Kingston; W. A. Barnford, agent, Peterboro', and R. A. Bennett, agent, Smith's Falls. Remarkably cheap rates have been secured over all steamboat lines and branch railways. For further particulars apply to Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls.—Canadian Freeman.

The Ontario Mutual.

Another prosperous year has marked the course of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company, whose headquarters are located at Waterloo. It is not too much to say that there are not many Institutions of its class, even in the metropolitan city of Toronto, that can claim the success achieved by the "Ontario Mutual," whose balance-sheet would do no discredit to the older and more prestigious Companies established in our midst.

We cull from the Report submitted at the annual meeting a few figures, which show that the "Ontario Mutual" has more than held its own during the past year. The income from premiums was \$27,131.18; income from interest, \$132,858.34—total, \$659,982.52. Deducting from this sum the disbursements—which amounted to \$119,140.10—there is an excess in favor of income of \$240,840.06. To this must be added gratifying increases—in surplus, during 1894, \$51,527.53; in reserve, \$235,578.00; in assurance, \$1,016,591.00—the total assurance now being \$15,767,698.00.

One of the shareholders—Mr. Britton, Q. C., in his remarks at the annual meeting said: "The Company gathered in during the year from all sources an average of \$1,500 a day in cash; and each day it paid out \$632 to its living members for endowments, surplus, &c., and \$400 in death claims." Roughly calculated, for every dollar paid out, the "Ontario Mutual" took in two. This is a return that can hardly fail to satisfy the beneficiaries; and even Mr. Secretary Kiddell, who has a keen eye for the profitable, must admit that his arduous labor for the year has been fairly well rewarded.

Our readers will find the "Mutual's" Statement given very fully in to-day's CATHOLIC REGISTER.

Dominion Bank.

The annual meeting of the Dominion Bank was held last week at the head office, Toronto. There was a full attendance of the shareholders, who felt well pleased at the prosperous condition of the Bank's affairs, as set forth in the Statement read by the Secretary of the meeting. From the items submitted we gather that the net profit on the year's business amounted to \$159,561.53. The usual half-yearly dividend has been changed to a dividend paid quarterly; and under this head the shareholders received the large sum of \$150,000.

The Statement—which we publish in this issue of the REGISTER—contains a touching reference to the late Manager, Mr. R. H. Bethune, whose recent death caused deep regret, not alone to the Bank's officials, but to all with whom he had business relations. The promotion as Mr. Bethune's successor of Mr. R. D. Gamble is highly complimentary to that gentleman, whose fitness for the position is freely acknowledged by those who have witnessed the steady progress of the Dominion Bank.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, June 6, 1895.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$1 01	\$1 04
Wheat, red, per bush.....	1 01	1 01
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 53	0 53
Oats, per bush.....	0 45	0 46
Peas, common.....	0 00	0 65
Barley, per bush.....	0 59	0 50
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Geese, per pound.....	0 07	0 09
Ducks, per pair.....	0 60	1 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 60
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 14	0 15
Eggs.....	0 11	0 11
Onions, per bag.....	0 60	0 75
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 50	0 50
Apples, per bbl.....	1 75	3 00
Hay, timothy.....	10 00	11 00
Hay, clover.....	7 00	8 50
Straw, sheaf.....	0 60	7 50
Beef, hinds, per lb.....	0 10	0 09
Beef, fore, per lb.....	0 05	0 05
Lamb, carcass per lb.....	0 07	00 10
Spring lamb, carcass, lb.....	0 08	0 12
Veal, per lb.....	0 04	0 06
Mutton, carcass, per lb.....	0 05	0 06
Dressed hog, per lb.....	0 05	0 05

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To introduce it quickly where we have no agent we will send for 50 cents, silver, well wrapped, stamps or money order, our Acme Cake Beater, with recipes and full instructions. If you afterwards order a dozen beaters you may deduct the 50 cents and you have your

SAMPLES FREE!

We will return your 50 cents if you get an agent who will order a dozen beaters. Better still, get up a Club of 12 neighbors and friends and send us \$3.00 for a dozen beaters, which sell for 12.00, making a clear profit of \$7.00 for a few hours or an evening's work. One lady sold 11 in one hour. Another agent 16 in two hours and a half. Another secured a club of 12 in one evening. One man sells \$2.00 worth every day. Full particulars send for stamp.

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OPP. WEINER RESTAURANT.

TELEPHONE 114. Orders taken at Congress Coal Office, Cor. Yonge & Eglar Sts.

To use profitably for our neighbor's salvation the gifts nature has given us, they must be actuated from within and draw their strength therefrom.—St. Ignace.

Let us not have patience only, but also let us be tolerant, since we cannot know all the difficulties with which another must contend; nor can we estimate the weights with which another is handicapped in the race of life.

## IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

## LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

## LEINSTER.

## Dublin.

A correspondence has recently taken place between Miss Alice Oldham, Secretary of the Association of Irish Schoolmistresses, and the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, with reference to the question of admitting women to the educational advantages of the Dublin University. The Board intimated that, according to counsel's opinion, an Act of Parliament would be necessary, and that if a Bill in Parliament were promoted, for that purpose, they would oppose it! The "Board" of Trinity are consistently true to the hide-bound instincts of their bigotted Elizabethan predecessors.

## Wicklow.

On May 7th, Mr. Joseph Abbott, C.E., Government Arbitrator, sat at the Four Courts, Dublin, and continued the arbitration with reference to 1,500 acres of land which the War Department purpose to take for the purpose of a rifle range and camp at Killbride, County Wicklow. Mr. Cherry appeared as counsel for Mr. Richard Eustace holding 540 acres of mountain land, the rent of which was £30 (reduced by Mr. Fletcher Moore, the landlord, to £20), which had been taken, the War Office only offering £5 compensation. Mr. Shannon appeared for Mr. James McGrath, a grazing tenant of 243 acres. Mr. Bourke, for the War Department, contended that these tenants were entitled only to the eatage of the grass; they were merely graziers, and not entitled to compensation under the Act. The arbitration was adjourned for a week.

## Wexford.

Mr. Godfrey L. Taylor was conveyed to Fethard in a carriage on May 4th. At the time of his departure from New Ross the bullet fired at him by the ex-emergent man had not been extracted from his ankle.

The improvement stated by the medical officer in his report of the condition of the small-pox patients to the Wexford Guardians continues. All the patients are practically recovered from the disease, with the exception of two, and these are also making great strides toward convalescence.

## Kilkenny.

A meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries was held in Kilkenny, on May 10th, at which Canon Hewson read an interesting paper on a tombstone discovered by him, six weeks previously, at Inistiogue. He said the stone might be of value in ascertaining the truth of Archdale's statement that a monastery existed in Inistiogue as far back as the eight century.

## Westmeath.

On April 30th, Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise officiated for the first time at the Convent of Mercy, Moate. The young lady who received the religious habit at the hands of the Bishop, on the occasion, was Miss Lizzie Bardon (called in religion Sister M. Columba Joseph), youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Bardon, Carrolstown, county Westmeath.

## King's County.

A determined attempt to commit suicide was made on Sunday morning, May 5th, by a young girl named Anne Siney, of Phillipsstown. She threw herself into the Canal, and was drowning when two men came on the scene and rescued her. She was unconscious when taken out of the water, but soon revived, and then tried to elude her rescuers and jump again into the Canal. The men were scarcely able to subdue her frantic efforts to make away with her life. The girl was brought before Mr. G. D. Mercer, R.M., Tuillamore, who remanded her to jail to the next Petty Sessions.

## Louth.

Rev. Canon McCullagh, P.P., of Dromiskin and Darver, died on the morning of May 5th. The deceased, who had been in declining health for some time, had attained the age of 81 years, and his death is sincerely regretted by his parishioners and colleagues in the sacred ministry. Canon McCullagh was born on the 24th of June (St. John's Day), 1814, in the parish of Moasterbolce.

## MUNSTER.

## Cork.

At a meeting of the Queenstown Town Commissioners, on May 10th, a letter was read from the local Gas Company offering to reduce the price of the public lighting of the town by 10 per cent., and stating that the directors could not see their way to make a reduction to the private consumers. The Commissioners decided to refuse the offer, as a concession was not made to private consumers.

## Kerry.

The funeral of the Rev. James Flavin, son of Mrs. Flavin, Church street, Listowel, and a student of All Hallows College, took place on April 24th. The attendance of the clergy and general public was very large, and bore testimony to the universal feeling of regret which the death of this young ecclesiastical

student had occasioned in all grades of society. From early youth the deceased had shown decided inclinations towards embracing a religious life, for which the possession of many admirable qualities peculiarly fitted him. He received the elementary education necessary to qualify him for his holy calling, in St. Michael's College, Listowel, when the institution was under the presidency of Father Harrington; and during his time at this college his course was very successful. Thence he passed to All Hallows College with honors and distinction, worked diligently, winning distinction for intelligence and perseverance, until a short time ago, when he became ill, and notwithstanding the best medical care, and, fortified by the consolations of religion, he calmly passed into eternity. If he had lived for six weeks longer he would have been ordained, and his death is all the more lamented on this account by his family and friends.

## Limerick.

On the afternoon of May 7th, an emergencyman who acted as caretaker at Castle-town, Rathkeale, was fired at and dangerously wounded while thatching the roof of a dwelling-house. The man whose depositions have been taken, states that on the previous evening, a party of disguised men visited him and threatened him with personal violence. Several arrests have been made.

## Clare.

Most Rev. Dr. McDonnold, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following appointments in his diocese.—Rev. Thomas Maher, Maynooth College, to be C.C., Inagh; Rev. James McInerney, C.C., Kinnetty, to be C.C., Borrisokane; Rev. J. F. McGuire, C.C., Borrisokane, to be C.C., Kinnetty.

## Tipperary.

On May 4th, Patrick Singleton, the aged caretaker of the ancient Castle of Carrick-on-Suir, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He only severed the windpipe, however, and did not reach the main arteries. Constable McGowen had Dr. Wall sent for, and when the latter arrived he stitched and dressed the wound. The man had lost a large quantity of blood, but after the Doctor's treatment the bleeding was not so much; but little hope is entertained of his recovery, as he is hardly able to eat anything, and it is feared he will eventually die from exhaustion.

## ULSTER.

## Antrim.

The Very Rev. A. McMullan, P.P., Vicar Caputular of the diocese of Down and Connor, has just issued circulars to the parish priests summoning them to meet at St. Malachy's College, Belfast, on the 29th instant, to hold a new election for Bishop, as successor to the late Most Rev. Dr. McAlister. On January 5th, an election was held for Coadjutor Bishop; but the Holy See has decided that, in the altered circumstances, a fresh election should be held.

## Tyrone.

In Cookstown, on the night of May 5th, a young man named William Lyons, a shoemaker, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself through the mouth with a revolver, the bullet lodging in the back of his throat. The police found him lying in a ditch, bleeding from the mouth. He was able to tell the police that he had a paper in his pocket which would explain. On it was written in pencil, straggling characters, "This is all my own fault, not blaming anyone for it. This is the death had to become of me. Please pay Mr. H. Charles what I am due him, and Fair and Harrison. God bless you all." He was taken to the Infirmary, close by, on a shutter; but it was found impossible to get at the bullet, and he died the next day, from collapse.

## Armagh.

At Liverpool Anizes, on May 8th, William Brown, a Baptist Minister, who married in 1879, at Armagh, a Miss Jane Montgomery, who is still alive, and afterwards eloped with a companion of his wife, subsequently married a Miss Owen, at Liverpool, and finally married a Miss Marchant, of Acton, whom he took to New York, and deserted after spending her money, was convicted of bigamy and sentenced by Judge Hawkins to seven years' penal servitude.

On May 31st, Peter O'Hare, an employe of the Beasbrook Spinning Mills, received a severe injury to his hand, which was literally cut in two by the machinery at which he was working. The unfortunate young man was conveyed off the mill premises, and his injuries having been bandaged, he was taken to Rathfriland Hill Hospital. The occurrence appears to have been accidental.

## Monaghan.

On May 2d, the solemn religious profession of Miss Margaret Mary O'Reilly, daughter of Thomas S. O'Reilly, Esq., M.D., Cavan, took place in the Convent of St. Louis, Monaghan. The superb chapel of the convent was specially adorned for the occasion, and the ceremonies were of the most solemn and impressive kind. Miss O'Reilly will be known in religious life as Sister Mary Josephine. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Owens, Bishop of Clogher, who was assisted by the Rev. P. McDonnell, Adm., Monaghan, and the Rev. James Gallagher, C.C. The Bishop delivered a beautiful discourse on the occasion.

## Derry.

On May 7th, Francis Hassan and Patrick Kiever, belonging to Feeney, were brought to Derry Prison, arrested in connection with an alleged shooting affray. Hassan, its appears, on the previous day, met William and Patrick Elver on the road. High words passed, and Hassan fired a shot which lodged in William Elver's breast. The police, bearing of the occurrence, arrested Hassan, who attempted to stab his captors with a pitchfork, and afterward tried to get a gun, but the police drew their revolvers. The injured man's deposition was taken before Mr. W. C. Stevenson, J.P. The accused was remanded. Pat'k Elver was subsequently arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting the attack on his brother.

## CONNAUGHT.

## Galway.

Dr. Moffett, President of Queen's College, Galway, arrived in town recently, from London, where he had just made a successful fight for the maintenance of the college. The students organised a demonstration in his honor. They had a torchlight procession, which met him on his arrival at the terminus and marched through the streets to the college. On reaching the door of his residence Dr. Moffett stood up in the open carriage to address the gathering. In the course of his speech he said he did not fight for a personal matter. He fought for the interest of the Professors of all the Queen's Colleges as well as his own. In that fight he had some good kind friends, and amongst them were three members of the Government—the Lord of Chancellor of England, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Chief Secretary, Mr. Morley. After speaking to the students for about twenty minutes, the President passed into his house, and from that to the interior of the college, where an address of congratulation was presented by the professors.

## Roscommon.

A few days ago, the Bishop of Elphin, Right Rev. Dr. Clancy, was being driven on an outside car to the Broadstone railway station, Dublin, en route for Sligo, when a wheel of the vehicle broke, and he and the driver were capsized in the road. Both were severely cut and bruised.

## Leitrim.

At the last meeting of the Carrick-on-Shannon Board of Guardians, the Rev. P. Clarke, P.P., Ballinaglera, wrote asking that the question of relief works for that locality be again pressed on the attention of Mr. John Morley. On the motion of the chairman the following resolution was unanimously agreed to.—"This Board again call on Mr. Morley to at once take steps, to give employment to the poor of Ballinaglera and surrounding districts."

## Sligo.

Mr. Henry Boyers, of Knox street, Sligo, has been declared contractor for medicines in the Dromore West Union.

The death rate in Sligo for the week ended April 20, was 15.2, the lowest in Ireland, except Lisburn, which was 12.8.

## Maye.

In Westport, on Sunday, May 5th, Patrick Louden, aged 20 years, son of Mr. John J. Louden, barrister, Kirdangan House, was suddenly seized with homicidal mania and attacked his uncle with a knife. The weapon was, however, wrenched from him, and he then seized a razor and ran towards his own home, where he cut the throat of his sister, who died subsequently. The unhappy author of her death, at last accounts was still living. He had been for a short while in America, having come here against his father's expressed wishes. Since his return to Ireland, his mother stated that she considered he was very peculiar, so much so that a few days before the tragedy she told one of her other sons that one of them ought to watch him constantly. At the inquest on the dead child, a verdict was returned that death was caused by the wound inflicted on the deceased by Patrick Louden, and that at the time that he inflicted the wound he was of unsound mind, and incapable of understanding what he was doing.

One man succeeds in everything, and so loses all; another meets with nothing but crosses and disappointments, and thereby gains more than all the world is worth.

Heart trouble, caused by the selfishness of others, is the most deadly grief that can attack the human soul.

## From the Terrors of Dyspepsia.

Rev. L. E. Roy, St. Jovite P. O. "When I commenced using K. D. C. I had been suffering several years from dyspepsia; I tried several remedies which gave me little or no relief. I got relief almost as soon as I commenced the K. D. C. and now I am well and feel like a new man. I can highly recommend K. D. C. to sufferers from that terrible disease, Dyspepsia."

Not only is K. D. C. a prompt deliverer but it cures indigestion. Try a free sample of K. D. C. and Pills. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.



James E. Nicholson.

## CANCER ON THE LIP

CURED BY

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."—JAMES E. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

## Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair. —  
AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

It is more godlike to love one little child purely and unselfishly than to have a heart filled with a thousand vast vague aspirations after things we can neither know nor understand.

To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you; you have commanded but his hands.

## Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every swell hotel and club is now handling them, and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

"I—I'd like to marry your daughter, sir, the youth confided to the fair one's severe parent. "You—want—to—marry—my—daughter!" he thundered. "Young man, will you be good enough to tell me what your prospects in life are?" "Well, they seemed pretty good when I talked to your daughter; but, seeing you I've come to the conclusion that I haven't any."

Most coughs may be cured in a few hours or at any rate in a few days, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With such a prompt and sure remedy as this at hand, there is no need of prolonging the agony for weeks and months. Keep this remedy in your house.

He—"I have to take you into dinner, you know, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know! Our hostess tells me you're awfully clever, you know." She (highly amused)—"How absurd! I'm not a bit clever." He (with a sigh of relief)—"Well, do you know I thought you weren't, you know!"

For one dollar, you may buy a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, if taken in time, and according to directions, may save a great many dollars in doctor's bills, and thus exemplify the truth of the old maxim, "Prevention is better than cure."

First-born (with English instincts)—"I want to go abroad, father, the first of April, and see the world." Wise parent—"No objection to your seeing the world, but I do object to the world seeing you."

Six Oils.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. THOMAS' ECLIPSE OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

Army Surgeon—"What's the matter with you, Private Locks?" Private Locks—"Doctor, my boot hurt my foot so that—" Army Surgeon—"Out of my line. Go to the shoemaker."

# A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company

## TWENTY-FIFTH GATHERING.

Reports of a Most Satisfactory Character

Encouraging Statement by President E. E. Bowman, M.P.—Features of the Report Commented on.

The 25th annual meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Co. was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, on Thursday, May 23rd. The attendance was representative, and included a number of the policy-holders, in addition to the directors and the principal agents of the company in the Dominion. The meeting was marked by such a degree of harmony and smoothness as spoke well for the manner in which its business is conducted. The reports were exceedingly satisfactory, and everything went to show that the prospects of this well-known and well-established company are in every way bright.

The chair was occupied by the President, I. E. Bowman, M.P., who was assisted by Mr. William Hendry, the company's Manager.

It was moved by Alfred Hoskin Q. C., of Toronto, and seconded by Rev. Theo. Spetz D.D., of Berlin, President of St. Jerome's College, "That W. H. Riddell, the Secretary of the company, be the Secretary of this meeting," which was carried. Mr. Bowman read the report of the directors, and the financial statement, which were as follows:

### To the Policy-holders of The Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company.

GENTLEMEN—Your directors desire to submit the following statements as their 25th annual report of the affairs of the company as at the 31st December, 1904.

During the past year 2,012 new policies were issued at an amounting to \$2,245,241.

The Manager also received 91 applications for \$110,000 from persons whose physical condition, family history or occupation did not justify their acceptance, which were therefore declined.

The net premium income for 1904 is \$527,131.18 and interest on our investments the amount of \$125,824.34, which makes our total income \$652,955.52.

The total assets of the company as at the close of the year are \$2,566,520.89, and the reserve required to be held under the regulations of the Dominion Insurance Department as security to our policy-holders is \$2,566,520.89, leaving a surplus of assets over liabilities amounting to \$277,647.74.

For some time your directors have had in view the propriety of changing the valuation of our policies from the 4 per cent table to the 5 per cent table (this being the table on which our rates are based), and we have decided, owing to the reduction of the rate of interest on investments, to make the change this year. In order to accomplish this the sum of \$117,231 will have to be transferred from the surplus to the reserve, leaving a balance of \$100,416.74 at the credit of our surplus account, which will enable us to continue our liberal distribution to policy-holders without any diminution.

The total number of policies in force at the close of the year is 14,147, covering assurance amounting to \$13,767,028.

The amount paid for death claims which occurred during the year is \$134,757 under 91 policies, and the matured endowments amount to \$2,111,000.

The Executive Committee has carefully examined the securities and cash held by the company, and found it correct as reported by your auditors.

The tendency of the money market has during the past year again been towards a lower rate of interest, both on mortgages and debentures, but we hope that as the general business of the country recovers the demand for money will improve, so as to enable us to obtain a better rate of interest on our investments.

You will be called on to elect four directors in the place of H. M. Britton, Q. C., John Marshall, F. C. Bruce and J. Kerr Fishen, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

The detailed statements prepared and certified to by your auditors are herewith submitted for your consideration.

On behalf of the board,  
I. E. BOWMAN, President.

Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1904.

INCOME.	
From premiums	\$527,131.18
From interest	125,824.34
	<b>\$652,955.52</b>
DISBURSEMENTS	
For policy-holders' death claims	134,757.00
For policy-holders' endowments	2,111,000.00
For Policy-holders' cash surrender values	75,294.60
For policy-holders' cash surplus	70,734.94
For all other expenditures	117,459.25
	<b>\$2,566,520.89</b>
Excess of income over disbursements	277,647.74
ASSETS.	
Municipal debentures	643,795.11
Mortgages	1,474,273.19
Loans on policies	370,005.43
Loans on policies	49,564.67
Company's office and real estate	12,003.64
Ledger balances	77.87
Bank deposit receipts	65,000.00
Accrued interest, deferred premiums, etc.	249,891.52
Cash on hand and in banks	1,016.14
	<b>\$2,566,520.89</b>
Reserve 4 per cent. and other liabilities	2,566,520.89
	<b>\$277,647.74</b>
Increase in surplus, during 1904	51,527.53
Increase in reserve during 1904	235,573.00
Increase in assurance during 1904	1,916,591.00
Total assurance during 1904	15,767,028.00

Mr. Bowman, in commenting on the report, explained some of its features. During the year there had been issued 2,012 new policies, making the new business for the year amount to a little less than three millions. This was not quite so much new business as there had been issued in 1893, but for this there were several reasons. There had been a considerable degree of financial depression; money had not been so plentiful. Some of the agents of the company had also been changed, and it took some time for the new men to get well under way.

However, the amount of new business was, he said, satisfactory. The success of a company did not consist so much in the volume of business done as in its careful selection, and in the returns to policy-holders.

The premium income for the year was \$527,131.18, (practically for 11 months, agency collections for Dec., 1904 not being included) which, however, was considerably in excess of the previous year's revenue from this source.

The total assets amounted to a little less than \$3,000,000, leaving a surplus of assets over liabilities of \$277,647.

Mr. Bowman explained the clause in the report referring to the proposed change in the valuation of the policies from an 4m. (healthy male) four and one-half per cent. table, to the actuaries' four per cent. At first sight this might seem to require a smaller reserve, but as a matter of fact it was just the reverse, requiring a larger one. The reason for this change was that the directors expected that in the near future the Government would insist on all companies holding a 4 per cent. reserve. The directors had decided to anticipate the action of the Government, and provide for a 4 per cent. reserve at once. It was, he said, to the credit of the Company, and an evidence of good, sound management, that they were able to make this change, transferring from the total surplus no less a sum than \$117,231, in order to make good the higher reserve without lowering the liberal scale of distribution to policy-holders in reduction of their premiums, as heretofore.

The business of the company now amounted to nearly \$9,000,000 of assurance in force, held chiefly by members in the healthy Province of Ontario. During the last three years they had been doing a small business in Quebec, and while it was a little more expensive to do business there, owing to the high taxes imposed on insurance companies, they had decided to continue business in that Province, as there were prospects of doing a good business there in the future. In conclusion, the President said the report, the adoption of which he had much pleasure in moving, was in all respects as satisfactory as any that had ever before been submitted to the policy-holders of the company.

Mr. Robert Melvin, Second Vice-President of the company, seconded the report. The report was, he said, on the whole, a very satisfactory one, or, to use a good old Scotch phrase, "It might hae been waur." He instituted a number of comparisons with last year, which showed that it might have been a good deal "waur;" in fact, that it compared very favorably with its predecessors, notwithstanding the "hard times."

For 1903 the total assets were \$2,500,121

For 1904 " " 2,566,520

Gain " " \$ 66,400

For 1903 the surplus was \$ 224,150

For 1904 " " 277,647

Gain " " \$ 53,497

For 1903 receipts from premiums were \$ 512,641

For 1904 " " 527,131

Gain " " \$ 14,490

For 1903 the income from interest was \$ 115,029

For 1904 " " 125,824

Increase " " \$ 10,795

For 1903 the expense account was \$ 116,100

For 1904 " " 117,231

Decrease " " \$ 1,131

For 1903 the dividends paid to policy-holders were \$ 63,200

For 1904 the dividends paid to policy-holders were 70,731

Increase " " \$ 7,531

For 1903 the amount of insurance was \$17,751,147

For 1904 " " 15,767,028

Increase " " \$ 1,984,119

In commenting on these figures, Mr. Melvin pointed out that they showed a very encouraging state of affairs. The ratio of increase in assets was equal to that of any other company doing business. The decrease in the running expenses was most satisfactory, especially when it was considered that there had been an increase in the insurance of over \$1,000,000. As to the amount to be distributed to policy-holders, Mr. Melvin explained that they would have been in a position to distribute over a larger amount, but he was of the opinion that in the past all companies had been giving too much. They had this year been able to add over \$117,000 to the reserve, which was just as much profit as if they had given it to the policy-holders, and they had, notwithstanding this, increased the dividend by nearly \$7,000.

Mr. Melvin then read a statement of the cash surplus paid to policy-holders in reduction of the premiums during the last ten

years, which showed that in this respect there had been a steady improvement. The figures were as follows:

In 1885	\$25,405
In 1886	31,000
In 1887	31,819
In 1888	37,511
In 1889	42,911
In 1890	48,719
In 1891	50,403
In 1892	65,001
In 1893	65,000
In 1904	70,731

As to the quality of the securities of the company, he said that the directors had gone over them carefully, and had found them to be of the very best possible kind. They were not speculative in any sense of the word. The company could have, perhaps, secured a higher rate of interest had they taken less reliable securities, but they had steadily adhered to the policy of taking only mortgage securities, municipal debentures, and loans to policy-holders.

In comparing the profits of the Ontario Life with other companies, Mr. Melvin asked his hearers to remember that many of these companies did a large "tontino" business, in which the profits were held until the end of the period. These profits were put in the reports as surplus, though they were really liabilities. There was no way of distinguishing these profits, the Government made no distinction, and so it was not possible to arrive at a correct estimate of the real surplus of such companies. He pointed out that both in England and in the United States, the mutual companies were the strongest and largest. He said that there was no occasion for stock in an insurance company. That mutual companies were stable, the history of the Ontario proved. The amount of stock in a proprietary company was a mere hazard. Take, for example, the Canada Life, with the paid-up capital of \$125,000. What strength did this give, with the company's insurance in force of \$66,800,397? It was the same with other so-called proprietary companies in Canada and the United States. He also instanced the Equitable, of New York, whose paid-up capital is only \$100,000, and assurance in force \$913,556,733.

"There is no more need for stock in an insurance company than for three wheels in a cart," said Mr. Melvin, in conclusion, and, amid hearty applause, the report was carried unanimously.

Mr. B. M. Britton, Q. C., of Kingston, in support of the motion, after referring to the successful career of the company, said that he regarded the rather slim attendance of policy-holders as a good sign, as it showed that they were satisfied with the management of the board. Had there been dissatisfaction with the manner in which the company was being managed there would have been a large attendance; the policy-holders would have thronged the hall to insist on the dismissal of the board. To show the magnitude of the operations of the company, he pointed out that it gathered in during the year from all sources an average of \$1,500 a day in cash, and that each day it paid out \$632 to its living members for endowments, surplus, etc., and \$40 in death claims. He urged the continuance of the present policy of the company, the avoidance of anything like speculative insurance, and of all attempts to secure too great apparent prosperity. He believed that "in medias res" was best, that we should stick to the middle course, and aim at steady growth rather than at the ephemeral dashes that characterized different companies. On the other side of the line they said "boom and bust." This company did not want to boom and they did not want to bust. (Laughter and applause.)

People sometimes are anxious for more liberal policies. The policies of the Ontario, were now nearly as liberal as the first policy ever issued, in 1810. That policy was an absolutely unconditional one. It was a case of payment of premium and death on the one side and payment of policy on the other. At the same time, it would be unwise to shut our eyes to the possibility of fraud in connection with life insurance. There was the recent Hendershott trial at St. Thomas and other cases, which he mentioned, on this and on the other side of the line. It was the duty of insurance companies to the public and to themselves to do all in their power to prevent the possibility of such frauds being perpetrated. He also strongly opposed child insurance, unless it could be very strictly regulated, as throwing too strong a temptation in the way of poor parents to commit crime.

It was then moved by Mr. Sipprell, local Manager for the Maritime Provinces, "that this meeting has great pleasure in tendering a hearty vote of thanks to the President, Vice-Presidents and Directors for the care they have shown in promoting and safeguarding the company's interests during the past year."

Mr. Sipprell in supporting his motion said that down by the sea, whence he came, there was among the policy-holders loyalty to and confidence in the management of the company, to which he himself paid a high tribute. The company had many advantages over its competitors. It was not by accident that the rate of interest obtained by the Ontario Life over a five-year period was larger than that of any other leading company in Canada. It had been almost 6 per cent. To be exact it was 5.94 per cent., and the highest obtain-

ed by any other company was 5.87 per cent. The earnings from interest during the past five years exceeded the death claims by nearly \$40,000, which was very gratifying indeed.

He instituted some instructive comparisons between the business of the Ontario and some of its leading competitors, extending over a period of five years from 1890 to 1894 inclusive, as follows:—

Company	Bus. in Force	Profits paid policy-holders	Increase in Surplus	Total Profits for 5 Years
Ontario	\$13,767,028	\$215,465	\$413,463	\$113,000
Can. Life	\$1,525,710	\$24,001	\$109,125	\$21,000
Confederate	\$3,455,313	\$35,117	\$777	\$37,804
N. American	\$1,460,035	\$5,401	\$211,007	\$210,403
Manufacturers	\$9,555,300	\$18	\$3,212	\$3,410
Tem. & Gen.	\$1,577,550 (none)		\$3,410	\$3,410

The business in force of two of the above Companies largely exceeds that of the Ontario, but the amount of profits earned by them is considerably less than the amount earned by it. In other important respects he showed that the Ontario would be found to compare favorably with other companies. The high character and integrity of the management, the sound financial standing of the company, as well as the principle of mutualism, as between the individual policy holder and the membership as a whole should nerve his fellow workers in the field with redoubled efforts to extend the benefits of life insurance in their respective agencies.

He was sure he voiced the feelings of every agent when he stated they had received the greatest possible benefit from the two days conference: with the management, under the able presidency of the company's superintendent, Mr. Hodgins, and on behalf of the agency staff he desired to thank the Manager and officers for the uniform kindness and courtesy shown to them on that occasion.

Mr. Thomas Dixon, County Crown Attorney, Walkerton in seconding this resolution, congratulated the agents of the company on the quality of the risks taken. The true way to arrive at the position of a company was to consider the relation between the amount of death claims and the amount of insurance carried, and, in this light the affairs of the Ontario were exceedingly satisfactory.

On motion of Mr. J. L. Wideman, Messrs Geo. W. W. W. and John Miller were appointed scrutineers for the election of four directors in place of those retiring. The balloting which followed resulted in the unanimous re-election of H. M. Britton, Q. C., Kingston, Francis C. Bruce, Hamilton, John Marshall, London, and J. Kerr Fishen, Toronto.

On motion of Mr. B. M. Britton, Messrs Henry F. J. Jackson of Brockville and J. M. Scully of Waterloo were re-appointed Auditors of the company for the current year.

Mr. F. F. Clement, barrister, Berlin, moved "that the hearty thanks of the directors and of the policy-holders present at this meeting are hereby tendered to the Manager, Secretary, officers and agents of this company for the faithful and efficient services they have rendered the company, in their respective capacities, during the past year. He paid an eloquent tribute to the ability and attractive business courtesy of the Manager, Secretary and other members of the head office staff, and spoke in the highest terms of the energy, honesty and straightforwardness of the company's agents, on whose labors in the field so much of the success and future prosperity of the Ontario depended. Mr. Robert Laird P. M. Kincaid, also made a few very laudatory remarks in support of the motion, which was carried amid rounds of applause.

Mr. Wm. Hendry, the Manager of the company, replied to the last resolution, thanking the meeting on behalf of those referred to in it, and explaining some details in reference to the necessity for and purpose of reserves in life insurance. The directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. I. E. Bowman, M. P., President, Mr. C. M. Taylor, First Vice-President, and Mr. Robert Melvin, Second Vice-President of the company for the ensuing year.

Spoons—"And will my ducky trust me in everything when we are married?" She—"Everything, Algy, provided you don't ask for a latch key."

The professor was lecturing on some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roofs over their theatres," said the professor.

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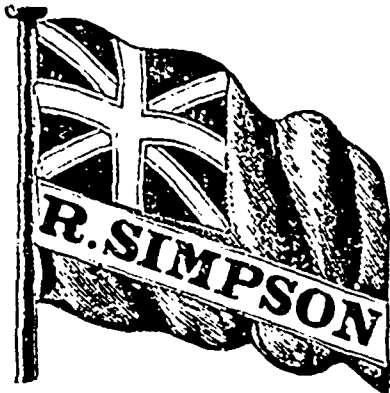
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PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FORTY-YEAR ANNUITIES.

THE undersigned will receive tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of forty years, issued by the Province of Ontario under authority of an act of the Provincial Parliament (7 Vic., cap. 31.)

The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer guaranteeing half yearly payments at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto of sums of \$100 or larger sums, on the 20th day of June and 31st day of December in each year for forty years from 30th day of June next, the half yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1896, and for which tenders are asked is \$4,500,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$200 annually.

Tenders will be required, to state the capital sum which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Tenders will be received up to the 12th day of July next. Notifications of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 15th July and payments from accepted tenderers will be required to be made within ten days thereafter.

Tenders for the whole amount offered if preferred, may be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Great Britain in sterling.

The highest of any tender not necessarily accepted unless otherwise satisfactory.

R. HARCOURT, Provincial Treasurer

Provincial Treasurer's office, Toronto, May 14th, 1896.

Note—Illustrations of calculation on interest basis: At the rate of 4 per cent per annum (or in strictness 2 per cent half yearly) a present payment of \$1,000.00 would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years, payable half yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 6 per cent of the principal sum.

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

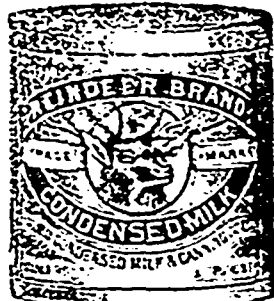
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